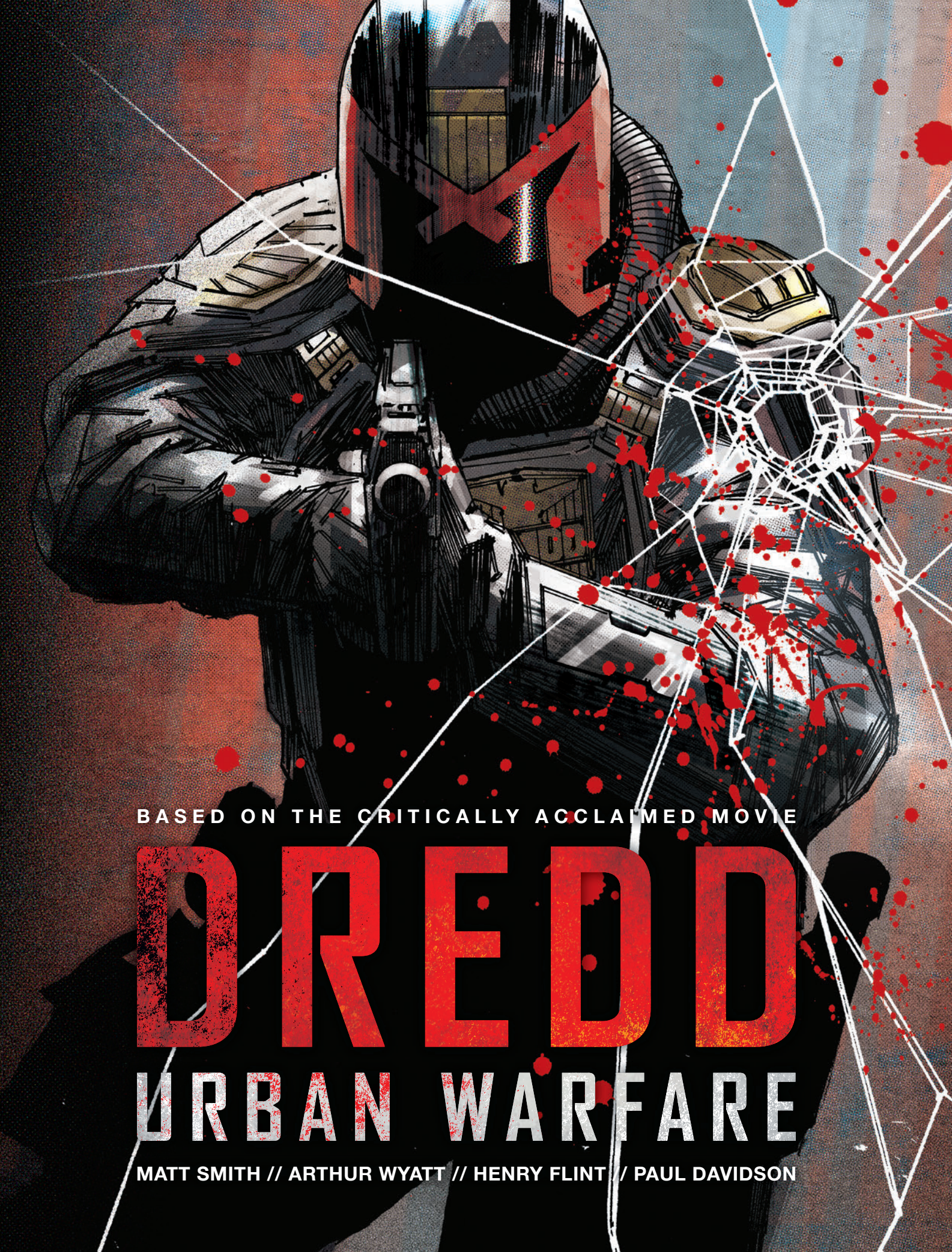




BASED ON THE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED MOVIE

DREDD

URBAN WARFARE

MATT SMITH // ARTHUR WYATT // HENRY FLINT // PAUL DAVIDSON





DREDD URBAN W

REBELLION

Creative Director and CEO:

JASON KINGSLEY

Chief Technical Officer:

CHRIS KINGSLEY

2000 AD Editor in Chief: MATT SMITH

Graphic Novels Editor:

KEITH RICHARDSON

Graphic Design:

SIMON PARR & SAM GRETTON

Reprographics: KATHRYN SYMES

PR: MICHAEL MOLCHER

Publishing Manager: BEN SMITH

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* Issues 328, 340-342 & 350-354. Copyright © 2012, 2013, 2014 & 2015 Rebellion A/S. All rights reserved. *Judge Dredd* and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of Rebellion A/S. No portion of this book may be reproduced without the express permission of the publisher. Names, character, places and incidents featured in the publication are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead (except for satirical purposes) is entirely coincidental.

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

Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press
Manufactured in the EU by LPPS Ltd.,
Wellingborough, NN8 3PJ, UK.

First published: February 2015
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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

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

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

EDD WARFARE

WRITERS

ARTHUR WYATT // MATT SMITH

ARTISTS

HENRY FLINT // PAUL DAVIDSON

COLOURS

CHRIS BLYTHE

COVER ART

HENRY FLINT

ADDITIONAL ART

TREVOR HAIRSINE // GREG STAPLES // BEN WILLISHER // BOO COOK // JOCK

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY

JOHN WAGNER // CARLOS EZQUERRA





TOP OF THE WORLD, MA-MA

Script: MATT SMITH

Artist: HENRY FLINT

Colours: CHRIS BLYTHE

Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 328

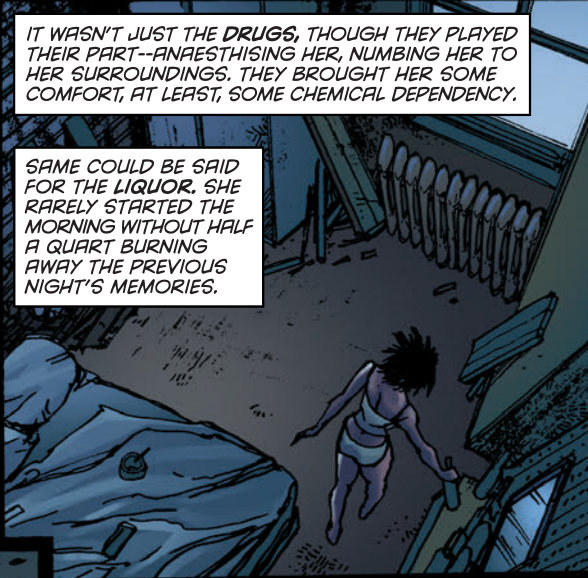


FOR MADELINE,
LIFE MOVED IN
SLOW MOTION.



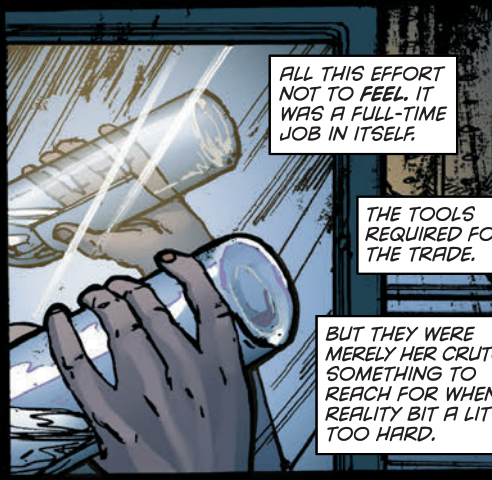
THAT WAS HOW IT SEEMED TO HER, EACH
DAY: TRAPPED IN A BUBBLE, WATCHING THE
WORLD AROUND HER MOVE AT DOUBLE-SPEED,
PASSING HER BY, LEAVING HER BEHIND.

SHE'D LONG
SINCE FALLEN
OUT OF STEP.



IT WASN'T JUST THE **DRUGS**, THOUGH THEY PLAYED
THEIR PART--ANAESTHISING HER, NUMBING HER TO
HER SURROUNDINGS. THEY BROUGHT HER SOME
COMFORT, AT LEAST, SOME CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY.

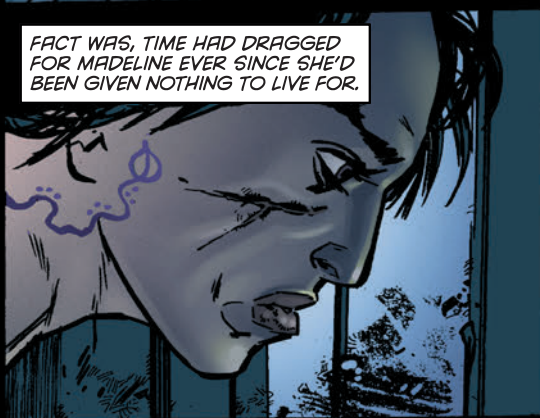
SAME COULD BE SAID
FOR THE **LIQUOR**. SHE
RARELY STARTED THE
MORNING WITHOUT HALF
A QUART BURNING
AWAY THE PREVIOUS
NIGHT'S MEMORIES.



ALL THIS EFFORT
NOT TO FEEL. IT
WAS A FULL-TIME
JOB IN ITSELF.

THE TOOLS
REQUIRED FOR
THE TRADE.

BUT THEY WERE
MERELY HER CRUTCH,
SOMETHING TO
REACH FOR WHEN
REALITY BIT A LITTLE
TOO HARD.



FACT WAS, TIME HAD DRAGGED
FOR MADELINE EVER SINCE SHE'D
BEEN GIVEN NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.



SINCE SHE HAD NO FUTURE.

...REPORTED TO BE MORE THAN FIFTEEN PROSTITUTES WORKING ON THE PREMISES. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ALSO STATED THAT A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF DRUG PARAPHENALIA HAD BEEN FOUND, INDICATING THAT IT WAS BEING USED AS A BASE FOR THE SALE AND DISTRIBUTION OF NARCOTICS...

YOU BELIEVE THIS SHIT?

FUCKIN' JAYS, MAN! THEY'RE KILLIN' US HERE.

THAT TRENTON'S CREW BEING BUSTED?

TRENTON THIS WEEK, SNOWBALL HAD HIS FACTORY RAIDED LAST MONTH. THEY'RE COMIN' DOWN HARD ON EVERY H-DEALER AND WHORE IN THE SECTOR. HITIN' OUR CASH FLOW LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER.

AIN'T LIKE WE'RE NOT PAYING THE RIGHT DUDES FOR THEM TO TURN A **BLIND EYE**, Y'KNOW?

YO, LES, YOU WANNA KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR, MAN...

...SPOKE TO JUDGE DREDD, WHO LED THE OPERATION. JUDGE, IS THIS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE GRAND HALL'S ATTEMPT TO DRIVE CRIME OUT OF SECTOR 8?

CREEPS HAVE HAD TOO MUCH LEEWAY FOR TOO LONG. TOO MANY NO-GO AREAS FOR DECENT CITIZENS, TOO MUCH FLAGRANT DISREGARD AND DISDAIN FOR THE LAW. WE'RE SENDING A MESSAGE:

BREAK THE LAW AND WE'LL BREAK YOU.

ASSHOLE!

AIN'T LIKE I GOT ENOUGH SHIT ON MY PLATE TO DEAL WITH...

YO YO YO! DOUBLE-EM! WHAT TIME D'YOU CALL THIS?



JUST
ON MY WAY
OUT, LES...

WHY AIN'T
YOU ON THOSE
STREETS
ALREADY
EARNIN'?

WAY THE PIGS ARE
BREATHIN' DOWN ALL
OUR NECKS, I NEED THE
CREDS ROLLIN' IN. YOU
START SLACKIN' OFF, YOU
AND ME ARE GONNA
HAVE WORDS.

IT'S NOT LIKE
THAT. I JUST AIN'T
BEEN FEELIN' TOO
GOOD LATELY.

TIRED,
Y'KNOW, AND
SICK--

NAH NAH
NAH, LET'S CAN
THAT SHIT RIGHT
NOW.

YOU GOT A
COMPLAINT, TAKE A PILL.
'FACT, TAKE TWO. BUT
DON'T GIVE ME NO SOB
STORY, OK? AT THE
MOMENT I AIN'T GOT THE
PATIENCE FOR IT.

LOOK, YOU WANT
A BAGGIE? HERE, TAKE
IT. COUPLA GRAMS OF
BROWN WILL SORT
YOU OUT.

SURE,
THANKS,
LES--



BUT DON'T YOU
FORGET WHO FUCKIN'
OWNS YOU, MADRIGAL, AND
WHO YOU WORK FOR. I
DON'T WANNA HEAR NO
MORE EXCUSES.

'CAUSE IF IT GETS
BACK TO ME THAT YOU
AIN'T PULLIN' YOUR WEIGHT,
THAT YOU'RE SKANKIN' ME,
YOU AIN'T GONNA SEE
MY PLEASANT SIDE.

YOU WANT ANOTHER
SCAR TO MATCH, JUST SAY
THE WORD. 'FACT, I MIGHT
TAKE A FINGER OR TWO WHILE
I'M AT IT. WHAT D'YOU THINK?
THINK THE JOHNS ARE GONNA
BE QUEUING UP TO GET A
PIECE OF A SLICED-UP
OLD SOW?



NO.

DON'T
HURT ME.

AND THAT,
MIKEY, IS HOW
YOU KEEP YOUR
BITCHES IN
ORDER.

YOU COULD
LEARN A THING OR
TWO 'BOUT POWER,
MY FRIEND. ALL
LIES HERE.



THE ADDICTIONS CAME FIRST--CRANK, SOME SMACK. WHAT BOOZE SHE COULD STEAL WARMED HER AT NIGHT, BEGGING FOR CRED\$ DURING THE DAY. HER DOWNWARD SPIRAL LED TO THIS INEVITABLE FINAL DESTINATION.

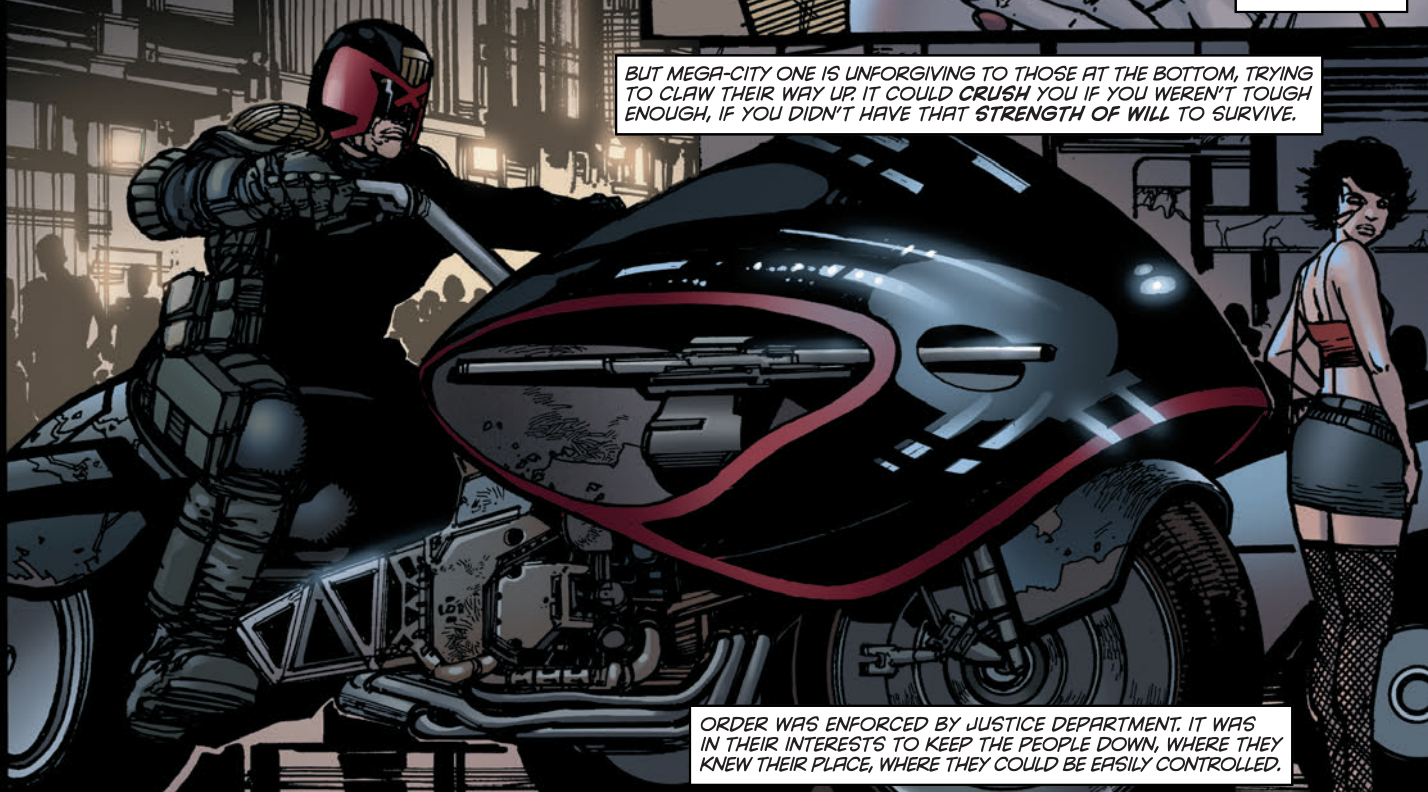
SHE WAS TRAPPED, SEEKING A WAY OUT...

IT WAS GETTING TO THE POINT WHERE SHE STRUGGLED TO REMEMBER LIFE BEFORE...THIS.

HER PARENTS, WHAT LITTLE SHE KNEW OF THEM, WERE SHOT DEAD BY THE JUDGES DURING A BOTCHED ROBBERY. SHE WAS TAKEN INTO THE CARE OF THE CITY, BOUNCED BETWEEN FOSTER HOMES, THEN ONTO THE STREETS WHEN SHE WAS IN HER MIDDLE TEENS.



BUT MEGA-CITY ONE IS UNFORGIVING TO THOSE AT THE BOTTOM, TRYING TO CLAW THEIR WAY UP. IT COULD CRUSH YOU IF YOU WEREN'T TOUGH ENOUGH, IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT STRENGTH OF WILL TO SURVIVE.



ORDER WAS ENFORCED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. IT WAS IN THEIR INTERESTS TO KEEP THE PEOPLE DOWN, WHERE THEY KNEW THEIR PLACE, WHERE THEY COULD BE EASILY CONTROLLED.



YET EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, IN HER HEART, MADELINE COULD NOT ACCEPT THAT THIS WAS ALL SHE'D BE.



HEY.

HEY.
HOP IN.

THOUGHT
YOU WEREN'T
COMING.

I GOT HELD UP
AT THE LAB. KIND OF
AN...INTERESTING
DEVELOPMENT.

YOU
WANNA
SEE?

SURE.

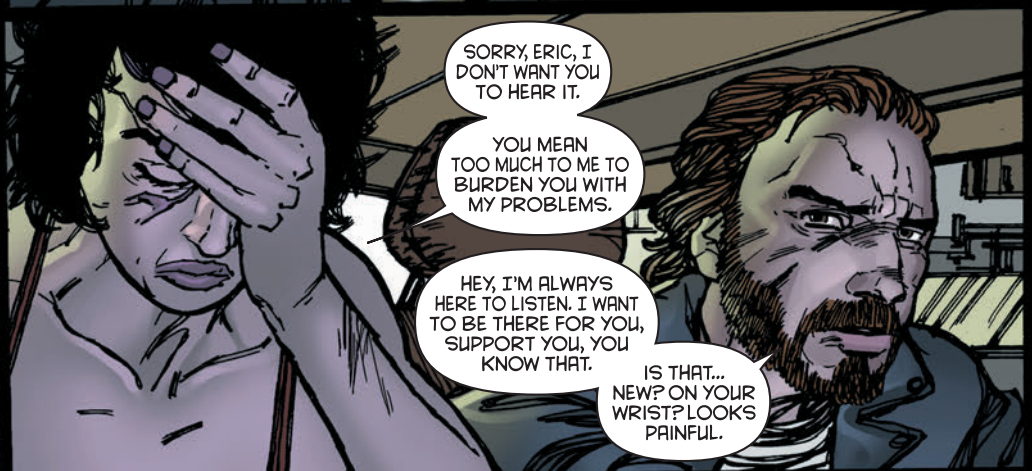


HOW
ARE THINGS,
MADDY?

MUCH
THE SAME.

AS BAD
AS THAT?

WORSE.



SORRY, ERIC, I
DON'T WANT YOU
TO HEAR IT.

YOU MEAN
TOO MUCH TO ME TO
BURDEN YOU WITH
MY PROBLEMS.

HEY, I'M ALWAYS
HERE TO LISTEN. I WANT
TO BE THERE FOR YOU,
SUPPORT YOU, YOU
KNOW THAT.

IS THAT...
NEW? ON YOUR
WRIST? LOOKS
PAINFUL.



Hmm?
OH. FUCKIN'
LESTER.

SWEAR
TO GOD,
SOMETIMES I
FEEL LIKE I'M
GONNA...



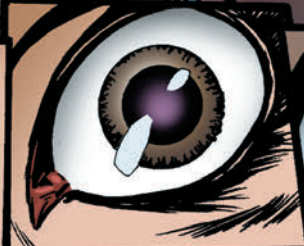
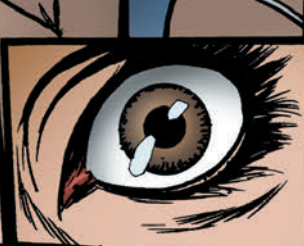
HOLD THAT
THOUGHT. COME
SEE WHAT I'VE
COOKED UP
FIRST...

"...IT COULD BE THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING NEW FOR BOTH OF US, A START IN LIFE WE BOTH *DESERVE*."

HAVE A TOOT ON THIS, TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK.

WHAT IS IT?

I CALL IT *SLO-MO*. YOU'LL SEE WHY.



...AMAZING. I MEAN, FUCKIN' *INSANE*. LIKE NOTHING ELSE I'VE EVER TRIED BEFORE.

HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH IT?

IT'S A KIND OF AN LSD DERIVATIVE BUT CONCENTRATES ON ONE AREA OF THE BRAIN. WORKS ON *TIME PERCEPTION* IN THE USER, SLOWS IT DOWN TO *ONE PER CENT* OF ITS NORMAL SPEED. MAKES EVERYTHING SHARPER, MORE INTENSE, FOCUSED.

I LIKEN IT TO SEEING GOD THROUGH THE CRACKS IN CREATION.

VERY POETIC. BUT SERIOUSLY, THIS SHIT'S GONNA FLY ONCE IT HITS THE STREETS. THE CITS GET A WHIFF OF THIS, IT'S GONNA BE CHRISTMAS.

I KNOW. IT'S CHEAP TO MANUFACTURE, HIGHLY ADDICTIVE BUT HAS NO IMMEDIATE SIDE EFFECTS, AND THERE'S A CUSTOMER BASE PRIMED AND READY FOR THE LATEST DRUG TO JOIN THE MARKET.

I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE *HUGE*, AND I'LL NEED HELP WITH THE DISTRIBUTION.

I PROMISED YOU A *FUTURE*, MADELINE, AND THIS IS GOING TO BE *OURS*.

I WANT YOU WITH ME ON THIS. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE I'D RATHER HAVE BY MY SIDE.



FREEZE,
CREEPS!



UKK!



JEEZ--!



AAHH!



F-FUCK
YOU--



CONTROL--
DREDD. NEED A
MEAT-WAGON
PICK-UP.

TWO-
MAN TAP GANG
OPERATING ON
NEWMAR.

WILCO.
BE WITH YOU
IN TWO.

SHEESH.



KIND OF
LOST MY TRAIN
OF THOUGHT.
WHAT WAS I
SAYIN'?

YOU WAS
TALKIN' ABOUT
MADRIGAL.

OH YEAH.
SHE'S UP TO
SOMETHIN'.

COUPLE OF GIRLS
HAVE MENTIONED SHE'S
NOT BEEN SHOWIN' HER
FACE ON THE STREETS
LATELY, BEEN DISAPPEARIN'
OFF SOMEWHERE. YOU
HEARD ANYTHIN'?



WELL, BODIE TOLD ME SOMETHIN' INTERESTING. HE SAID HE'S SEEN THE SAME JOHN PICK HER UP EVERY NIGHT ROUND THE SAME TIME.

SO SHE'S GOT A FAN. NOTHIN' UNUSUAL IN THAT.

NAH, HE SAYS THIS DIDN'T LOOK LIKE TRADE. WAY THEY TALKED, BODY LANGUAGE, HE RECKONED SHE'S GOT HERSELF A **BOYFRIEND**.



NO SHIT? HE GIVE YOU A DESCRIPTION OF THE GIMP?

NO, BUT I CAN GET ONE.

YOU DO THAT. AN **ADDRESS** TOO, HAVE HIM FOLLOWED.



"TIME I PAID THE LOVEBIRDS A VISIT..."

HEY, IT'S ME! SORRY I'M LATE, I GOT TAKEOUT.

LISTEN, I WAS THINKIN' 'BOUT LOCATION AND THESE NEW BLOCKS THEY'RE PUTTIN' UP ARE MEANT TO BE NOTHIN' SHORT OF **NUKEPROOF**. COULD BE A GOOD BASE--



ERIC?



WELL, WELL, WELL. LOOKS LIKE THE GANG'S ALL HERE.

SHAME YOU MISSED THE PARTY.



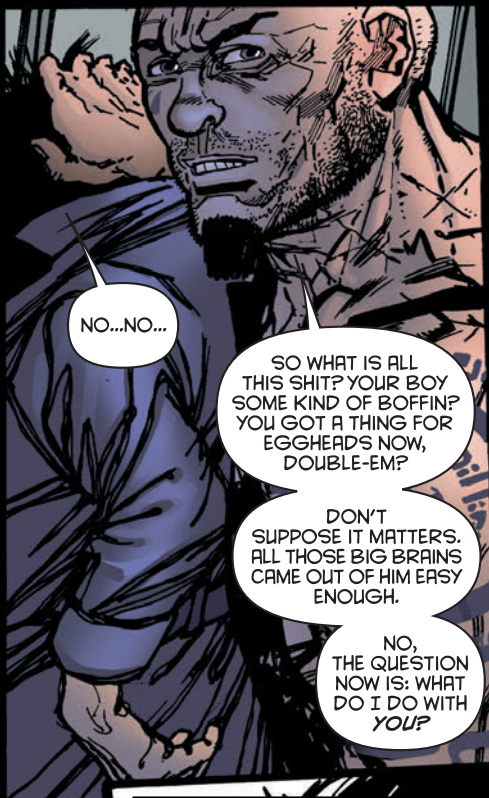
LESTER! W-WHAT THE FUCK...

WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU **DONE?**



HAD A CHAT WITH YOUR MAN HERE 'BOUT **OWNERSHIP RIGHTS**. IT GOT A LITTLE...HEATED.

WARNED YOU 'BOUT THIS, MADELINE. I TOL' YOU WHO YOU BELONGED TO. THIS IS ALL ON YOU.



NO...NO...

SO WHAT IS ALL THIS SHIT? YOUR BOY SOME KIND OF BOFFIN? YOU GOT A THING FOR EGGHEADS NOW, DOUBLE-EM?

DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS. ALL THOSE BIG BRAINS CAME OUT OF HIM EASY ENOUGH.

NO, THE QUESTION NOW IS: WHAT DO I DO WITH YOU?



YOU FUCKER...

THING IS, I DON'T THINK A *BEATIN'* IS GOING TO CUT IT THIS TIME. I RECKON YOU'VE BECOME HARDENED TO THEM ANYWAY.

I THINK MORE OF A SHOW OF *LOYALTY* IS REQUIRED.



PUT YOUR MOUTH WHERE THE MONEY IS, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?

THIS CITY COULD CRUSH YOU IF YOU WEREN'T TOUGH ENOUGH.

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH OF WILL TO SURVIVE.

FEAR. RUTHLESSNESS. UTTER COMMITMENT. THAT WAS HOW YOU ROSE TO THE TOP AND STAYED THERE.

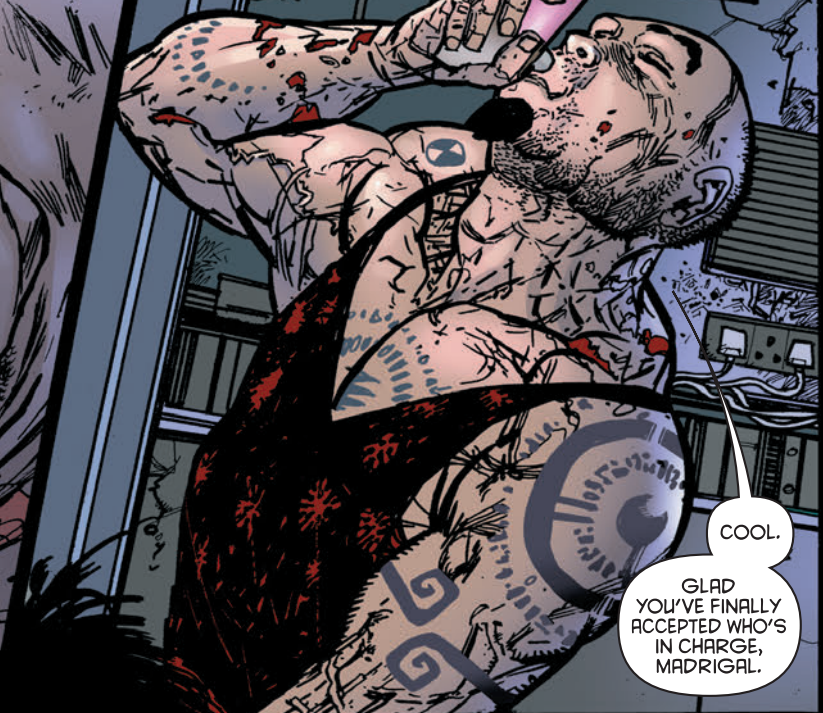
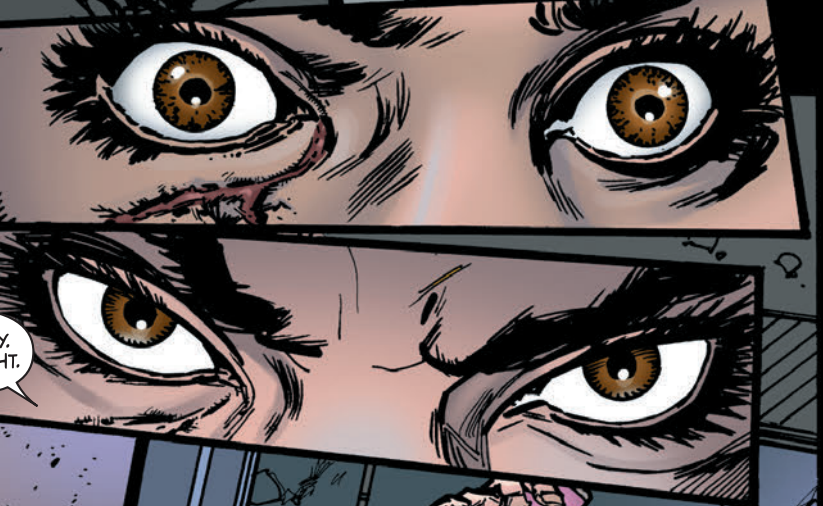
HOW YOU ESTABLISHED A REPUTATION.

I'M SORRY, YOU'RE RIGHT.

TRY THIS. IT'LL...ENHANCE THE EXPERIENCE.

DOPE?

AND THEN SOME. IT'LL MAKE IT LAST FOREVER.



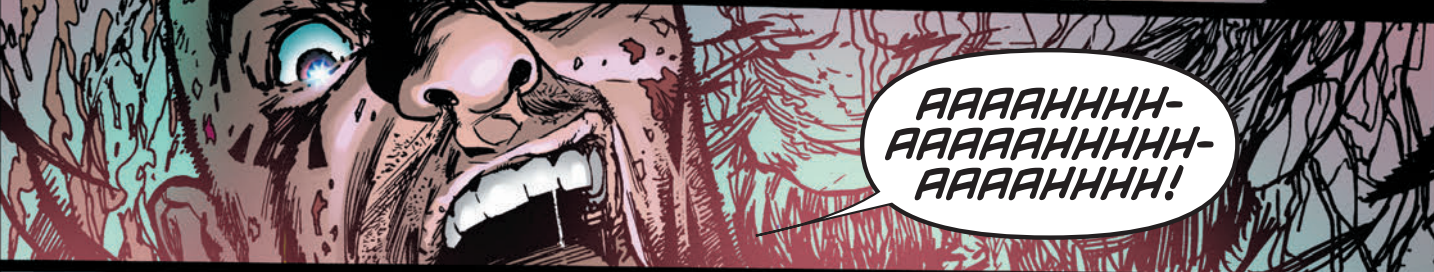
COOL.

GLAD YOU'VE FINALLY ACCEPTED WHO'S IN CHARGE, MADRIGAL.



LESTER...

...CALL ME
MA-MA.



**AAAAHHHHH-
AAAAHHHHHH-
AAAAHHHHH!**



TIP-OFF WAS CALLED IN ANONYMOUSLY. MED'S PLACE TIME OF DEATH AS A FEW HOURS AGO, AROUND ELEVEN-THIRTY. THEY THINK HE WAS ALREADY DEAD WHEN HE WAS DUMPED HERE, LONG SINCE BLED OUT.

OFFICIAL CoD IS BLOOD LOSS, THOUGH THE...uh, ORGAN WASN'T REMOVED WITH A BLADED WEAPON. TISSUE DAMAGE AROUND THE GROIN AREA IS CONSISTENT WITH IT BEING *BITTEN* OFF.

AN ANIMAL?

OF THE HUMAN VARIETY.



Huh. SO WHO WAS HE?

I.D.'D AS **LESTER GRIMES**, MID-RANKING PIMP AND KNOWN FELON.

DONE SOME CUBE-TIME FOR DRUG POSSESSION AND ASSAULT. NASTY PIECE OF WORK.

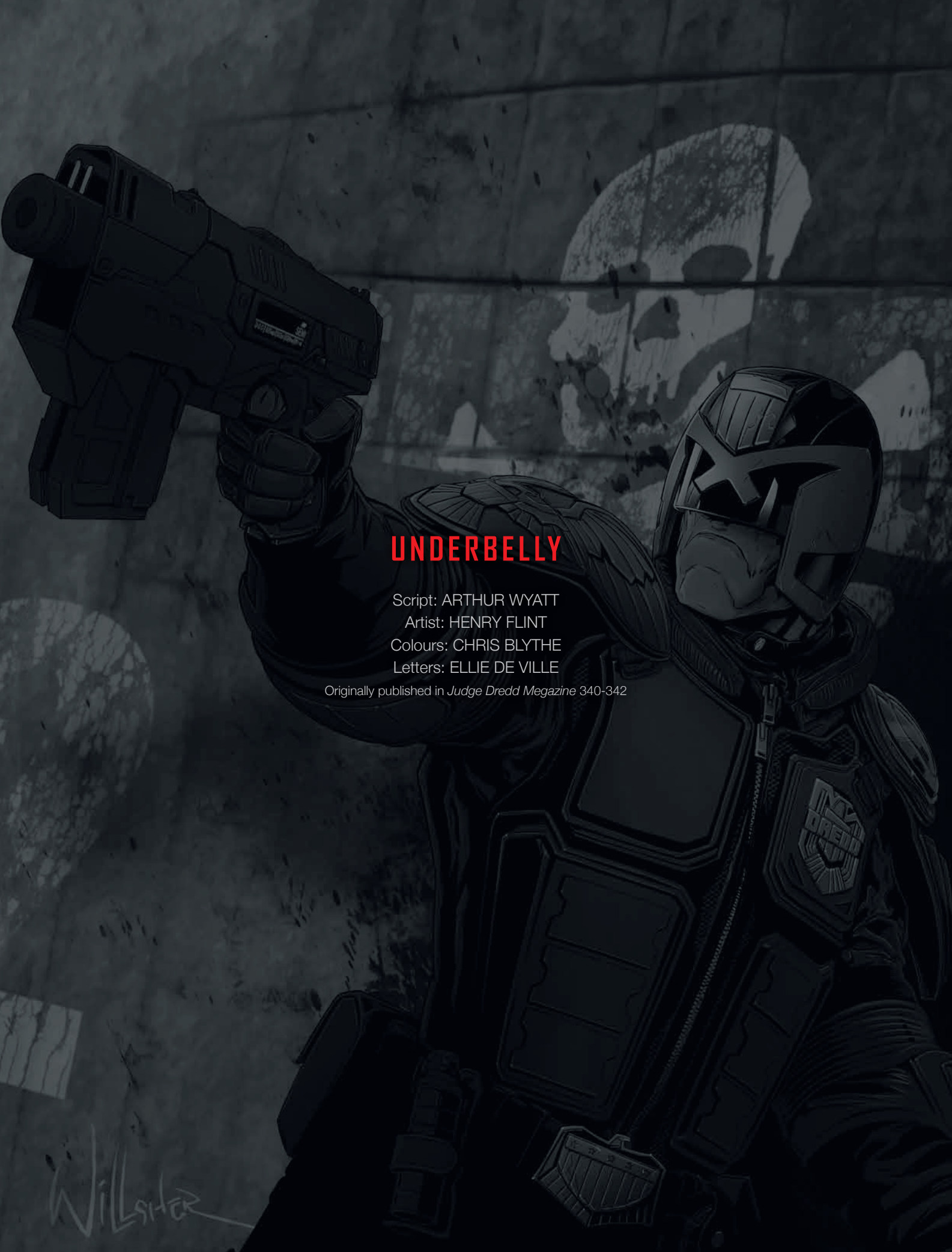
NOT GOING TO BE MISSED, THEN.



PROBABLY NO SHORTAGE OF ENEMIES EITHER, BUT A CASTRATION LIKE THIS IS *SYMBOLIC*, A DECLARATION OF INTENT.

SOMEONE'S MAKING A POWER PLAY, GOT THEIR SIGHTS ON THE TOP SPOT...

PEACH TREES



UNDERBELLY

Script: ARTHUR WYATT

Artist: HENRY FLINT

Colours: CHRIS BLYTHE

Letters: ELLIE DE VILLE

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 340-342

Willster

THE CURSED EARTH: A
SCORCHED WASTELAND AT
THE HEART OF AMERICA.

INHABITED BY THOSE WHO GREW UP
OUTSIDE THE CRAMPED CONFINES
OF THE MEGA-CITY, AND THOSE CAST
OUT FOR THE SINS OF THEIR GENES.

A DESPERATE FEW TRY
TO GET BACK IN...

NOT
A SOUND
WHILE WE GO
THROUGH THE
GATE.

'MAKE A SOUND
AND WE'RE DEAD.'

STOP!



MEGA-CITY ONE, WHERE THEY HOPE TO FIND WORK, FIND A NEW LIFE AMONGST THE CITY'S GLEAMING TOWERS.

SOME WANT TO SEND MONEY HOME TO THEIR FAMILIES, SOME HAVE JUST HAD ENOUGH FENDING OFF PREDATORS IN A RADIOACTIVE DESERT.



BUT MEGA-CITY ONE EATS HOPE ALIVE...

... AND THE CITY HAS
ITS OWN PREDATORS.

ALL RIGHT,
SCUM, GET
ON OUT!

WHAT ABOUT
THIS ONE FOR
SECTOR
NINE?

SHE'S A LITTLE
OLD, ISN'T
SHE?

HEY,
IF THEY'RE
PAYING TO SCREW
A **MUTIE** THEY
CAN'T BE TOO
PICKY.

LET ME
GO! I'M NOT
HERE FOR
THAT!

YOU'LL
DO WHAT WE SAY
TILL YOU'VE PAID
YOUR WAY.

BUT... W-WE'VE
ALREADY PAID!

RATES WENT UP
— AND YOU OWE
INTEREST. LOTS
OF INTEREST.

YOU WANNA
SAY DIFFERENT,
MAYBE WE SHOULD
MAKE AN EXAMPLE
OF YOU —

**THIS IS THE LAW!
DROP YOUR
WEAPONS!**

SHIT! IT'S
THE JAYS!



BUT
IT WASN'T **US**
DOIN' THE
SHOOTING! WE
DROPPED OUR
GUNS!

THAT'S
WHY YOU'RE
ONLY DOING
LIFE.

WHAT
ABOUT THESE
GUYS?

THROW 'EM
BACK WHERE THEY
CAME FROM, I
GUESS. CUBE SPACE
IS TIGHT.

PLEASE... I
NEED TO FIND
MY **SON**.

WHAT'S THAT?

HE RAN AWAY,
PAID THESE MEN TO TAKE
HIM TO THE CITY TO MAKE HIS
FORTUNE. I HAVEN'T HEARD
FROM HIM SINCE.

IF
THESE ANIMALS
BROUGHT HIM IN
THEY PROBABLY
MADE HIM INTO
DOG FOOD.

HE'S STILL
ALIVE. I KNOW
THESE THINGS...
I CAN **FEEL**
IT.

NOT OUR
PROBLEM, LADY.
NOW BUTTIN IT
OR YOU'LL DO
TIME —

HEY!

LET HER
SPEAK.

SECTOR 14:

MEGABANK (INCORPORATING
MC-1 BANK), LEONARD
MORGAN BLOCK BRANCH.

CONTROL,
HOW ABOUT
THAT BACK-
UP?

NO UNITS
AVAILABLE, D'REDD.
EVERYONE'S TIED
UP WITH A RAID ON
THE WEST SIDE.

FIGURE
THEY KNOW
THAT TOO.

WE
FOUND SOMETHING
INTERESTING, THOUGH.
PUTTING IT THROUGH
TO YOU.

HUH.

RAPID
FIRE!



IT'S A
SLAUGHTER!
THEY'RE NOT
STOPPING
HIM!



YOU'D THINK HAVING
A CIVILIAN IN THE MIX
WOULD SLOW HIM
DOWN.

UP!



WE'LL FALL BACK
TO THE **VAULTS**,
THEN PICK HIM
OFF WHEN HE
COMES AFTER
US.



HMM...



RICOCHET!

AAAAHH!

YOU... YOU
SHOT ME! I'M
BLEEDING!

SURVEILLANCE-
DRONE FOOTAGE
OF YOU COLLUDING
WITH THE BANK THIEVES.
YOU'RE A PERP, SAME
AS THEM.

AHHH! DAMMIT,
JUDGE, I NEED
A DOCTOR
HERE —

THEY'RE ONLY
FLESH WOUNDS.
YOU'LL LIVE.

CONTROL,
SEND A MEAT-WAGON TO
MY LOCATION — MULTIPLE
DEAD, ONE FOR THE CUBES,
FIVE YEARS. REQUIRES MED
TREATMENT.

CONFIRMED:
THE CHIEF JUDGE IS
REQUESTING YOUR
PRESENCE.

ON MY WAY.

HALL OF JUSTICE.

DREDD.
GLAD TO HEAR
YOU'RE ON THIS
CASE.

ANDERSON.

'NICE
TO SEE YOU,
ANDERSON...
YOU'RE LOOK-
ING WELL,
ANDERSON...'

I
HEAR YOUR
ARRESTS ARE UP
TO QUOTA.
GOOD.

AT OH SIX HUNDRED HOURS YESTERDAY
MAINTENANCE WORKERS PARTIALLY
DRAINED A PIT OF RADIOACTIVE SLUDGE
NEAR THE WEST WALL. WORK WAS
HALTED WHEN THEY FOUND THE
REMAINS OF THE BODY.

WE'VE
DRAINED THE REST
AND FOUND OVER
TWO DOZEN
MORE.



I'M
GUESSING
NOT NATURAL
CAUSES.

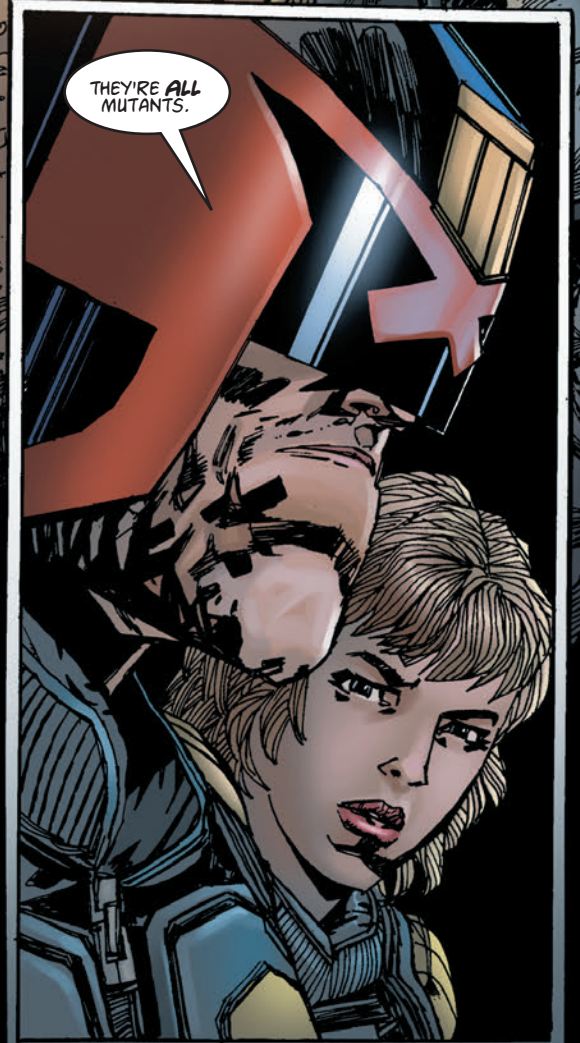
THE BODIES
ALL SHOW LETHAL
LEVELS OF **CHEMICAL**
COMPOUNDS USED
IN DRUG
PRODUCTION...



... BUT IN MANY
CASES CAUSE OF
DEATH APPEARS TO BE
MASSIVE CRANIAL
TRAUMA.

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE —

MUTANTS.



THEY'RE **ALL**
MUTANTS.



IN MEGA-CITY ONE AN ESTIMATED
TWENTY-SIX SERIOUS CRIMES
ARE COMMITTED EVERY MINUTE.



ONLY AROUND
HALF ARE
REPORTED.

>HUFF!<

>HUFF!<



OF THOSE REPORTED
ONLY SIX PER CENT
ARE INVESTIGATED
AND A CONVICTION
SECURED.

UHHNN!

THIS ONE IS
NEITHER.



MAMA-LIVES



NAILED HIM.



WE WANTED HIM **ALIVE**, FOOL.

YOU COULD HAVE PUT A BULLET IN HIS LEG, AND HE STILL COULD HAVE WORKED. NOW WHO'LL REPLACE HIM — YOU?



HE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY! THERE WASN'T TIME FOR A FANCY SHOT!

THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE WAITED AND LET SOMEONE **COMPETENT** DO IT. BESIDES...



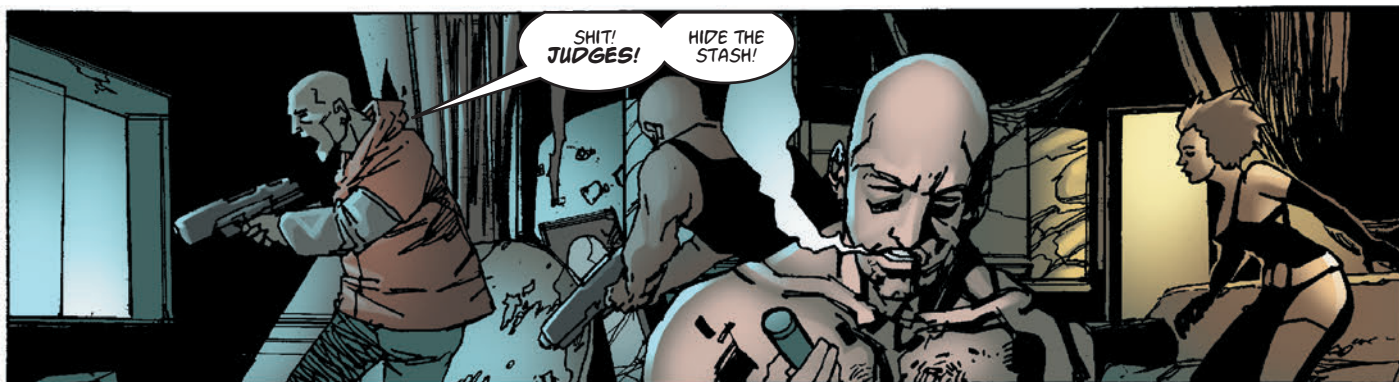
... YOU MISSED ONE.



SECTOR NINE, THE MOST NOTORIOUS PLEASURE DISTRICT IN MEGA-CITY ONE.



CRIME BLITZ IN PROGRESS.





SHIT!
JUDGES!



YOU WON'T
TAKE ME ALIVE,
FUCKERS!



THE MUTANT CASE HAD STALLED —
LITTLE IN THE WAY OF WITNESSES OR
EVIDENCE HAD MATERIALISED.

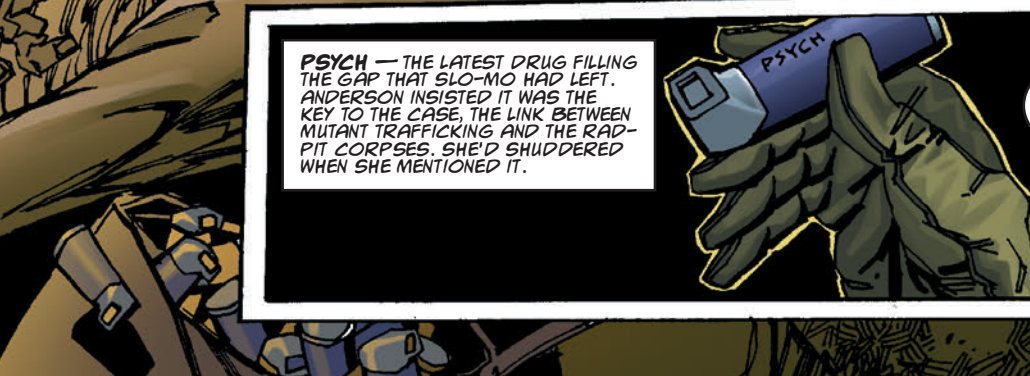
ANDERSON HAD SUGGESTED LEADS,
BUT HE FOUND HER WAY OF WORKING
TOUGH TO ADJUST TO — ALL LEAPS OF
INTUITION AND VAGUE CONNECTIONS.



HE PREFERRED THE MORE
DIRECT APPROACH: HITTING
THE STREETS AND BUSTING
HEADS TILL HE GOT ANSWERS.



HMM.



PSYCH — THE LATEST DRUG FILLING
THE GAP THAT SLO-MO HAD LEFT.
ANDERSON INSISTED IT WAS THE
KEY TO THE CASE, THE LINK BETWEEN
MUTANT TRAFFICKING AND THE RAP-
PIT CORPSES. SHE'D SHUDDERED
WHEN SHE MENTIONED IT.



NASTY
STUFF. YOU
KNOW HOW MESSED
UP THIS LEAVES
PEOPLE?

NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT
PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON THE
PUSHERS DIDN'T SEEM LIKE
A BAD USE OF HIS TIME.



'COURSE YOU DO. TWENTY MONTHS FOR EACH VIAL.

WHAT? B-BUT THERE'S —



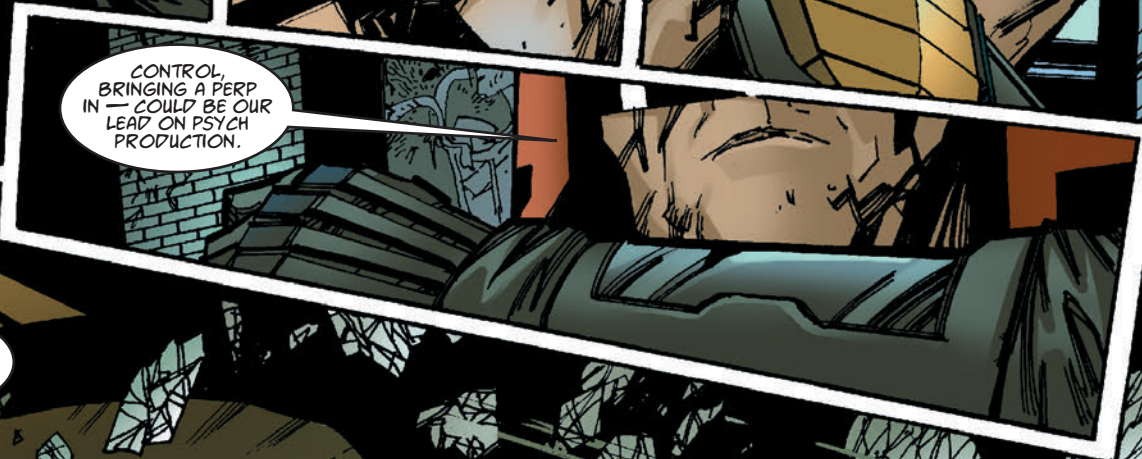
WE'LL COUNT THEM LATER.

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANTED TO TELL ME WHERE THE STUFF COMES FROM...

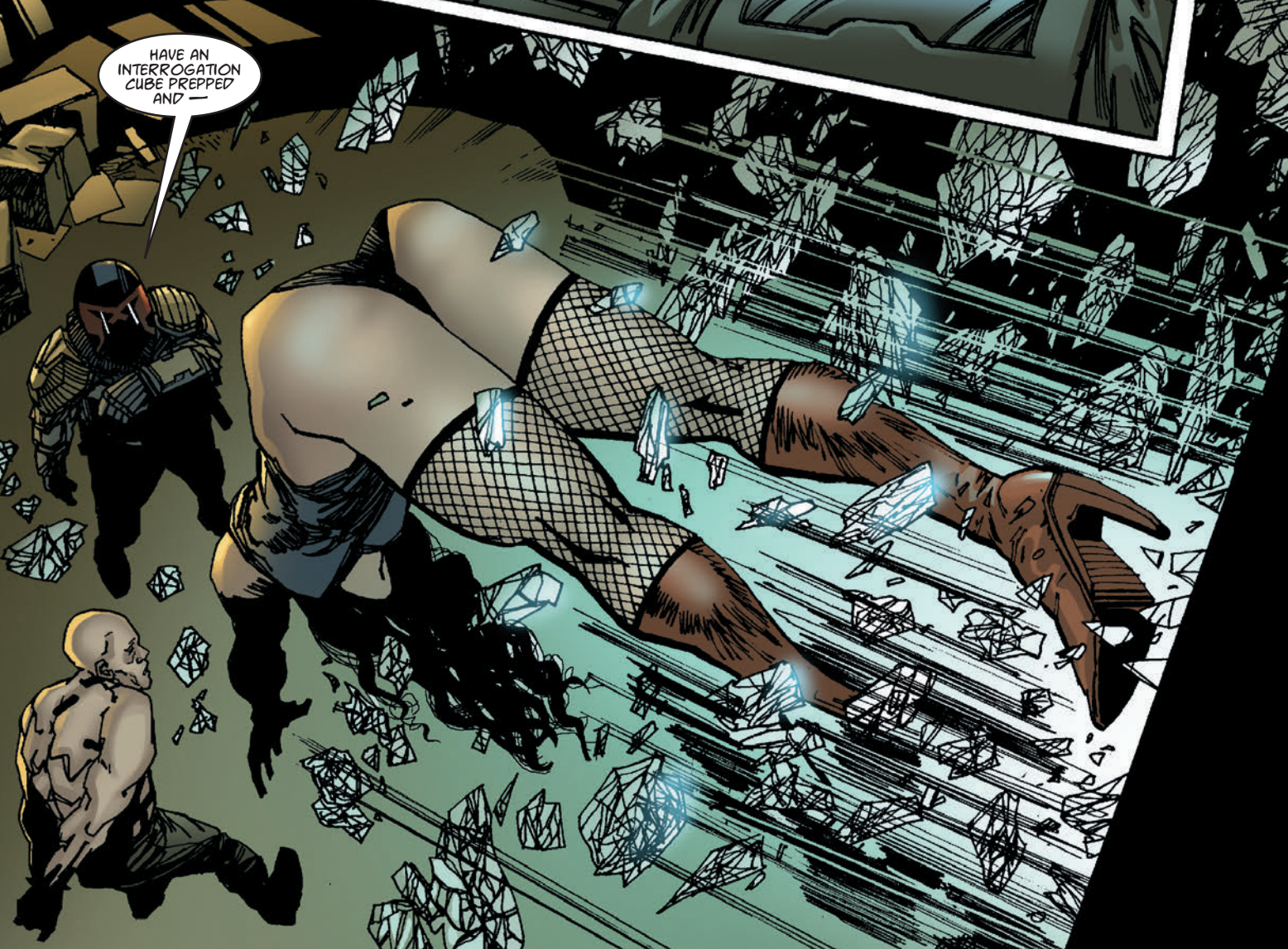


YOU THINK I'M CRAZY? DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES, AND THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE IF I TELL YOU ANYTHING!

YOUR CALL. THAT'S ANOTHER FIVE YEARS FOR WITHHOLDING INFORMATION.



CONTROL, BRINGING A PERP IN — COULD BE OUR LEAD ON PSYCH PRODUCTION.



HAVE AN INTERROGATION CUBE PREPPED AND —



WHATEVER YOU'RE BOOKING THIS ONE WITH, ADD AN EXTRA CHARGE OF OBSTRUCTION.

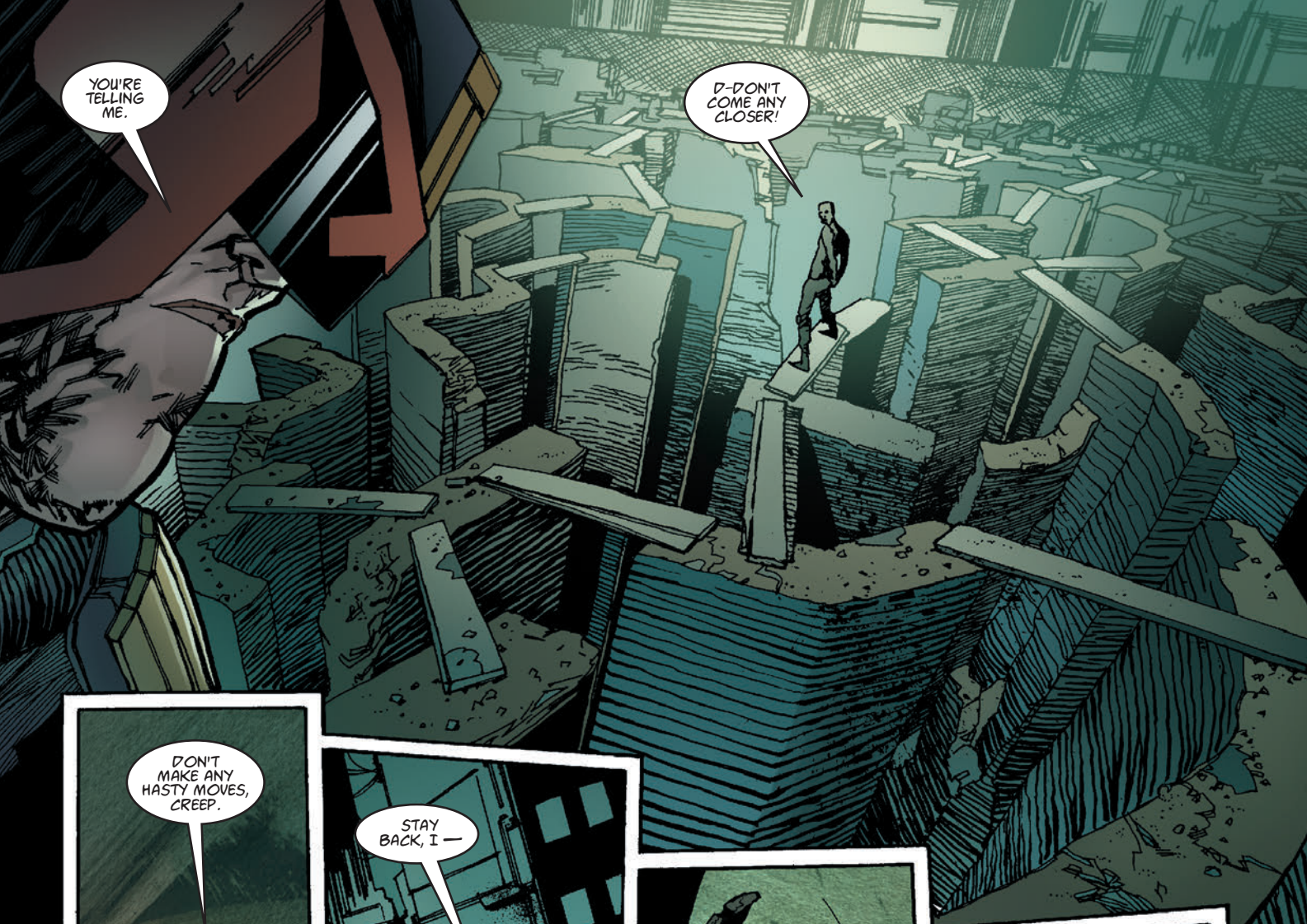
NEED S-SOME PAIN-KILLERS HERE, MAN...



KEEP OUT

UPDATE: PERP HAS ABSCONDY FROM CUSTODY. PURSUING HIM INTO A RECLAMATION ZONE.

CONFIRMED BE ADVISED, DREDD, YOU ARE ENTERING A HAZARDOUS AREA.



YOU'RE
TELLING
ME.

D-DON'T
COME ANY
CLOSER!



DON'T
MAKE ANY
HASTY MOVES,
CREEP.



STAY
BACK, I —



AAAAAAHHHH!



UKK!



MMMMPHH!

SHHH, IT
WON'T TAKE
LONG.

NOW,
I'LL JUST
ANSWER THIS AND
THEN WE'LL START
THE DRILL.



YES?



WE HAD
A CLOSE
CALL...



... BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE
IT RESOLVED
ITSELF.

GOOD, GOOD...
IT WOULD BE UNFORTUNATE
IF WE HAD TO MOVE OUR
LITTLE OPERATION.

BY THE WAY,
THANK YOU FOR
RETRIEVING THAT RUN-
AWAY ALIVE...



... IT
LOOKS LIKE
HE'S ONE OF
OUR SPECIAL
CASES.



IT WAS TRUE — ANDERSON'S
METHODS WERE NOT HIS.

HE
SAID DEAD
MEN TELL NO
TALES.

WELL, WE'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT.

STILL, THEY HAD
THEIR USES...

0610 HOURS — REMOTE
CONFIRMATION OF SITE.

INITIATING
AIRBORNE CHEMICAL
SAMPLING...

IDENTIFIED
COMPOSITION MATCH
FOR PROBABLE DRUG
PRECURSORS.

0620 HOURS —
GO/NO-GO MEETING.

SO
WE HAVEN'T
SPOOKED
THEM?

STILL
IN OPERATION,
RIGHT WHERE OUR
SOURCE SAID
THEY WOULD
BE.

PROBABLY
HELPS THAT HE'S
ON A SLAB DOWN
IN THE VAULTS —
THEY WOULDN'T
EXPECT HIM TO
TALK.

OK,
TAKE THEM
OUT.

0635 HOURS —
BRIEFING.

THIS IS **PSYCH**,
CURRENTLY WREAKING HAVOC
IN SECTOR 9 AND SPREADING OUT
THROUGH THE REST OF THE CITY.
EFFECTS RANGE FROM
HALLUCINATIONS AND DEJA VU
TO A FULL-ON PSYCHOTIC
BREAK.

IT'S ADDICTIVE
ENOUGH TO MAKE
SLO-MO LOOK LIKE
CANDY.

WE
BELIEVE THE CREEPS
MANUFACTURING IT HAVE
CONNECTIONS WITH
MUTANT TRAFFICKING
AND A SERIES OF
RECENT MURDERS.

UGH. THERE'S
SOMETHING... WRONG
ABOUT THIS STUFF.
IT MAKES MY SKIN
CRAWL...

WE'VE HEARD
THE SAME FROM A
NUMBER OF JUDGES IN
THE PSI PROGRAMME —
YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET
YOUR APTITUDE TESTED
THERE, KHOURI.

NOW
GEAR UP.
WE'RE SHUTTING
THESE CREEPS
DOWN.

0730 HOURS — FACILITY
BREACHED, STUNNED GAS AND
FLASHBANGS ARE DEPLOYED.
INITIAL RESISTANCE MINIMAL.

0735 HOURS —
SUSPECTS RALLY AND
ORGANISE A DEFENCE.





0745 HOURS — LAST CONTACT
WITH JUDGE WHYBARK, TASKED WITH
SECURING THE SITE PERIMETER.

0850 HOURS — JUDGES
REACH THE INNER FACILITY.

FREEZE!

MY GOD...

GET ON TO CONTROL, TELL THEM WE'LL NEED MED-WAGONS FOR THESE PEOPLE.



WE'LL NEED **CUTTERS** TOO. THEY'VE BEEN SHACKLED.

GONNA NEED **RESPIRATORS** IF WE STAY IN HERE TOO LONG — HOW COME THE FUMES AREN'T KILLING THEM?

THEY ARE.

SHORT-TERM LABOUR FORCE — BUY THEM FROM THE TRAFFICKERS, WORK THEM TILL THE FUMES GET THEM, THEN DUMP THE BODIES IN THE PITS. NO WITNESSES AND NO ONE TO PAY.



PLEASE... THERE'S OTHERS DOWN B-BELOW, IN THE TUNNELS...



THIS WASN'T ON THE SCHEMATICS — SOME KIND OF PRE-WAR FALLOUT SHELTER.

THERE'S T-TWO OF THEM... THE WOMAN AND THE DOCTOR...



'WE CALL THEM **BEAUTY**
AND THE **BEAST**...'

WHERE'S
KADREW?

SHIT, IT'S
YOU!

THOUGHT
YOU WERE THE
LAW — THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE!

WHERE...
IS...



... KADREW?

HE
WOULDN'T
LEAVE! SAID HE HAD
TO GO D-DOWN TO
HIS LAB... GET THE
EXTRACTS!



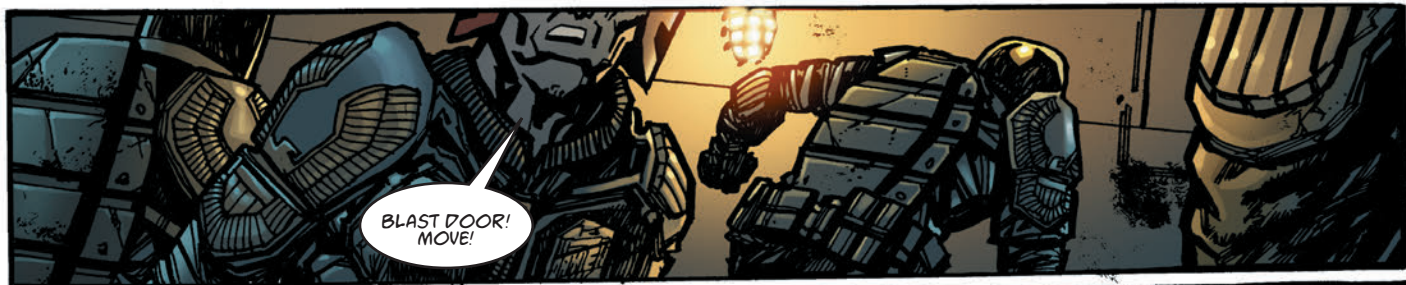
THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT
HE WAS **SUPPOSED**
TO DO — AND YOU
WERE SUPPOSED TO
GIVE HIM **TIME** TO
DO IT.



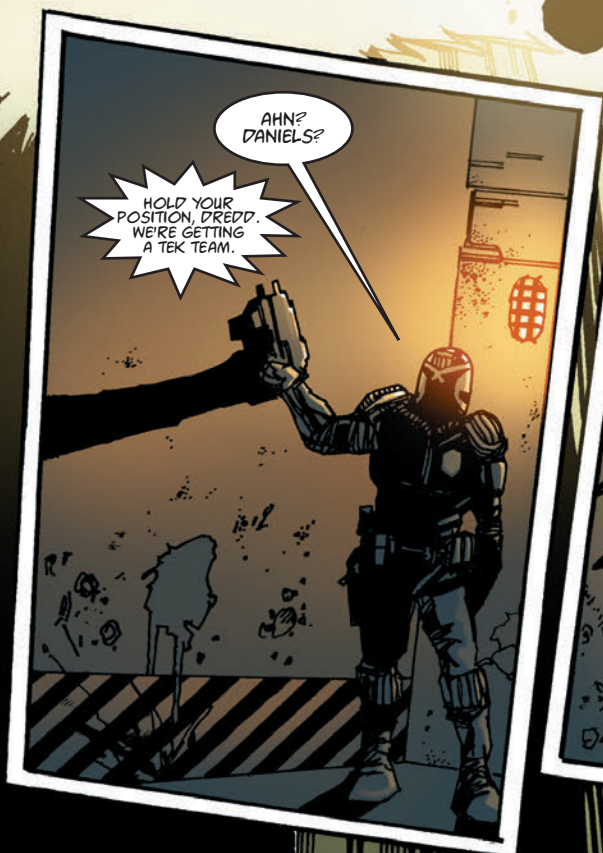
COWARD.



IN CASE OF
EMERGENCY
BREAK
GLASS



BLAST DOOR!
MOVE!



AHN?
DANIELS?

HOLD YOUR
POSITION, DREDD.
WE'RE GETTING
A TEK TEAM.



AAAAHH!



NO
TIME FOR
THAT. CATCH
UP AS SOON
AS YOU
CAN.



HANDS IN
THE AIR!
STEP AWAY
FROM THE
BOY!



WHATEVER
SICK GAME
YOU'RE PLAYING
IS OVER —



UNFF!



UHN!





STOP
DAWDLING!
FINISH
HIM!



YAAAAHHH!



GUK!



'BEAUTY',
HUH?



SLEEP
THIS ONE
OFF.

NOW
LET THE BOY
GO.

OH, I DON'T
THINK SO. I'LL SLICE HIS
CAROTID BEFORE YOU CAN
TAKE A STEP.

YOU'RE LOSING
A LITTLE BLOOD
YOURSELF.

LAST
WARNING,
CREEP.

THOSE
ARE OXYGEN
CANISTERS YOU JUST
KNOCKED AROUND.
TAKE A SHOT AND YOU
COULD INCINERATE
US ALL.

BETTER TO
CALL THIS ROUND
A **DRAW**. LET ME
DISAPPEAR INTO THE
TUNNELS, AND YOU CAN
WAIT FOR THE MEDS
TO COME PATCH
YOU UP.

YOU WANT
THE BOY 'COS HE'S A
PSI LIKE HIS MOTHER —
THAT'S YOUR **SECRET**
INGREDIENT,
ISN'T IT?

P-PAIN...

STOP
SQUIRMING!
I'LL SLIT YOUR
THROAT RIGHT
NOW!

... THE
CHAIR... SO MUCH
PAIN...

LET
ME SHOW
YOU!

AAAAAAHHH!

IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
SON. IT'S
OVER.

WEST WALL, SECTOR 14,
OVERLOOKING MUTANT
RELOCATION CAMP FIVE.

SEVENTY-
EIGHT.

THAT'S HOW
MANY FROM THE
FACTORY, FROM
THE TRAFFICKING
AND VICE
RAIDS.

PSYCH PRODUCTION BROUGHT
TO A HALT, THOSE BEHIND IT
DEAD OR IN THE CUBES — AND
SEVENTY-EIGHT PEOPLE TO BE
THROWN OUT INTO THE
CURSED EARTH.

QUITE
A WEEK.

JUSTICE
HAS BEEN
DONE.

REALLY, DREDD? IF
THOSE TWO WITH THE
EYES WERE RECRUITED
LIKE ME THEY'D BE VALUED
ASSETS. INSTEAD WE'RE
SHOWING THEM THE
DOOR.

IS THAT
JUSTICE?



UPRISE

Script: ARTHUR WYATT

Artist: PAUL DAVIDSON

Colours: CHRIS BLYTHE

Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 350-354

A man with a beard and a dark, high-collared coat stands in the foreground, looking out over a sprawling, futuristic city. The city is built on a grid of elevated roads and structures, with a mix of old and new architecture. The lighting is a mix of cool blues and warm oranges, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The man's coat has a long, flowing tail. The city below is a complex network of roads, buildings, and infrastructure, with a sense of depth and scale.

MEGA-CITY ONE.

THE SPIT.

A STRIP OF HABITABLE LAND
BETWEEN TWO RECLAMATION
ZONES--OLD CONSTRUCTION
YET TO BE PLOUGHED UNDER
BY THE NEW.

HIGH POVERTY, HIGH
CRIME. A CURSED SECTOR
OF A CURSED CITY.

AND NOW HE'S BACK...

IT HASN'T CHANGED SINCE HE WAS GROWING UP HERE. THE SIGHTS AND SMELLS, THE PEOPLE: JUNKIES, PROSTITUTES, GANG MEMBERS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO ROLL.

DO NOT ENTER
BY ORDER OF
JUSTICE DEPT

IT'S HOME.

ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT HAS CHANGED IS THE OEMLING TOWER--BUILT BY OUT-OF-SECTOR LABOUR FOR OUT-OF-SECTOR MONEY, A FLASHPOINT FOR LOCAL PROTEST.

NOBODY FROM DOWN HERE WILL BE LIVING UP THERE, AND THEY KNOW IT.

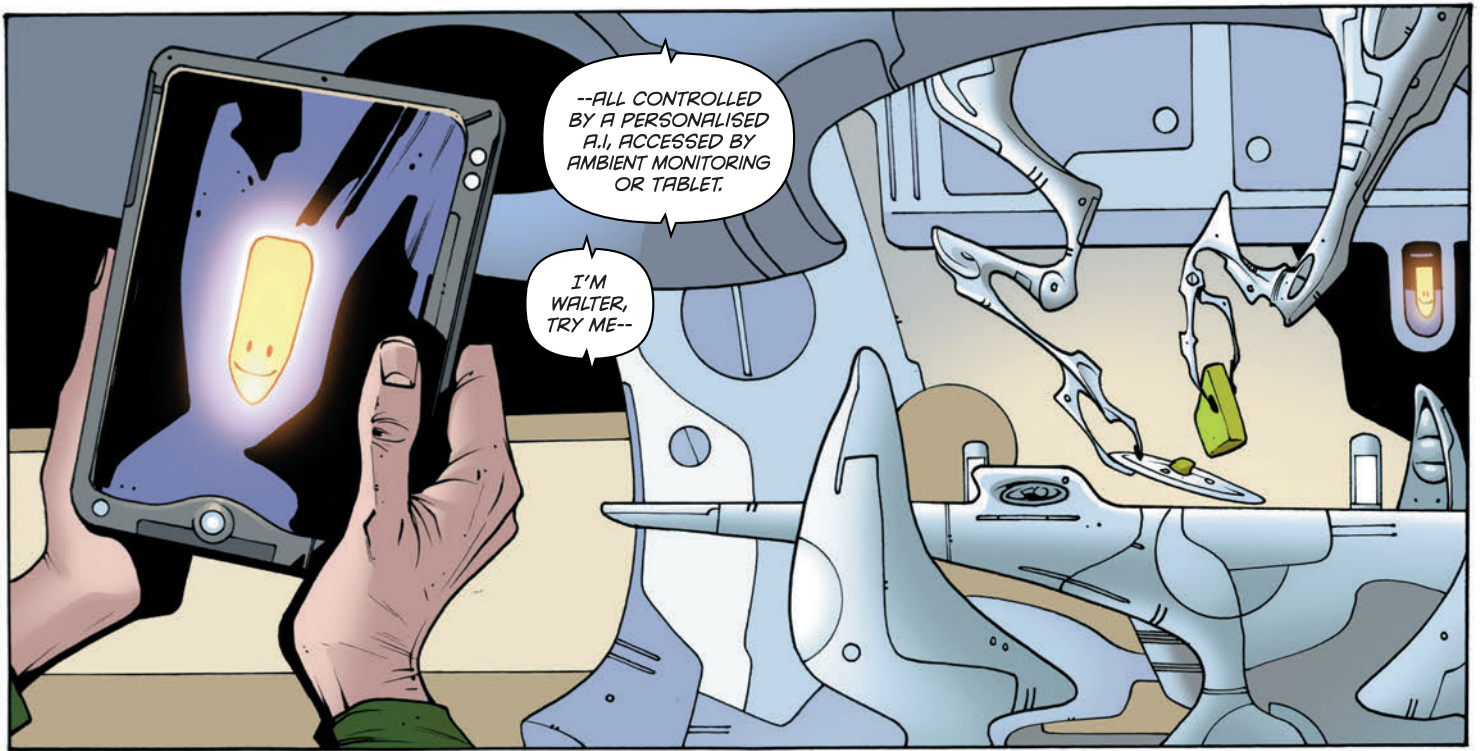
WALTER, WE'RE HOME! WE'LL BE HAVING COMPANY FOR DINNER SO PLEASE ADD TWO TO THE PREPARED MENU.

CERTAINLY, MA'AM. WILL YOU BE UPGRADING TO REAL VEG FOR THE SALAD?

THEN HE SEES A MOVEMENT ON THE ROOFTOP AND TENSES. A RIFLE?

NO, SOMETHING ELSE.

EXPERIENCE THE LATEST IN AUTOMATED LIFESTYLES! LET OEMLING PROVIDE THE LUXURY YOU DESERVE--

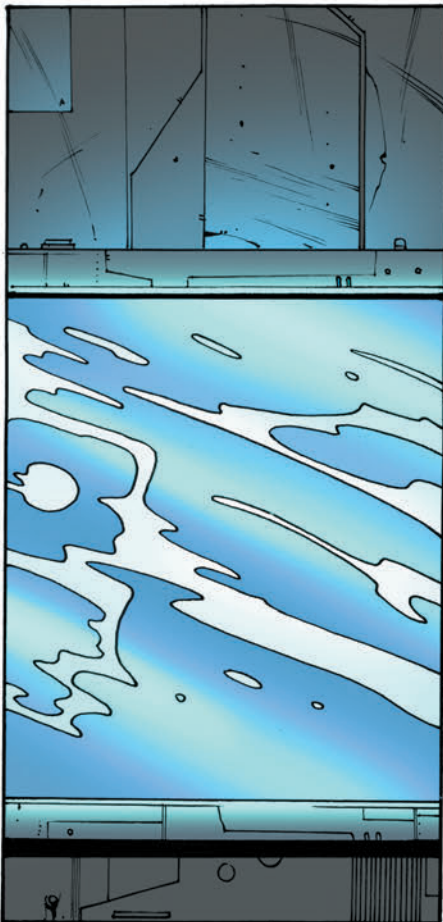


--ALL CONTROLLED
BY A PERSONALISED
A.I., ACCESSED BY
AMBIENT MONITORING
OR TABLET.

I'M
WALTER,
TRY ME--



Klik!

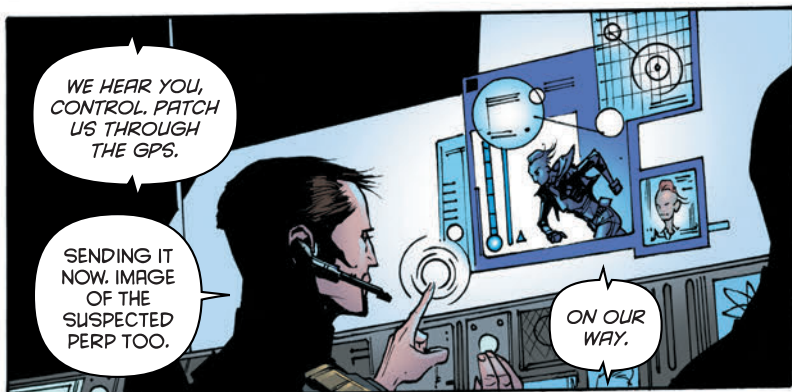
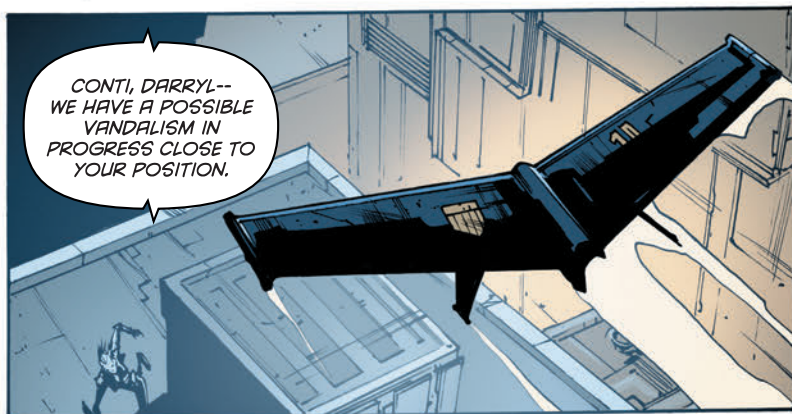
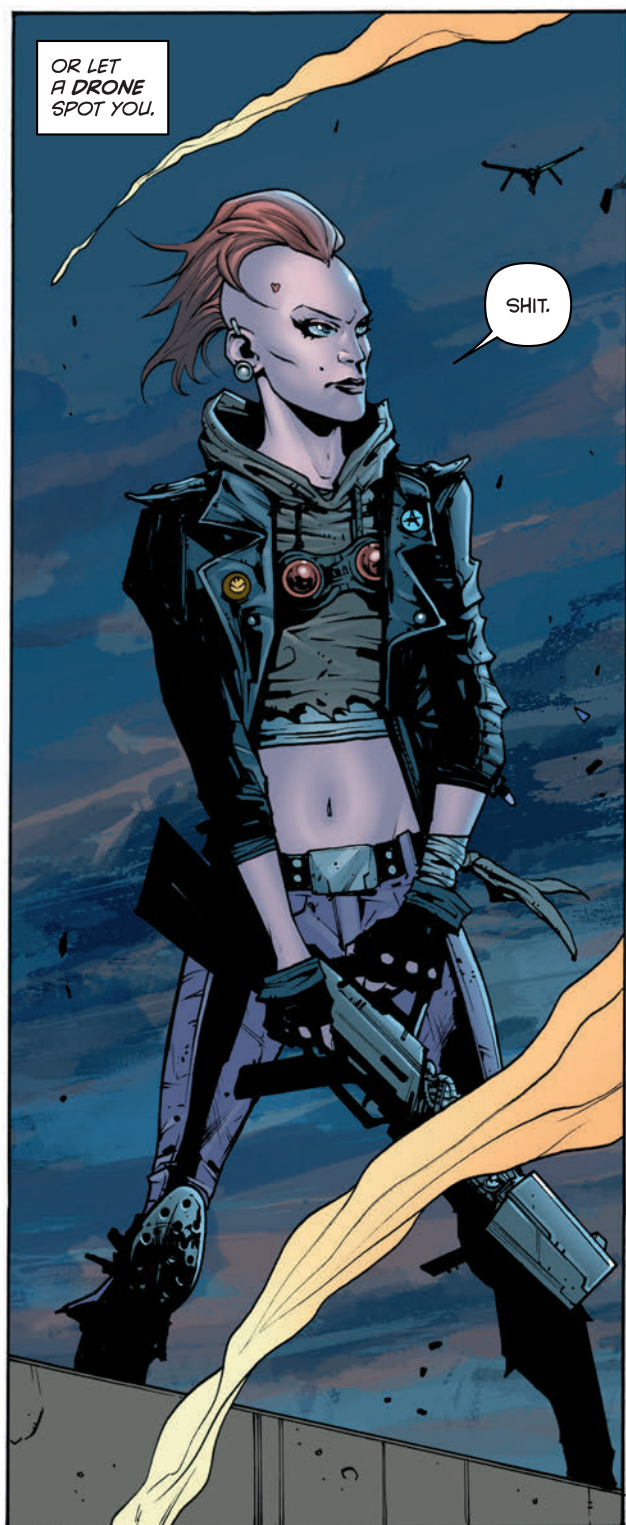
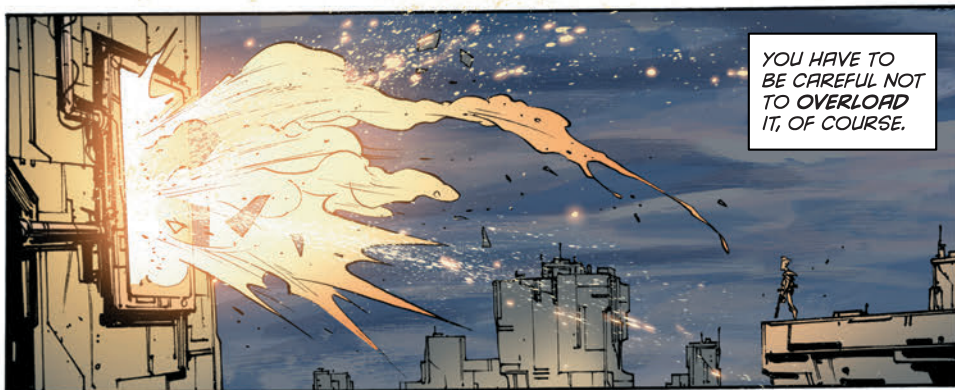
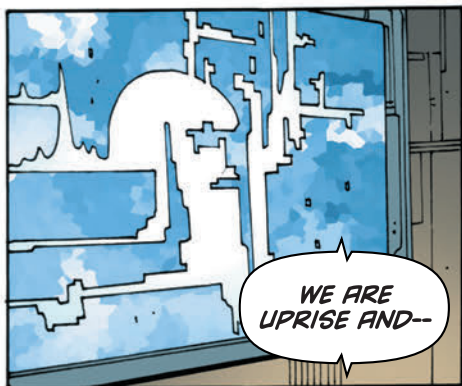


JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT,
OEMLING--WE ARE
UPRISE. WE ARE
THE PEOPLE OF
THE SPIT.

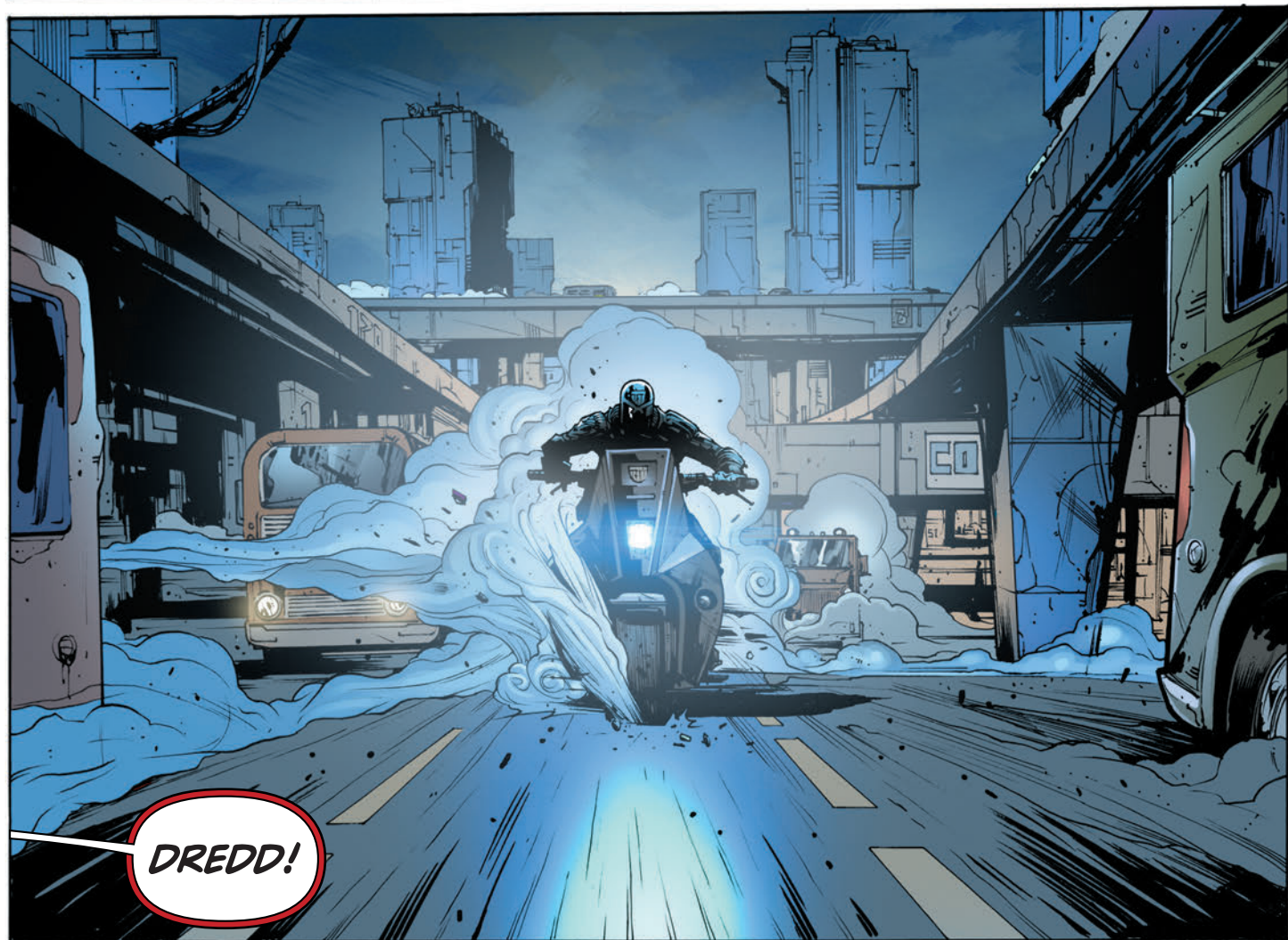
WE SAY NO
TO THE TOWER, NO TO
HOMES FOR THE RICH
IN THE SKY. THE SPIT IS
OURS. TRY TO TAKE
IT AND WE WILL RISE
AGAINST YOU.

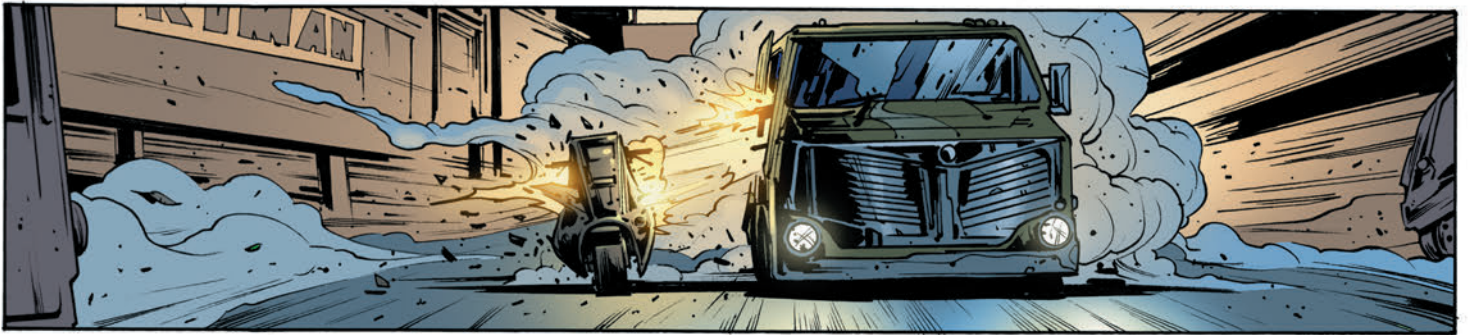
DIRECTIONAL
TRANSMITTER.
OF COURSE.

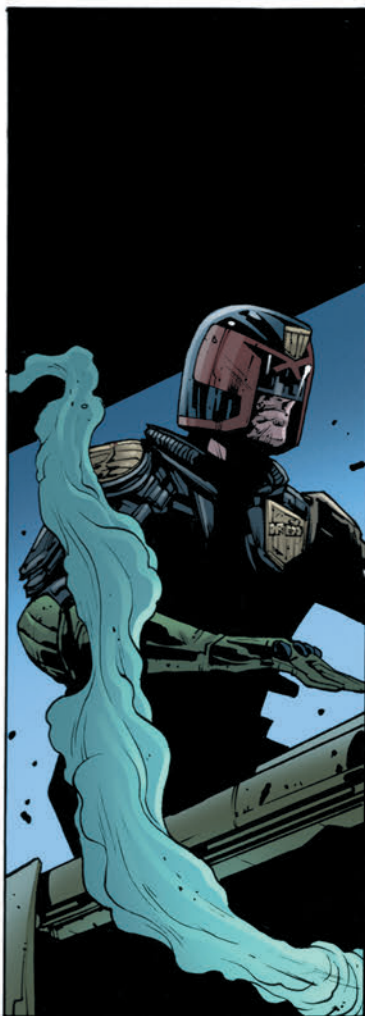
WHY GO THROUGH NETWORK
ENCRYPTION AND RISK A
TRACE WHEN YOU CAN JUST
GO AROUND THE NETWORK?















DAWN ABOVE THE OEMLING TOWER.

CURRENTLY UNDER CONSTRUCTION, A SHOWCASE FOR THE OEMLING CORPORATION'S VISION OF THE FUTURE: THE SELF-CONTAINED PHILOSOPHY OF THE MEGA-BLOCK TAKEN TO A NEW LEVEL WITH AUTOMATED HOUSING MODULES FOR THE CITY'S ELITE.



PROJECTED POPULATION: FORTY THOUSAND. LOW DENSITY, BUT CONCESSIONS WERE MADE GIVEN OEMLING'S WILLINGNESS TO DEVELOP WITHIN ONE OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S MORE BLIGHTED SECTORS.



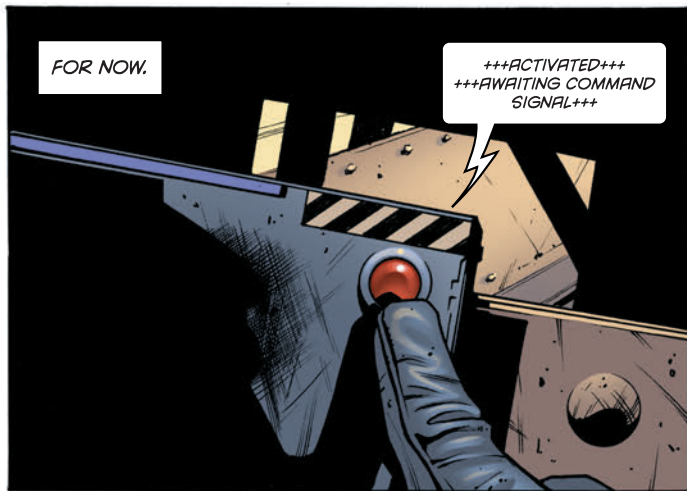
ANY POSITIVE REACTION THEY MIGHT HAVE HOPED FOR HAD NOT BEEN FORTHCOMING, EVEN BEFORE THE RIOTS.

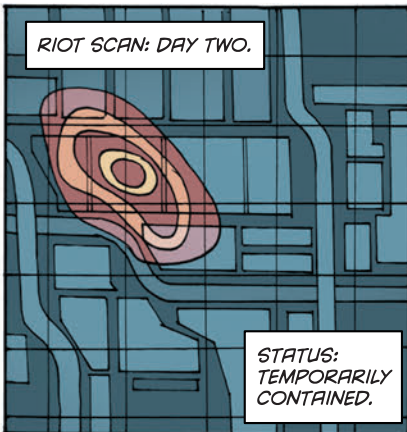
STILL, UP HERE, AWAY FROM THE SMOKE AND NOISE, IT REMAINS QUIET.



FOR NOW.

+++ACTIVATED+++
+++AWAITING COMMAND
SIGNAL+++









ALL RIGHT!
LISTEN UP!

YOU ALL KNOW
WHO I AM, AND A
LOT OF YOU ARE OUT
HERE BECAUSE OF
ME, AND BECAUSE
OF WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT.



HOW THE
HELL...?

CHIEF
JUDGE HERSELF
CALLED HIM. SAID
SHE'D APPRECIATE
HIS HELP.



*CHARLIE WOLFUS. GREW UP
IN THE SPIT, MADE IT BIG AS
A SPORTS STAR BEFORE AN
INJURY FORCED HIM OUT, THEN
RETURNED AND INVESTED
EVERYTHING HE'D MADE INTO
LOCAL BUSINESSES.*

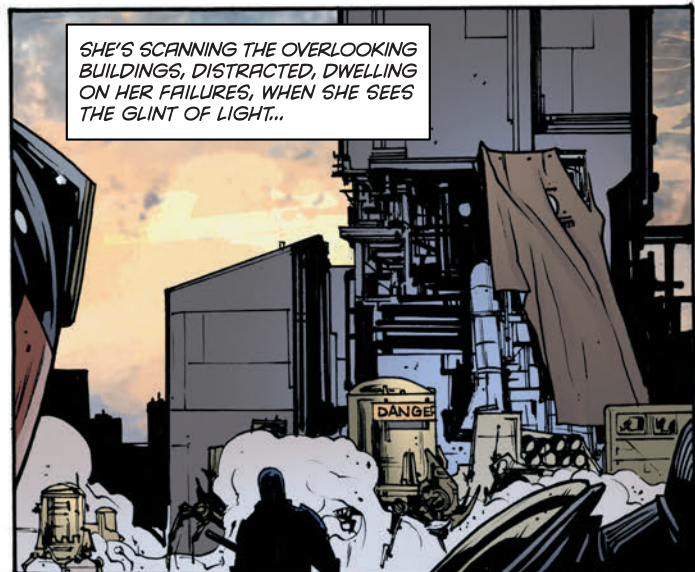
THINGS
CAN BE *BETTER*.
TOGETHER
WE CAN *MAKE*
THINGS BETTER.
BUT VIOLENCE
ISN'T THE WAY.

CONTI CAN SEE WHY HE'D BE A LOCAL
HERO: HIS PRESENCE IS MAGNETIC,
HIS STORY INSPIRATIONAL.



ALL THE MORE REASON
WHY WHAT SHE'D DONE
HAD BEEN STUPID.

IF COVERING THE RIOTS
HADN'T LEFT THEM
SHORT ON BODIES
SHE'D PROBABLY BE OFF
THE FORCE BY NOW.



SHE'S SCANNING THE OVERLOOKING
BUILDINGS, DISTRACTED, DWELLING
ON HER FAILURES, WHEN SHE SEES
THE GLINT OF LIGHT...

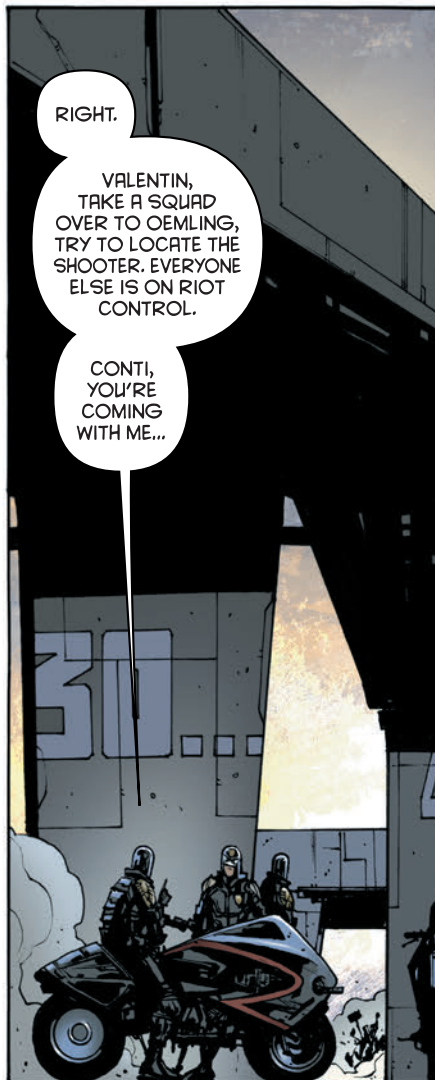




TRIANGULATION
OF AUDIO FROM TWO
DRONES GIVES A NINETY-
EIGHT PER CENT CERTAINTY
THAT YOUR SHOOTER IS
AT THE OEMLING
TOWER, DREDD.



THAT'S NOT
RIGHT. THE SHOT
CAME FROM THE
OLD RICHARDSON
BUILDING, I
SAW IT.



RIGHT.

VALENTIN,
TAKE A SQUAD
OVER TO OEMLING,
TRY TO LOCATE THE
SHOOTER. EVERYONE
ELSE IS ON RIOT
CONTROL.

CONTI,
YOU'RE
COMING
WITH ME...

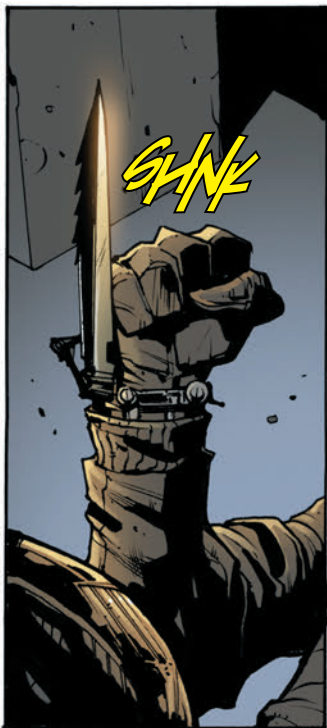
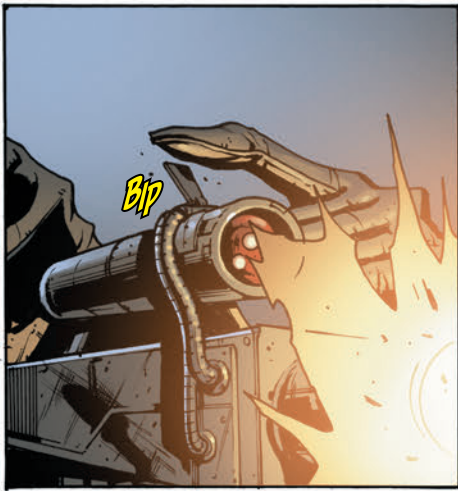


...TO
RICHARDSON.



THERE'S AN
ENTRANCE TO THE
OLD SUBWAY SYSTEM IN THE
BASEMENT--IF I WAS
THE KILLER THAT WOULD
BE MY MOST LIKELY
GETAWAY.









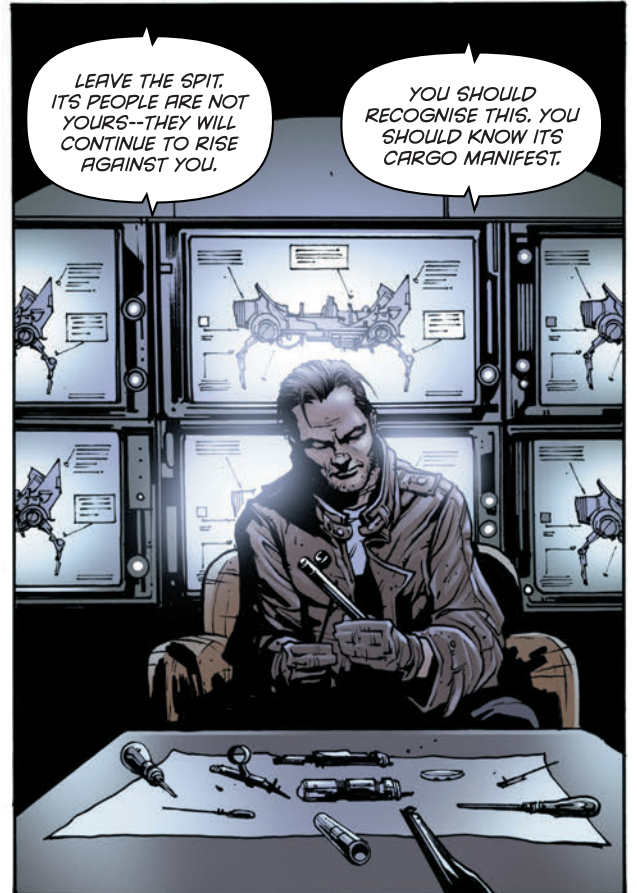
WE ARE
UPRISE.

WE SPEAK
FOR THE
VOICELESS.



WE SPEAK FOR
THE PEOPLE OF THE SPIT,
WHO HAVE NOW SEEN WHAT
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS
CAPABLE OF. THE PEOPLE OF
THE SPIT, WHO HAVE JUST
WITNESSED THE MURDER
OF CHARLIE WOLFUS.

AND
WE SAY THIS,
TO OEMLING,
TO JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT:
LEAVE.



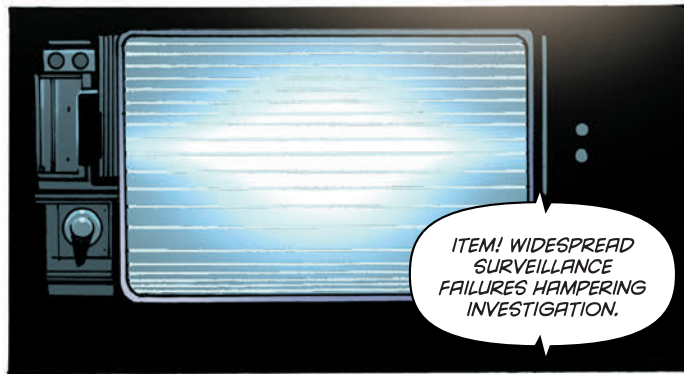
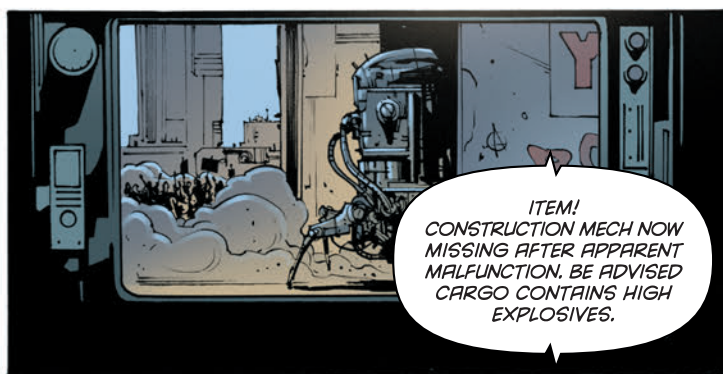
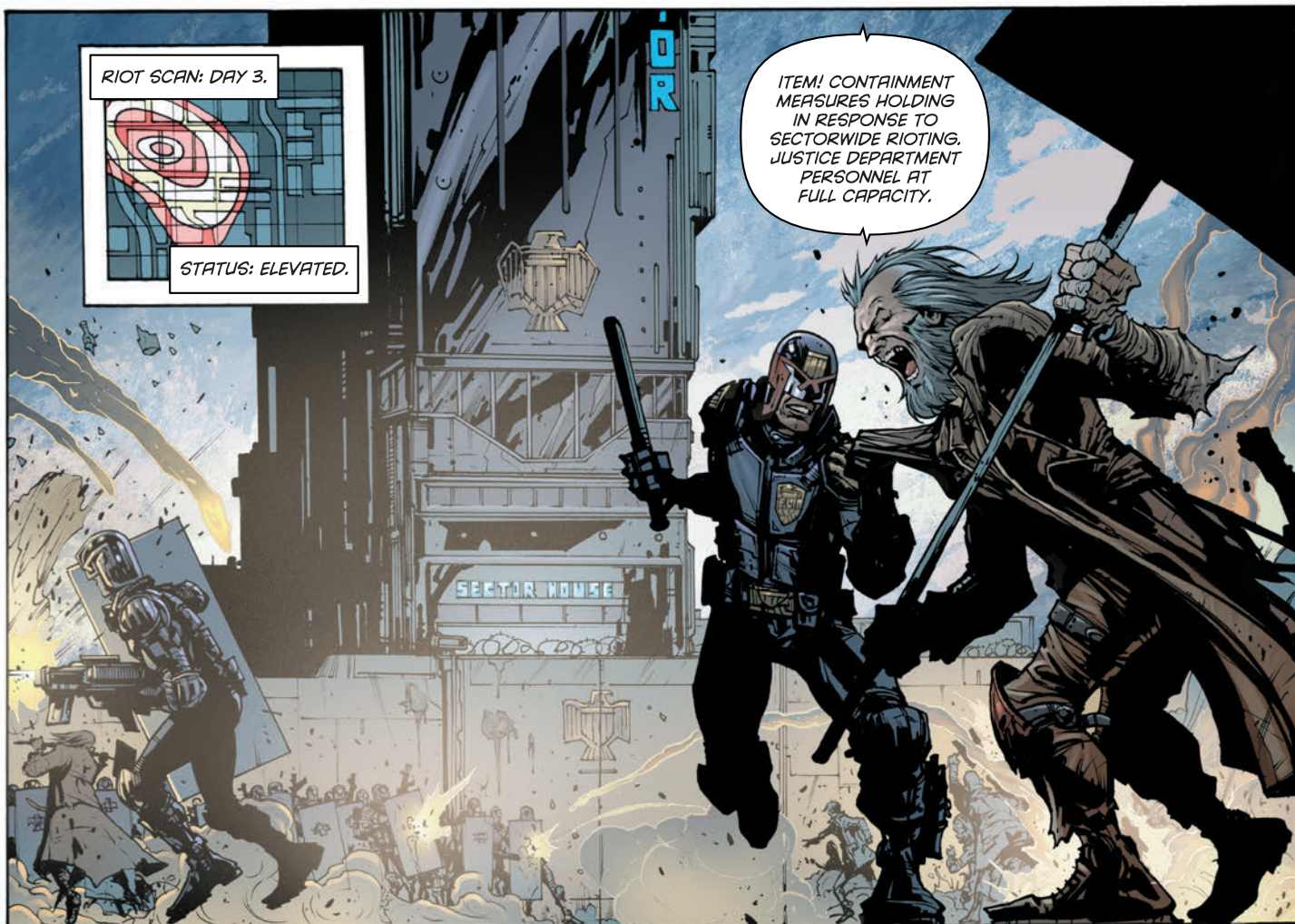
LEAVE THE SPIT.
IT'S PEOPLE ARE NOT
YOURS--THEY WILL
CONTINUE TO RISE
AGAINST YOU.

YOU SHOULD
RECOGNISE THIS. YOU
SHOULD KNOW ITS
CARGO MANIFEST.



WE HAVE
EXPLOSIVES.

LEAVE OR
THEY WILL BE
USED AGAINST
YOU.





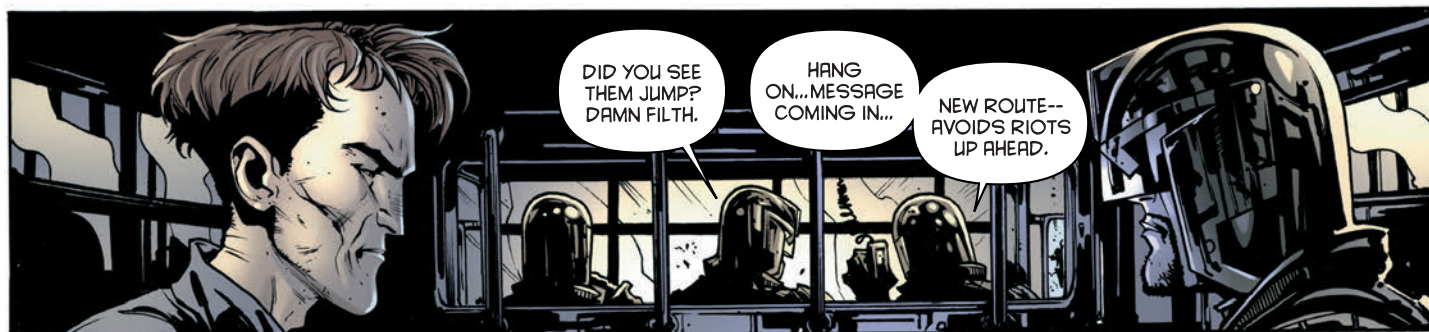


YOU REALLY
THINK I'M
GOING TO
TALK?



SHE WON'T
NEED YOU TO
TALK, BAHT.

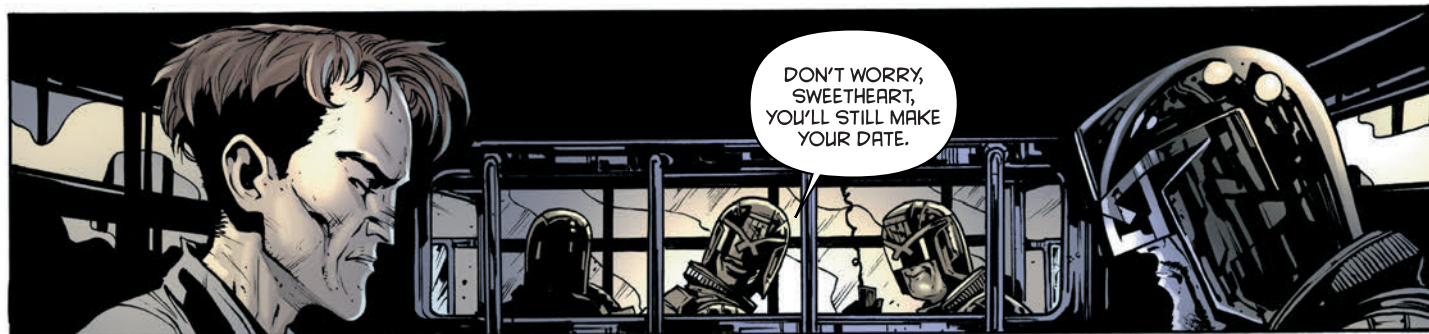
TAKE
HIM AWAY.



DID YOU SEE
THEM JUMP?
DAMN FILTH.

HANG
ON...MESSAGE
COMING IN...

NEW ROUTE--
AVOIDS RIOTS
UP AHEAD.

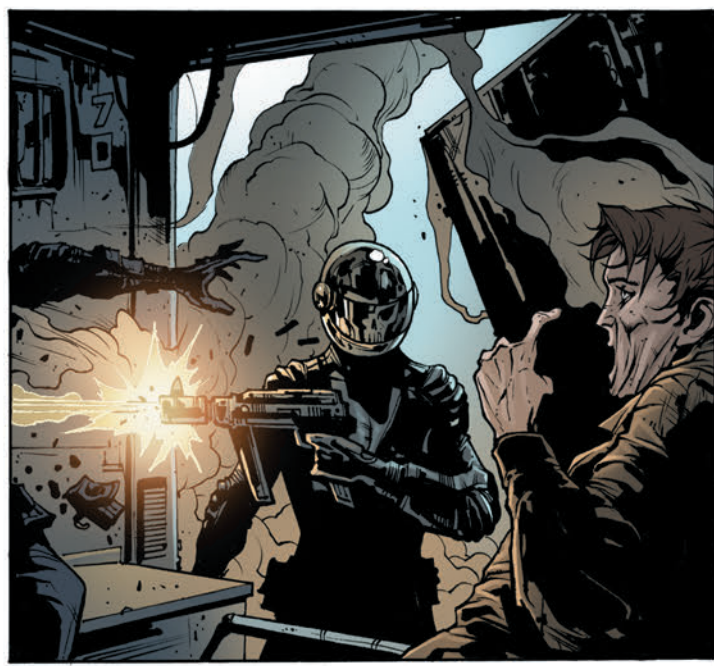
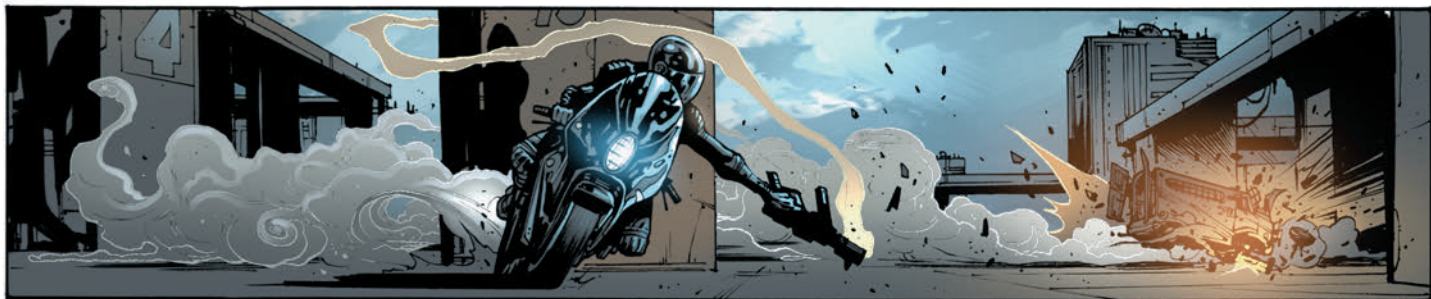
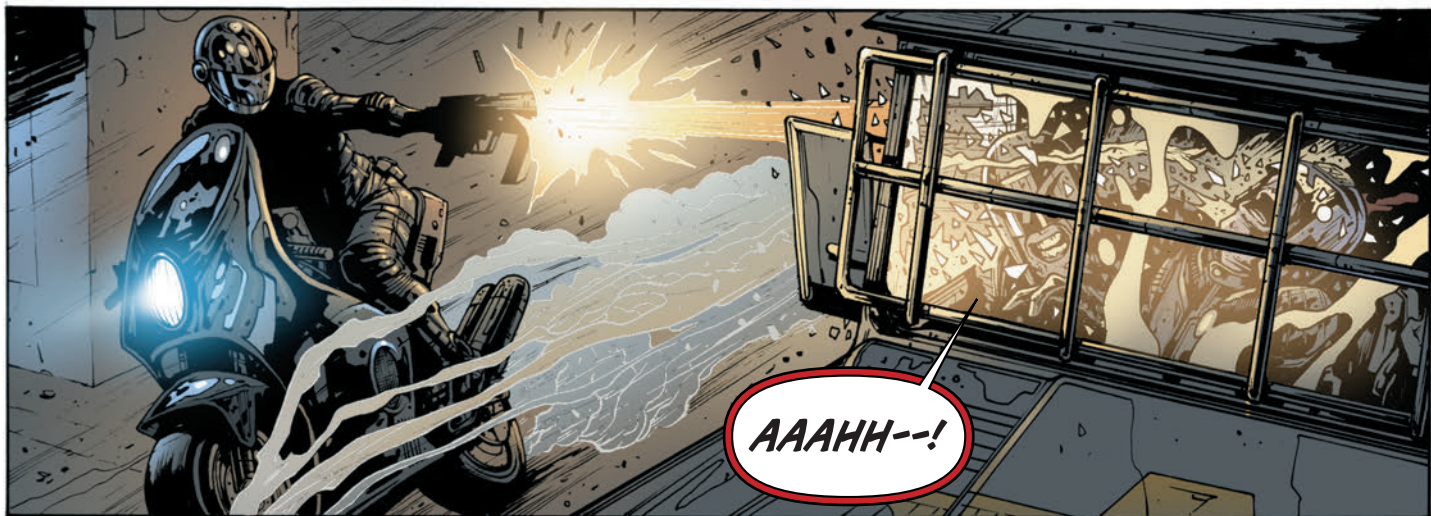


DON'T WORRY,
SWEETHEART,
YOU'LL STILL MAKE
YOUR DATE.



RIGHT...
THEN LEFT...WAIT,
WHERE THE HELL
ARE WE?

BIKER
COMING UP ON
THE OUTSIDE.
WATCH YOUR--





YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO SOUND LIKE ONE OF
THE MILITANTS. *WE* RUN
THE CITY, NOT OEMLING.
WE WANT THE TOWER
PROJECT TO SUCCEED
JUST AS MUCH AS
THEY DO.

BUT THERE ARE
LIMITS TO OUR
RESOURCES...

"THAT'S WHY THEY'VE
OFFERED US THESE..."

"...REINFORCEMENTS."





ROBOT AUXILIARIES. IT MADE SENSE, GIVEN THE SITUATION, BUT IT STILL FELT LIKE A SLIGHT.

THE LAW WAS A MATTER FOR HUMAN JUDGEMENT. IF THE POINT HAD BEEN REACHED WHERE IT WAS DELEGATED TO MACHINES THEN THE SYSTEM HAD FAILED. HE HAD FAILED.

SIR--

CONTI. AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE ON PATROL WITH DARRYL?



HE WAS REASSIGNED, LAST MINUTE.

SIR, ABOUT HIM. I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE OTHER DAY AND--

PERSONNEL MATTERS WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE PRESENT CRISIS IS OVER.



UNTIL THEN I WANT YOU BACK ON THE STREETS.



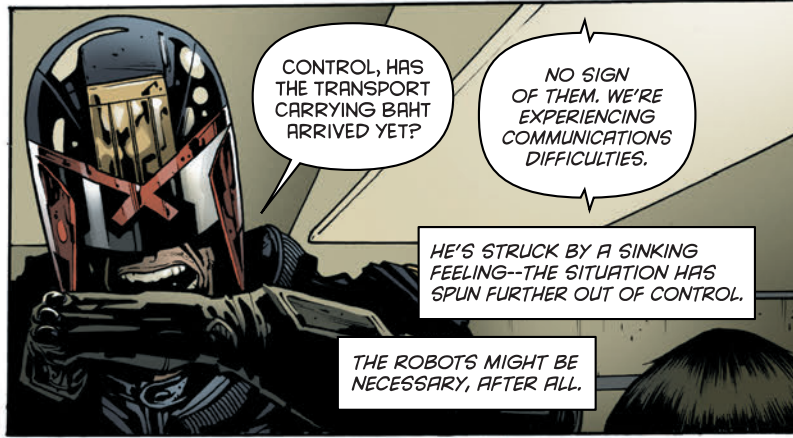
THERE WAS ANOTHER UPRISE BROADCAST. DID YOU GET A TRACE ON IT?

NOT YET. YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK, THOUGH.



THEY JUST OUTED YOUR SUSPECT ON THE WOLF'S CASE. THEY SAY WE'RE PROTECTING HIM.

DAMN...



CONTROL, HAS THE TRANSPORT CARRYING BAHT ARRIVED YET?

NO SIGN OF THEM. WE'RE EXPERIENCING COMMUNICATIONS DIFFICULTIES.

HE'S STRUCK BY A SINKING FEELING--THE SITUATION HAS SPUN FURTHER OUT OF CONTROL.

THE ROBOTS MIGHT BE NECESSARY, AFTER ALL.



THE LEAST YOU
COULD DO IS LET
ME OUT OF THESE
THINGS--

SHUT UP.



COME ON, I KNOW
THE SAME PEOPLE
WHO PAID ME PAID YOU
TO SPRING ME--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
PLAY THIS MAN-OF-
MYSTERY SHIT.



NO.

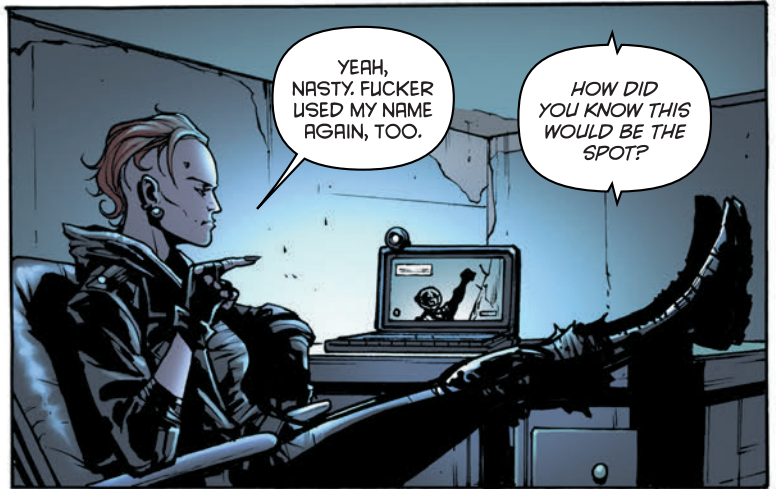
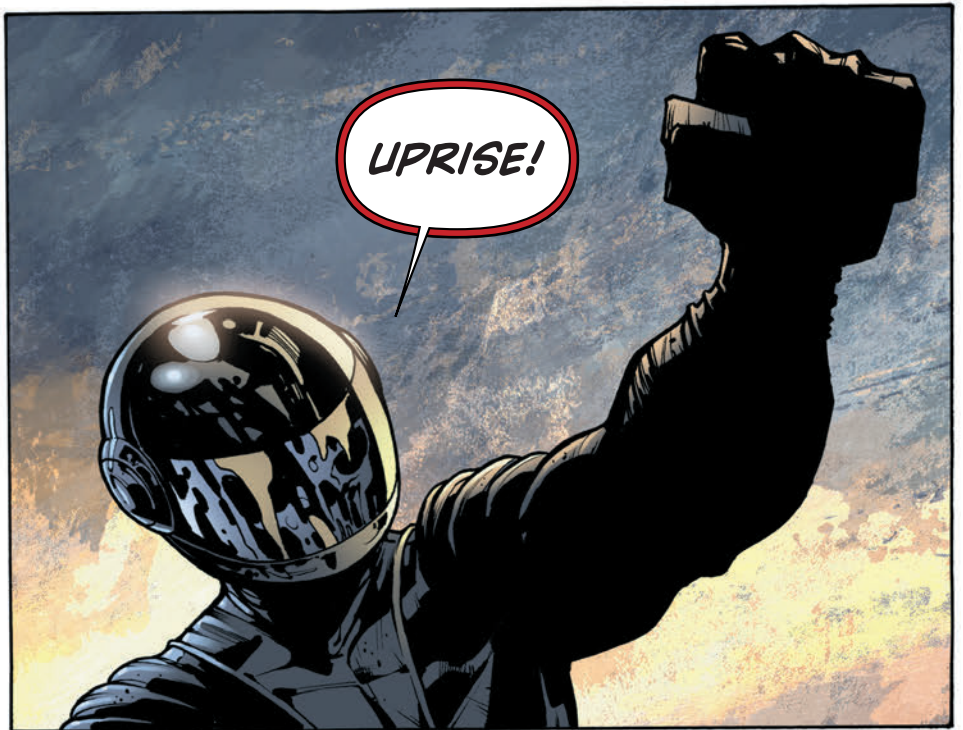
WHAT
THE HELL...?



THIS IS THE
KILLER JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT
SENT FOR
CHARLES
WOLFUS!



H-HEY--!



HE HEADS TO THE WAREHOUSE TO RECOVER HIS GEAR AND BIKE ONCE HE'S TORCHED THE ONE HE'S BEEN USING.

ONE MORE FIRE WON'T BE NOTICED IN THE CHAOS OF THE SPIT.

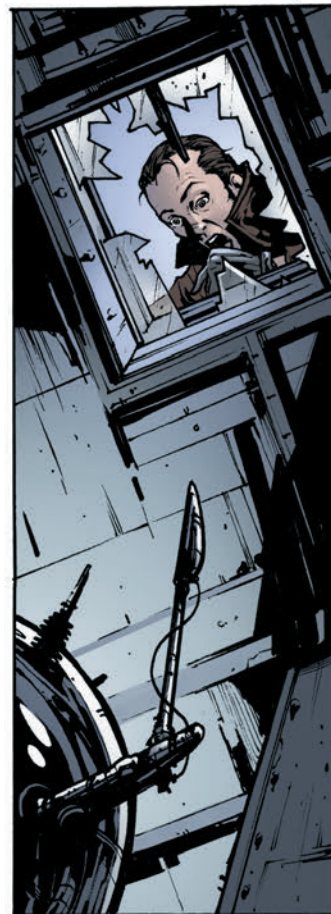
ANIMALS, THAT'S WHAT THE PEOPLE HERE ARE. VERMIN, AND THE SPIT IS THEIR WARREN. HE FEELS NO SENSE OF BETRAYAL IN ACCELERATING ITS DESTRUCTION—HE'S MERELY HASTENING THE INEVITABLE TO THE BENEFIT OF ALL.

THINGS HAD GOTTEN MORE COMPLICATED WITH THE GUY BAHT SITUATION. SOME SACRIFICES HAD NEEDED TO BE MADE.

STILL, IN THE END IT WOULD BE WORTH IT.

WELL DONE, DARRYL.

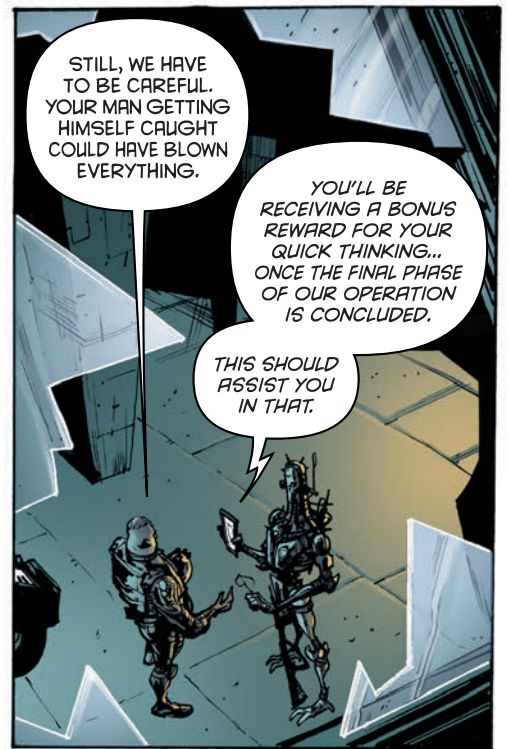
VERY WELL DONE INDEED.





YOU
SEEM PRETTY
UNCONCERNED
ABOUT USING
MY NAME OVER
COMMS.

WE OWN
ALL ROUTERS IN THIS
SECTOR. NOBODY
WILL BE INTERCEPTING
OUR CALL.



STILL, WE HAVE
TO BE CAREFUL.
YOUR MAN GETTING
HIMSELF CAUGHT
COULD HAVE BLOWN
EVERYTHING.

YOU'LL BE
RECEIVING A BONUS
REWARD FOR YOUR
QUICK THINKING...
ONCE THE FINAL PHASE
OF OUR OPERATION
IS CONCLUDED.

THIS SHOULD
ASSIST YOU
IN THAT.



IT WILL GIVE
YOU FULL OVERRIDE
CAPABILITIES ON
OUR PACIFICATION
UNITS.

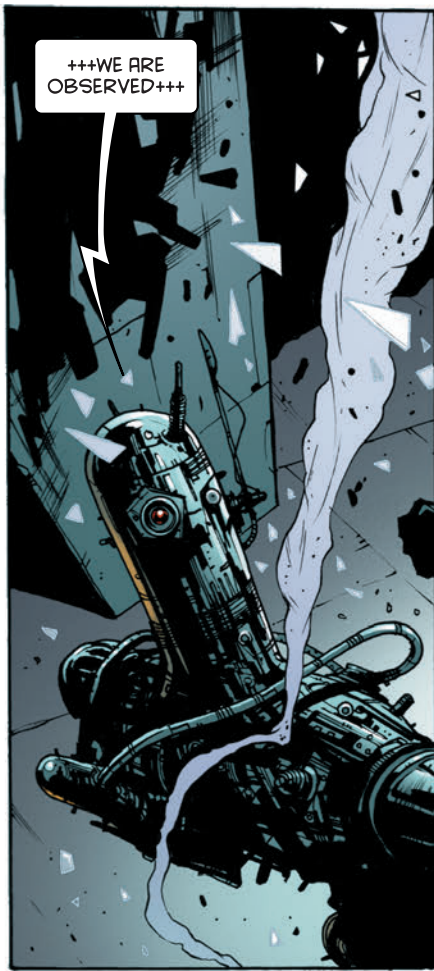


MIA, YOU
GETTING
THIS?

MIA?



DAMMIT!



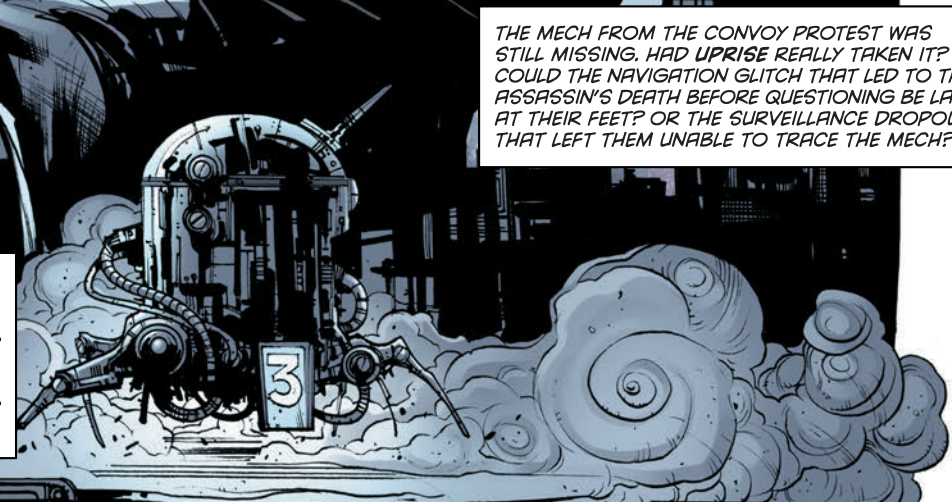




TOO MANY THINGS DIDN'T
ADD UP--IT WAS AS IF
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WAS
BEING KEPT **DELIBERATELY**
OFF-BALANCE IN THE SPIT.

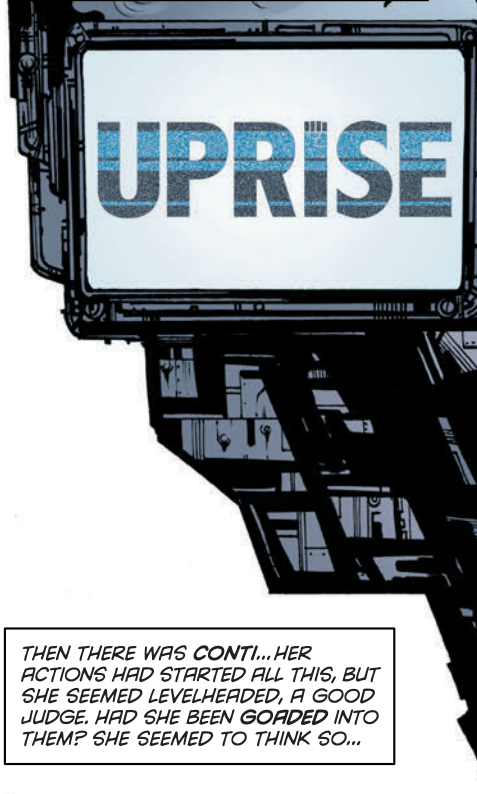


ENDLESS RIOTS, SEEMINGLY
STOKED BY A NEW OUTRAGE
EACH TIME THEY SUBSIDED.
THE ASSASSINATION OF THE
MAN WHO WAS THE BEST BET
FOR QUELLING THOSE RIOTS...



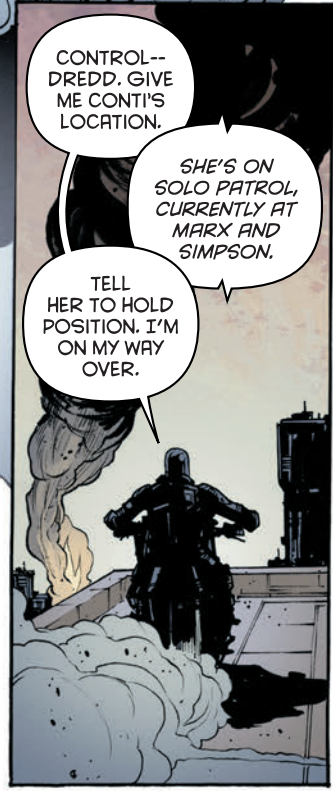
THE MECH FROM THE CONVOY PROTEST WAS
STILL MISSING. HAD **UPRISE** REALLY TAKEN IT?
COULD THE NAVIGATION GLITCH THAT LED TO THE
ASSASSIN'S DEATH BEFORE QUESTIONING BE LAID
AT THEIR FEET? OR THE SURVEILLANCE DROPOUT
THAT LEFT THEM UNABLE TO TRACE THE MECH?

HE'D CHECKED INTO THEM. BEFORE
THE RIOTS **UPRISE** HAD BEEN STRICTLY
SMALL-SCALE AND NON-VIOLENT--
DEFACING VIDBOARDS WAS AS FAR AS
IT WENT. NOW THEY WERE HIJACKING
MECHS WITH CARGOS OF EXPLOSIVES
AND PULLING OFF UNTRACEABLE HACKS
ON JUSTICE DEPARTMENT NETWORKS?



UPRISE

THEN THERE WAS **CONTI**... HER
ACTIONS HAD STARTED ALL THIS, BUT
SHE SEEMED LEVELHEADED, A GOOD
JUDGE. HAD SHE BEEN **GOADED** INTO
THEM? SHE SEEMED TO THINK SO...



CONTROL--
DREDD. GIVE
ME **CONTI**'S
LOCATION.

SHE'S ON
SOLO PATROL,
CURRENTLY AT
MARX AND
SIMPSON.

TELL
HER TO HOLD
POSITION. I'M
ON MY WAY
OVER.

"SIT TIGHT, THIS IS A
SECURE LOCATION"--
THAT'S WHAT WALLACE
HAD SAID SIX HOURS
AGO.

THREE HOURS
AGO THE FEED
WENT DEAD.

WHAT IF HE DIDN'T COME BACK?
HOW SECURE WAS THE LOCATION
THEN? JUSTICE DEPARTMENT AND
WHOEVER TOOK HER NAME WERE
SURE TO BE AFTER HER--WAS SHE
SAFER HERE THAN ON THE STREETS?

SHE PIGGYBACKS THE
NETWORK WITHOUT
REVEALING HERSELF,
TRACING DOWN GHOSTS...

BINGO!

SK
KISSH

SHIT!

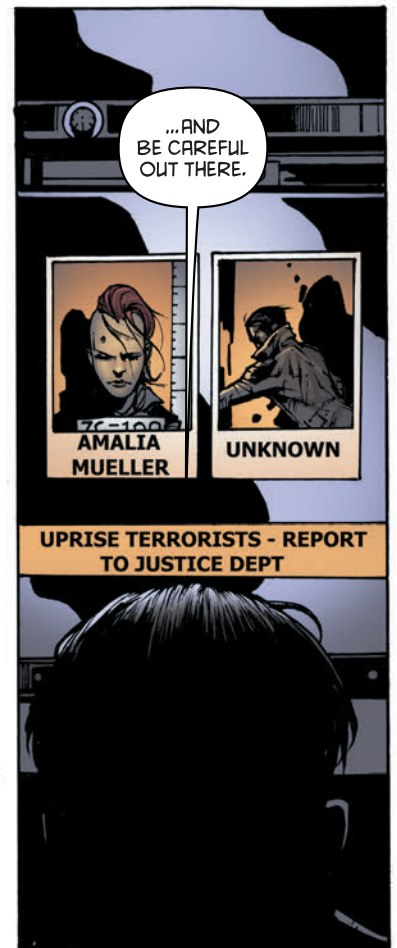
WHO'S
THERE? SHOW
YOURSELF!

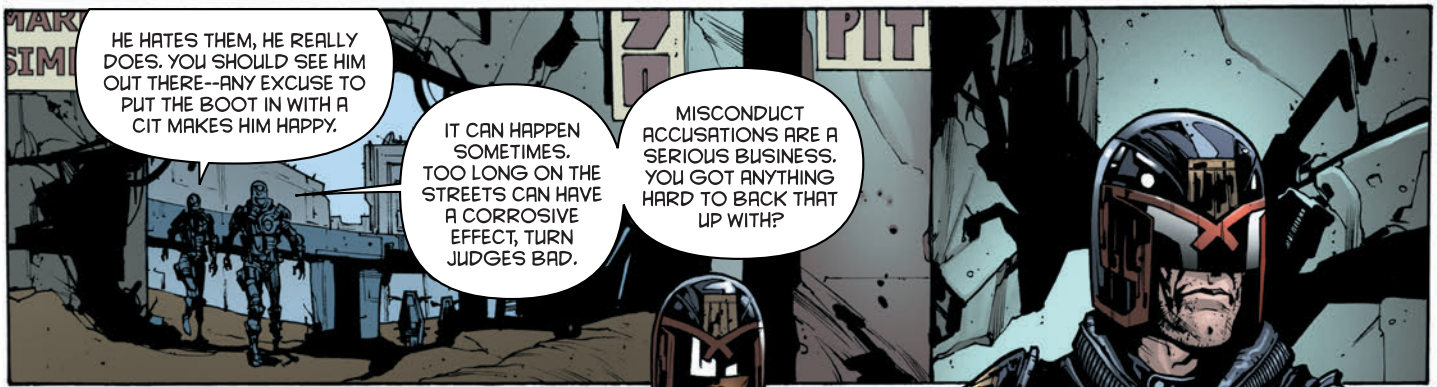
PUT THAT
AWAY. YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
USE IT.

YOU'RE
INJURED! WHAT
HAPPENED?

OEMLING.

FUCKERS
SENT A ROBOT
AFTER ME.





HE HATES THEM, HE REALLY DOES. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM OUT THERE--ANY EXCUSE TO PUT THE BOOT IN WITH A CIT MAKES HIM HAPPY.

IT CAN HAPPEN SOMETIMES. TOO LONG ON THE STREETS CAN HAVE A CORROSIVE EFFECT, TURN JUDGES BAD.

MISCONDUCT ACCUSATIONS ARE A SERIOUS BUSINESS. YOU GOT ANYTHING HARD TO BACK THAT UP WITH?

NOTHING...JUST THE WAY HE'S ALWAYS IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME, OR MISSING WHENEVER ANYTHING GOES DOWN...

YOU SEEMED SURPRISED HE'D BEEN REASSIGNED TO SOLO PATROL YESTERDAY. HE TOLD ME *YOU* REASSIGNED HIM.



SECTOR HOUSE LOG SHOWS THAT TOO--I DIDN'T AUTHORISE THAT.

HE MUST HAVE TAMPERED WITH THEM...



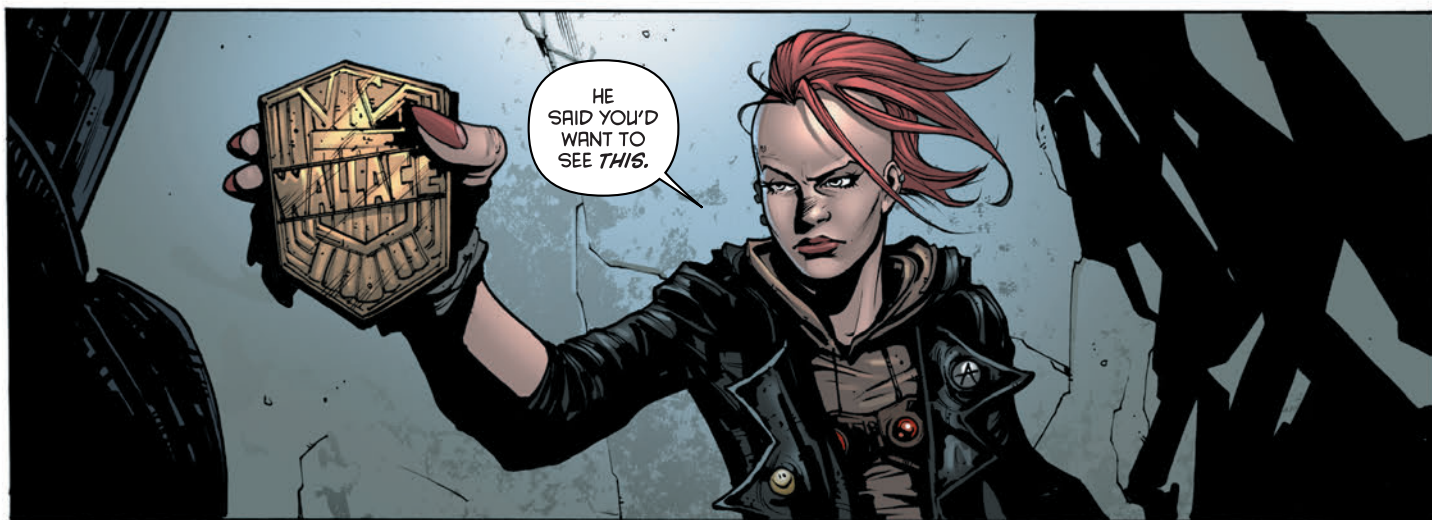
OR SOMEONE DID IT FOR HIM. OUR PROBLEMS MAY GO BEYOND DARRYL...

HEY!



THIS AREA IS UNDER LOCKDOWN, CITIZEN. YOU BETTER HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR BEING ON THE STREETS.

A GUY CALLED WALLACE SENT ME...



HE
SAID YOU'D
WANT TO
SEE *THIS*.



TWO
MORE FOR
THE CUBES.

FASCIST!

SHUT IT.



*BOIP
BOIP*

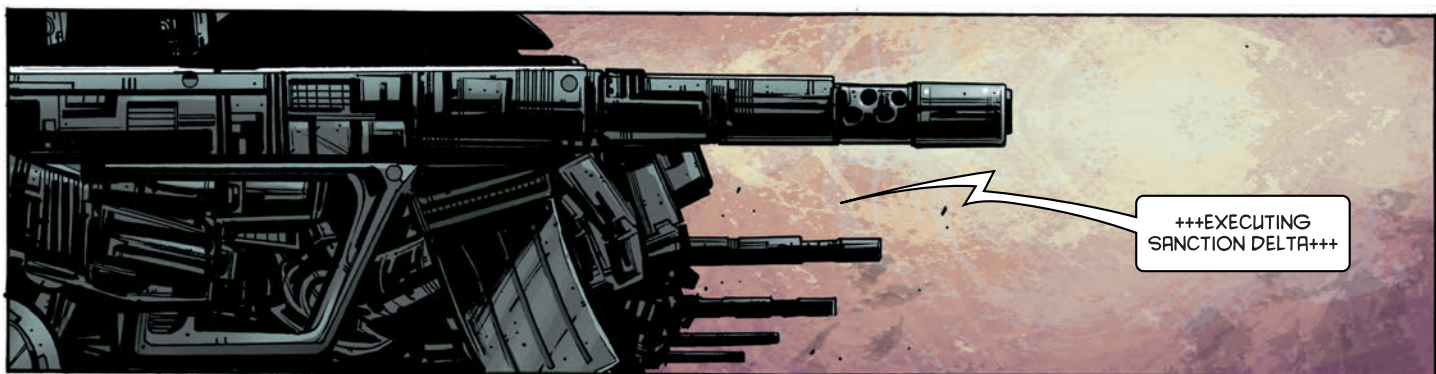
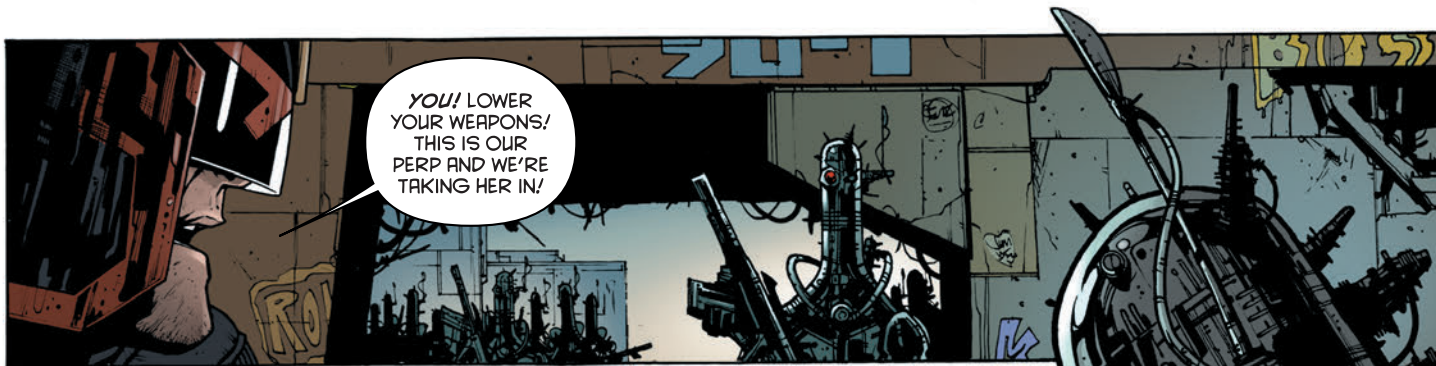
SOMETHING'S
JUST COME UP
CAN YOU TAKE
IT FROM HERE?

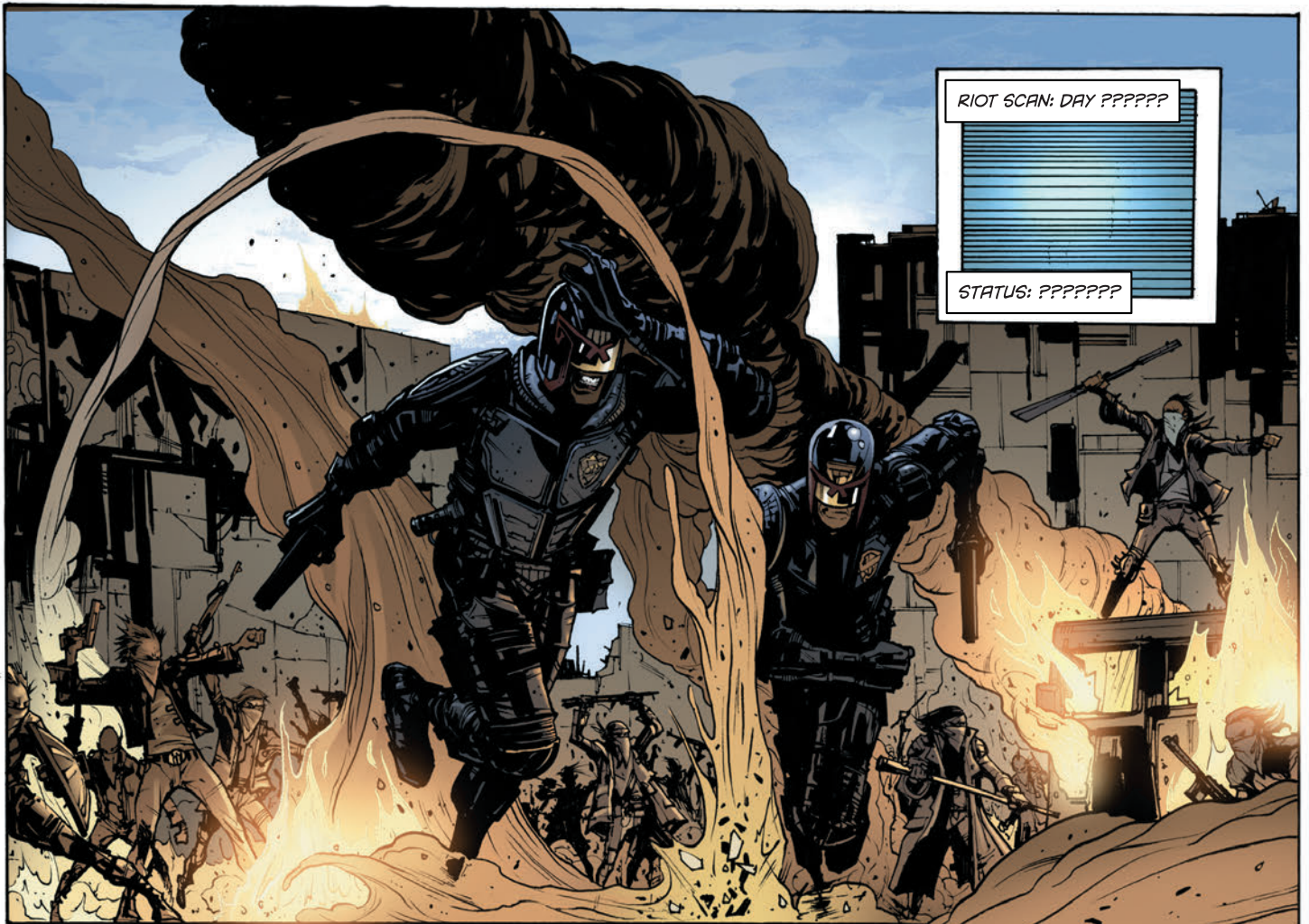
NO
PROBLEM.



Hmm.
DIGGING
AROUND,
ARE YOU,
JOE?







RIOT SCAN: DAY ??????

STATUS: ??????



FALL
BACK!

HEAD TO
THE SECTOR
HOUSE!

WHAT
THE HELL'S
HAPPENING
OUT HERE?



IT EXPLODED
WHEN THE COMMS
WENT DOWN--
VIDSCREENS HAVE
BEEN SHOWING
MESSAGES AGAIN,
RILING THEM UP.

WHERE
THE HELL ARE
OUR ROBOTS,
THAT'S WHAT
I WANT TO
KNOW!



HI-EX!



THAT THE
LAST?

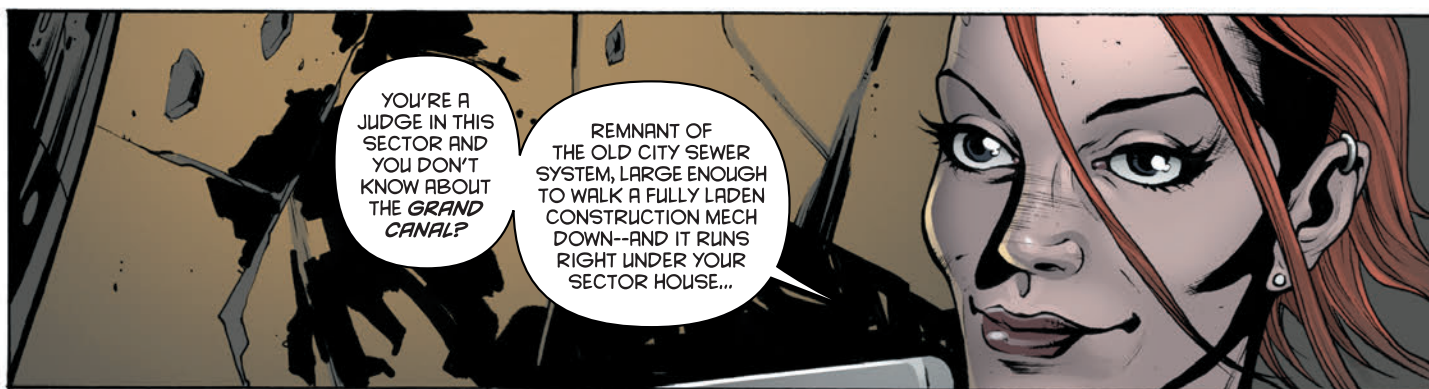
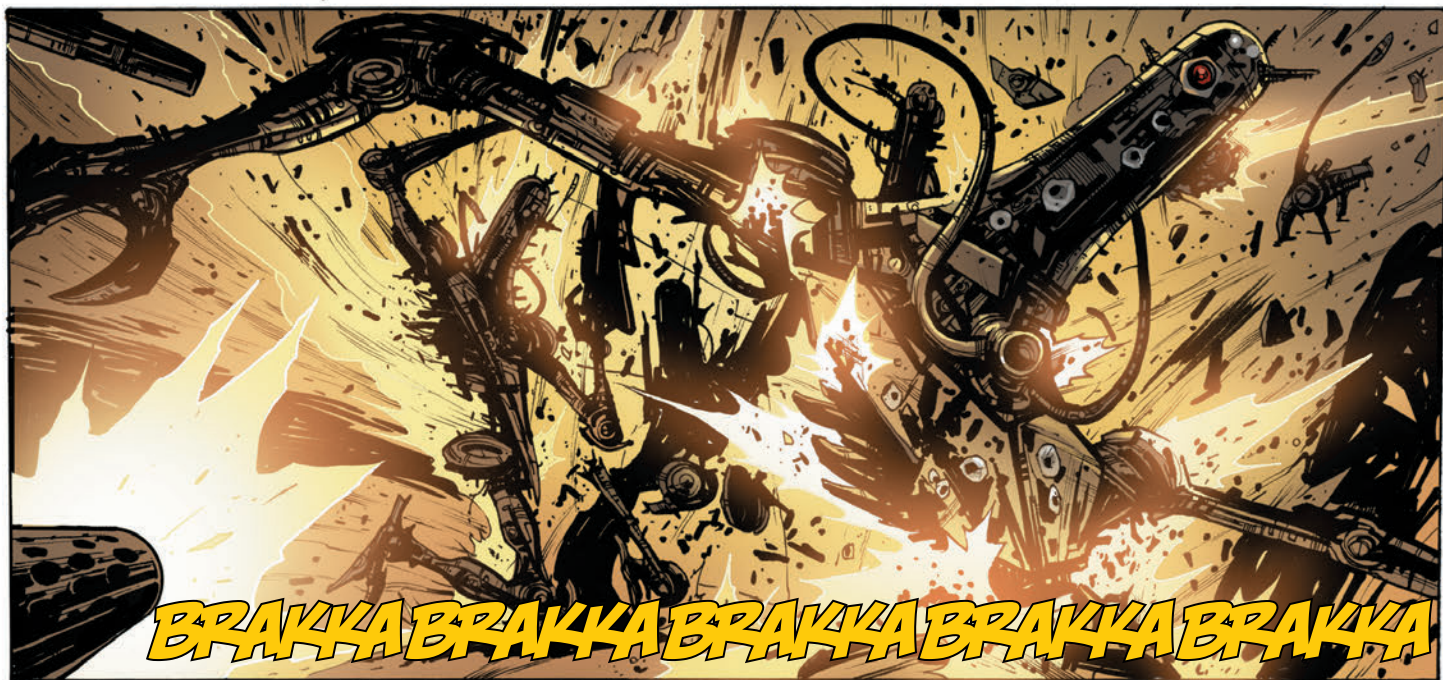
TWO MORE
INBOUND.



ROOKIE
MOVE,
CREEPS.

BIKE CANNON--
FULL-AUTO, WIDE
DISPERSION!





FROM THE GLEAMING TOWER,
HE WATCHES THE SECTOR BURN.

THE SPIT'S WORTHLESS MASSES OF
SURPLUS CITIZENS WILL BE UNWITTING
COLLABORATORS IN ITS DEMISE.

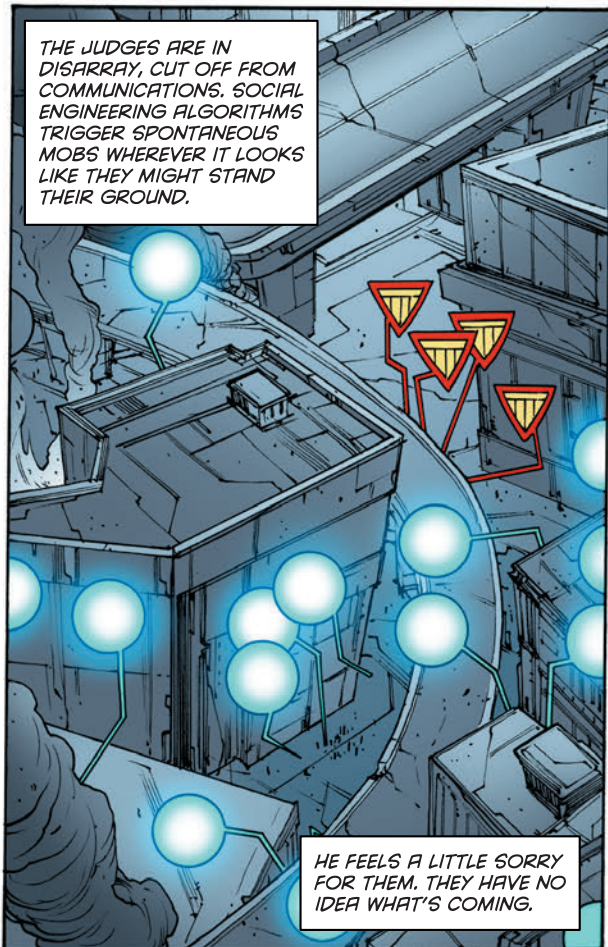


A RECLAMATION ZONE,
AND OEMLING WILL PLANT
MORE TOWERS LIKE THIS
AMONGST THE ASHES.



EVEN WITHOUT WHAT THEY ARE
PAYING HIM IT WOULD ALMOST
BE WORTH IT JUST TO SEE THE
SQUALOR SWEEP AWAY.

THE JUDGES ARE IN
DISARRAY, CUT OFF FROM
COMMUNICATIONS. SOCIAL
ENGINEERING ALGORITHMS
TRIGGER SPONTANEOUS
MOBS WHEREVER IT LOOKS
LIKE THEY MIGHT STAND
THEIR GROUND.



HE FEELS A LITTLE SORRY
FOR THEM. THEY HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT'S COMING.

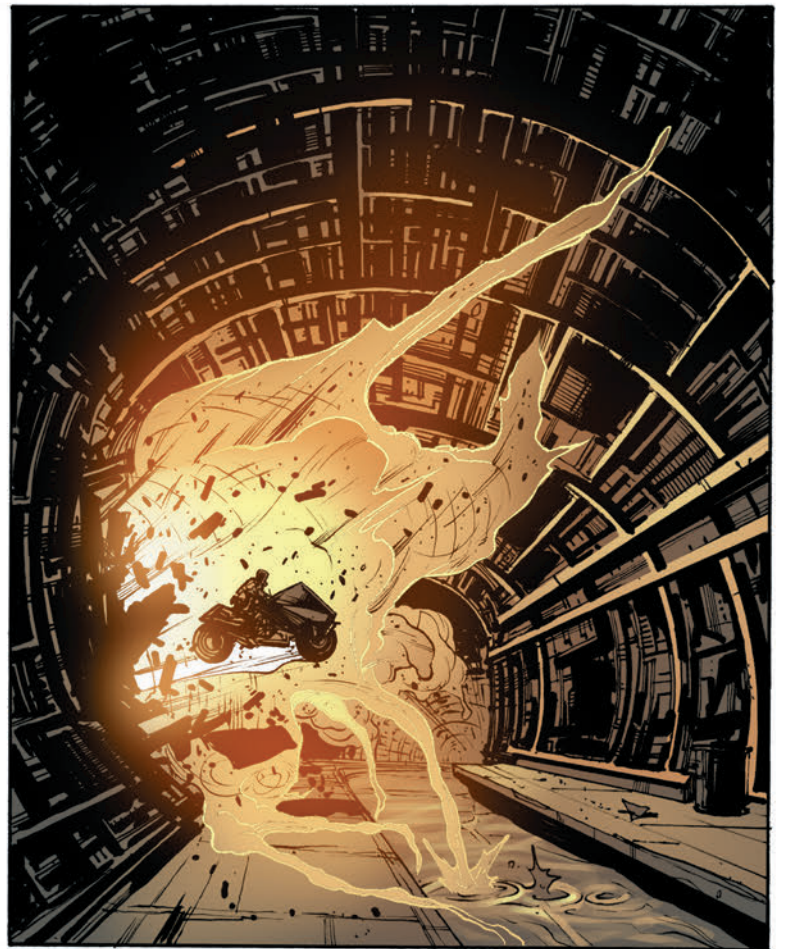
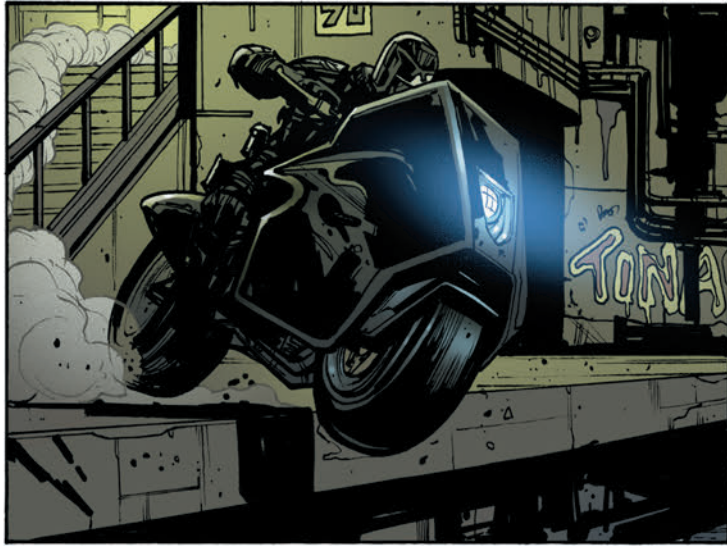
WAIT...

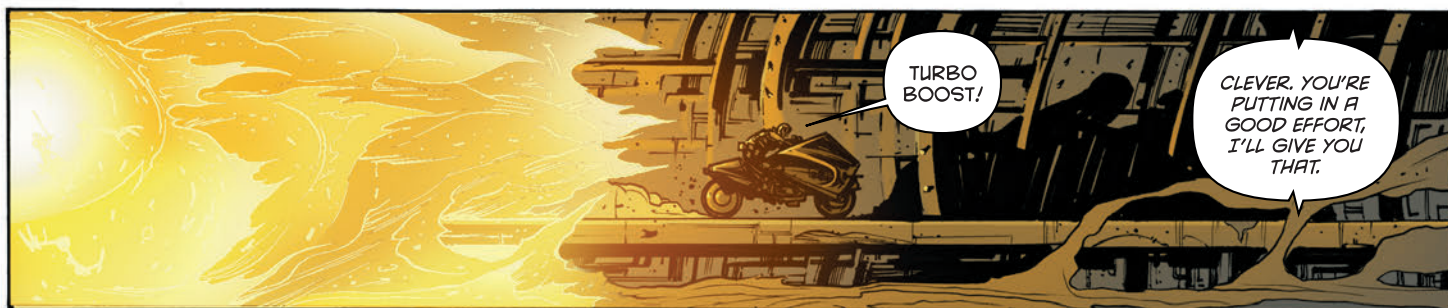
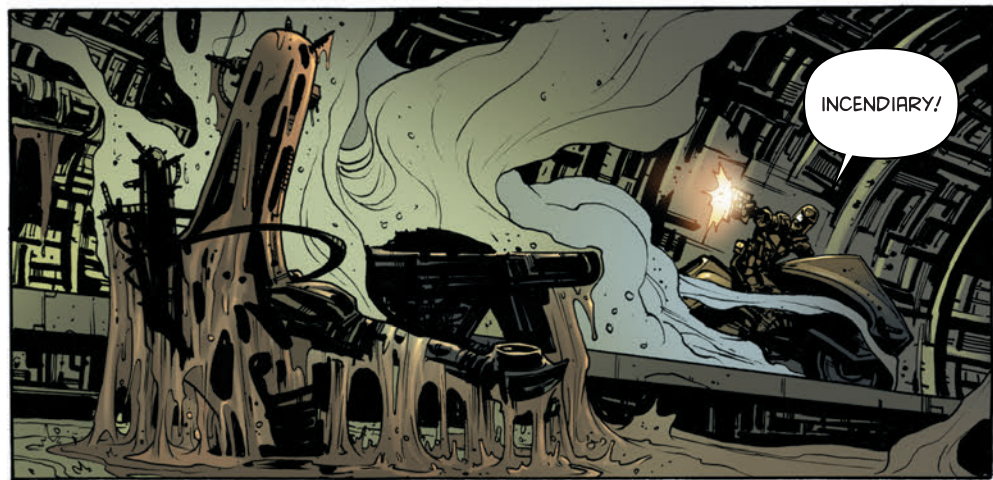
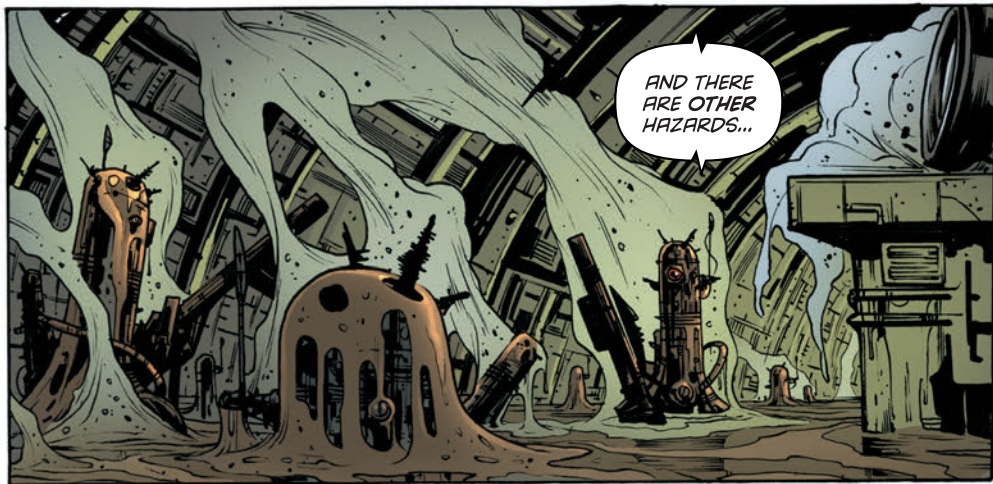
THAT'S NOT
PART OF
THE PLAN.



DREDD.



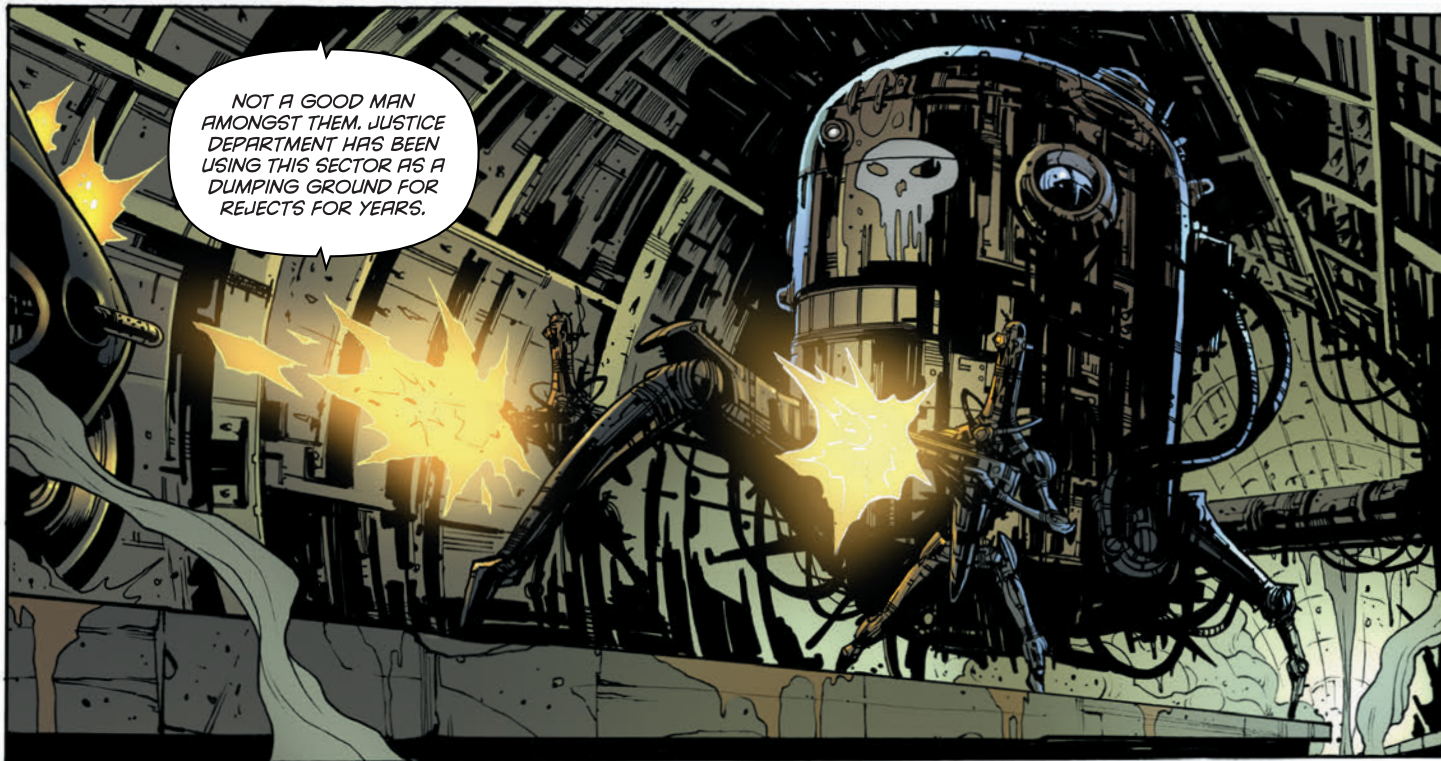






PITY
IT'S WASTED
TRYING TO
SAVE SCUM.

SO THE
CITIZENS ARE
SCUM TO YOU.
WHAT ABOUT
JUDGES?
COLLATERAL
DAMAGE?

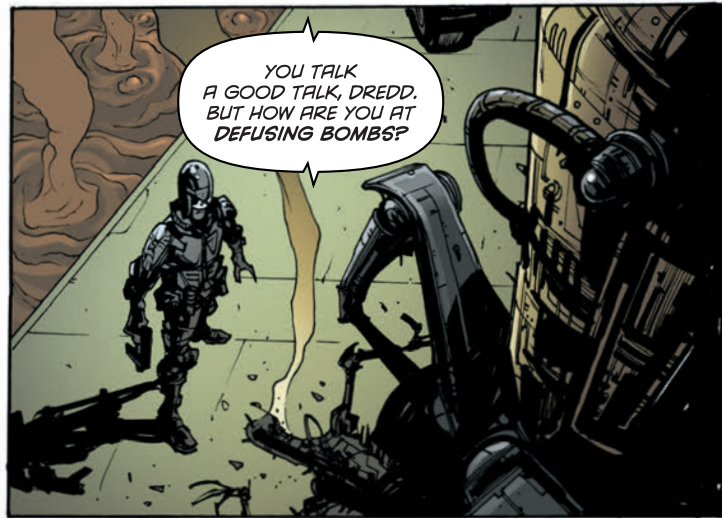
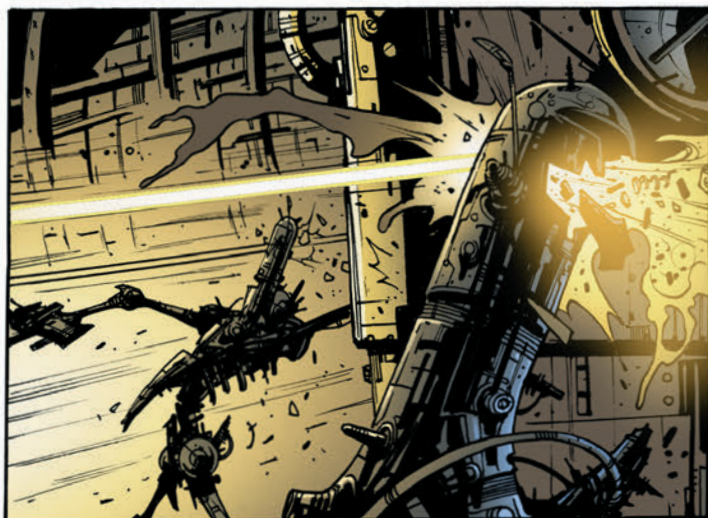


NOT A GOOD MAN
AMONGST THEM. JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN
USING THIS SECTOR AS A
DUMPING GROUND FOR
REJECTS FOR YEARS.

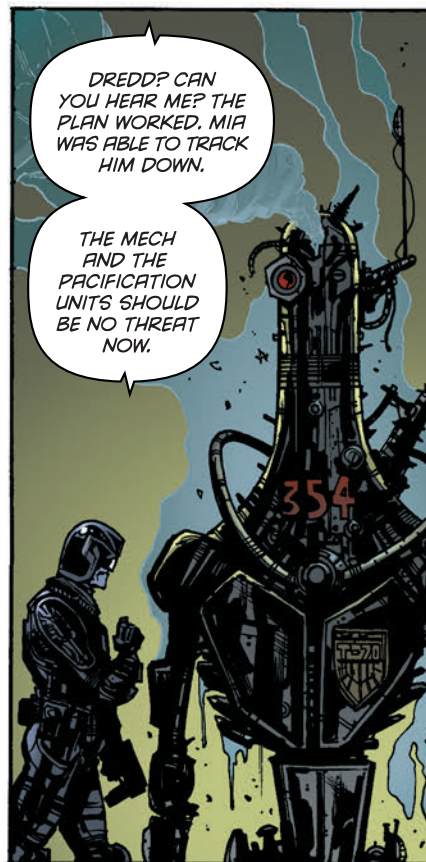
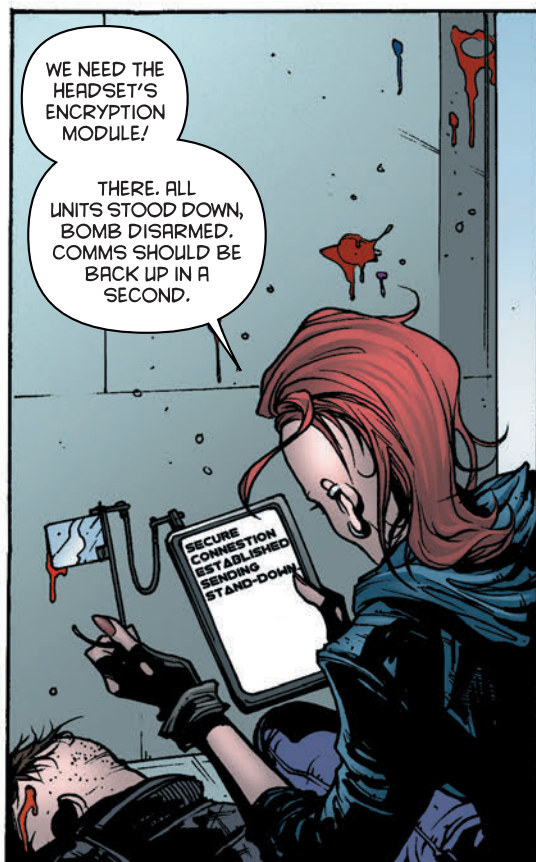


OH YEAH?
WHAT'S THAT SAY
ABOUT YOU?

**ARMOUR
PIERCING!**



YOU TALK
A GOOD TALK, DREDD.
BUT HOW ARE YOU AT
DEFUSING BOMBS?





SHE'S A PERP.
YOU SHOULD
BRING HER IN.

Oh...um...



SHIT.

"SO MY GIRL
GAVE YOU THE
SLIP, THEN?"



CAN'T SAY I'M
SURPRISED. SHE'S
A WILY ONE.

I DOUBT I CAN HELP
MUCH IN TRACKING
HER DOWN, SHE'LL
HAVE COVERED HER
TRAIL TOO WELL.

YOU SOUND
ALMOST PROUD
OF HER.



SHE'S DOING
WHAT SHE THINKS
IS *RIGHT*. SHE
CAN'T DO THAT
FROM A CUBE.

YOU HAVEN'T
CHANGED MUCH
SINCE THE
ACADEMY.

NEITHER
HAVE YOU.



THOUGHT
YOU'D WANT
TO HAVE THIS
BACK.

WAIT,
MIA ISN'T YOUR
ONLY LOOSE END.
WHAT ABOUT
OEMLING?



THEY'RE
CLAIMING NO
KNOWLEDGE FOR
NOW, AND WITH
DARYLL GONE
WE'VE LOST OUR
BEST LEAD.

BUT THE
CHIEF JUDGE IS
PROMISING AN
INVESTIGATION
AT THE *HIGHEST*
LEVEL.



"IT MIGHT NOT HAPPEN AS FAST AS YOU LIKE, BUT I PROMISE YOU, JUSTICE *WILL* BE DONE."

BARRANQUILLA, BRASILIA, ANYWHERE I CAN LIE LOW FOR A WHILE. HOPEFULLY IF THEY HIT A DEAD END IT WILL ALL BLOW OVER.

YOU'RE *SECURE* AT YOUR END? I'M SENDING YOU THE IDENTITY I'M USING. MAKE SURE THE TICKETS ARE AT THE DESK WHEN I GET THERE.



HUH--?

ASSISTANCE HAS BEEN CALLED AND WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.



I DON'T NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE, I NEED YOU TO GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU PIECE OF JUNK--

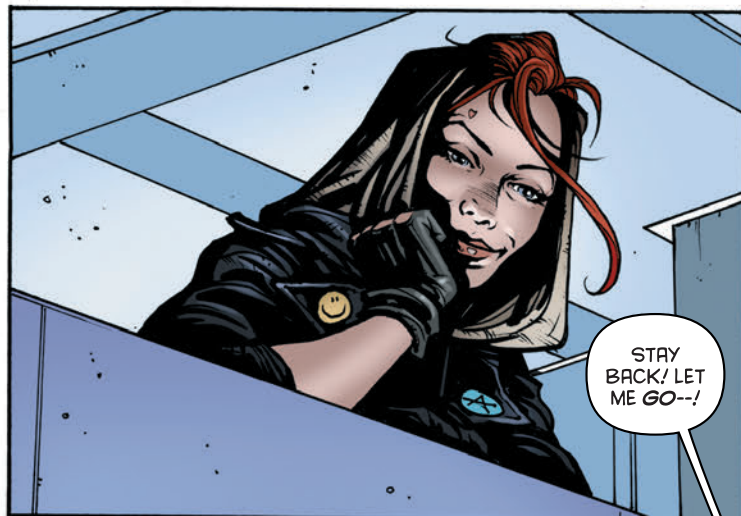
HEY, WHAT IS THIS?

ASSISTANCE HAS BEEN CALLED AND WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.



GET OUT OF MY WAY!

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN NOTIFIED, AND WILL BE HERE FOR YOU SHORTLY.



STAY BACK/ LET ME GO--!



MATT SMITH

Matt Smith was employed as a desk editor for Pan Macmillan book publishers for three years before joining *2000 AD* as assistant editor in July 2000 to work on a comic he had read religiously since 1985. He became editor of the *Galaxy's Greatest* in December 2001, and then editor-in-chief of the *2000 AD* titles in January 2006. He has also written two mini-series, *Judge Dredd Year One* and *Anderson, Psi-Division*, published by IDW. He lives in Oxford.

ARTHUR WYATT

Arthur Wyatt's writing for *2000 AD* and the *Megazine* includes *The Streets of San Francisco*, *Samizdat Squad* and *Orlok: Agent of East Meg One*, as well as numerous one-offs stories. Raised in the flatlands of Bedfordshire he now resides in America's mountainous Pacific Northwest with his wife and two daughters. He spends far more time discussing kittens and ponies than you would expect.

HENRY FLINT

Henry Flint, winner of the National Comics Awards for Best Comic Artist 2004, is one of the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic's* superstars. Co-creator of *Sancho Panzer*, *Shakara*, and the fan-favourite strip, *Zombo*, his incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Dredd/Aliens*, *Deadlock*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *The V.C.'s* and *Venus Bluegenes*. He has even written a *Tharg's Alien Invasions strip!* He has also worked on several American comics, including *Omega Men*, *Haunted Tank* and *Fear Itself: Fearsome Four*. Away from the comics industry, Henry produced art for the cover of DJ Food's 2012 album, *The Search Engine*. His art book, *Broadcast: The TV Doodles of Henry Flint* is available from Markosia Press.

PAUL DAVIDSON

Paul Davidson is an illustrator and comic book artist from the north east of England. A professional artist for over 25 years working with publishers from around the world. After a brief stint drawing comics in the 90's Paul spent 9 years as a storyboard/concept artist in the video games industry. In 2008 Marvel lured him back into sequential art, drawing books like *The New Mutants* and *X-Men: Legacy*. He's currently fulfilling a childhood dream of working for the *Galaxy's greatest comic*, drawing *Judge Dredd*.



JUDGEMENT TIME!

The twenty-second century. America is an irradiated wasteland. Within it lies a city, built on the ruins of the old world – Mega-City One. With eight hundred million people living in chaos, only the men and women of the Hall of Justice can maintain order. Juries. Executioners. Judges. Toughest of them all is Judge Dredd – he is the law!

Written by Arthur Wyatt (*Orlok: Agent of East Meg One*) and featuring the stunning artwork of Henry Flint (*Zombo*) and Paul Davidson (*X-Men Legacy*), *Urban Warfare*, continues the adventures of cinema's hottest future cop.

This collection also features the jaw-dropping origin story of the criminal Ma-Ma who featured in the *Dredd* movie, written by Matt Smith (*Judge Dredd: Year One*).

WWW.2000ADONLINE.COM