

CADET
ANDERSON
P S I - D I V I S I O N

TEENAGE KYX

GRANT ★ EZQUERRA ★ GODDARD ★ YEOWELL

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Original Commissioning Editor: Matt Smith

Originally serialised in *2000 AD* Progs 1734-1739, 1780-1785, 1833-1839 & 2011.

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Published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0ES, UK

www.rebellion.co.uk

ISBN: 978-1-78108-539-4

Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press

Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services,

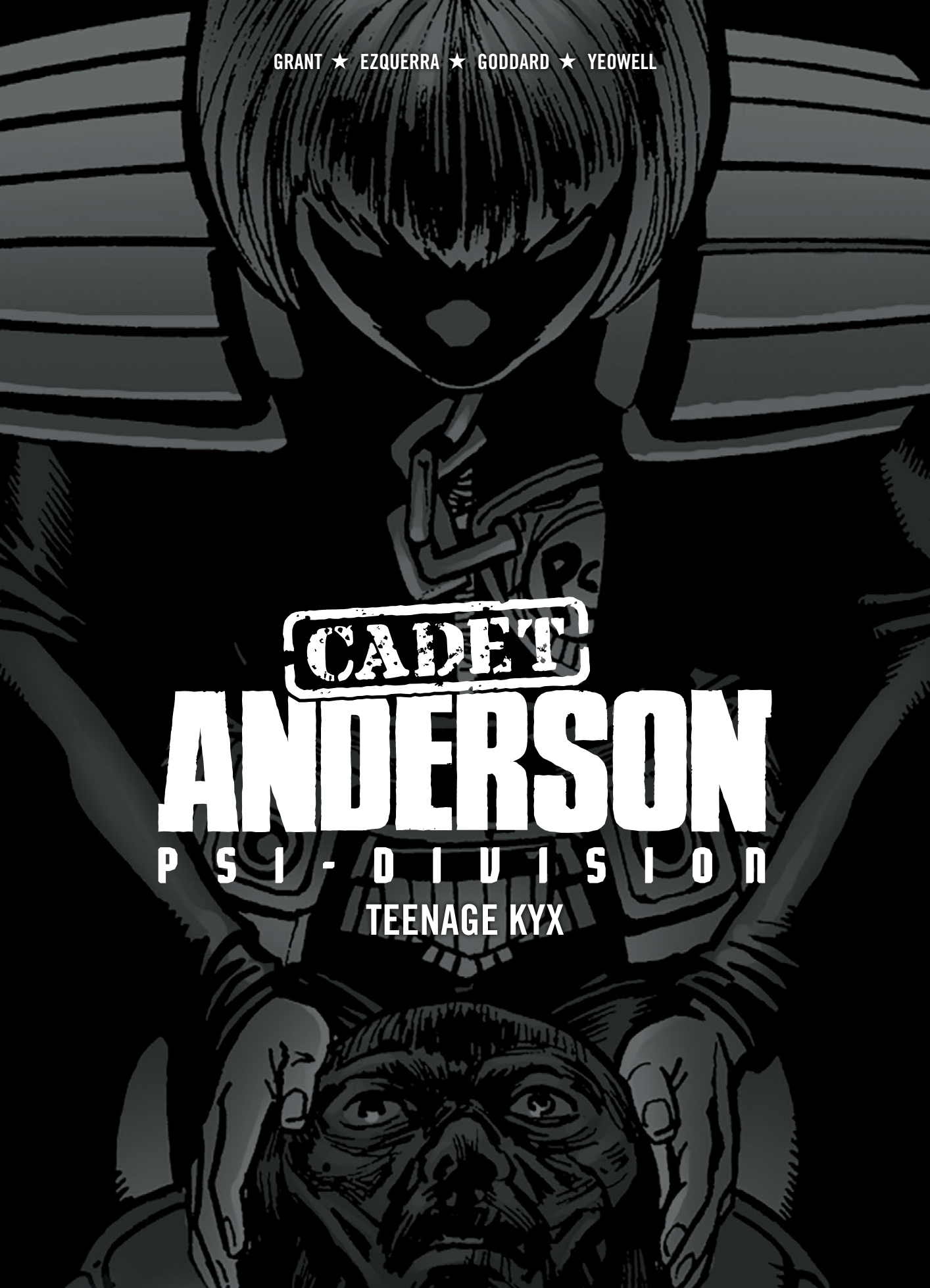
Wellingborough NN8 3PJ, UK.

1st Printing: January 2017

Printed on FSC Accredited Paper

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GRANT ★ EZQUERRA ★ GODDARD ★ YEOWELL

CADET
ANDERSON

P S I - D I V I S I O N

TEENAGE KYX

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY

2090. Mega-City One – a sprawling dystopian metropolis, where the brutal Judges of the Justice Department are empowered to act as judge, jury and executioner. Psi-Division is the wing of Justice Department equipped to fight psychic crimes and even predict them before they happen. The girl who will eventually become Psi-Division's best telepath, Judge Cassandra Anderson, has just started her training.

Without question, Anderson is amongst *2000 AD's* most successful characters. Ever since her introduction in *Judge Death* (*Judge Dredd: The Complete Case Files 03*), she has made regular appearances in the comic and starred in her own series. In contrast to Judge Dredd's stony persona, the wise-cracking Anderson is cheerful and has a very un-Judge-like insubordinate streak – a trait not unnoticed by her superiors. Although the idea of a police officer that can read minds and occasionally predict the future is potentially terrifying, Anderson's conflicted feelings about the Justice Department and

her occasional unease at her role as a Judge makes her by far one of Mega-City One's more relatable and sympathetic characters.

In *Childhood's End* (*Judge Anderson: The Psi-Files 02*), before she became a cadet, Anderson killed her abusive father and was inducted into Justice Department's Psi-Division after her memories of her traumatic childhood were psychically suppressed. Her frequently cheerful personality in the face of unnatural or terrifying situations has been an ongoing theme in her stories. Indeed, the horrors Psi Judges are exposed to affects them on a visceral level thanks to their abilities – Anderson and her colleagues often have empathic understanding of the harsh life in Mega-City One and sympathise with the criminals it produces, but must still unflinchingly enforce the ruthless law of the Justice Department. These stories from Anderson's formative years as a cadet reveal more of the history behind the conflicted and somewhat world-weary Judge she becomes...

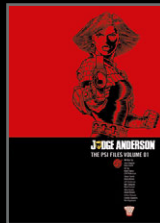
MORE ANDERSON:



Judge Dredd: The Complete Case Files 03

(ISBN: 9781904265870)

Features the first appearance of Judge Death and Psi Judge Cassandra Anderson.



Judge Anderson: The Psi-Files 01

(ISBN: 9781906735227)

Cassandra Anderson is a member of Psi-Division, the psychic section of the Justice Department. A precognitive telepath and empath, she can detect crimes before they are committed!



Judge Anderson: The Psi-Files 02

(ISBN: 9781907992957)

An impending psychic apocalypse, mutant vampires, an alien threat on mars... it's enough to make a seasoned Psi Judge disillusioned with the job.



Judge Anderson: The Psi-Files 03

(ISBN: 9781781081068)

Something evil from the depths of space is about to crash down into the 'Big Meg', presenting the Judges with a bigger crisis than they have ever faced before!



Judge Anderson: The Psi-Files 04

(ISBN: 9781781082362)

Judge Death, together with his vile 'sisters' Nausea and Phobia, have created the Half-Life virus, unleashing a wave of homicidal behaviour in Mega-City One!



Judge Anderson: The Psi-Files 05

(ISBN: 9781781084465)

City-wide disasters face Anderson at every turn, including everything from a hideous new disease manufactured by the Sisters of Death and block-sized city-stomping robots!



Judge Dredd: Dark Justice

(ISBN: 9781781083185)

Anderson discovers that Death has returned and now she and Judge Dredd must travel into deep space in an attempt to stop the Dark Judges once and for all.



BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY

Script: Alan Grant
Art: Patrick Goddard
Colours: Chris Blythe
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 2011

ACADEMY OF LAW, PSI-DIVISION

The Seventh Assessment

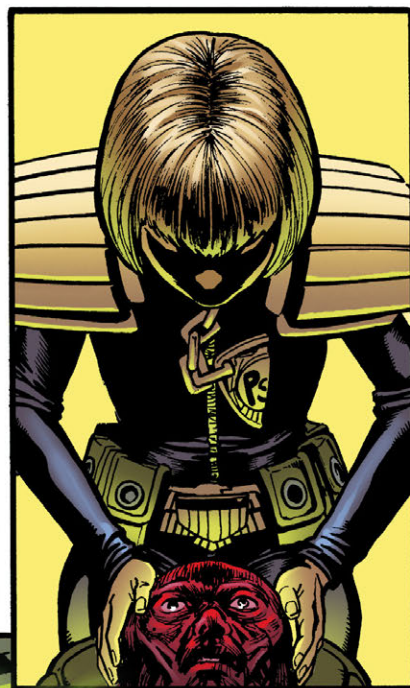
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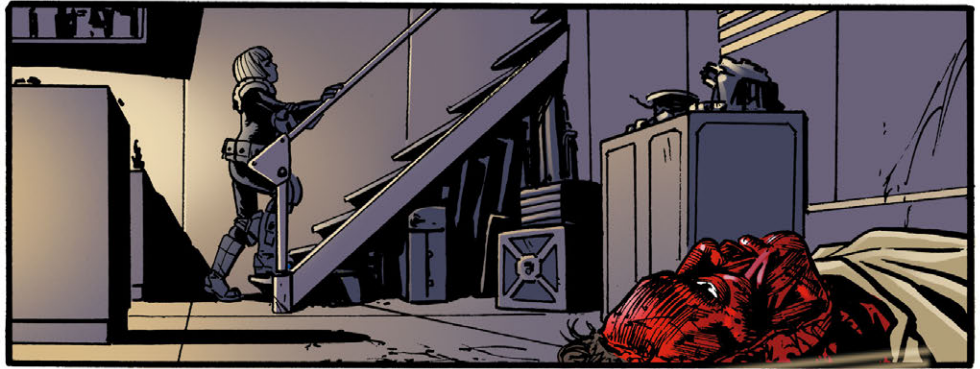
Status: PSI CADET

Age: 10

Talents: Telepath, some Empathic abilities









HELLO,
BABY
JUDGE!

DON'T
LOOK SO
HORRIFIED!
DON'T YOU
LIKE MY **NEW**
FACE?



I HAVE
TO COVER MY
OWN **UGLY** **FACE**,
YOU SEE. **PITY** THEY
ALL **ROT AWAY**
AFTER SUCH A
SHORT TIME.

BUT A
NICE YOUNG
FACE LIKE
YOURS MIGHT
LAST A LOT
LONGER.

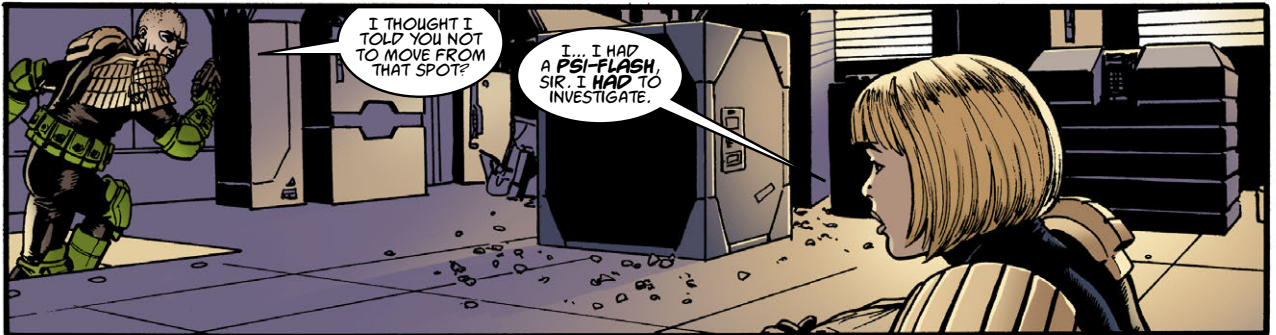
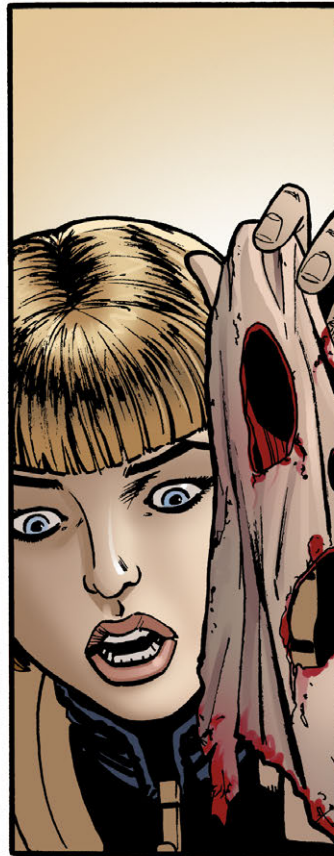


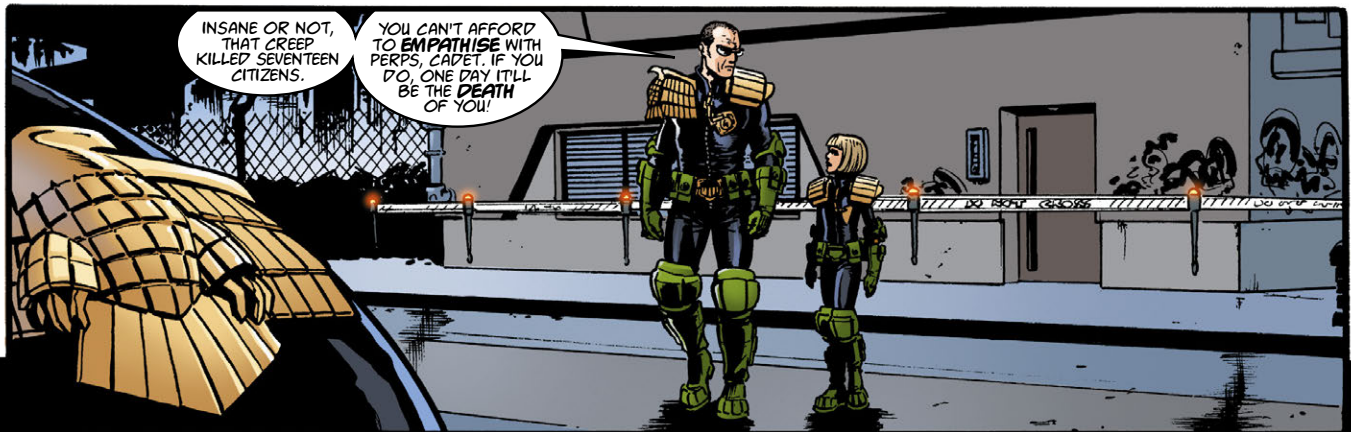
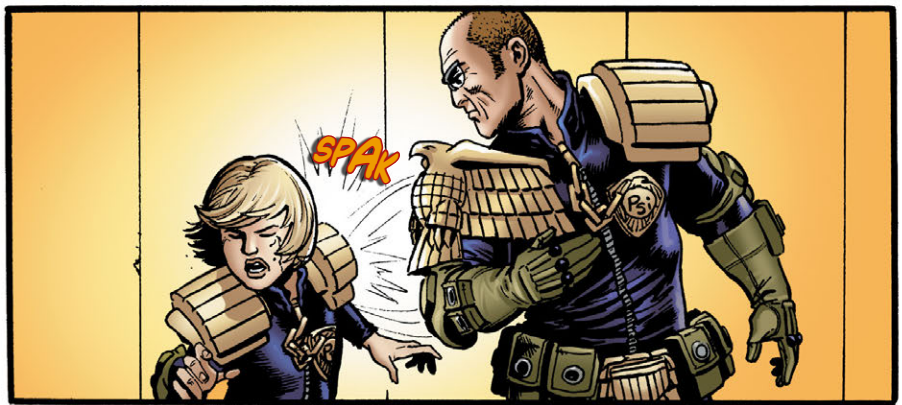
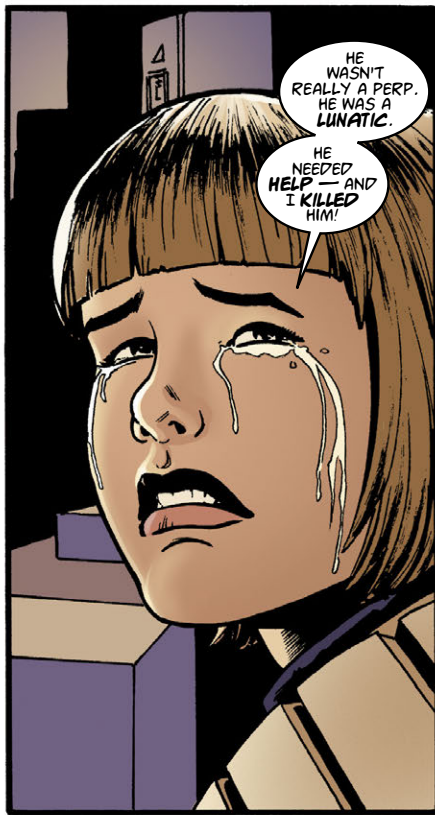
STILL NOT
OLD ENOUGH
TO CARRY A GUN
ON THE STREETS, EH?
MAKES IT ALL THE
EASIER FOR
ME!



I'M OLD
ENOUGH TO
CARRY A
BOOT KNIFE,
CREEP!

UNNNH!



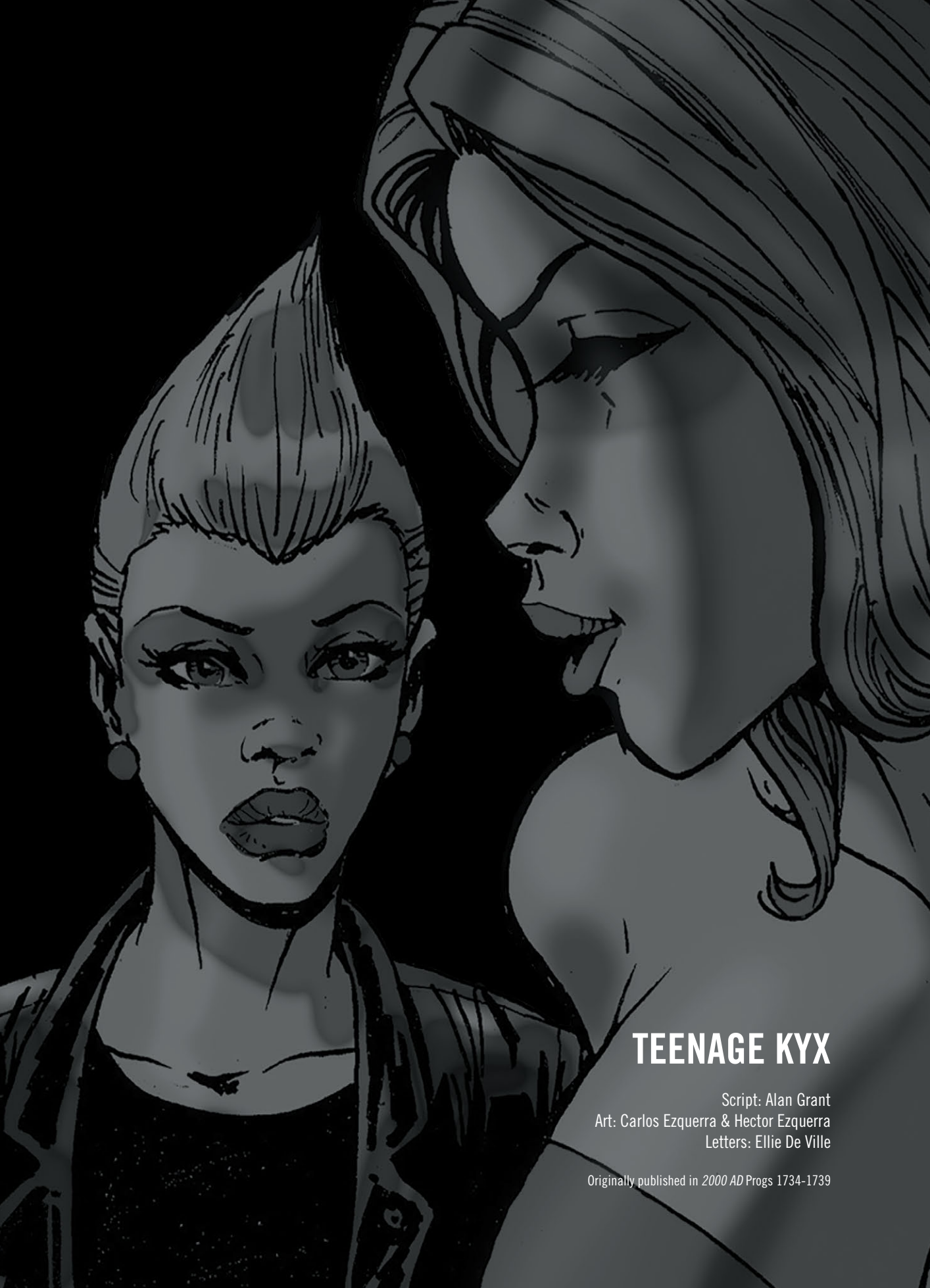


ASSESSMENT

Anderson's emotions may one day compromise her undoubted talents. She also appears to have a disregard for authority. I recommend placing her under permanent watch.

By the way, I'm giving her a pass with distinction.

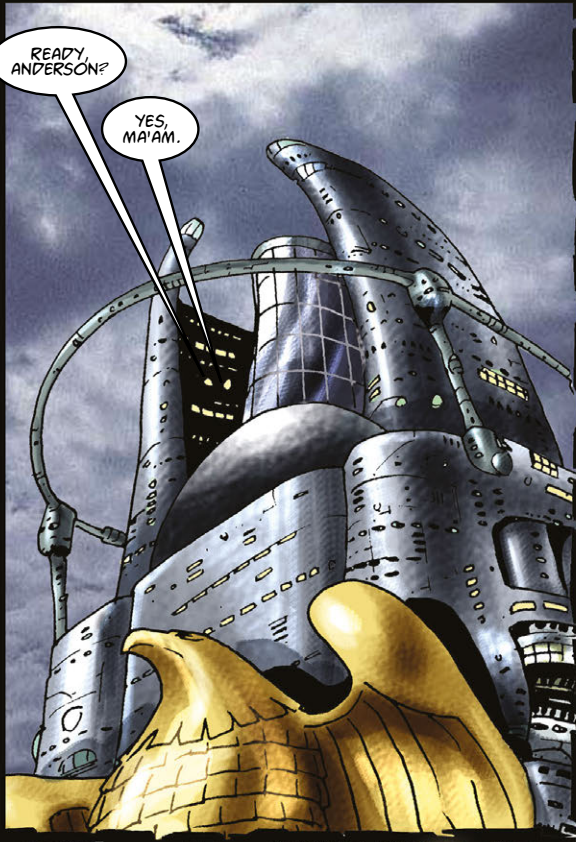
Senior Psi-Judge Mahern,
Assessor



TEENAGE KYX

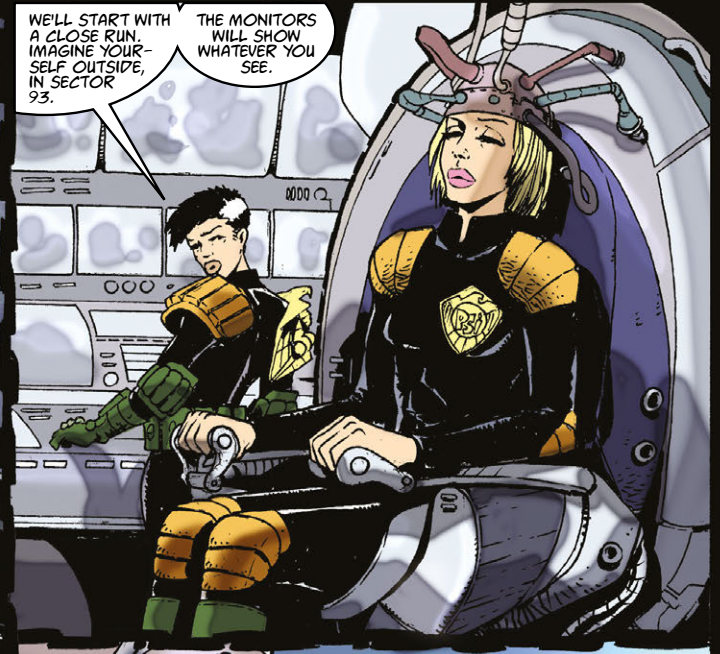
Script: Alan Grant
Art: Carlos Ezquerra & Hector Ezquerra
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1734-1739



READY,
ANDERSON?

YES,
MA'AM.

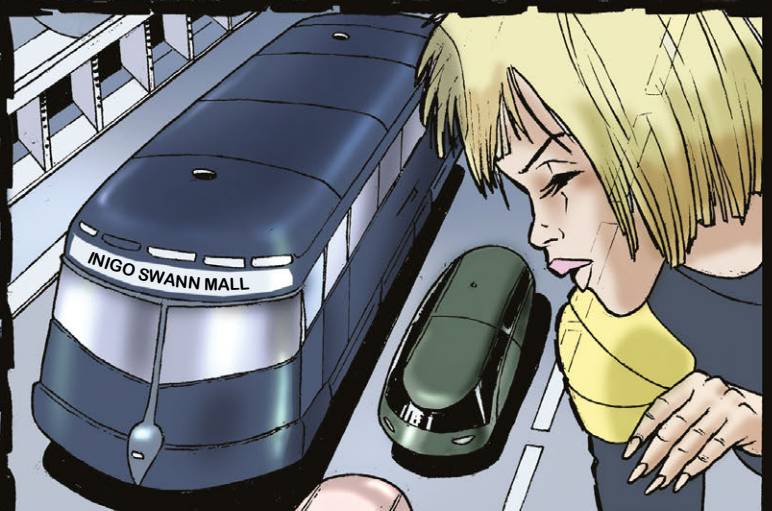


WE'LL START WITH
A CLOSE RUN.
IMAGINE YOUR-
SELF OUTSIDE,
IN SECTOR
93.

THE MONITORS
WILL SHOW
WHATEVER YOU
SEE.



STARTING
RUN, MA'AM.





FACE RECOGNITION
SAYS THERE ARE AT
LEAST **SIX** EX-PERPS
ON THAT BUS.

WAY BEYOND
COINCIDENCE!

INIGO SWANN

MORE
OF 'EM!

MA'AM? MY GUESS
IS WE HAVE A **FLASH**
MOB OF PERPS
CONVERGING ON
THE MALL!

SO WHAT
WE WAITING
FOR?

ON
YOUR FEET,
CADET!

THIS IS
ANDERSON — ALL
UNITS TO **INIGO**
SWANN!



PERP MOBS —
A TERRIFYING
MEGA-CITY CRIME.



LOOKS LIKE
YOU WERE **RIGHT**,
CADET.

THEY'RE
ABOUT TO KICK
OFF!

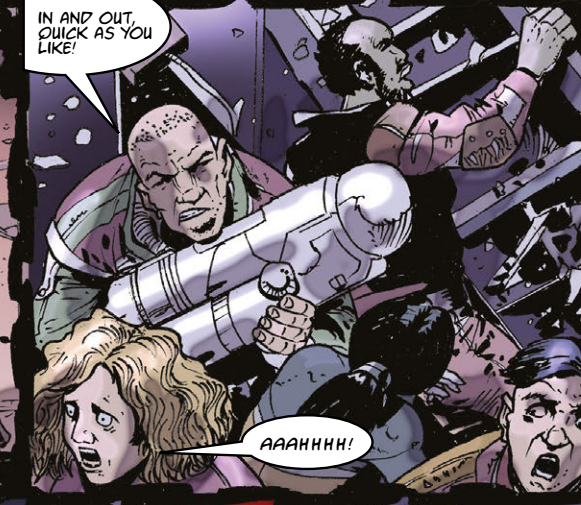


AWRIGHT! LET'S
DO IT!



EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF!
GRAB WHATEVER
YOU WANT!

CHAAAARGE!



IN AND OUT,
QUICK AS YOU
LIKE!

AAAAHHH!



IF THEY DON'T
SURRENDER —

GUN 'EM
DOWN!





WHAT NOW?

WE'LL LEAVE THE PAPERWORK TO THE SLAB-JOCKS.

YOU DID WELL, CADET. I THINK YOU DESERVE A SYNTHI-CAFF.



I like Rand. She's open, honest and makes a great mentor. She has a psi's take on life, rather than a Judge's —

BEAUTIFUL ISN'T IT? THE CITY, I MEAN.

PITY ITS CITIZENS ARE SO TWISTED!

PITY IS THE RIGHT WORD, CADET. PEOPLE WERE NEVER MEANT TO LIVE PACKED TOGETHER LIKE THIS.

TOO MANY HUMANS. NOT ENOUGH CASH. CLASSIC RECIPE FOR BREEDING VIOLENCE AND CRIME.

DOESN'T MATTER WHAT WE DO, WE'LL NEVER CHANGE IT.



SO WHY DO WE BOTHER?

HEY, WE'RE JUDGES. IT'S OUR JOB.

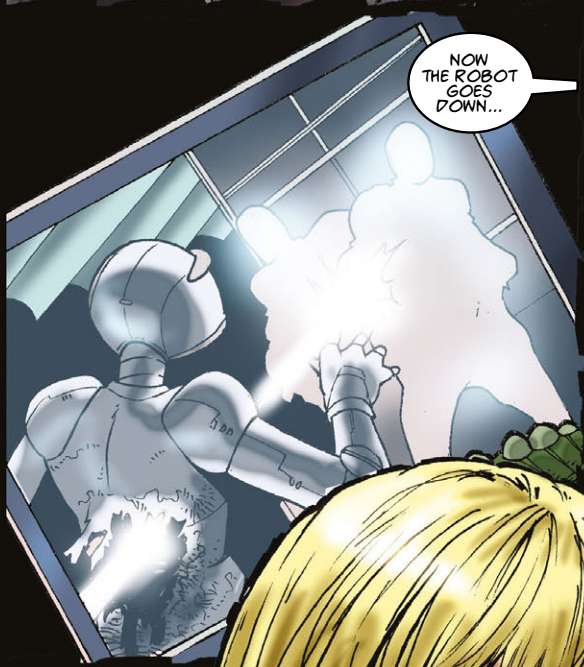
TAKE MY ADVICE, CADET. DO YOUR BEST, BUT DON'T GET ATTACHED TO ANY OF IT. YOU'LL ONLY BREAK YOUR OWN HEART IF YOU DO.



And then the news came in. Under interrogation, several of the perps claimed they'd been mobilised by a call from a teenage girl named Malinda.

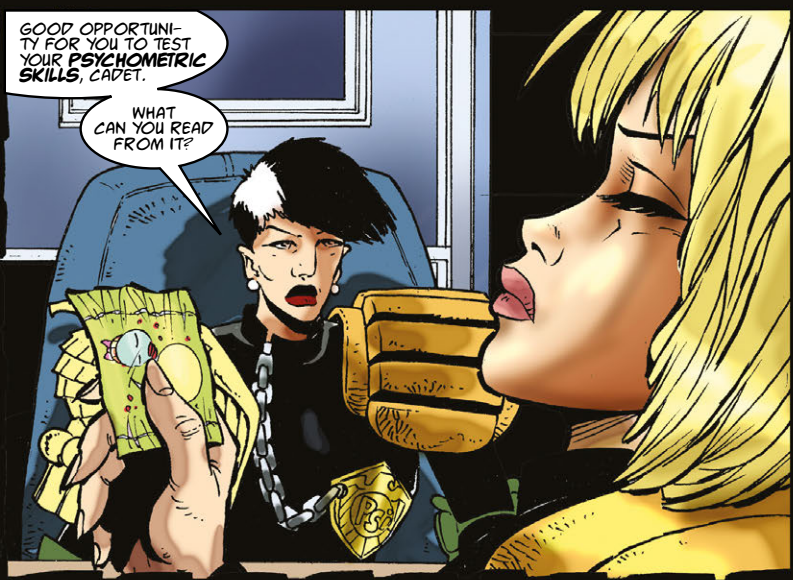
And while we were busy with the mall mob, a high-class Jool Shop in the next street had been cleaned out unnoticed.

TWO STAFF DEAD. SECURITY DROID MELTED BY A LASER.

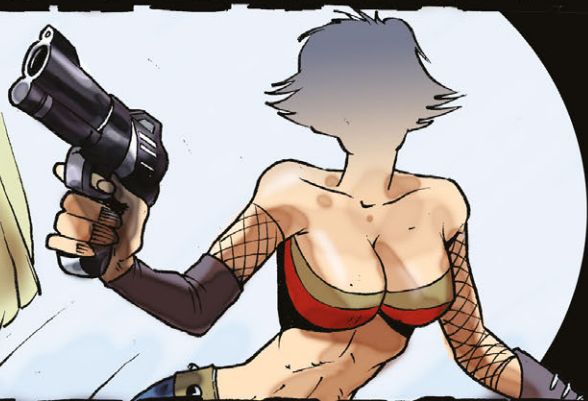


GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO TEST YOUR **PSYCHOMETRIC SKILLS**, CADET.

WHAT CAN YOU READ FROM IT?



Everything picks up traces from the people who handle it. Sometimes, people like me can read those traces —



I COULDN'T SEE HER FACE. BUT I GOT A NAME — **MALINDA KYX**. SHE DROPPED THE WRAPPER.

CONGRATULATIONS.

FORENSICS GOT THE SAME — KYX'S DNA IS ON THE WRAPPER. SAMPLE TAKEN WHEN SHE WAS ONE WEEK OLD. ONLY OTHER DATA IS THAT SHE WAS REPORTED MISSING, AGED SEVEN.

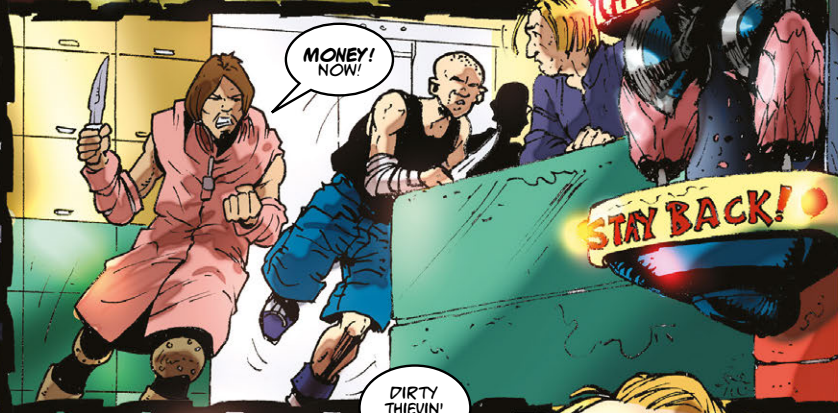


Forensics did better than me, though. They dug out her last-known address... which is how we came to be heading for the **Kyx Hottie Emporium** —





DON'T STOP, MA'AM! TURN RIGHT AHEAD — AND PULL UP AROUND THE CORNER!

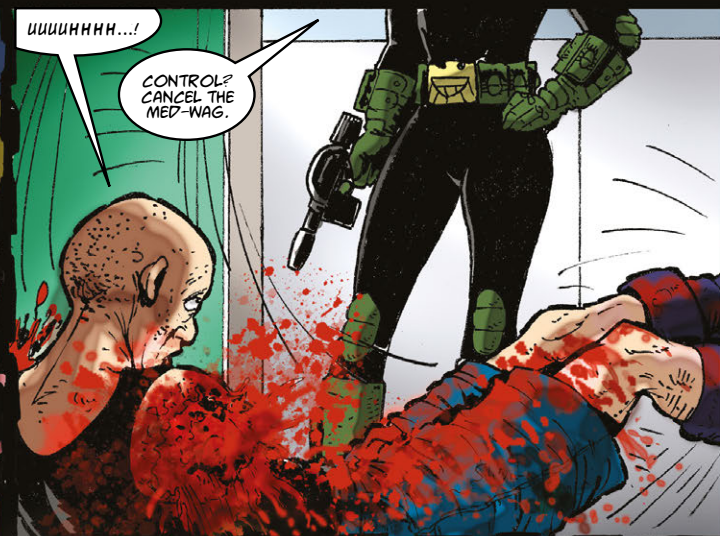






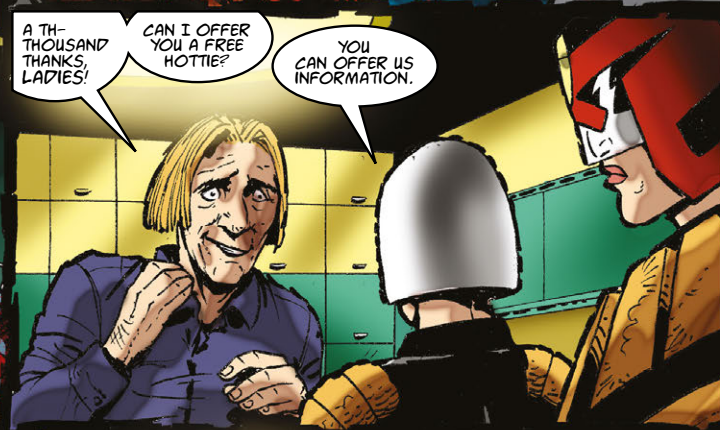
DON'T BLEED ON MY HOTTIES! THEY'RE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT INORGANIC!

CONTROL? MEAT AND MED REQUIRED? HOTTIE EMPORIUM, FRANKIE LYMON BLOCK!



UUUUHHH...!

CONTROL? CANCEL THE MED-WAG.



A TH-THOUSAND THANKS, LADIES!

CAN I OFFER YOU A FREE HOTTIE?

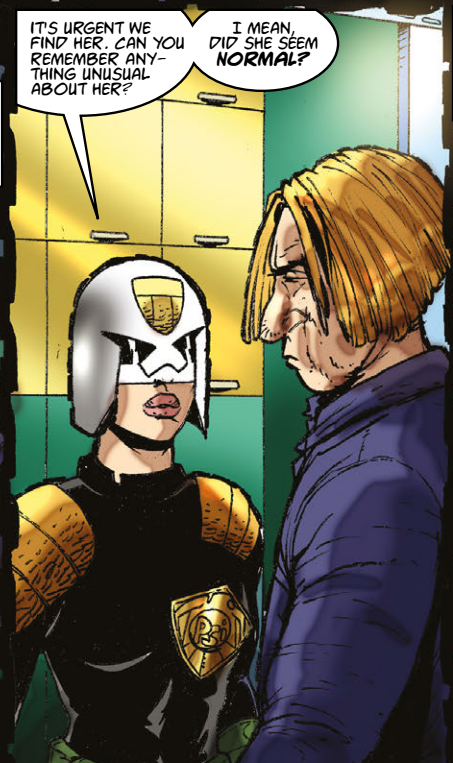
YOU CAN OFFER US INFORMATION.



WHERE DO WE FIND YOUR DAUGHTER MALINDA?

THAT LITTLE RAT? HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR YEARS!

SHE RAN AWAY FROM HOME RIGHT AFTER HER MOTHER DIED. AGED SEVEN, SHE WAS. NEVER HEARD FROM HER AGAIN.



IT'S URGENT WE FIND HER. CAN YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT HER?

I MEAN, DID SHE SEEM NORMAL?



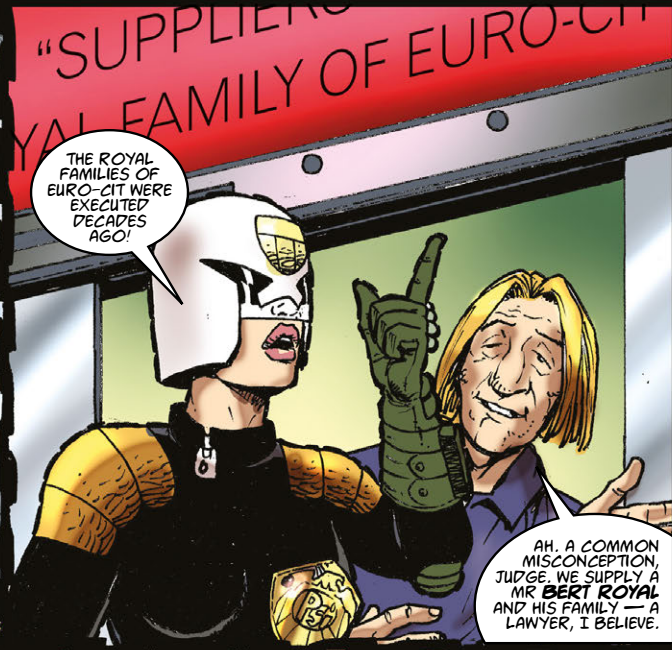
SHE WAS ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE. THEN WHEN I WENT TO PUNISH HER, SHE WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND!



IF YOU SEE HER, CALL PSI-DIV AT ONCE!

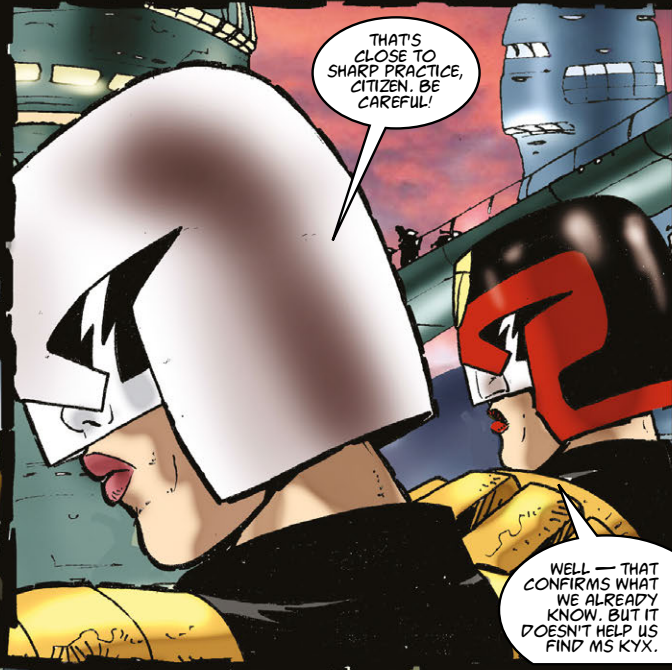
THERE'S ONE OTHER THING — THE LITTLE TYKE WAS ALWAYS EATING CANDY. ADDICTED TO THE STUFF, SHE WAS!

AND ONE OTHER THING FROM ME —



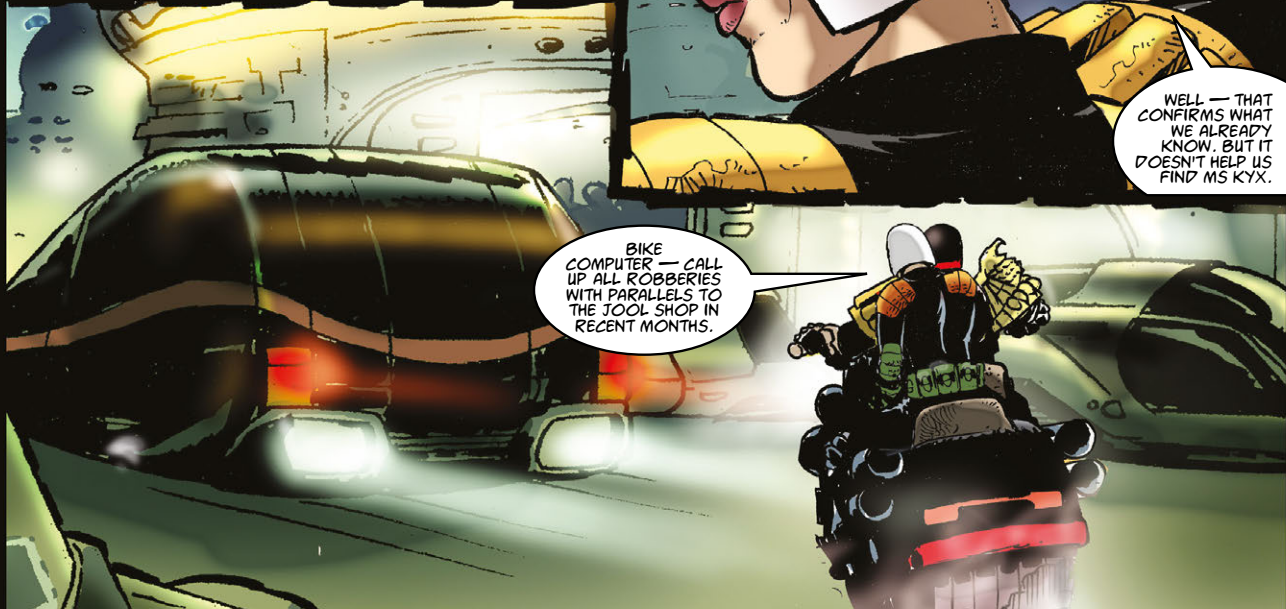
THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF EURO-CIT WERE EXECUTED DECADES AGO!

AH. A COMMON MISCONCEPTION, JUDGE. WE SUPPLY A MR BERT ROYAL AND HIS FAMILY — A LAWYER, I BELIEVE.

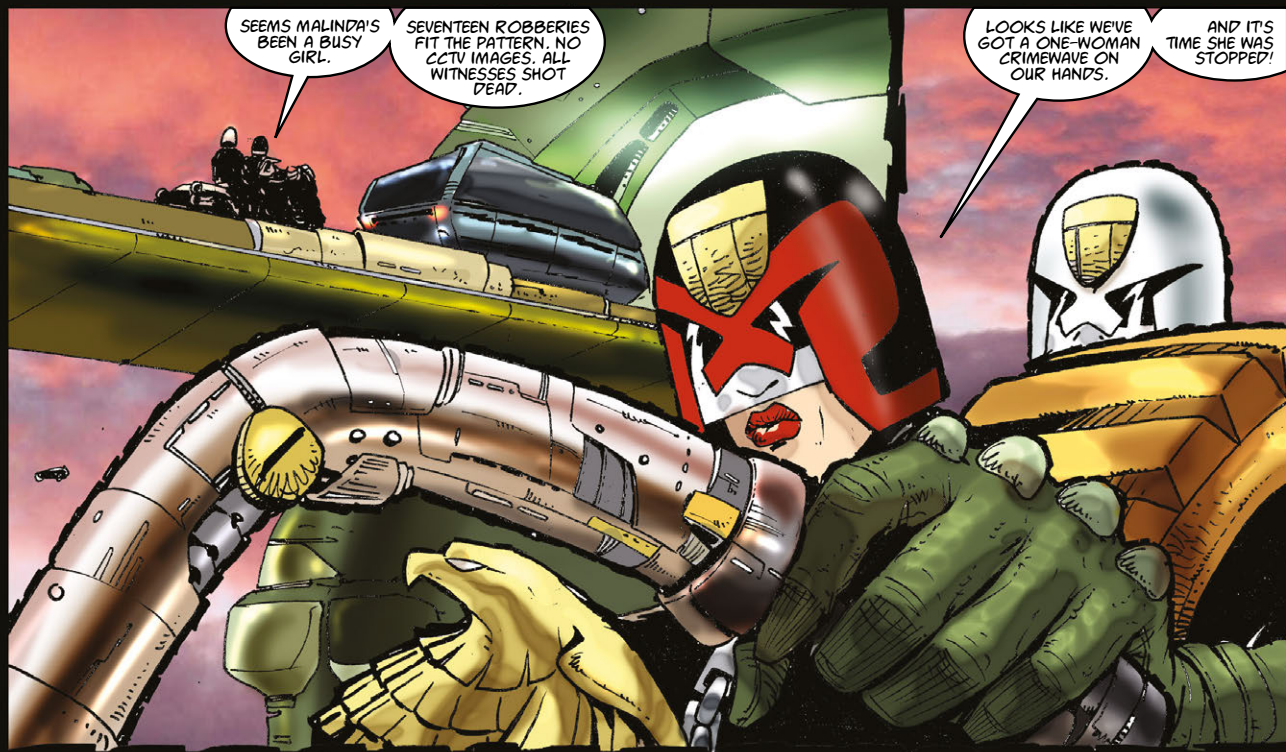


THAT'S CLOSE TO SHARP PRACTICE, CITIZEN. BE CAREFUL!

WELL — THAT CONFIRMS WHAT WE ALREADY KNOW. BUT IT DOESN'T HELP US FIND MS KYX.



BIKE COMPUTER — CALL UP ALL ROBBERIES WITH PARALLELS TO THE JOOL SHOP IN RECENT MONTHS.



SEEMS MALINDA'S BEEN A BUSY GIRL.

SEVENTEEN ROBBERIES FIT THE PATTERN. NO CCTV IMAGES. ALL WITNESSES SHOT DEAD.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A ONE-WOMAN CRIMEWAVE ON OUR HANDS.

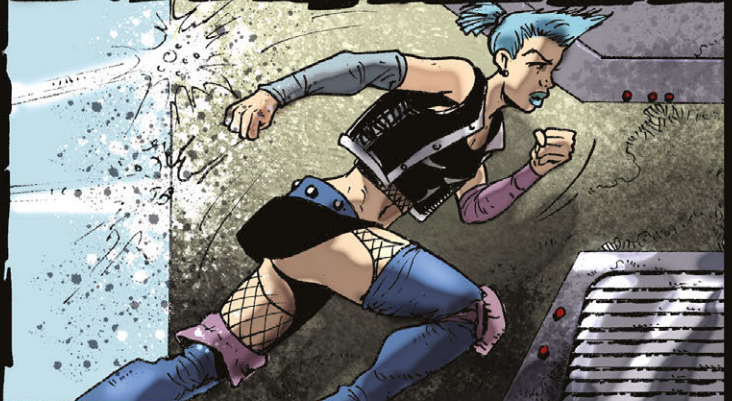
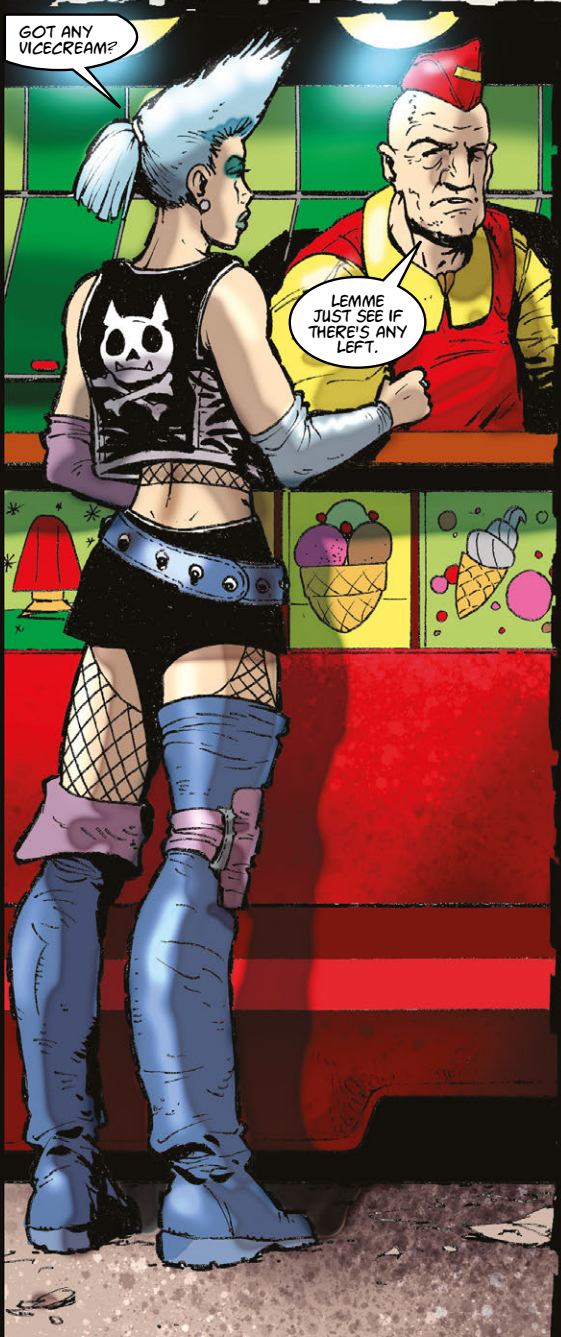
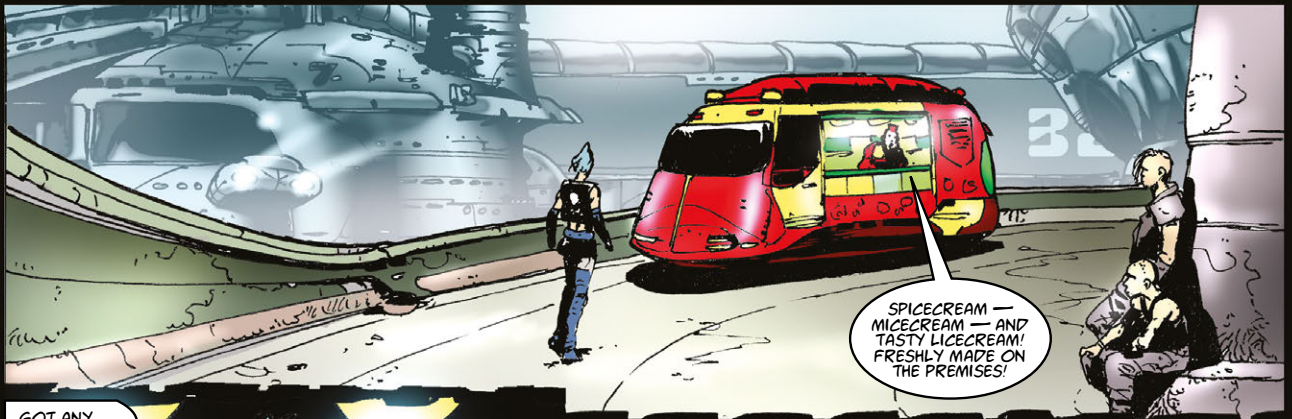
AND IT'S TIME SHE WAS STOPPED!

So I paced up and down outside the Chief Psi's office while Rand spoke to him in private —

When she came out, I'd never seen her look so grim —

I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU, CADET. BUT THE CHIEF AGREES — WE CAN'T HAVE A ROGUE PSI. HE'S GIVEN SPECIAL DISPENSATION —

YOU'RE GOING UNDER-COVER!







CALL ME
CAZ!

PERFECT!

ANDERSON STOLE THE
CASH — THE JUVES HELPED
HER ESCAPE — AND JUDGE
ELLIOT DELIBERATELY
MISSED!

NO ENTRY
DRIVE

THERE THEY
GO — HEADING
FOR SOME
HIDEOUT, NO
DOUBT...

"NOT MANY PLACES
A FLY-CAM CAN'T
GET INTO, THOUGH!"

Just like Rand figured it — I'm on the wrong side of the law now, a wanted juve. A perp!

THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, SPUGS. UH... SPIVVY PLACE, RIGHT?

S'OKAY.

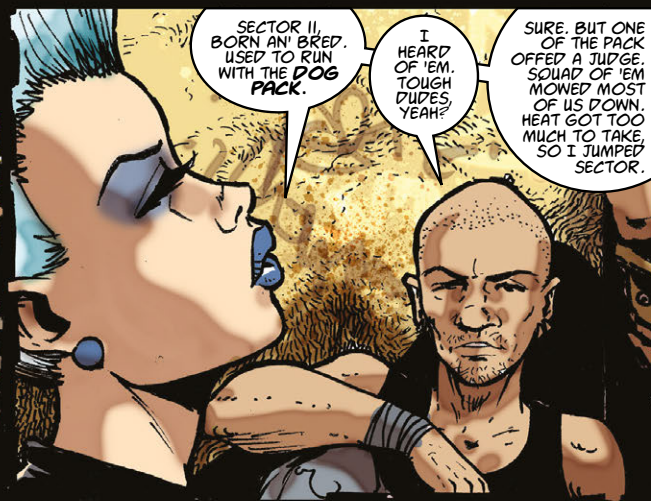
NOT FROM AROUND HERE, ARE YA?



SECTOR II, BORN AN' BRED. USED TO RUN WITH THE DOG PACK.

I HEARD OF 'EM. TOUGH DUDES, YEAH?

SURE. BUT ONE OF THE PACK OFFED A JUDGE. SQUAD OF 'EM MOWED MOST OF US DOWN. HEAT GOT TOO MUCH TO TAKE, SO I JUMPED SECTOR.



AN' BEFORE YA TRY TO STEAL MY LOOT — DON'T! I'LL SLICE YA SERIOUS!

W-WE WOULDN'T!

YEAH, YA WOULD!



HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?

I GET WEIRD HUNCHES. SOMEHOW I CAN TELL WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN — LIKE I KNEW THAT LAW-JOCK WOULDN'T SPOT US!



Judge Rand had set the whole thing up —

HOLD VERY STEADY. DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SNEEZING!





RELAX, CADET,
THEY'RE
RETRACTABLE.

YOU COULD
HEADBUTT THEM
AND NOT HURT
YOURSELF!

THEY'LL
INFUSE YOUR BRAIN
WITH A FALSE PAST —
PLUS ENOUGH CURRENT
JUVE CULTURE TO MAKE
THEM THINK YOU'RE
ONE OF THEM!

GRUD ON A GREENIE!
MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING TO BE
SAID FOR EARLY
NIGHTS AND READING
LAWBOOKS, AFTER
ALL!

JOB'S NOT
DONE YET, CADET.
WALLY SQUAD ARE
GOING TO GIVE
YOU A COMPLETE
MAKEOVER.

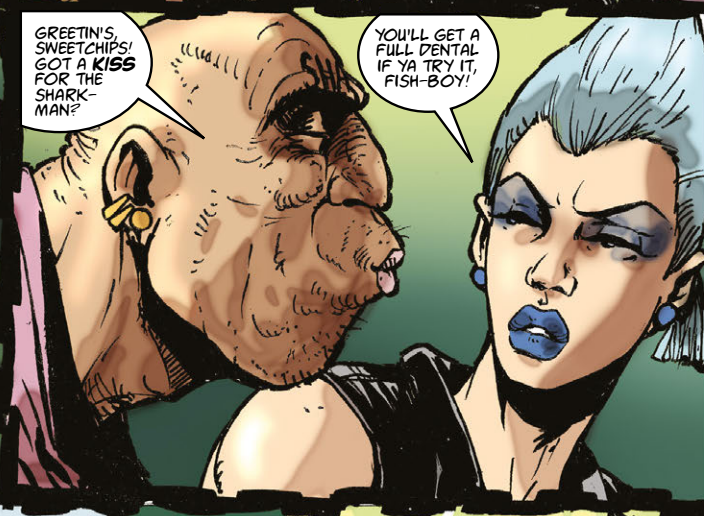
'Live like them,' Rand
told me. 'Behave like
them. Then lead us
to Malinda Kyx.'

SO WHAT
PASSES FOR
LIFE AROUND
HERE?

GOIN'
CLUBBIN'.
COME
WITH... ?

Club Hubbub

Damn! Club's got a
bug screen. Fly-cam's
not coming with me.
And the knife's not
going inside, either.





IT'LL TAKE MORE'N THAT TO STOP THE SHARK-MAN!



UNNK!

IZZAT SO?

MY TEESH! SHE'S BUSHED MY TEESH!

WOW! YOU MADE THAT LOOK EASY!



LIKE I SAID, I CAN SEE THINGS BEFORE THEY HAPPEN. I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS GONNA DO BEFORE HE DID IT!

BUT WHO CARES ABOUT THAT? LET'S DANCE!

YOU TWO GO AHEAD. I'LL BE BACK.

Dancing isn't something they teach at the Academy of Law. Have to say, it feels pretty good —



But I have to play the part —

SHOOT, MAN! THESE SOUNDS WERE OUTA DATE IN MY SECTOR WEEKS AGO!



WITH ME, SIS.
GOT SOMEBODY
WANTS T'MEET
YA!

I follow him upstairs,
hoping it isn't fish-boy's
big brother —

THIS IS
CAZ. SHE'S
THE ONE,
MALINDA!

SIDDOWN,
CAZ. I'M
MALINDA KYX.
MAYBE YOU
HEARD OF
ME?

Murderer — thief —
all-round dangerous
perp. You're the
reason I'm here, sis!

'FRAID NOT.

GOTTA SAY,
THOUGH — COOL
TEETH!

I HEAR Y GAVE
THE SHARK-MAN
A GOOD GOIN'
OVER...?

HE GOT
FRESH. HOPE
I DIDN'T HURT
HIM TOO
MUCH.

HE'S A
HOTHEAD, BUT
HE'S TOUGH. HE'LL
RECOVER.

POSSE
TELLS ME YA GOT
SOME WEIRD KIND
OF POWER?

WOULDN'T
SAY THAT, EXACTLY.
BUT SINCE I WAS A KID I
BEEN HAVIN' HUNCHES.
THEY'VE KEPT ME OUT OF
THE LAW'S WAY PLENTY
OF TIMES!

YEAH. NEEDED A
FULL-MOUTH
IMPLANT. I
CHEW WAY
TOO MUCH
CHUMGUM!



HAVE A HUNCH ABOUT **THIS**, HONEY?

N-NO. THEY DON'T ALWAYS WORK...!

I don't say that her psi-fogging ability makes it near-impossible to get any kind of mental pick-up.



I DON'T TRUST YA, SIS. Y'COULD BE A **JUDGE PLANT**.

ME — WITH THE LAW-SCUM? YOU'RE **DEMENTED**, FRIEND!



JUST TESTIN' YA. HAD TO BE SURE. I DON'T TRUST NOBODY —

'CEPT, OF COURSE, MY SPUGS! THEY'D DO **ANYTHIN'** FOR ME, RIGHT, BOYS?

NAME IT, MALINDA!

EXITS THAT WAY, NO?

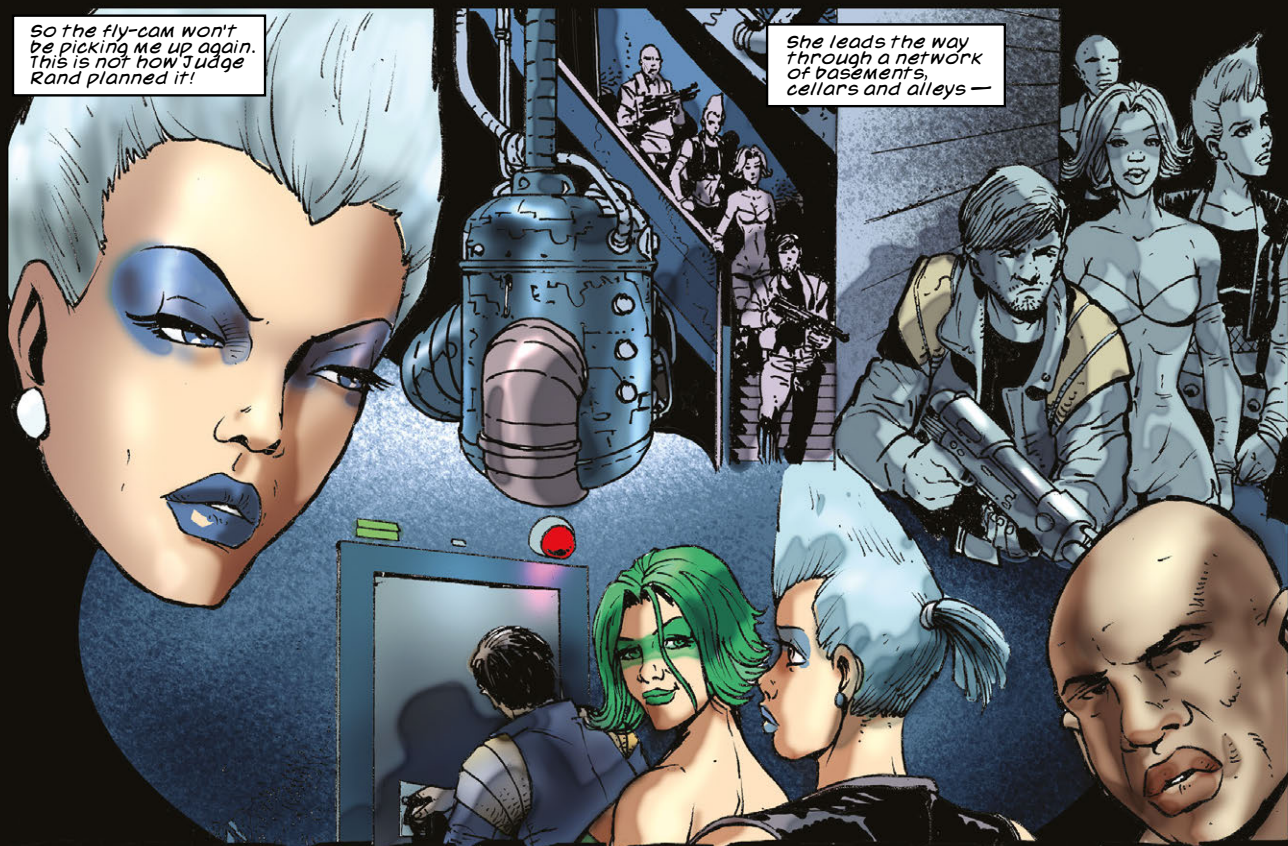
I GOT MY OWN WAYS, HONEY!

POSSE — GET LOST! IF SHE WORKS OUT, YOU'LL GET A SHARE.

C'MON, CAZ, WE'RE LEAVIN'!

So the fly-cam won't be picking me up again. This is not how Judge Rand planned it!

She leads the way through a network of basements, cellars and alleys —



until —

HOLEY MOLEY!

YOU'VE SURE BEEN **BUSY**, SIS!

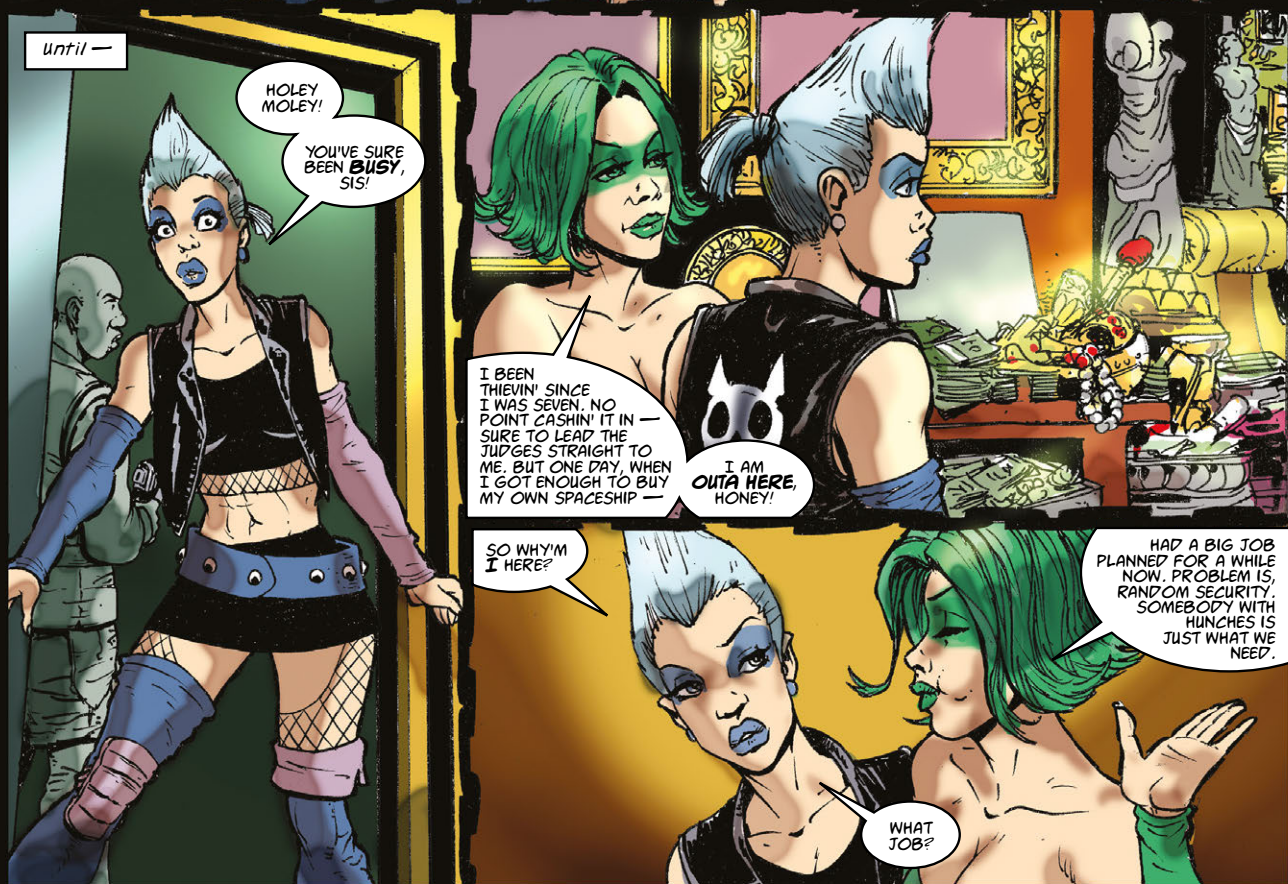
I BEEN THIEVIN' SINCE I WAS SEVEN. NO POINT CASHIN' IT IN — SURE TO LEAD THE JUDGES STRAIGHT TO ME. BUT ONE DAY, WHEN I GOT ENOUGH TO BUY MY OWN SPACESHIP —

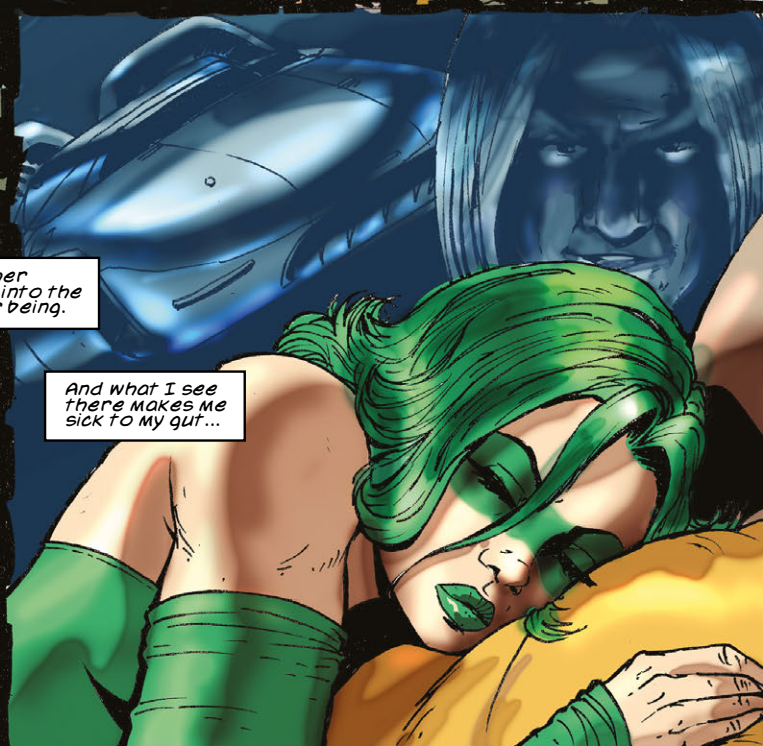
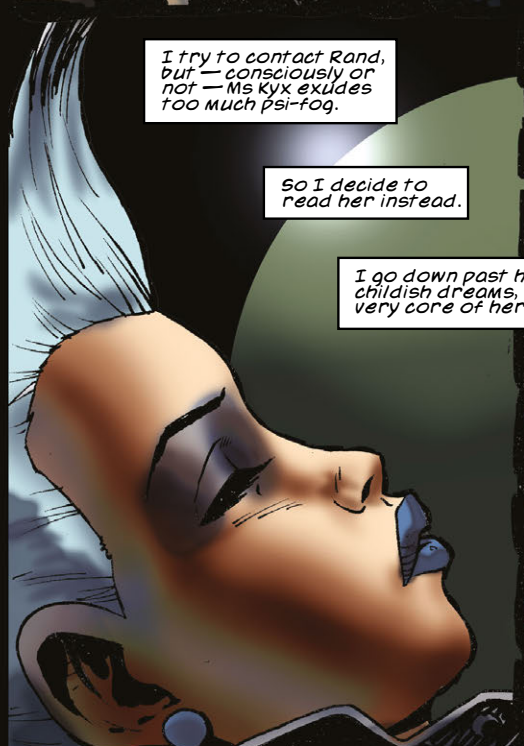
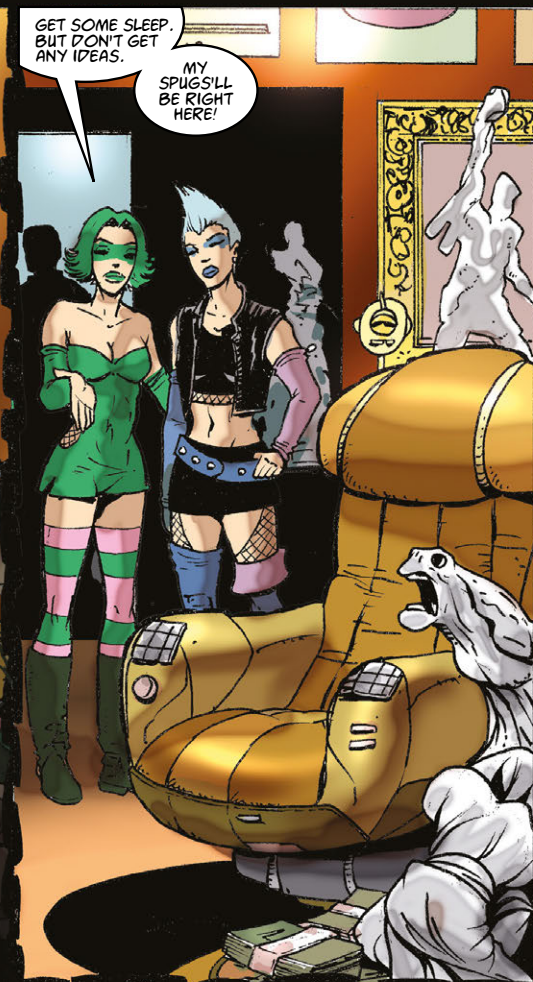
I AM **OUTA** HERE, HONEY!

SO WHY'M I HERE?

HAD A BIG JOB PLANNED FOR A WHILE NOW. PROBLEM IS, RANDOM SECURITY. SOMEBODY WITH HUNCHES IS JUST WHAT WE NEED.

WHAT JOB?







Malinda Kyx had the childhood from Hell. As a toddler, her mother beat her mercilessly —

After her mother died, her father began to abuse her —

The cartoon character which advertised Chumsum became her only friend —

No wonder she became addicted to the stuff.



For reasons I don't understand, I feel a dark and sinister bond between us. But I'm a Cadet Judge, and she's a murdering perp.

Why do I feel sorry for a hardcore crim? Is your life just a matter of luck...

... or bad luck?



RISE N' SHINE, SIS!

The spugs are still there, looking like they haven't moved all night. They must be on some kind of street drug.



LET'S GO!

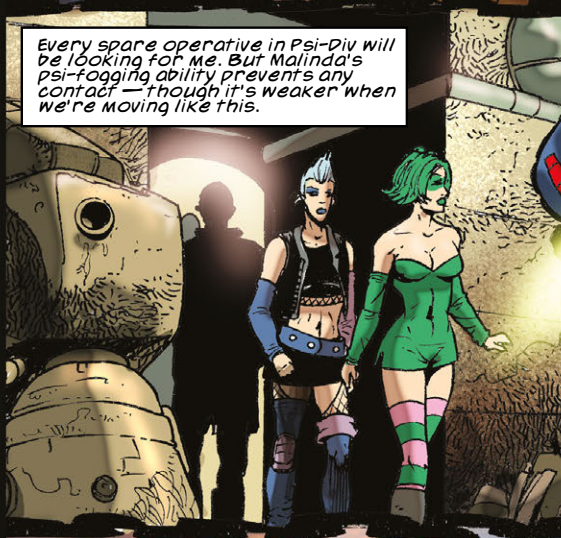
WHERE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!

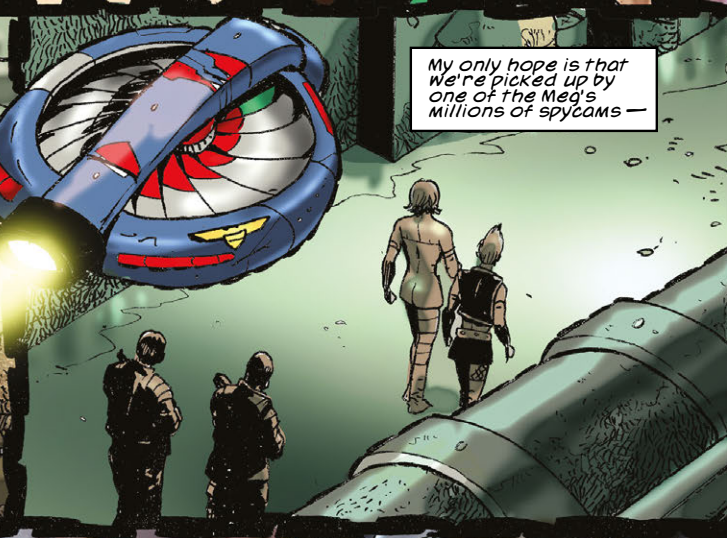
WHAT ABOUT BREAKFAST?



CHUMGUM?



Every spare operative in Psi-Div will be looking for me. But Malinda's psi-fogging ability prevents any contact — though it's weaker when we're moving like this.



My only hope is that we're picked up by one of the Meg's millions of spycams —



THINK WE'VE GOT HER, MA'AM!



SPYCAM PICKED THEM UP, HEADING DOWN MARIA CALLEY ALLEY. IMAGES ARE PART-FOGGED, SO KYX **MUST** BE WITH THEM!

WANT ME TO SEND A SQUAD TO PICK THEM UP?

PUT BACK-UP ON ALERT.

BUT CADET ANDERSON WILL BE ON THE STREETS IN A YEAR. THIS IS GOOD **EXPERIENCE** FOR HER.



'I THINK WE'LL LET HER HANDLE THIS ALONE!'

BIG REVEAL, CAZ.

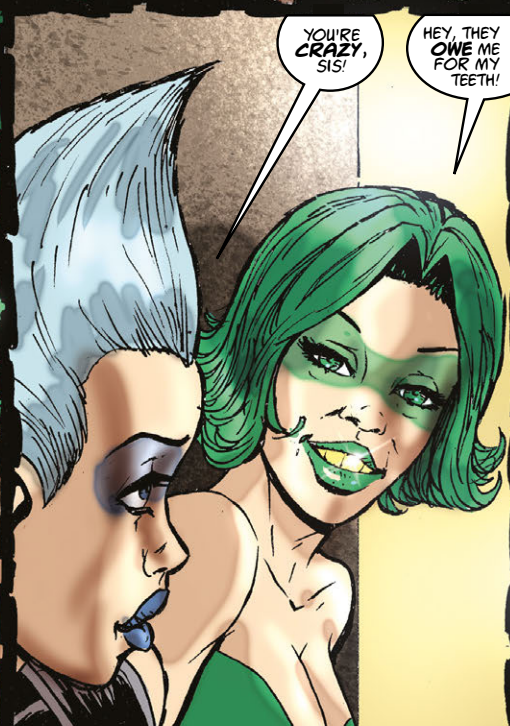
WE'RE GOIN' TO ROB CHUMGUM!

CHUMGUM COUNTING COMPLEX



ROBO-DRONES DELIVER CASH FROM ALL OVER THE CITY. **FORTY MILLION** PACKS OF GUM A DAY. AT ONE CREDIT PER!

THEY HAVE FOUR ARMED GUARD DROIDS ON RANDOM PATROL. YOUR HUNCHES WILL TELL US EXACTLY **WHERE** THEY ARE — WHILE MY PSI-FOG SCREWS UP THEIR CCTV!

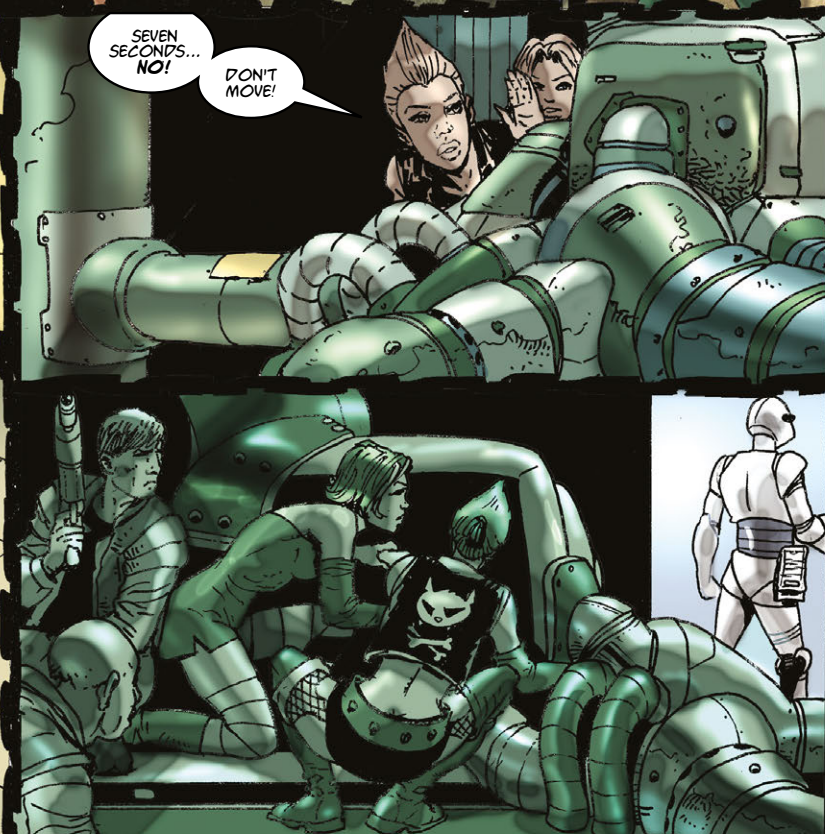
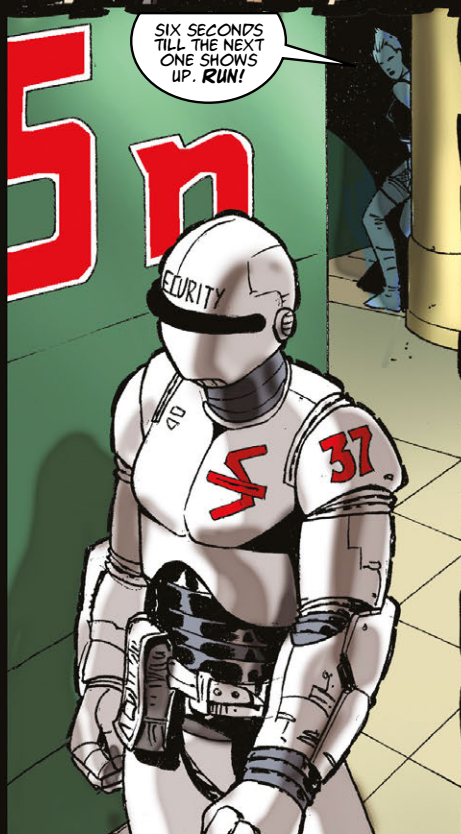
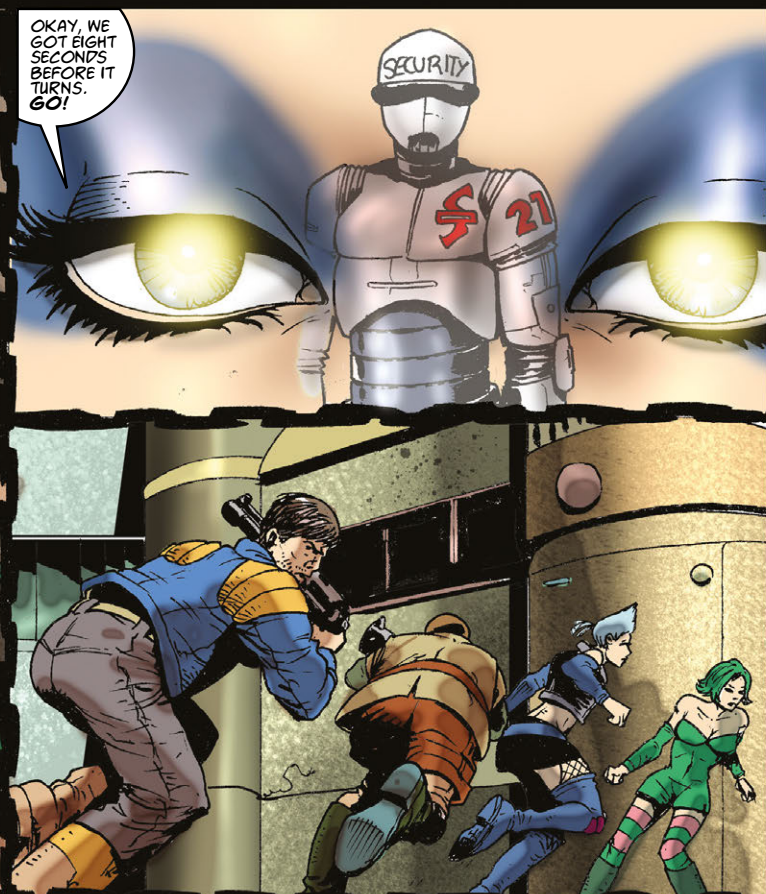


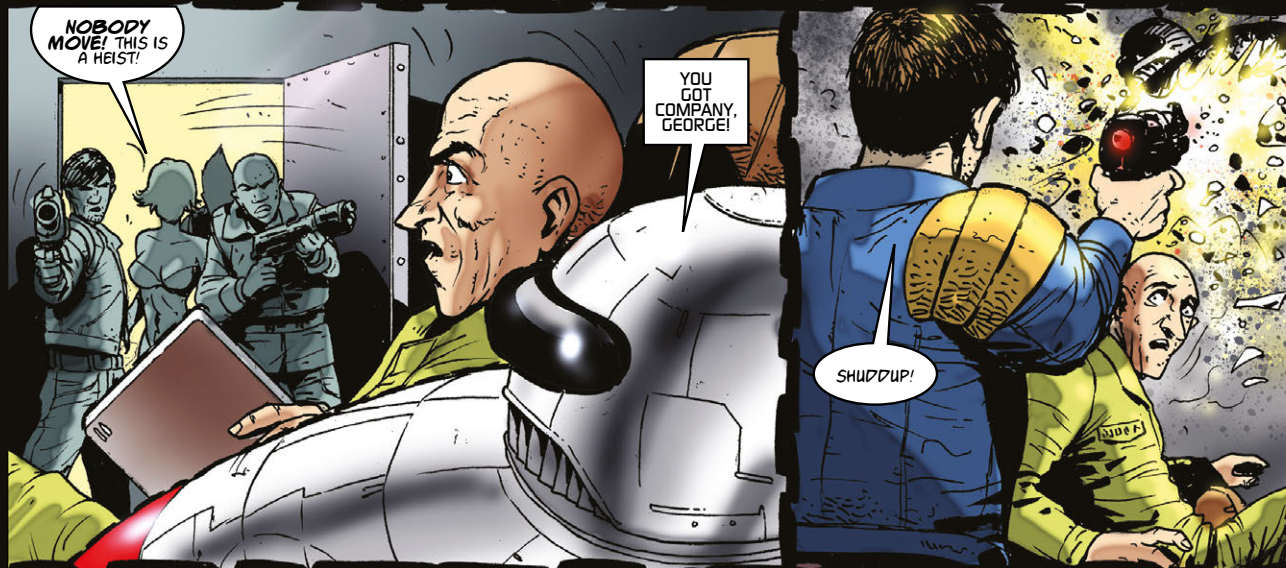
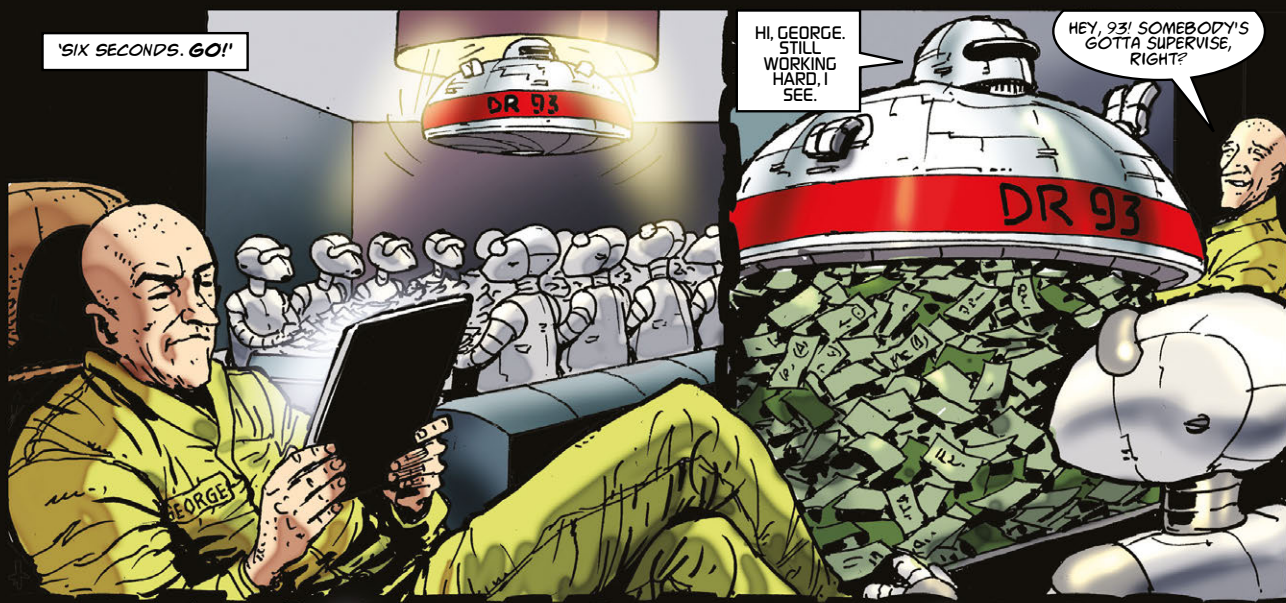
YOU'RE **CRAZY**, SIS!

HEY, THEY OWE ME FOR MY TEETH!



What do I do? Assist them in a **MAJOR CRIME**? Refuse — in which case I'll probably be killed? There's nobody to ask for advice, nobody to help.

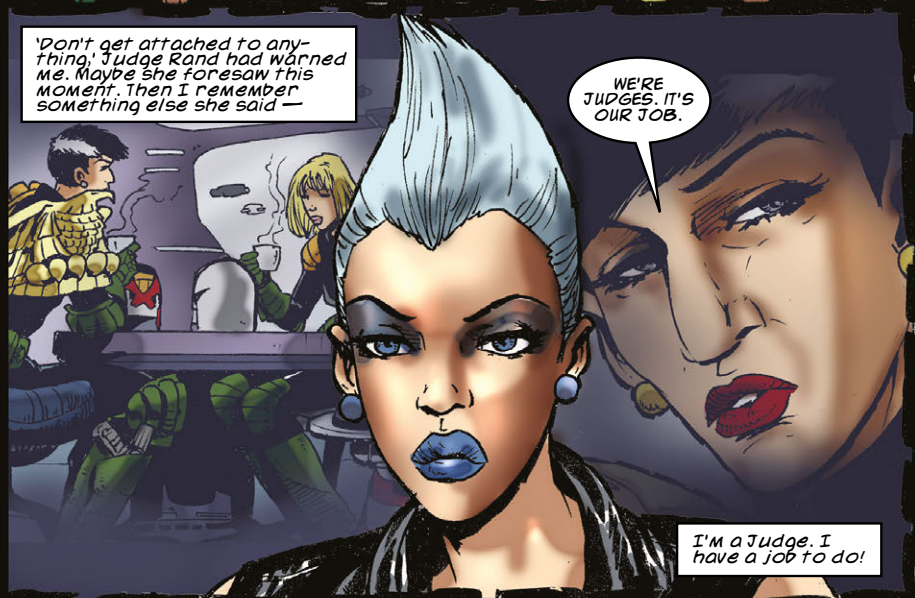








I figure it's only seconds before the end of my promising career. But I'm not afraid. The lights will go out and all the nightmares of the Big Meg will fade to black.



'Don't get attached to anything,' Judge Rand had warned me. Maybe she foresaw this moment. Then I remember something else she said —

WE'RE JUDGES. IT'S OUR JOB.

I'm a Judge. I have a job to do!



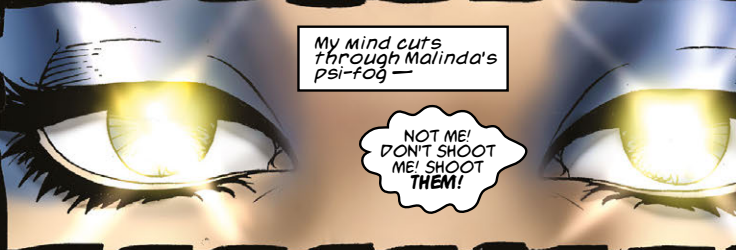
HEY, GEORGE! HOW YOU DOING?



I seize my chance —

RUN FOR IT, CITIZEN! MOVE!

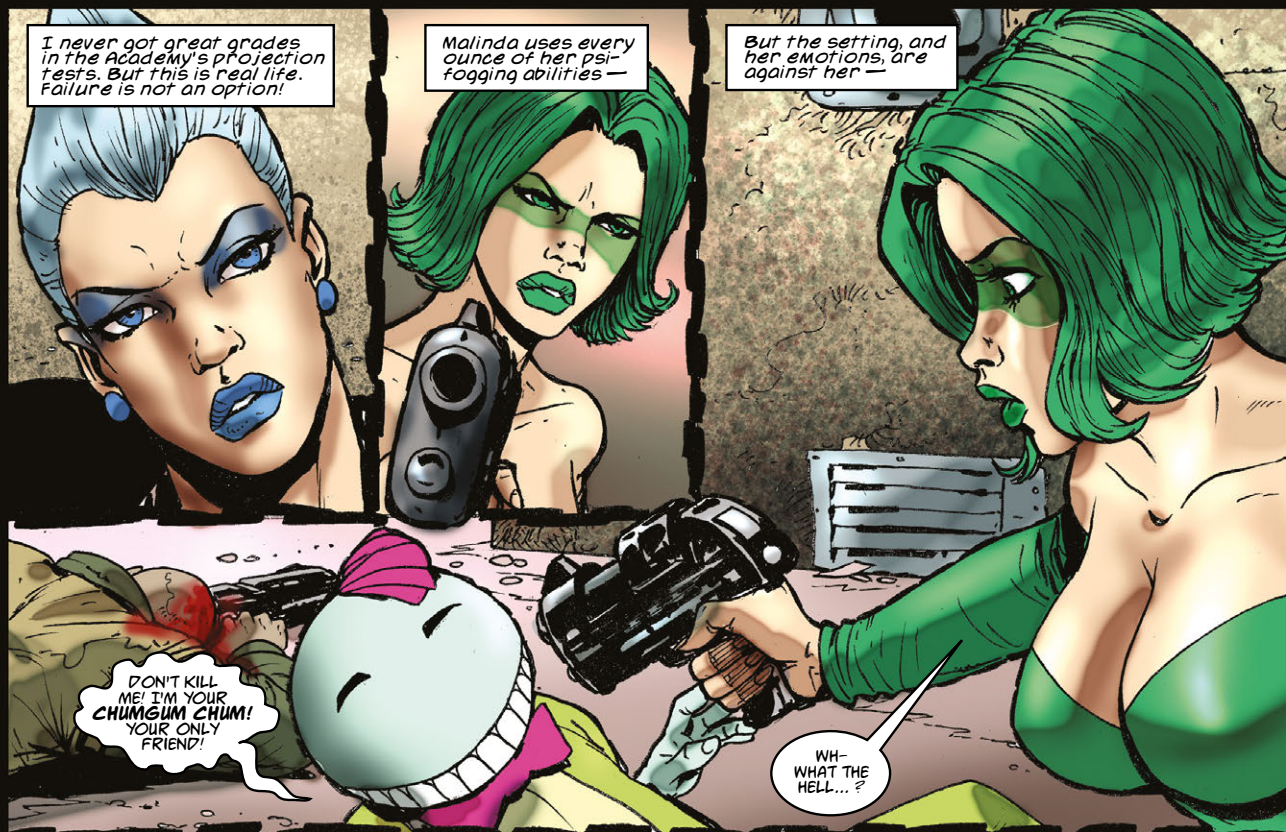
SHUDDUP!



I never got great grades in the Academy's projection tests. But this is real life. Failure is not an option!

Malinda uses every ounce of her psi-fogging abilities —

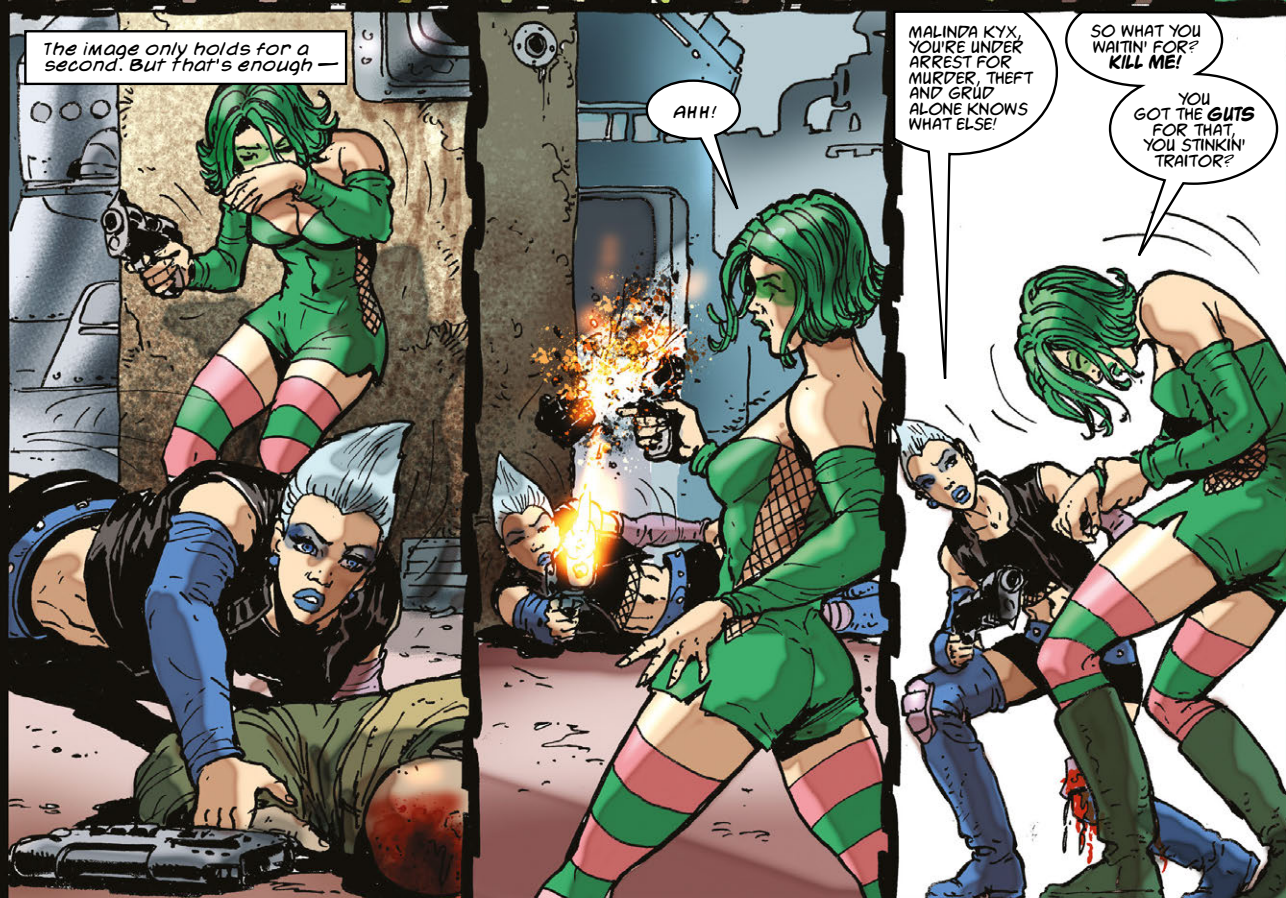
But the setting, and her emotions, are against her —



DON'T KILL ME! I'M YOUR CHUMGUM CHUM! YOUR ONLY FRIEND!

WH— WHAT THE HELL...?

The image only holds for a second. But that's enough —



AHH!

MALINDA KYX, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER, THEFT AND GRUD ALONE KNOWS WHAT ELSE!

SO WHAT YOU WAITIN' FOR? KILL ME!

YOU GOT THE GUTS FOR THAT, YOU STINKIN' TRAITOR?



Truth is, I don't want her dead. And she doesn't have to die —

UHHH!



Feeling weak. Lost a lot of blood —



IT'S ANDERSON!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!



TWO DEAD,
ONE KAYOED IN
HERE!

NICE
WORK, CADET.
I SEE YOU TOOK
A BULLET IN THE
PROCESS.

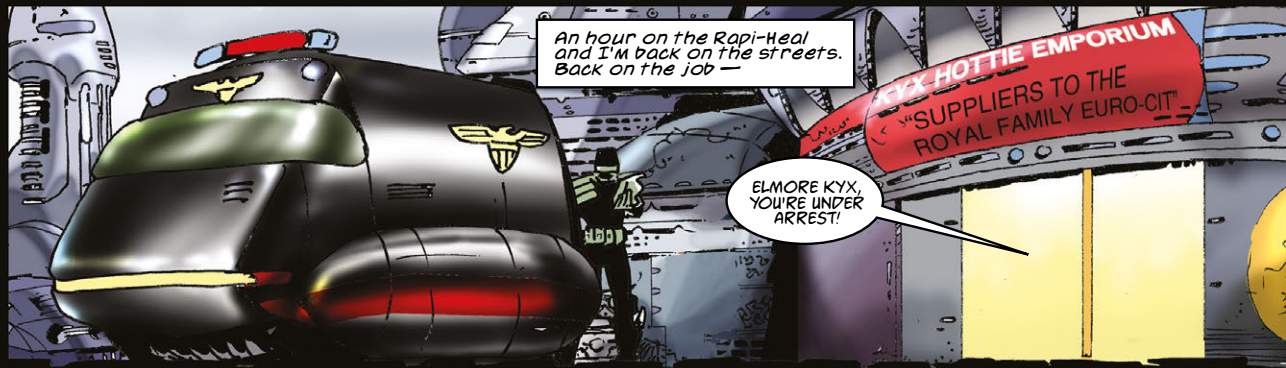


Y-YES,
MA'AM. I...
UHHH...



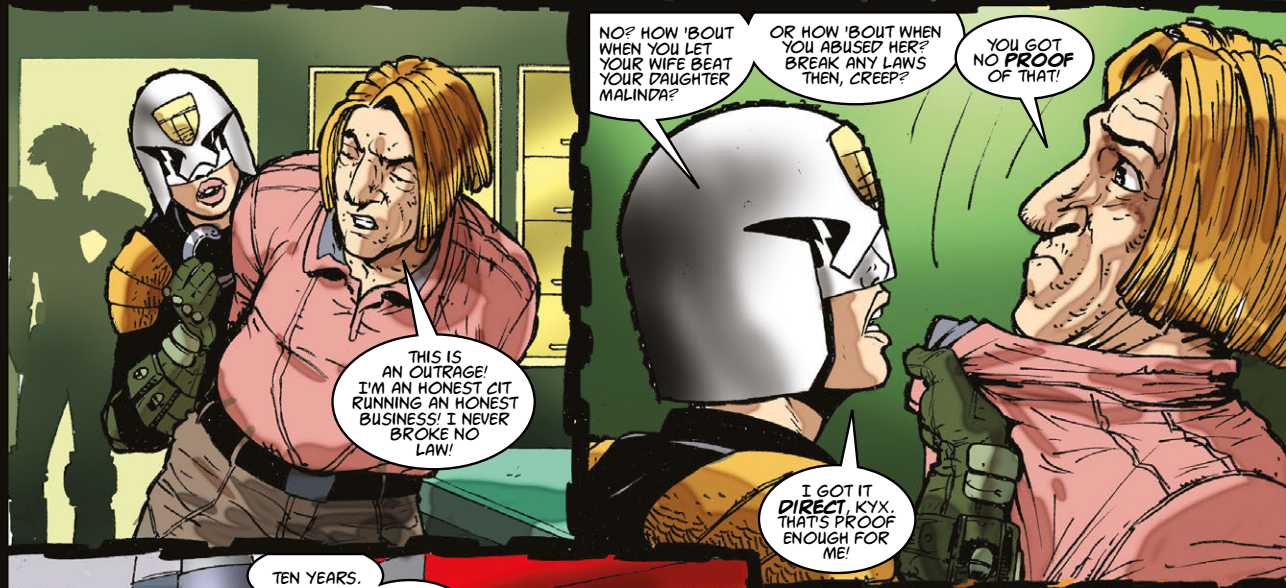
GET A MED-
WAGON!
NOW!

AND TELL
THEM TO TREAT
HER GENTLY. SHE'S
GOING TO BE
ONE OF OUR
BEST!



An hour on the Rapi-Heal
and I'm back on the streets.
Back on the job —

ELMORE KYX,
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!



THIS IS
AN OUTRAGE!
I'M AN HONEST CIT
RUNNING AN HONEST
BUSINESS! I NEVER
BROKE NO
LAW!

NO? HOW 'BOUT
WHEN YOU LET
YOUR WIFE BEAT
YOUR DAUGHTER
MALINDA?

OR HOW 'BOUT WHEN
YOU ABUSED HER?
BREAK ANY LAWS
THEN, CREEP?

YOU GOT
NO PROOF
OF THAT!

I GOT IT
DIRECT, KYX.
THAT'S PROOF
ENOUGH FOR
ME!



TEN YEARS.

MOVE!

ONE MONTH LATER —

COME TO
GLOAT, HAVE
YOU?





NO. I'VE COME TO SEE HOW YOU ARE. WITH PSI-DIV HELP, YOU CAN BECOME ONE OF US.

YOU CAN USE YOUR POWERS FOR GOOD, NOT EVIL. HERE —



She's cruel and petty and maybe too twisted to reform. But I can't help feeling this bond between us —

I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING.



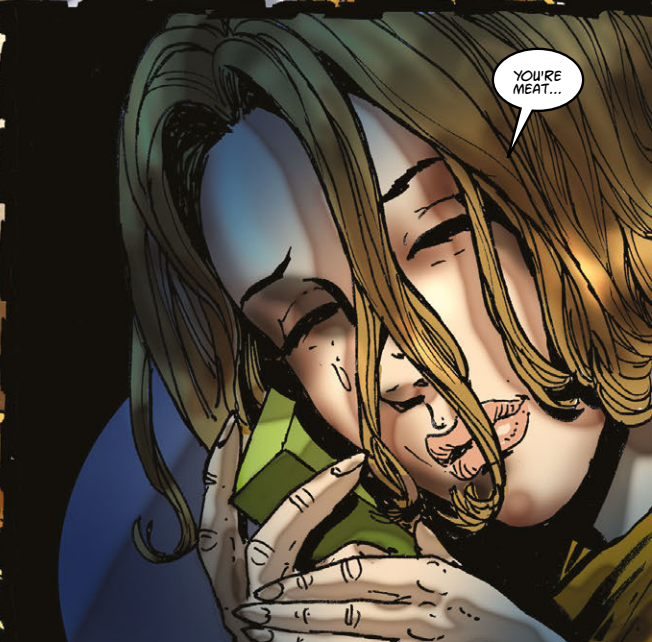
Y' THINK Y' CAN **BUY** ME WITH A BOX OF GUM? YOU'RE OFF YER CHUMP, SIS!

GET OUTA HERE! LEAVE ME ALONE!

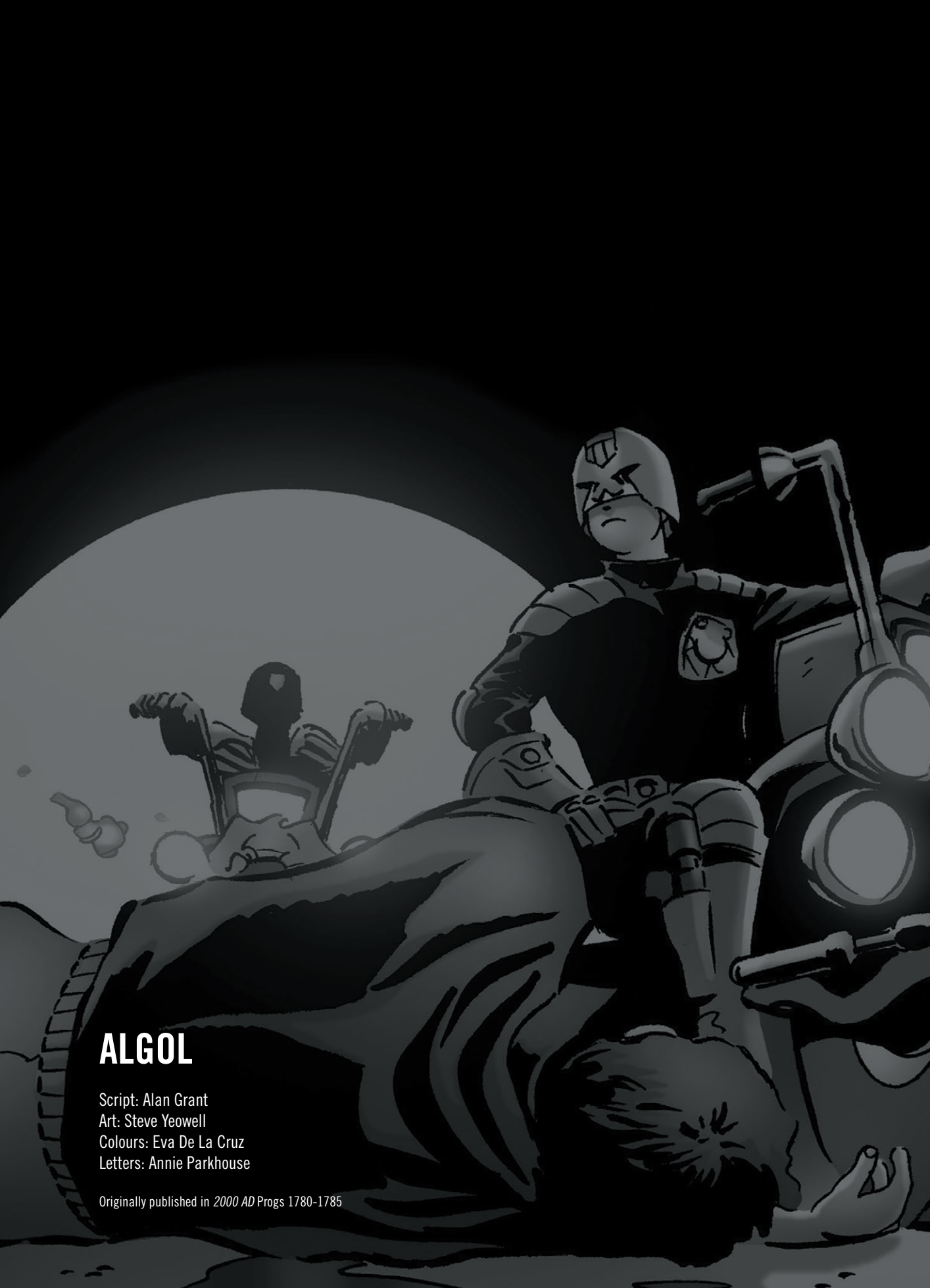


ONE DAY I'M GONNA KILL YA! HEAR THAT?

YOU'RE MEAT, SIS! MEAT!



YOU'RE MEAT...



ALGOL

Script: Alan Grant
Art: Steve Yeowell
Colours: Eva De La Cruz
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1780-1785





ANYONE ELSE? YOU — THE GIRL WHO APPEARS TO BE DAYDREAMING?

ANDERSON!



I'M THINKING ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE SAID, SIR.

THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IS INTUITION.



EXACTLY. INTUITION. A HUNCH — A GUT FEELING — AN ITCH YOU CAN'T SCRATCH.

INTUITION ISN'T SOMETHING YOU CAN LEARN. IT EITHER HAPPENS OR IT DOESN'T — A RESULT OF BRAIN AND BODY PROCESSES WITHOUT CONSCIOUS CONTROL.

BUT TAKE IT FROM ME — IF YOU HAVE A HUNCH, LISTEN TO IT. IT COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE!

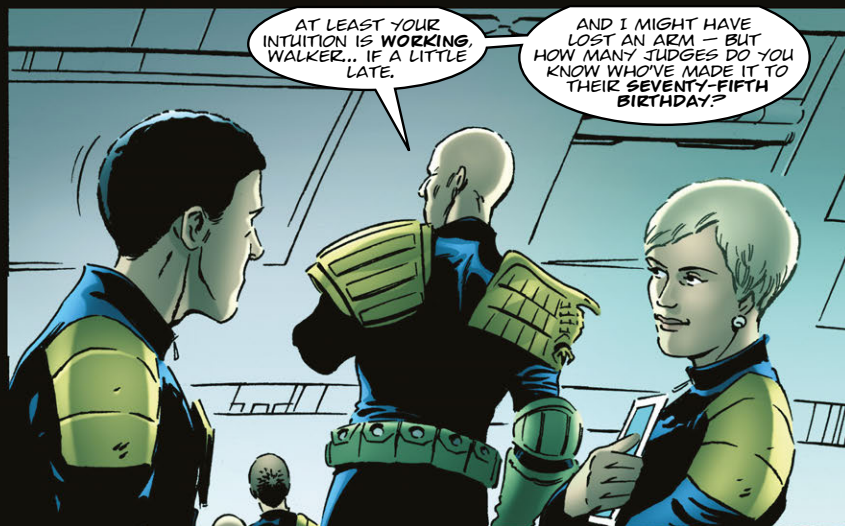


GOOD LECTURE, HUH?

YEAH, BUT HIS INTUITION CAN'T BE THAT GREAT — OR HE WOULD STILL HAVE BOTH ARMS.

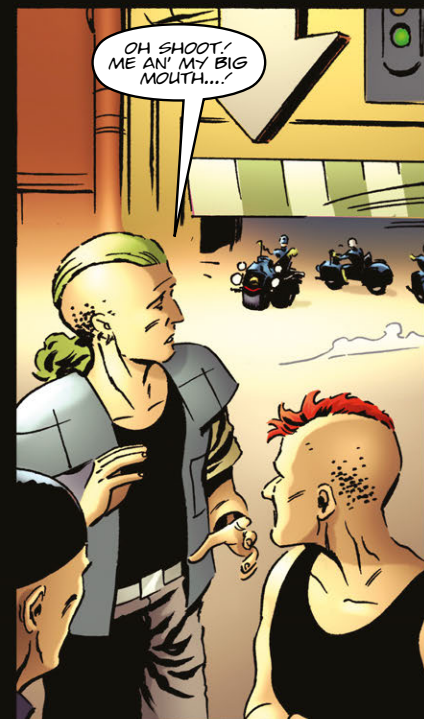
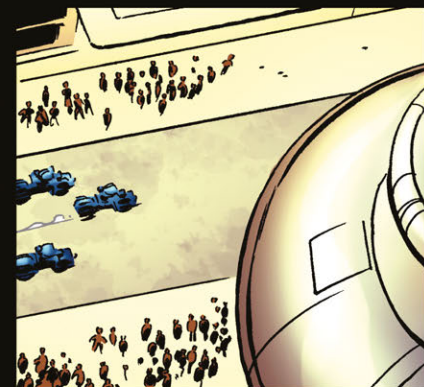
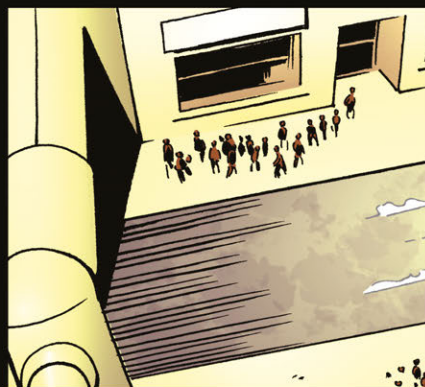


UM... HE'S STANDING BEHIND ME, ISN'T HE?



AT LEAST YOUR INTUITION IS WORKING, WALKER... IF A LITTLE LATE.

AND I MIGHT HAVE LOST AN ARM — BUT HOW MANY JUDGES DO YOU KNOW WHO'VE MADE IT TO THEIR SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY?









SHE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE...

TWO DUMDUMS THROUGH THE HEAD. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH OF HER BRAIN LEFT TO READ HER MIND.



CONTROL? MEAT WAGON TO DON TRUMP CENTRE.

DOESN'T MAKE A LOT OF SENSE...

HOW SO?



PRO ASSASSINS DON'T COME CHEAP. WHO WOULD HIRE THEM TO WHACK A HOMELESS WOMAN?

YOU TELL ME.

WISH I COULD.



ANYBODY KNOW WHO SHE WAS?

DUNNO. WE JUST CALLED HER JESSIE.

BEEN LIVIN' AT THE CENTRE A COUPLE MONTHS NOW.



LET'S SEE IF HER DNA IS ON FILE...



JESSIE REY, 15/8 BRANSON NECKER BLOCK. SHE SHOULD STILL BE THERE - WE'VE NO RECORD OF HER BEING MADE HOMELESS.

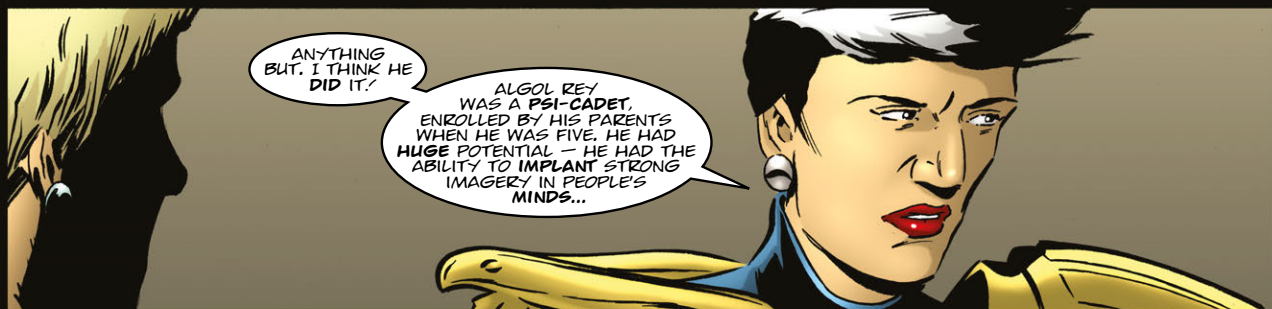
JESSIE REY? I KNOW THAT NAME.



I HAVE A REALLY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.











HE DID THIS - AND HIRED MOB PROS TO MURDER HIS MOTHER?

JUDGING BY THE PAYBACK MESSAGE, IT'S PROBABLE.

BUT WHY WAIT TO GET HIS REVENGE? AND WHAT WAS HIS MOTHER DOING IN A HOMELESS SHELTER?



CRUELTY? WHO KNOWS?

ALGOL WAS DUE FOR HIS FIVE-YEAR ASSESSMENT. TO MAKE SURE HIS POWERS WERE STILL NON-EXISTENT. I GUESS HE HAD TO MAKE HIS MOVE BEFORE HE FACED US.



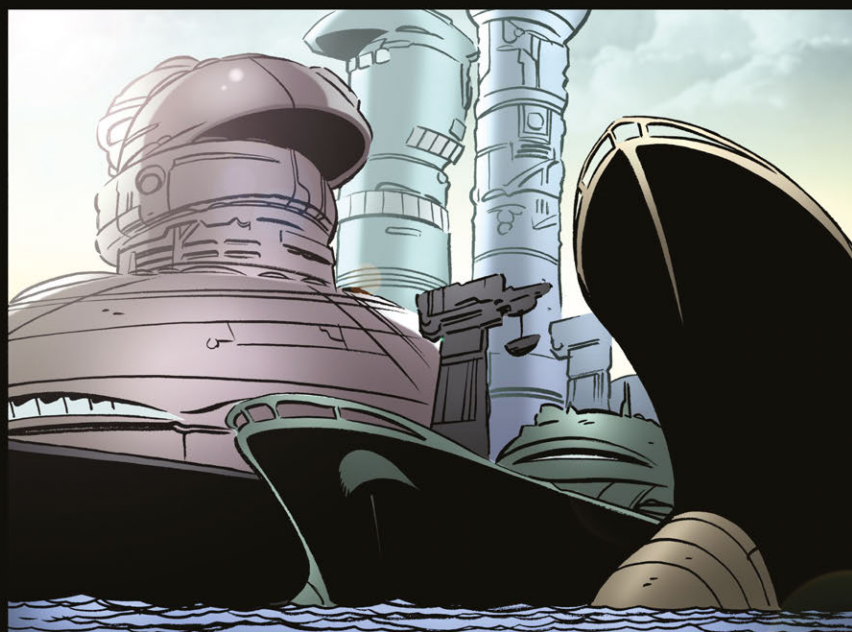
CONTROL TO CADET WALKER. THOSE MOB HITMEN YOU TOOK OUT HAVE BEEN I.D.'D AS FELIX DOWL AND YONNIE MACK.

BOTH FREELANCERS WORKED FOR SEVERAL CRIME CARTELS. LAST SUSPECTED EMPLOYER - BOSS RITTER.

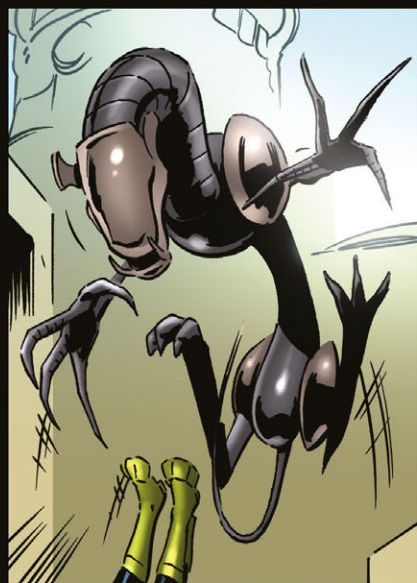


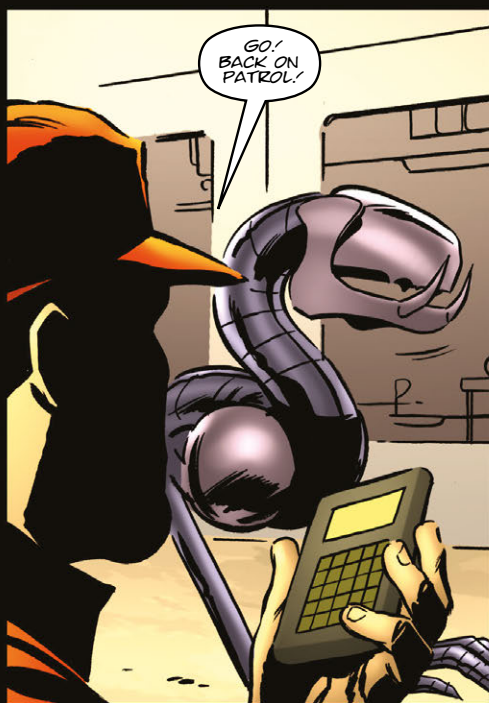
TELL CONTROL TO PUT OUT AN A.P.B. ON ALGOL REY. UNARMED BUT DANGEROUS!

AND LET THEM KNOW WE'RE GOING TO INTERROGATE RITTER!













DID YOU RESET THE PROGRAMMING ON YOUR ATTACK DOGS?

ME? NO!



BIRDIE SAYS HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

BIRDIE — THE JUDGES' HAND-HELD LIE DETECTOR.



DID YOU HIRE HITMEN TO KILL A PAIR OF CITIZENS CALLED JESSIE AND HUXLEY REY?

WHAT? NO!



SO FELIX DOWL AND YONNIE MACK HAVE NEVER WORKED FOR YOU?

OF COURSE NOT! WHY WOULD I NEED HITMEN? I RUN A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS!



THIS IS THE LAST-KNOWN HOLO OF ONE ALGOL REY. KNOW HIM?

I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



BIRDIE SAYS HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, BUT I HAVE MY DOUBTS.

I WANT TO READ YOUR MIND, RITTER. ANY OBJECTIONS?

NO, WHY SHOULD I — ?



AAAAAAHH! MY H-HEAD — FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE!



HE'S OUT COLD.

BETTER LET ME HANDLE THIS, ANDERSON.

AFTER REY'S PSI-BOMB AT THE APARTMENT, BEST TAKE NO CHANCES.



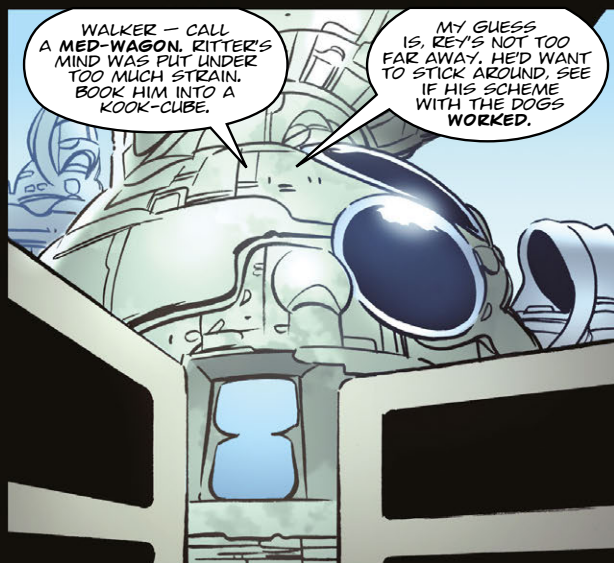
MA'AM? ARE YOU - ?



I'M FINE. RITTER'S BEEN EMPLOYING ALGOL REY AS A CONSULTANT FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS. REY HYPNOTISED HIM INTO HIRING THE HOODS.

THE DOGS?

REY'S WORK AGAIN. HE KNOWS WE'RE ON HIS TAIL. IN FACT, HE WAS HERE NOT AN HOUR AGO.

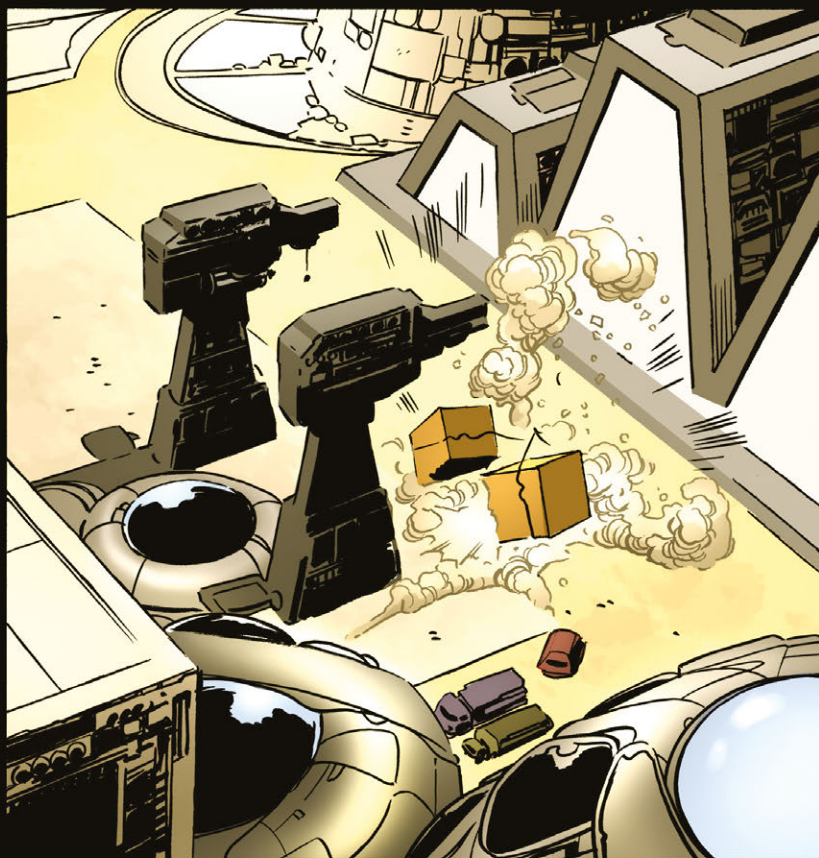


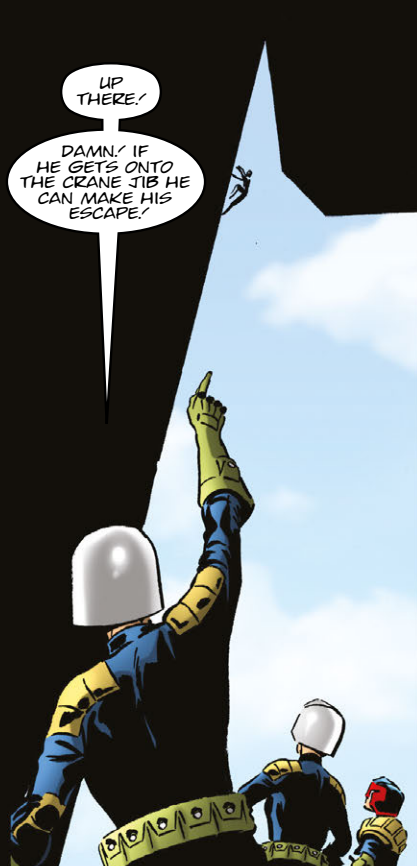
WALKER - CALL A MED-WAGON. RITTER'S MIND WAS PUT UNDER TOO MUCH STRAIN. BOOK HIM INTO A KOOK-CUBE.

MY GUESS IS, REY'S NOT TOO FAR AWAY. HE'D WANT TO STICK AROUND, SEE IF HIS SCHEME WITH THE DOGS WORKED.



THERE!







ALGOL REY!
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!



GRIN ALL
YOU LIKE CREEP -
THERE'S NO WAY
OUT!

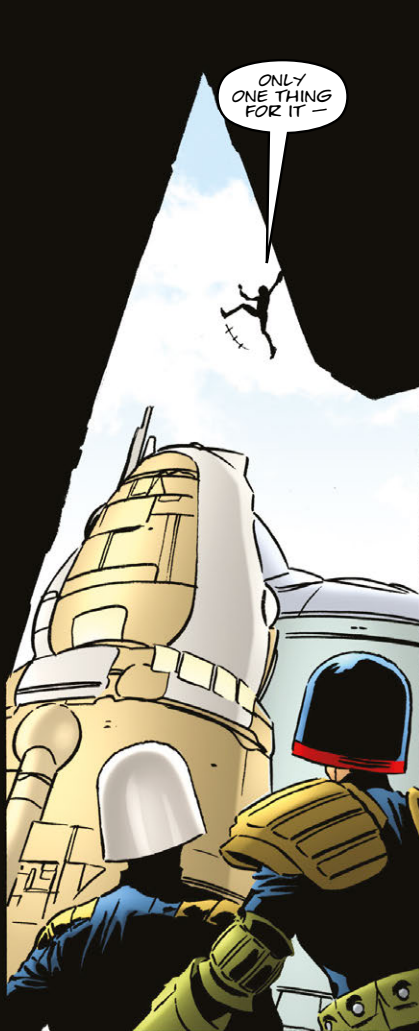


WHAT THE
DROKK - ?



GRUD
ON A
GREENIE!







WE PUT OUT AN A.P.B. HOPEFULLY THEY'LL PICK HIM UP.

I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT. REY'S GOT MORE TRICKS THAN A BOX OF RAD-MONKEYS.

BUT MAYBE THIS'LL HELP.

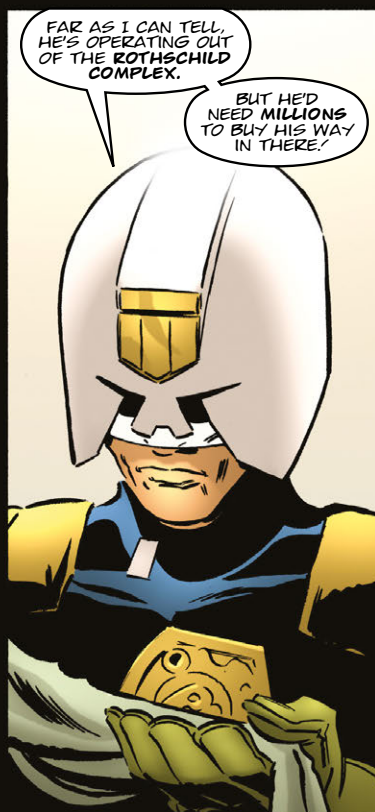


IT CAME OFF IN MY HAND WHEN HE SLAMMED INTO ME.

CARE TO SHOW OFF YOUR PSYCHOMETRY, WALKER?



THERE'S SOME CONTAMINATION... BUT I'M GETTING FAINT IMPRESSIONS...



FAR AS I CAN TELL, HE'S OPERATING OUT OF THE ROTHSCHILD COMPLEX.

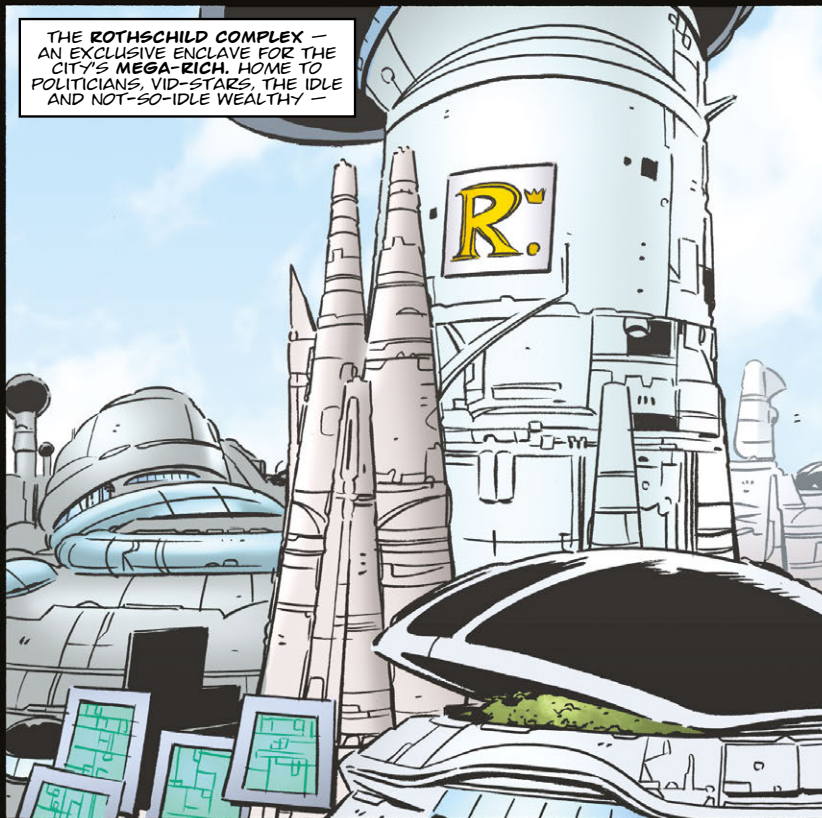
BUT HE'D NEED MILLIONS TO BUY HIS WAY IN THERE.



REY'S GOT MILLIONS. I JUST HACKED INTO BOSSINGTON RITTER'S BANK ACCOUNT. REY'S FLEEDED HIM OF AT LEAST TWENTY MILLION CREDITS IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS -

ALL PAID INTO A DOZEN ACCOUNTS, THEN FORWARDED TO SCORES MORE.

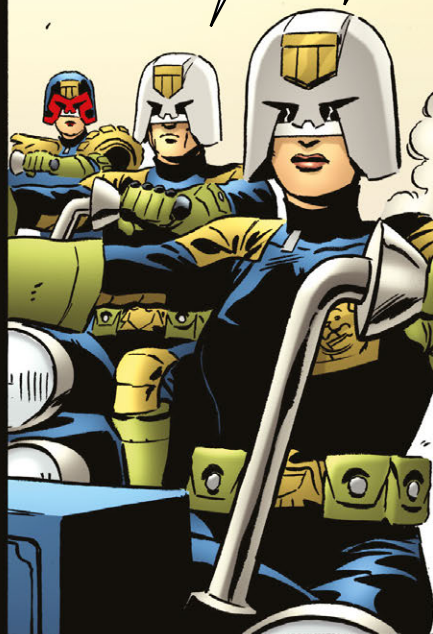
THE ROTHSCHILD COMPLEX — AN EXCLUSIVE ENCLAVE FOR THE CITY'S MEGA-RICH. HOME TO POLITICIANS, VID-STARS, THE IDLE AND NOT-SO-IDLE WEALTHY —



WANT ME TO CALL IN BACK-UP ON THIS? IT'S YOUR CALL.

NO, MA'AM. WE CAN HANDLE IT.

AGREED.



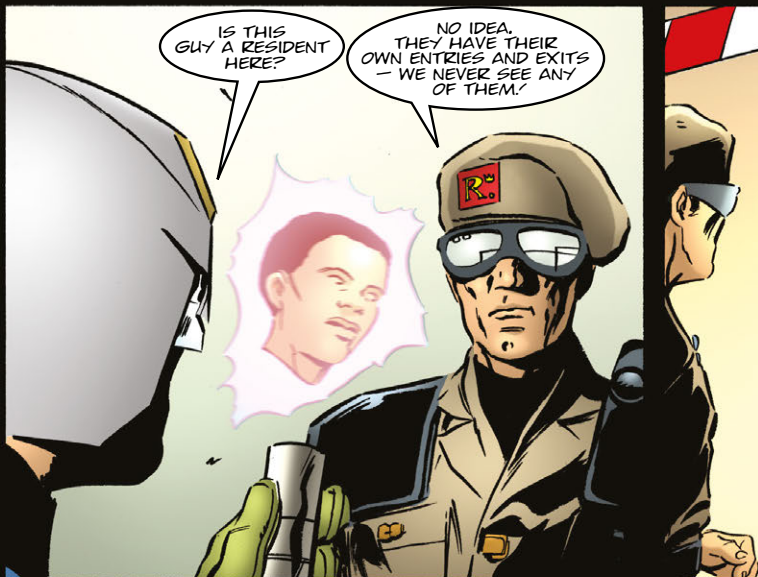
CAN WE HELP YOU, JUDGES?

YEAH —

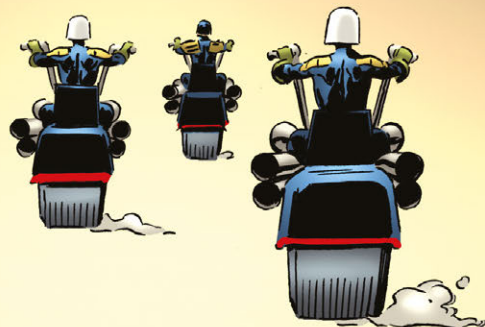


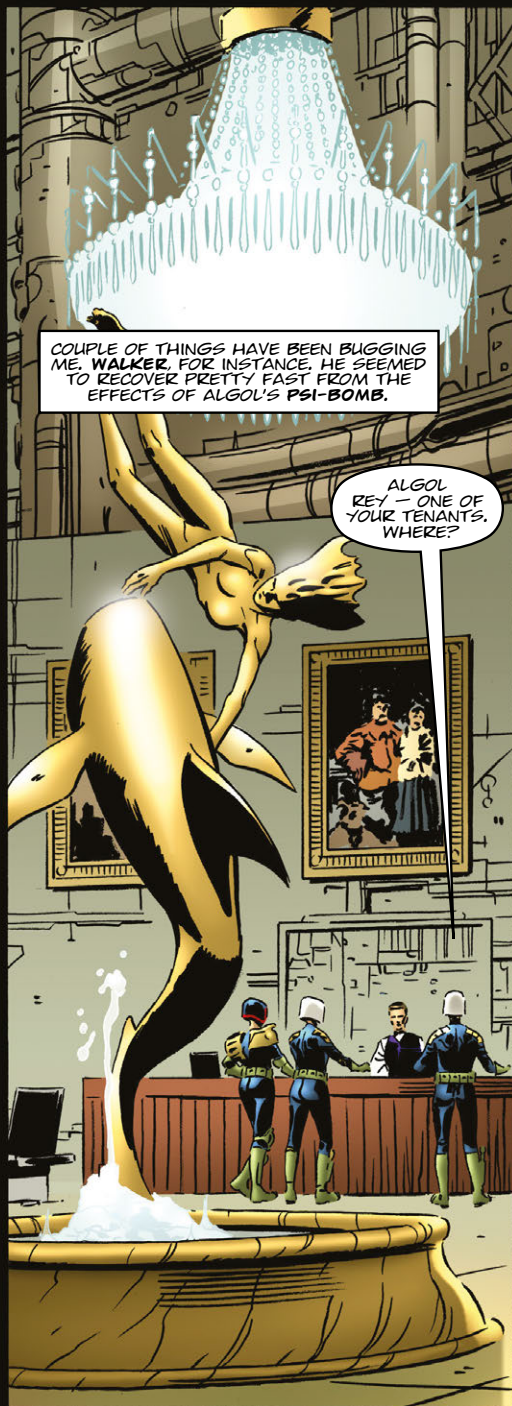
IS THIS GUY A RESIDENT HERE?

NO IDEA. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN ENTRIES AND EXITS — WE NEVER SEE ANY OF THEM.



GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LOOK FOR OURSELVES, THEN!





COUPLE OF THINGS HAVE BEEN BUGGING ME. WALKER, FOR INSTANCE, HE SEEMED TO RECOVER PRETTY FAST FROM THE EFFECTS OF ALGOL'S PSI-BOMB.

ALGOL REY - ONE OF YOUR TENANTS. WHERE?



YES, HE'S ONE OF OURS. BUT HE LEASES UNDER THE NAME LYNFORD DAWES. APARTMENT 23.

KEY?

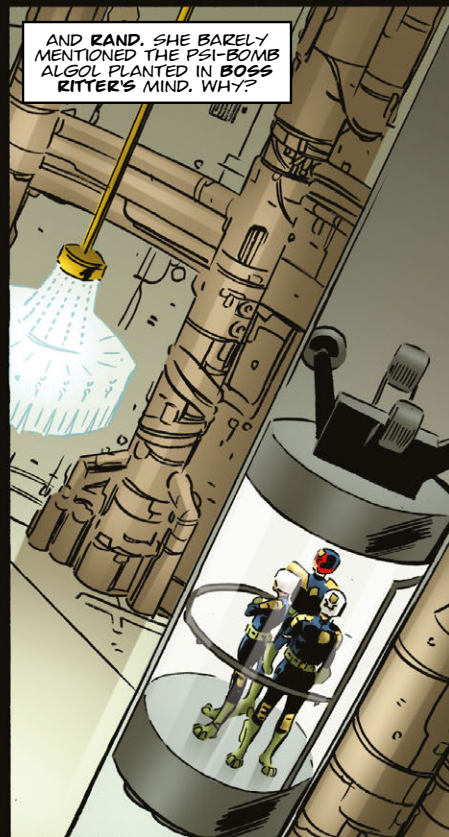
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T -

RATHER DO TIME?



OF COURSE, MAYBE THE BOMB WAS WEAKENED BECAUSE IT WAS LEFT DAYS EARLIER -

DON'T WARN HIM WE'RE ON OUR WAY UP.



AND RAND. SHE BARELY MENTIONED THE PSI-BOMB ALGOL PLANTED IN BOSS RITTER'S MIND. WHY?

IF ALGOL'S SO POWERFUL - SO DANGEROUS - WHY DIDN'T SHE INSIST ON CALLING BACK-UP?

**APTS
20-24**



HELP YOU?

NO. GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.

NO POINT WORRYING ABOUT
IT NOW. REY MIGHT NOT
KNOW WE'RE ONTO HIM —

— BUT HE'S
PROBABLY TAKEN
PRECAUTIONS.

GOING
SOMEWHERE?

H-HEY!
WE'RE... UH, ONLY
DOING OUR
JOB.

ALGOL PROBABLY
HYPNOTISED THEM
TO DEAL WITH ANY
VISITORS.

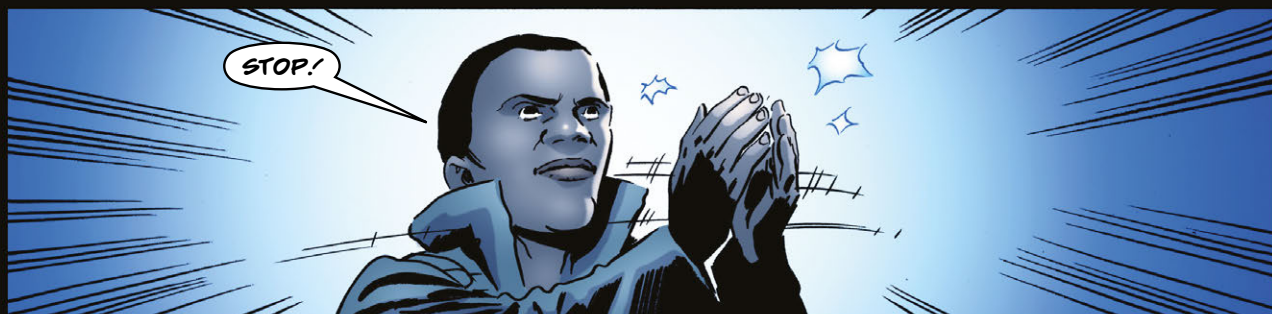
IF I'M
WRONG... WE'LL
SORT IT OUT
LATER.

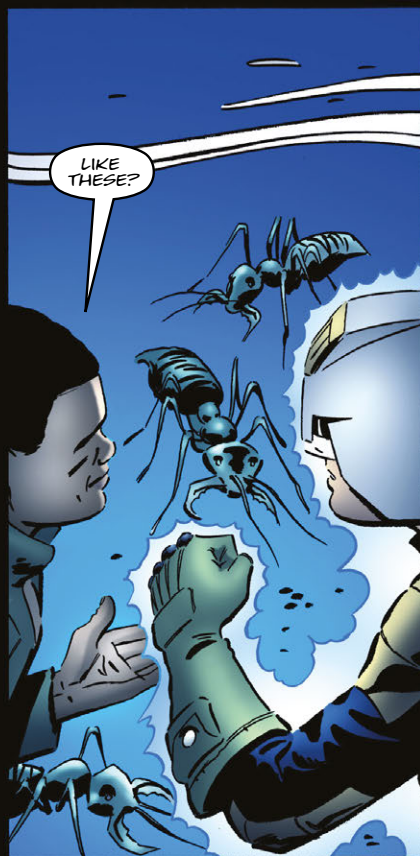
MAYBE...
BUT YOU'RE
SITTING THIS
ONE OUT.

SPAK!

23







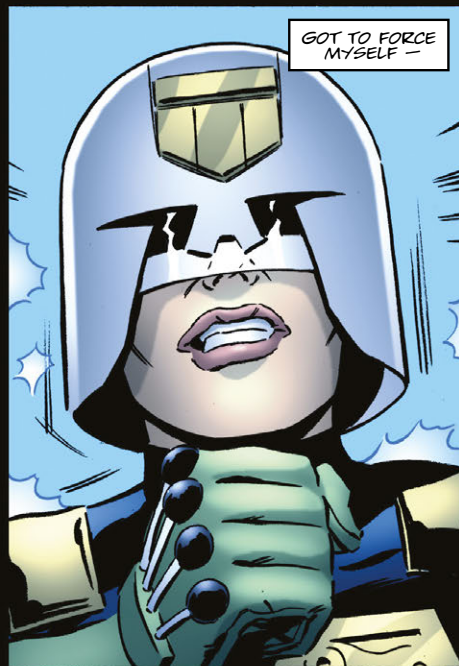


I DON'T KNOW —
AND I DON'T
WANT TO KNOW!

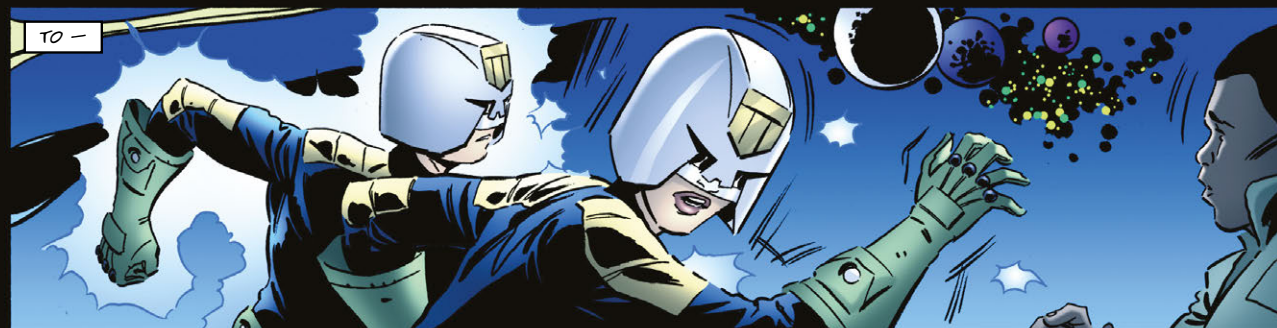
THIS CAN'T
BE REAL!
SOMEHOW HE'S
HYPNOTISED
US —



— WHICH MEANS THAT
MY GUN ISN'T REALLY A
TWISTED PILE OF JUNK!



GOT TO FORCE
MYSELF —



TO —



— MOVE! —



CHEW ON
THIS, YOU TWISTED
CREEP!

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**

ALGOL REY'S LED US
A MERRY DANCE —

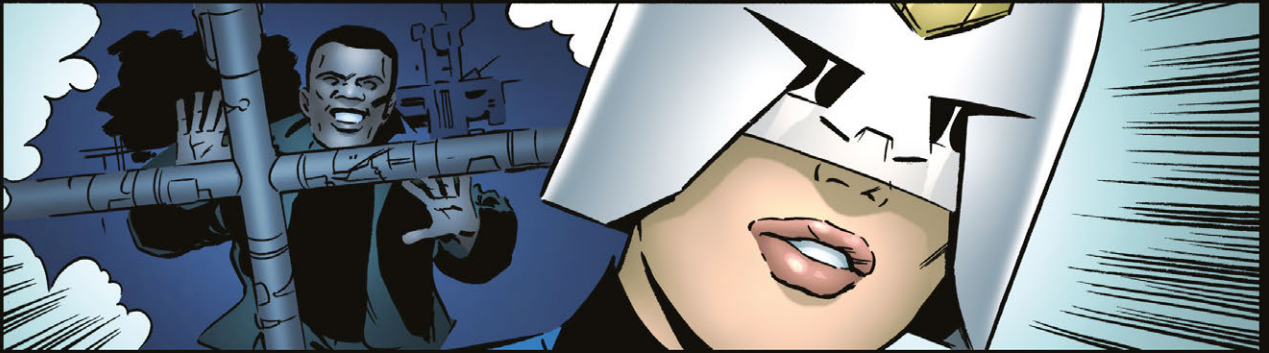
— BUT THE MUSIC
STOPS NOW!

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**

DROKK! ANOTHER
DOPPELGÄNGER!

MA'AM —
WALKER! THANK
GRUD YOU'RE
OKAY!

I FIGURED
HE'D HYPNOTISED
US — BUT I'VE NO
IDEA HOW!







I'M LISTENING
— AND I JUST
HOPE I'M RIGHT.



AAAHH!



I'M SORRY, MA'AM —
BUT I HAVE REASON
TO BELIEVE YOU'RE A
DANGER TO THIS
MISSION.



ANDERSON!
WHAT THE DROKK
D'YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING?

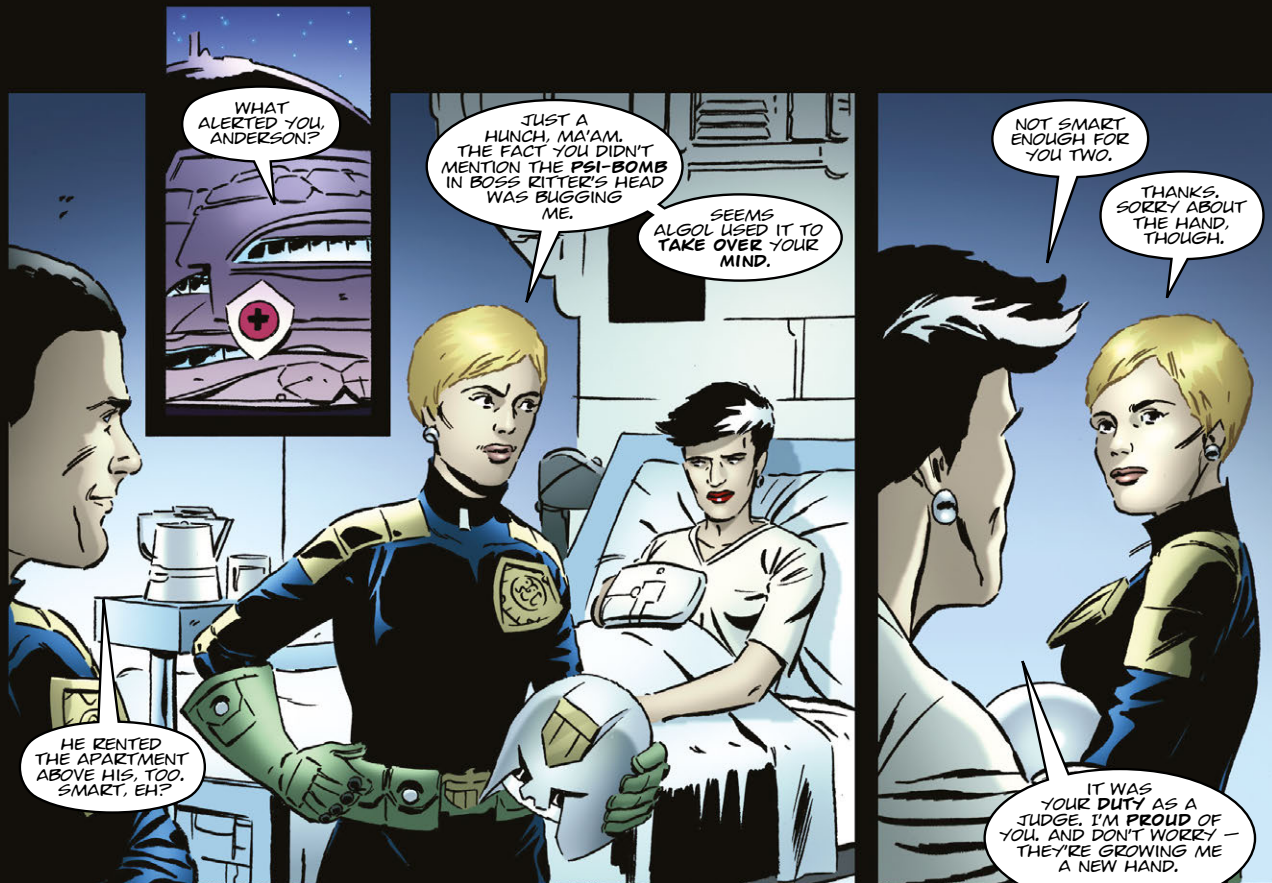
TAKIN'
CARE OF
BUSINESS —

— AND
THAT INCLUDES
YOU, MISTER
MESMER!



CONTROL?
MEDICS AND A CATCH
WAGON TO APT 23, THE
ROTHSCHILD COMPLEX!
IMMEDIATE!







ONE IN TEN

Script: Alan Grant
Art: Carlos Ezquerra
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

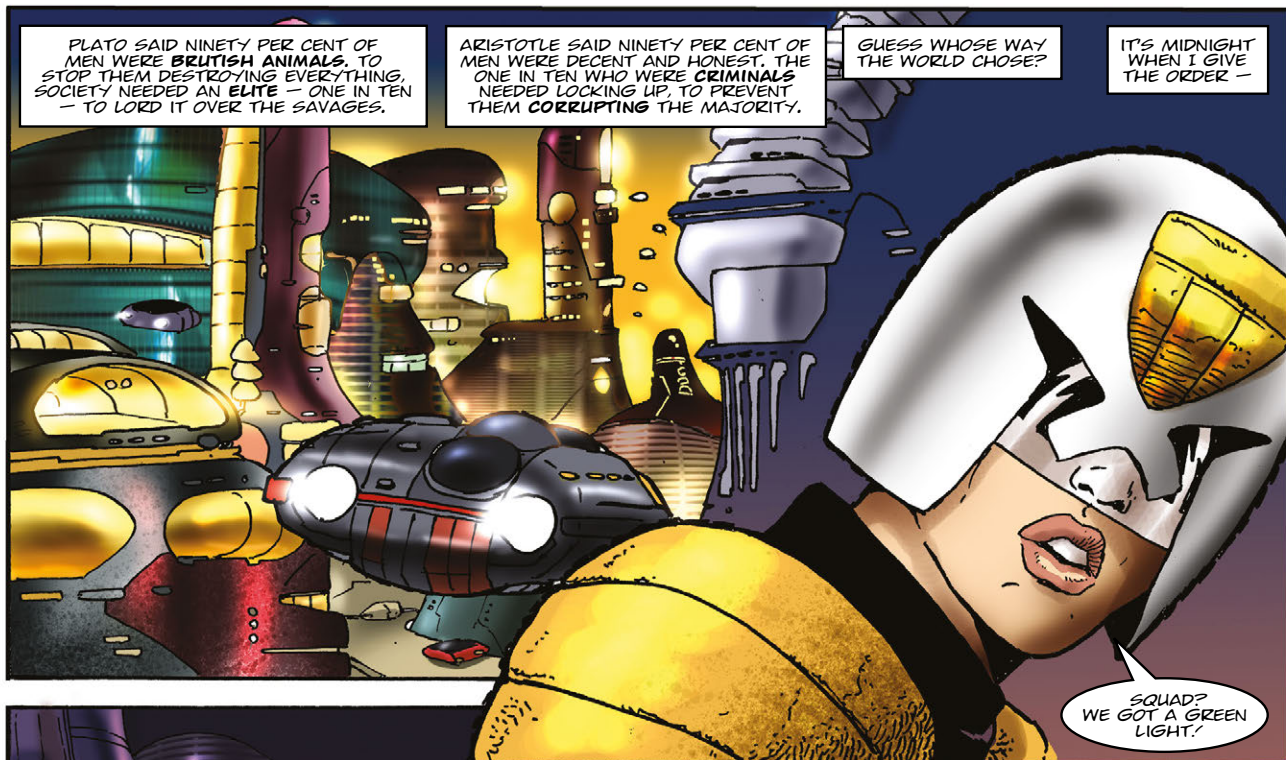
Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1833-1839

PLATO SAID NINETY PER CENT OF MEN WERE **BRUTISH ANIMALS**. TO STOP THEM DESTROYING EVERYTHING, SOCIETY NEEDED AN **ELITE** — ONE IN TEN — TO LORD IT OVER THE SAVAGES.

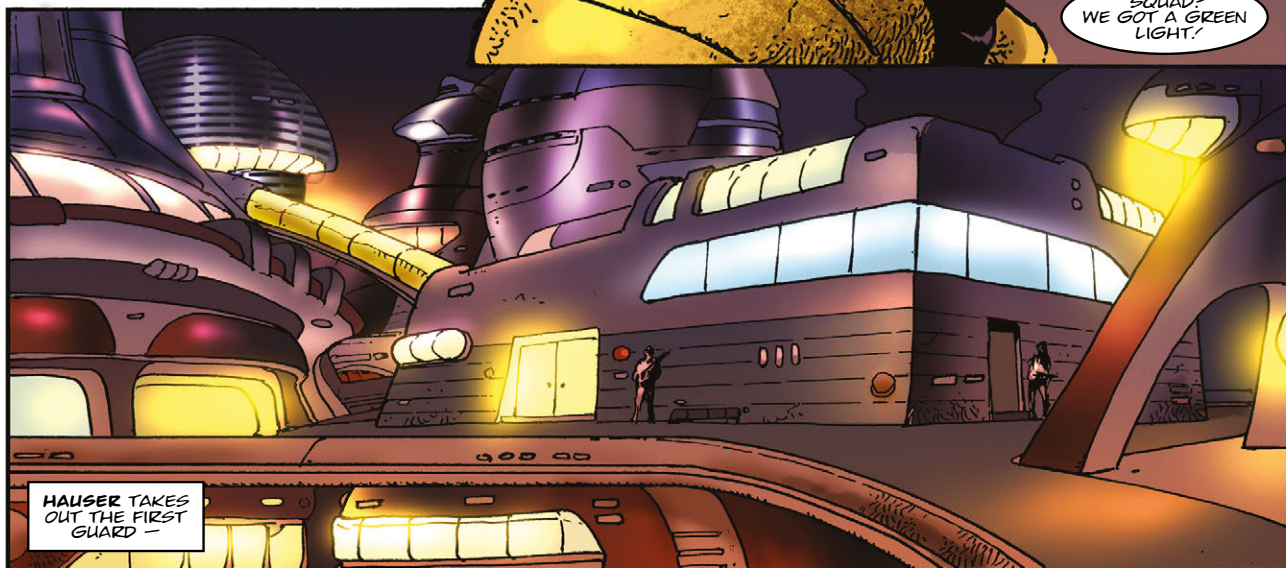
ARISTOTLE SAID NINETY PER CENT OF MEN WERE DECENT AND HONEST. THE ONE IN TEN WHO WERE **CRIMINALS** NEEDED LOCKING UP, TO PREVENT THEM **CORRUPTING** THE MAJORITY.

GUESS WHOSE WAY THE WORLD CHOSE?

IT'S MIDNIGHT WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER —

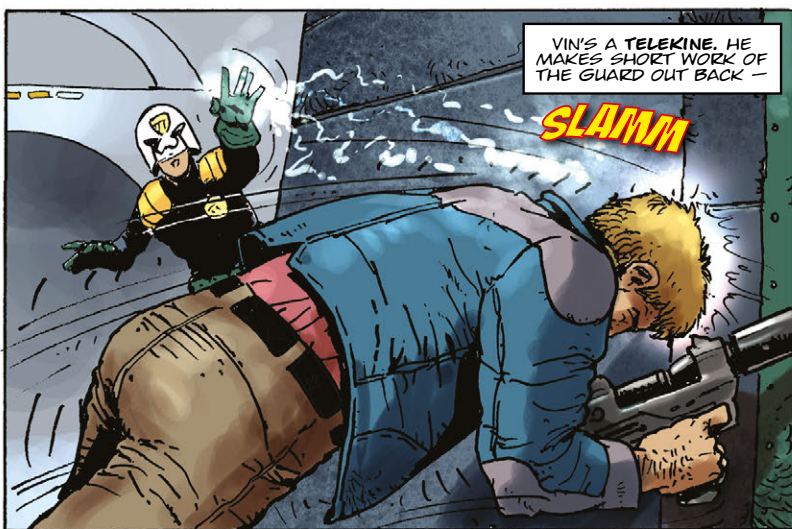
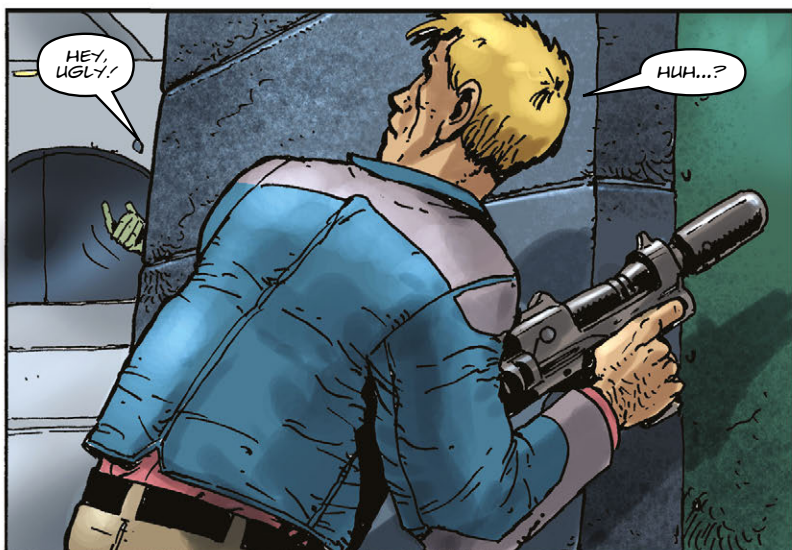
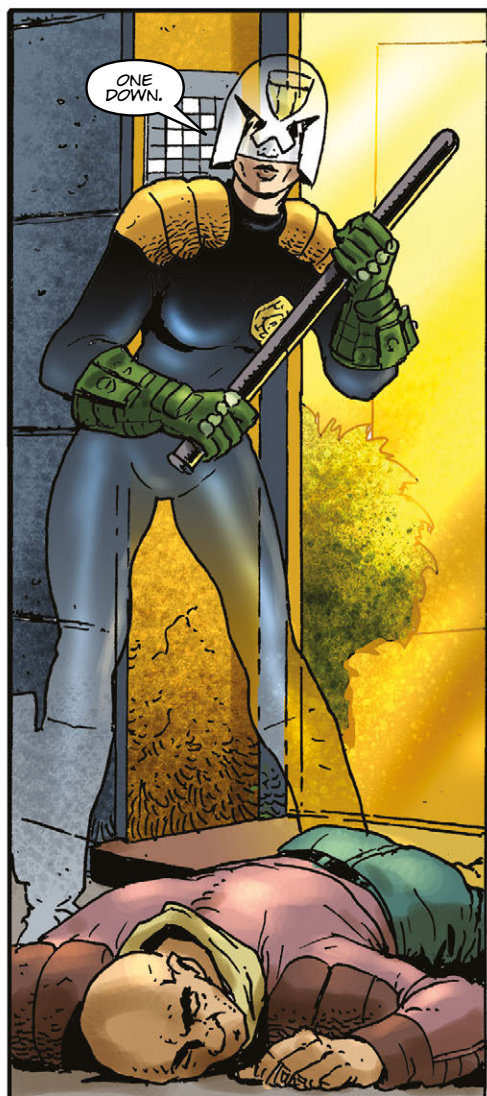


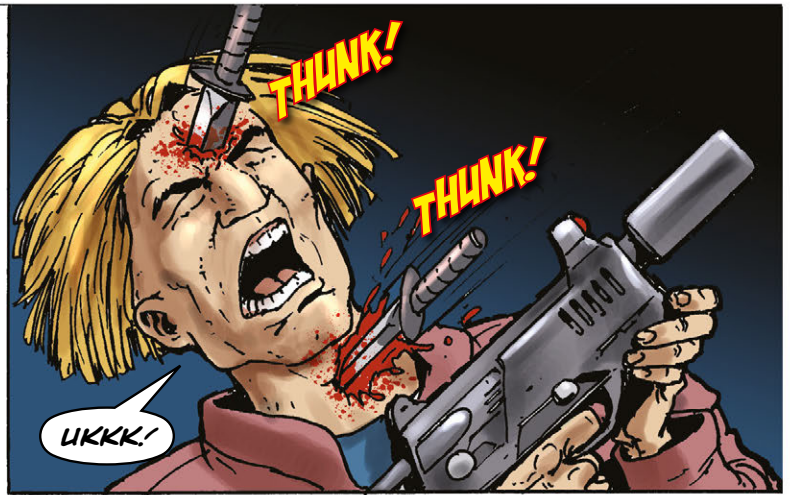
SQUAD?
WE GOT A GREEN LIGHT!

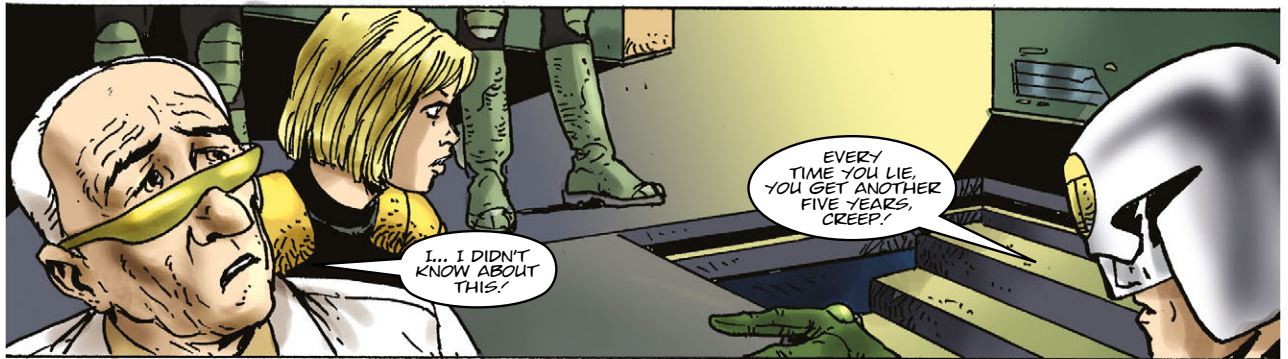


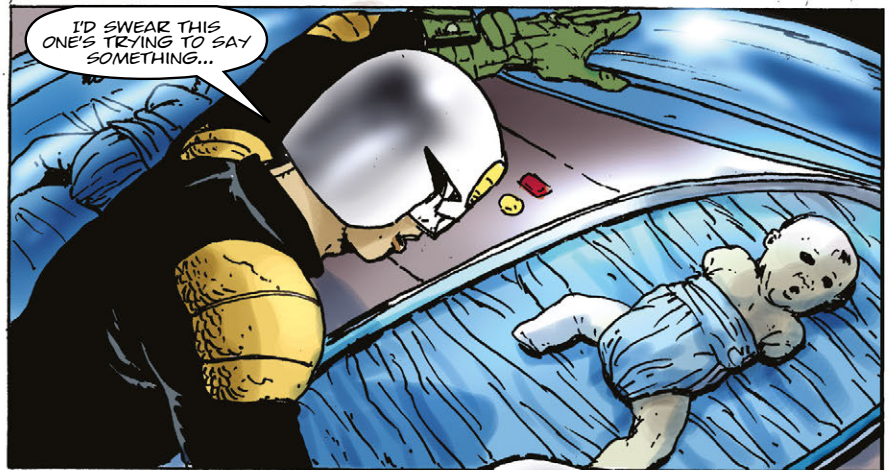
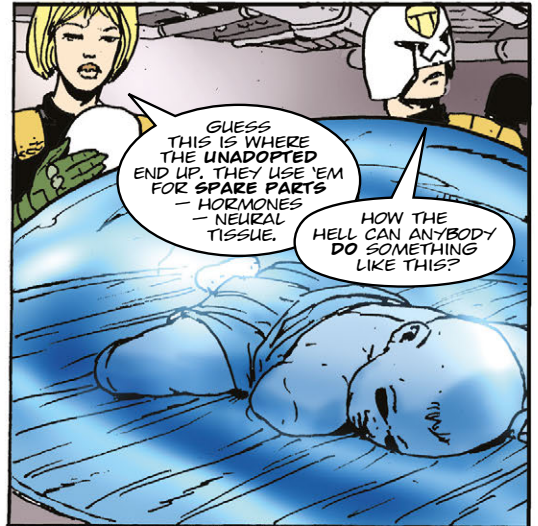
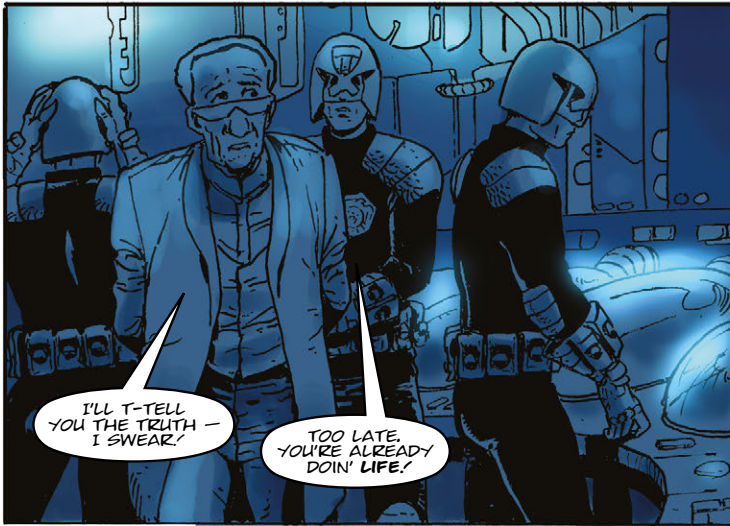
HAUSER TAKES OUT THE FIRST GUARD —



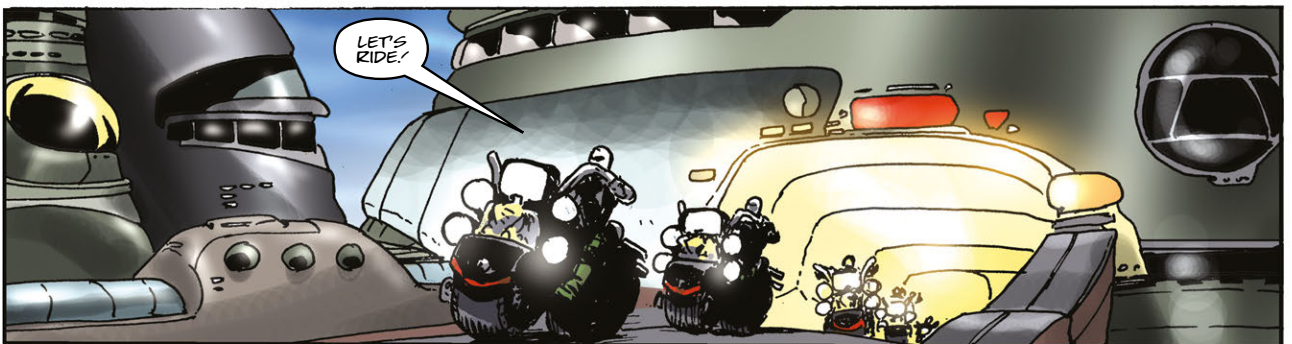
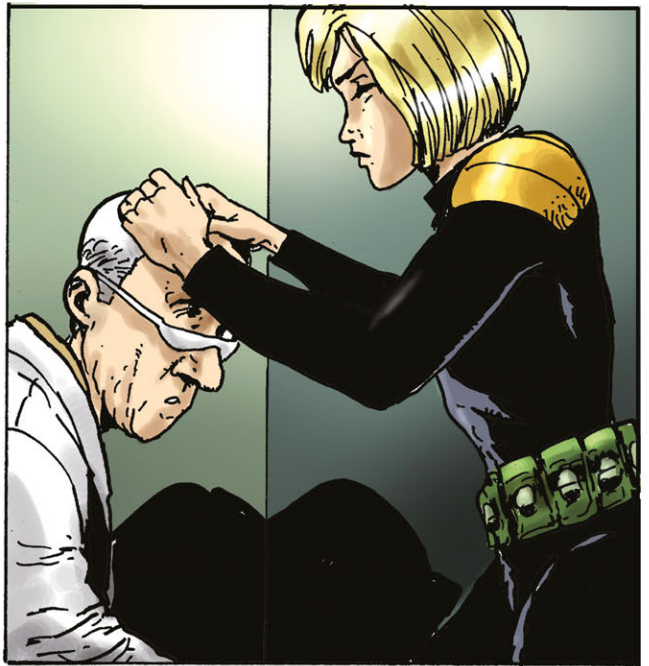


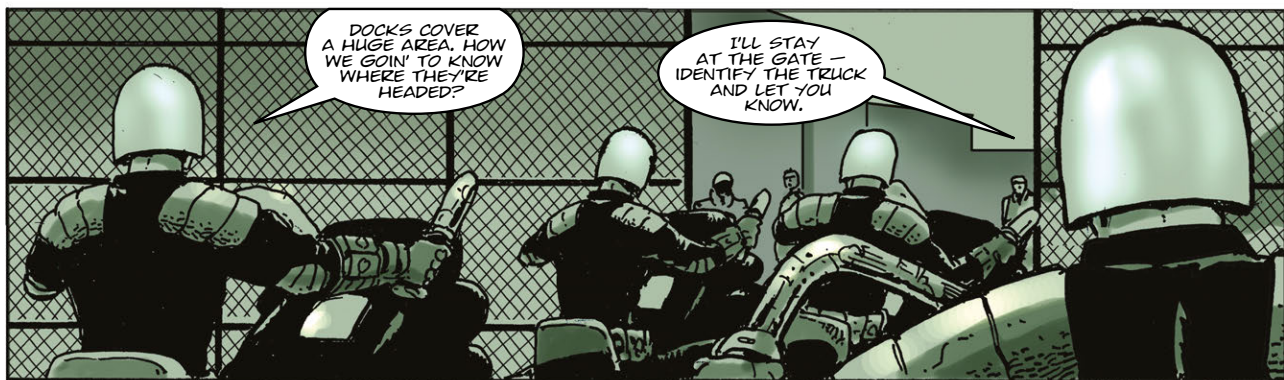












DOCKS COVER A HUGE AREA. HOW WE GOIN' TO KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HEADED?

I'LL STAY AT THE GATE - IDENTIFY THE TRUCK AND LET YOU KNOW.

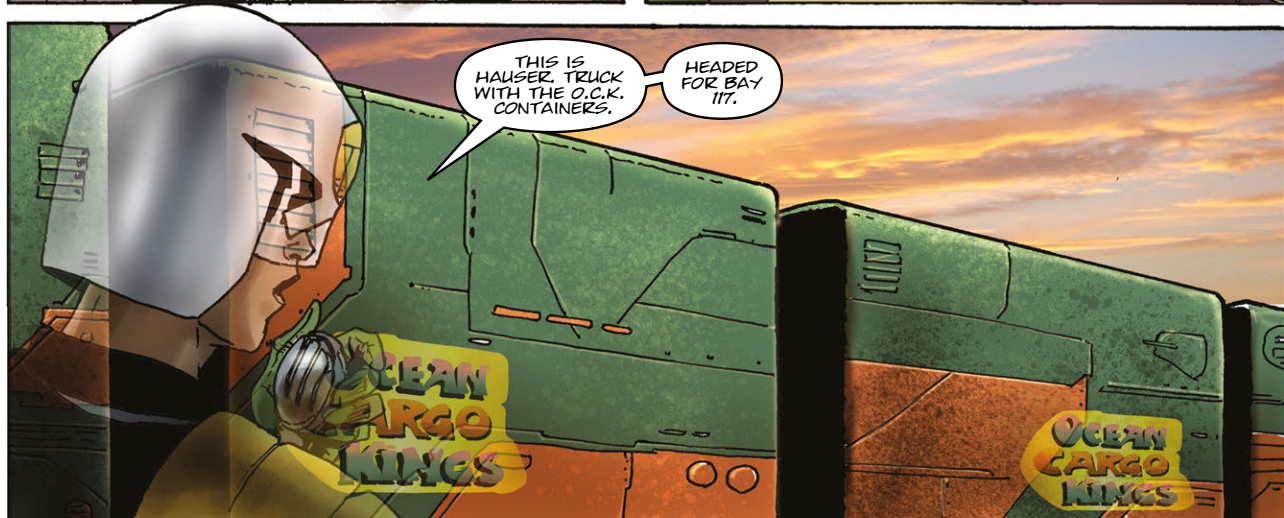


JUDGE BUSINESS!

KEEP IT TO YOURSELVES... OR ELSE!



YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER. IN YOU GO!

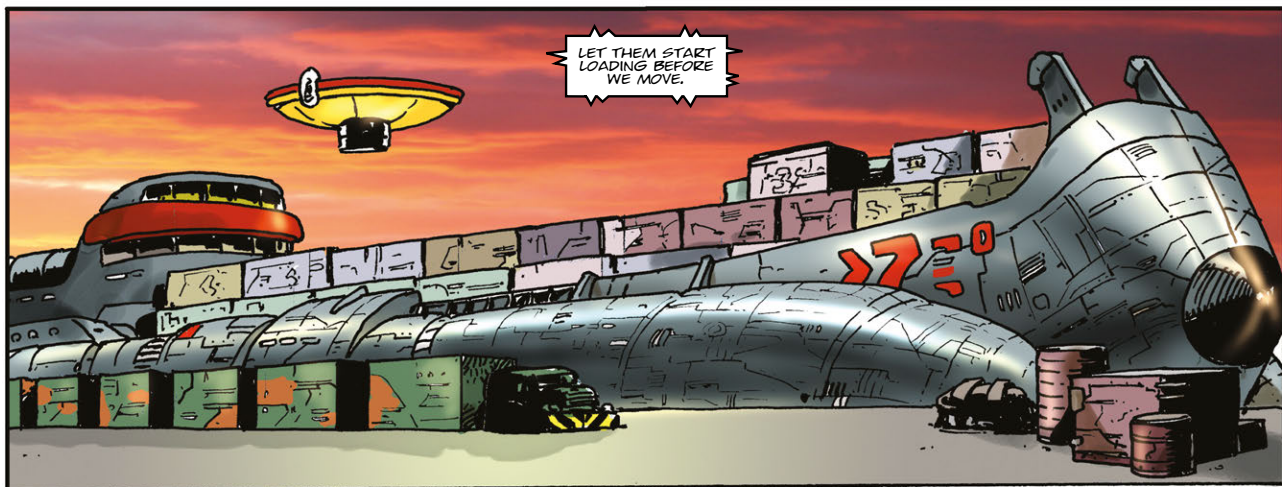


THIS IS HAUSER TRUCK WITH THE O.C.K. CONTAINERS.

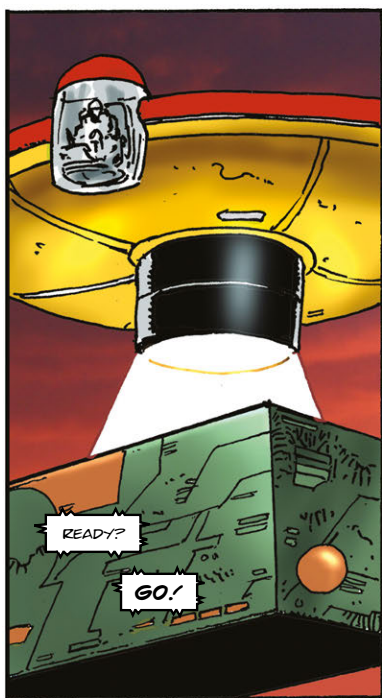
HEADED FOR BAY 117.

OCEAN CARGO KINGS

OCEAN CARGO KINGS

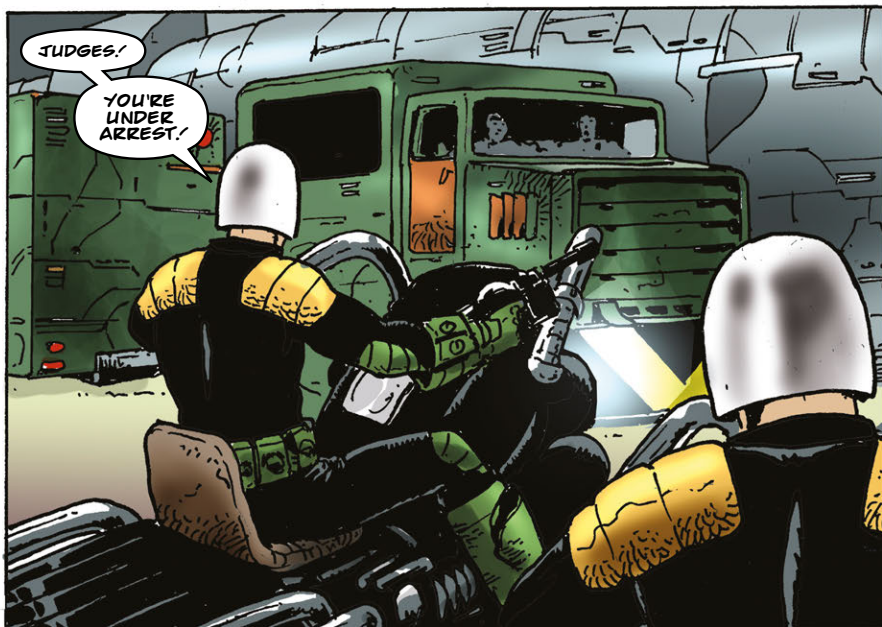


LET THEM START
LOADING BEFORE
WE MOVE.



READY?

GO!



JUDGES!

YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST!



DROKK!

BLAST
'EM!

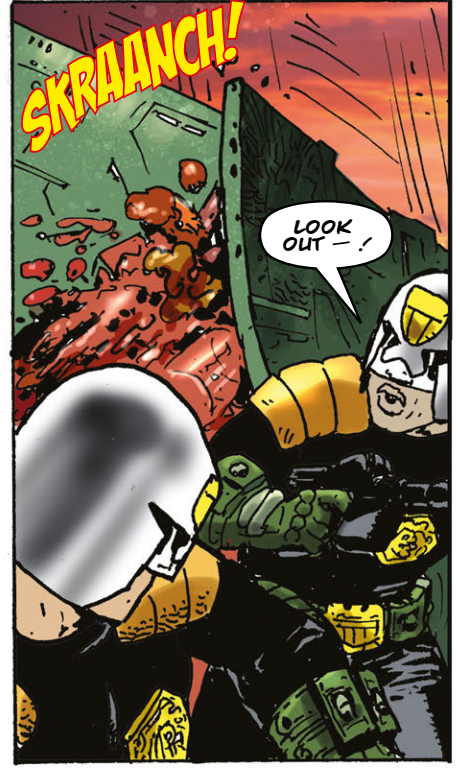
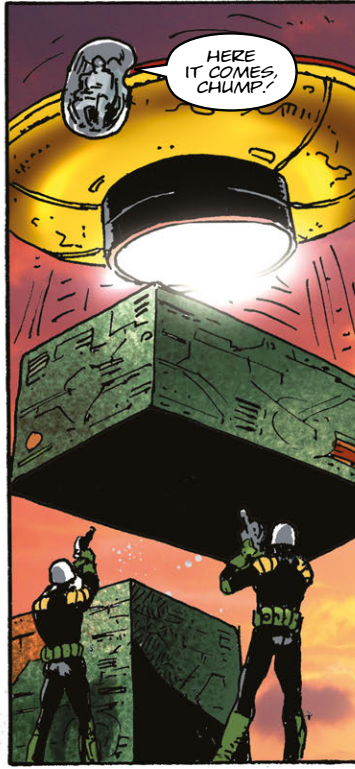
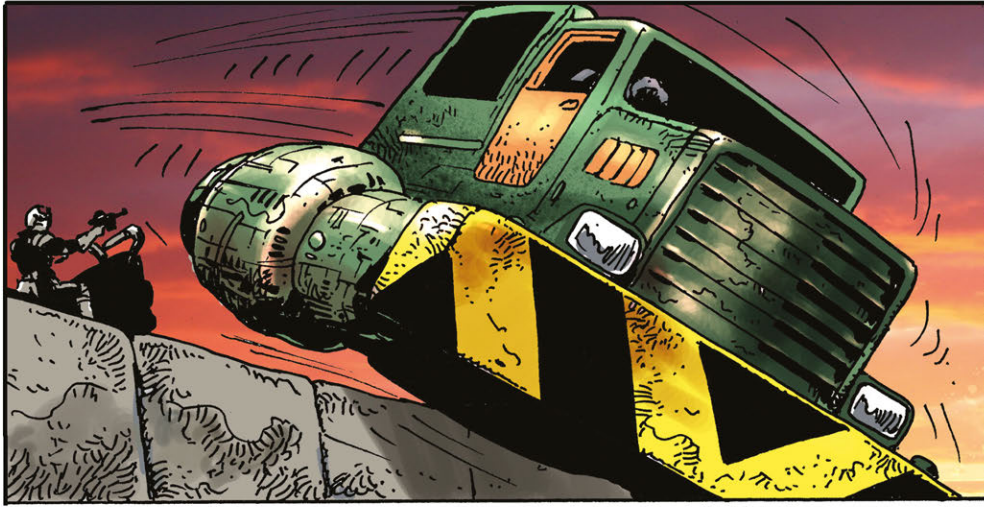
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM



THEY AIN'T
PUTTIN' ME IN
NO CUBE!

GET US
THE HELL OUT
OF HERE!







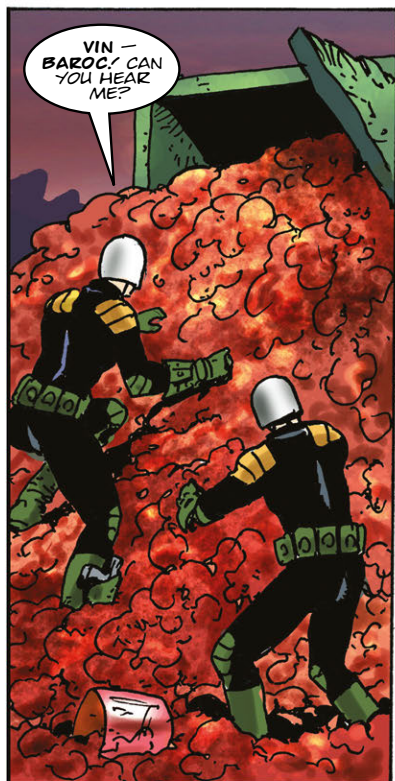
THEY'RE
BURIED IN THAT
GUNK! WE HAVE
TO GET THEM
OUT!

THE
CREEP IN
THE CRANE'S
GETTING
AWAY!



HE'S
MINE!

TRY TO
TAKE HIM
ALIVE!



VIN -
BAROC, CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

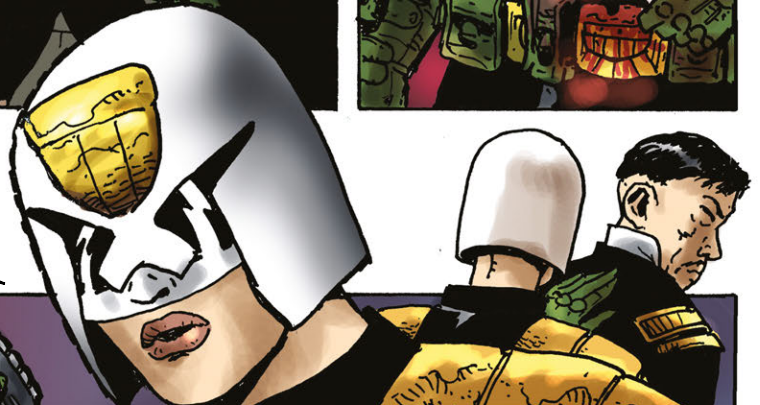
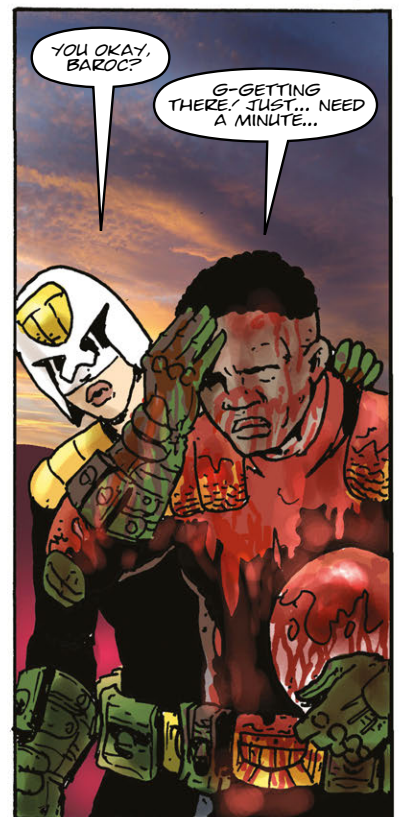


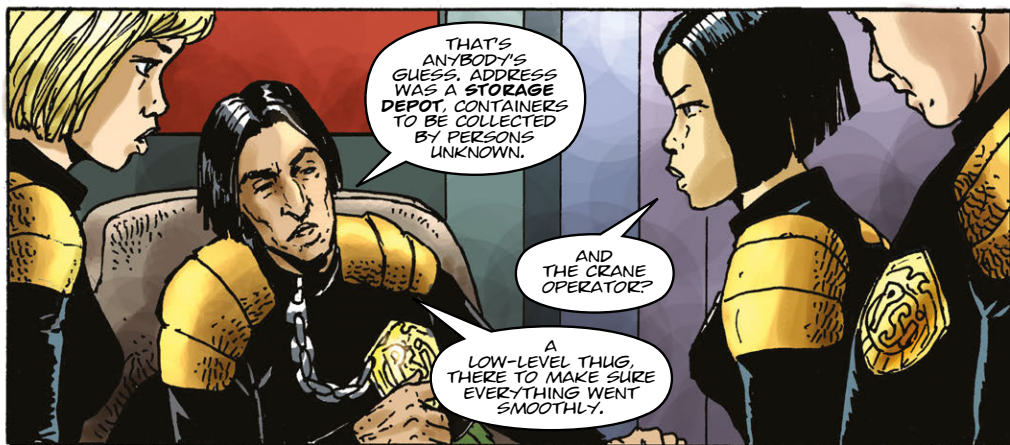
GOTTA BE
VIN - !

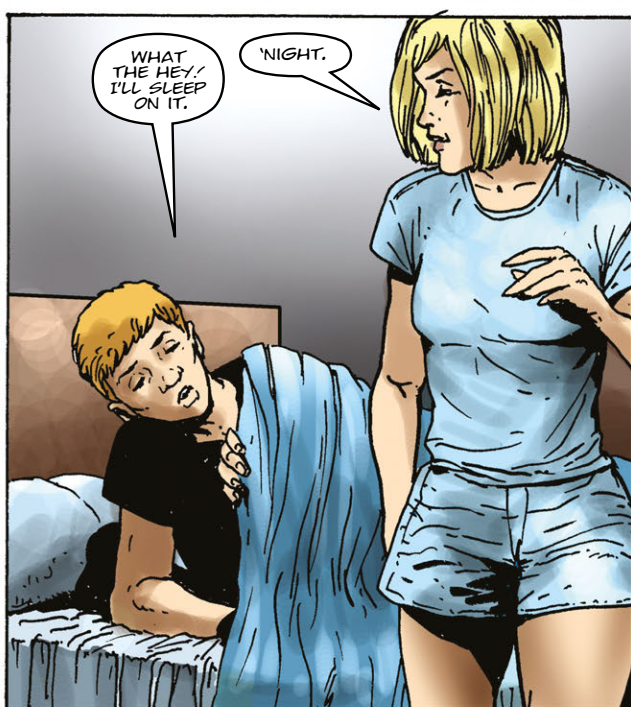
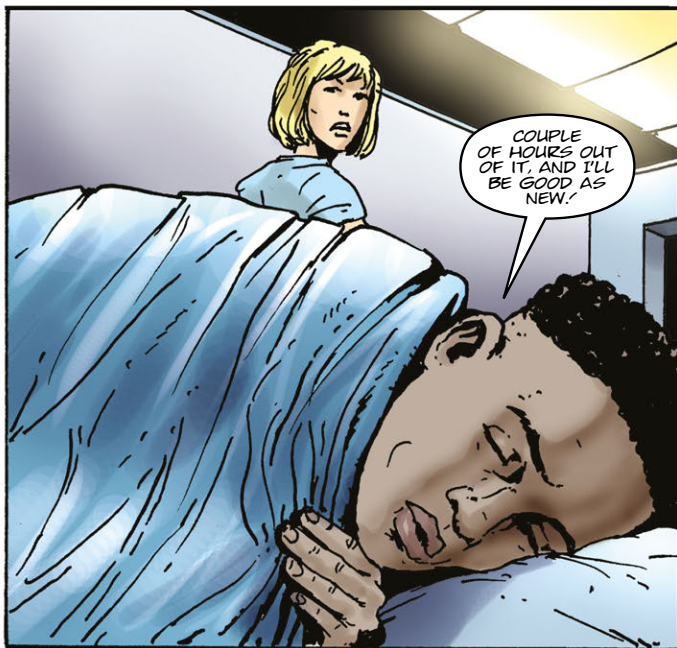


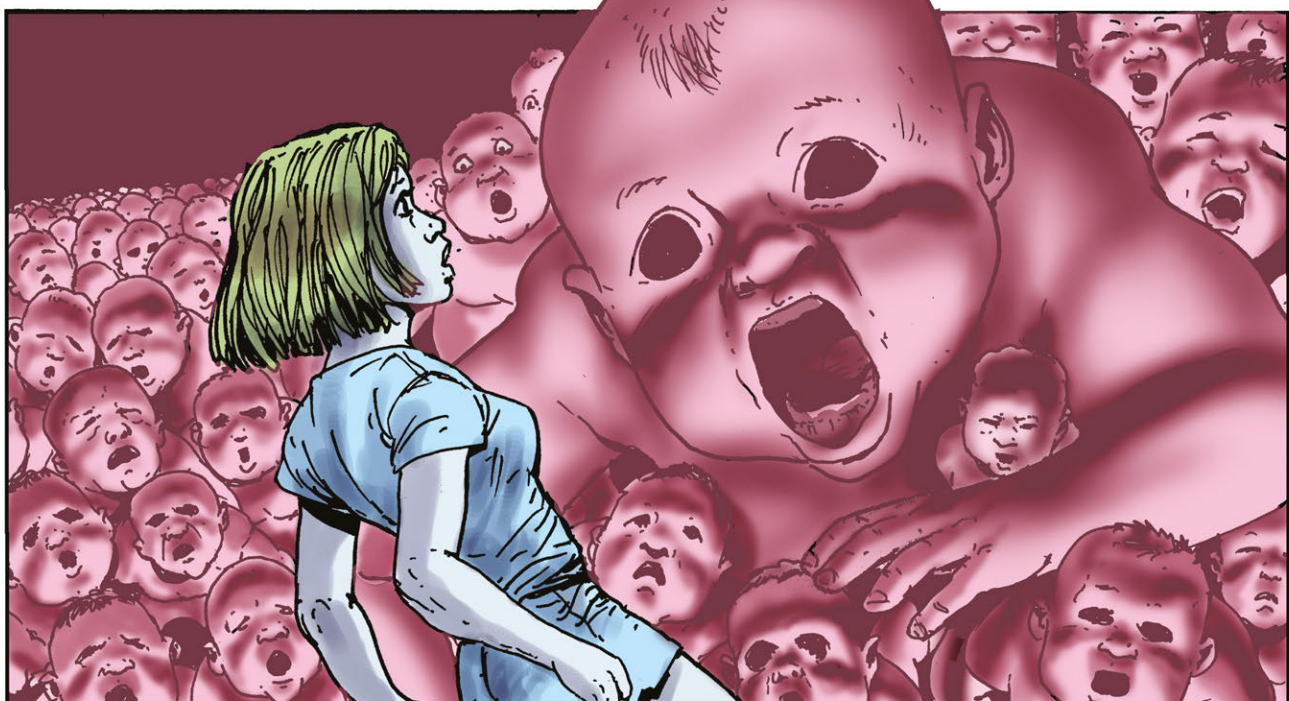
T-TANK
GRUD I'M A
TELEKINE!

BUT
BAROC ISN'T!
DIG!

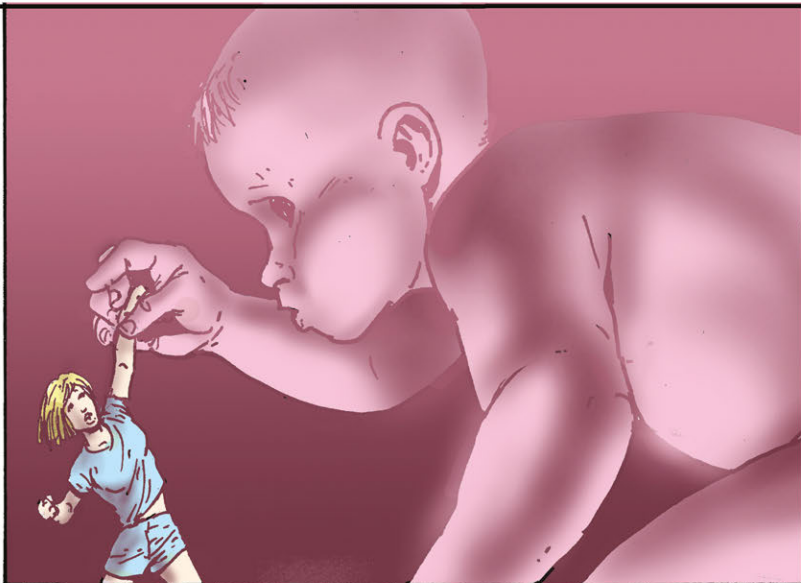
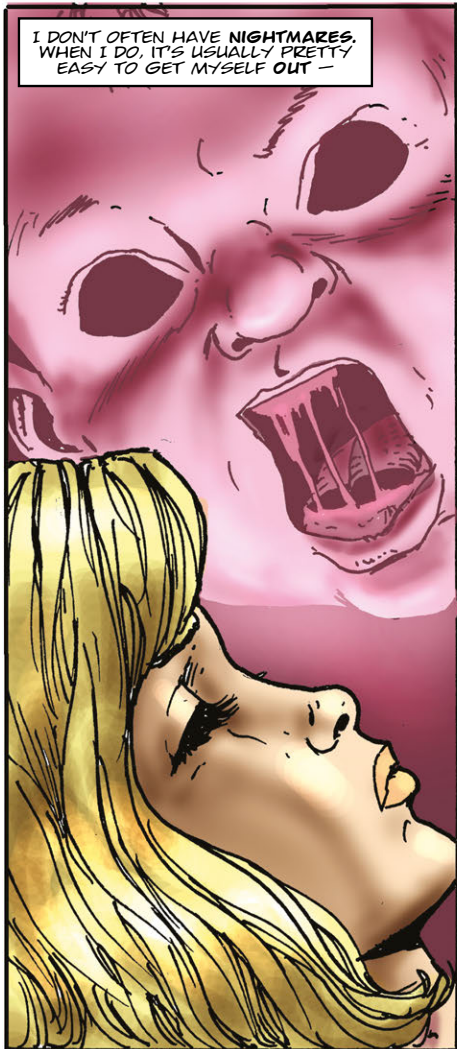




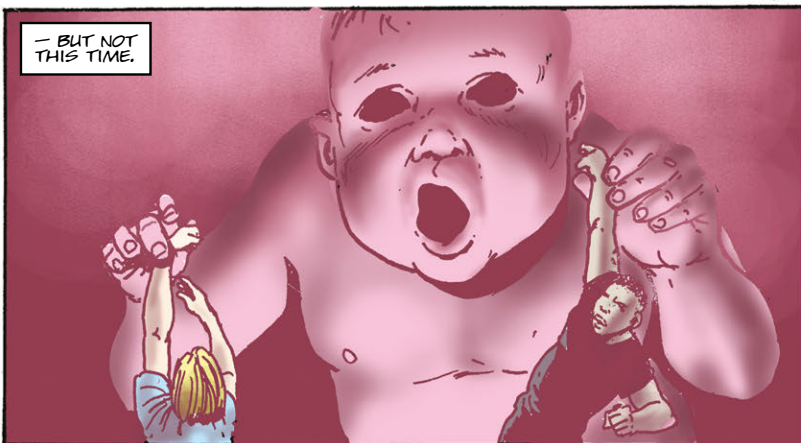




I DON'T OFTEN HAVE NIGHTMARES.
WHEN I DO, IT'S USUALLY PRETTY
EASY TO GET MYSELF OUT —



— BUT NOT
THIS TIME.

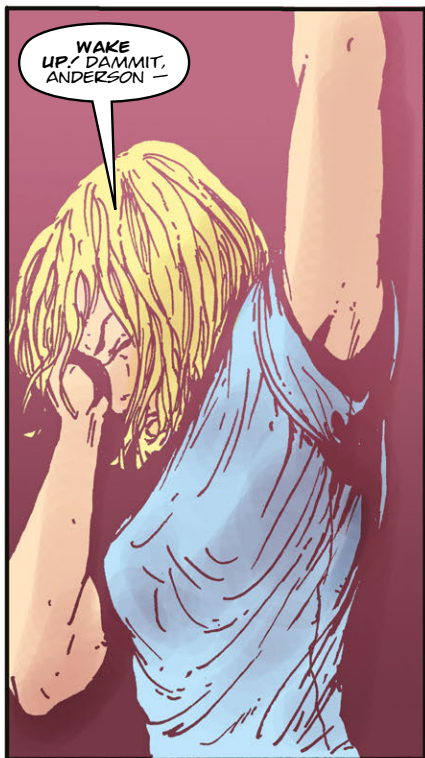


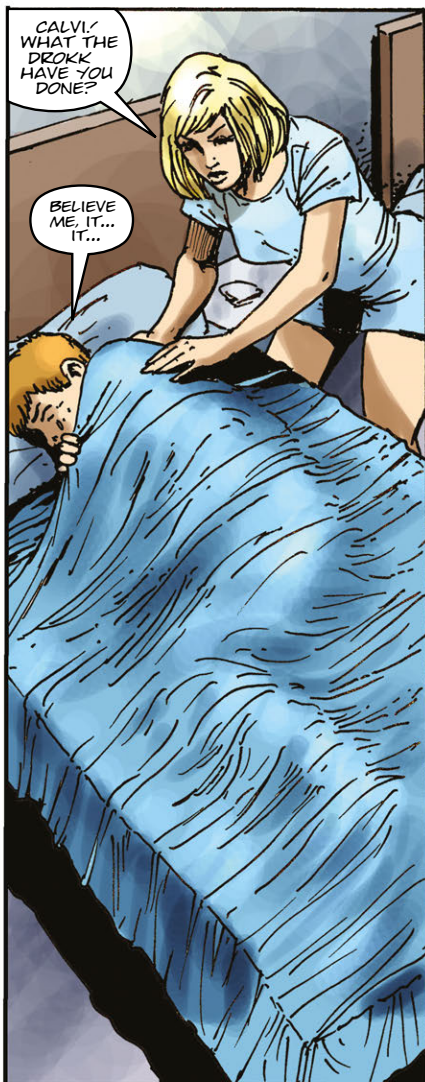
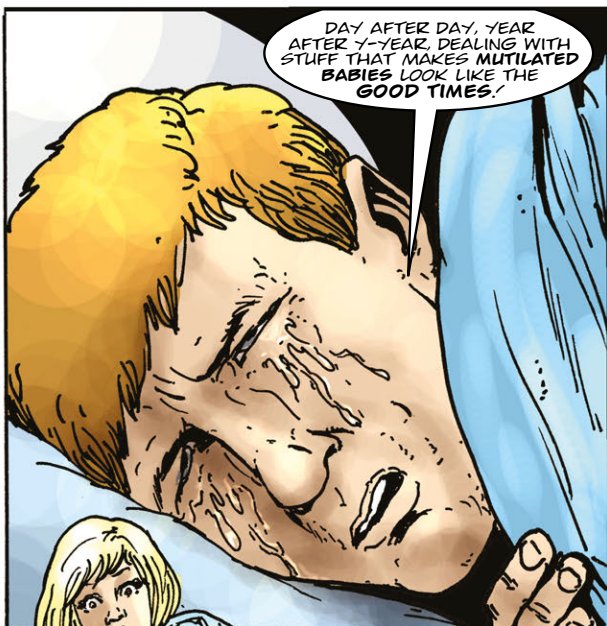
AND THEN I REALISE —
IT'S NOT MY NIGHTMARE.



IT'S VIN'S... AND
HE'S SUCKED
US ALL INTO IT!

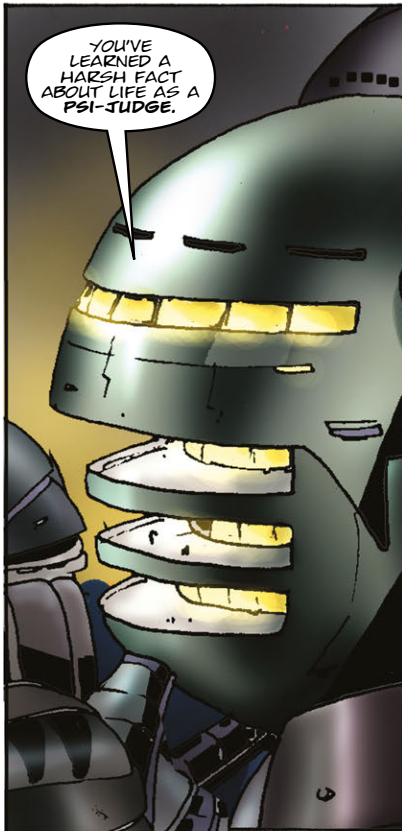
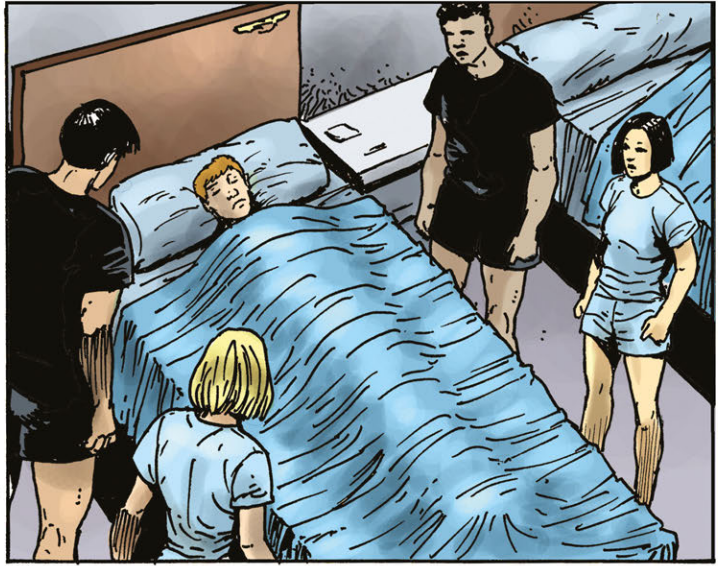








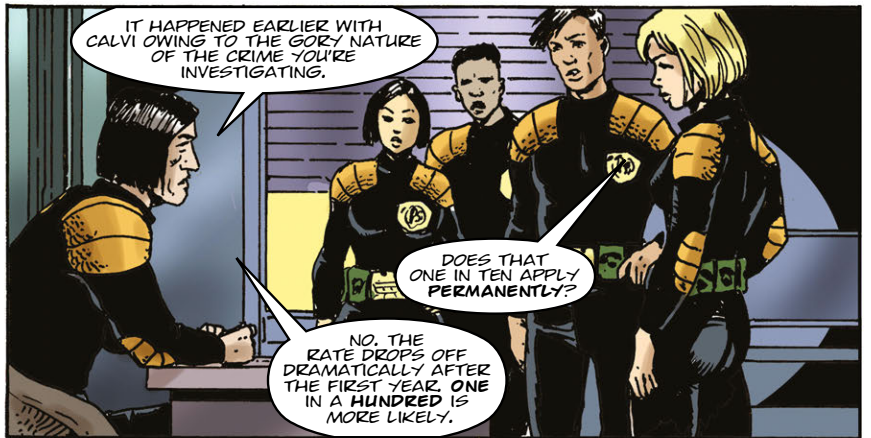
BUT THE MEDICS
WOULD BE TOO LATE.



YOU'VE
LEARNED A
HARSH FACT
ABOUT LIFE AS A
PSI-JUDGE.



IN THEIR FIRST
YEAR OF ACTIVE
SERVICE, ONE IN TEN
PSI-CADETS WILL
COMMIT SUICIDE AS
A DIRECT RESULT OF
THE VIOLENCE AND
DEPRIVITY THEY
ENCOUNTER.



IT HAPPENED EARLIER WITH
CALVI OWING TO THE GORY NATURE
OF THE CRIME YOU'RE
INVESTIGATING.

DOES THAT
ONE IN TEN APPLY
PERMANENTLY?

NO. THE
RATE DROPS OFF
DRAMATICALLY AFTER
THE FIRST YEAR, ONE
IN A HUNDRED IS
MORE LIKELY.



AFTER WE
BECOME INURED TO
THE VIOLENCE AND
DEPRIVITY?

NO JUDGE
EVER BECOMES
INURED TO IT,
HAUSER.

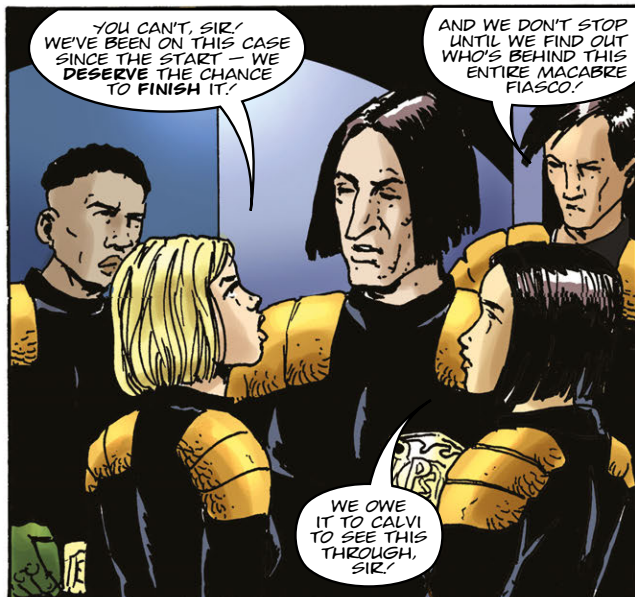
IN TIME,
YOU JUST... FIND IT
EASIER TO ACCEPT.

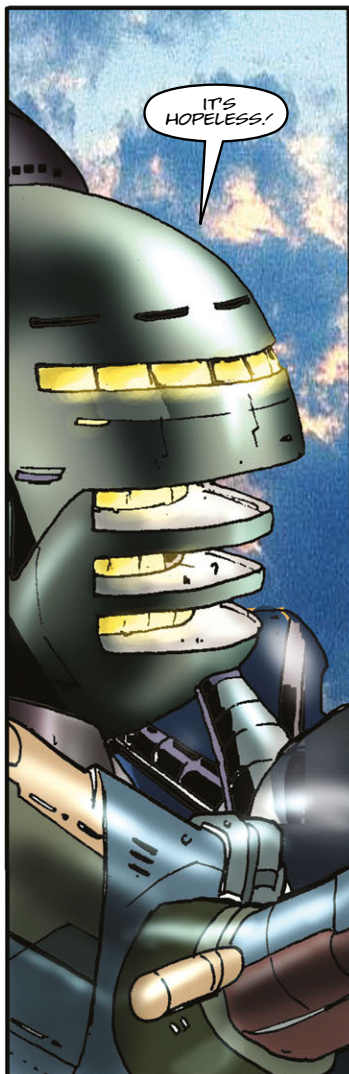
CALVI'S NAME WAS ETCHED ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR. WE SAW HIM OFF, EACH LOST IN HIS OR HER OWN THOUGHTS —

CADET ALBERTO CALVI

CADET AYN RIPLEY

CADET STEVE EARLES





IT'S
HOPELESS!



WE'VE COVERED THIS
THING FROM EVERY ANGLE —
AND WE'RE STILL NO CLOSER
TO FIGURING OUT WHO'S
BEHIND IT!

BEFORE
HE... DIED, CALVI TOLD
ME THAT TEXAS CITY WAS
THE PIECE THAT DIDN'T
FIT THE PATTERN.



SO MAYBE
WE SHOULD FIND
OUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE CONTAINERS OF
BODY PARTS AFTER THEY
WERE SENT BACK TO
THE MEG!



GOOD CALL!
SHIPPING RECORDS
SHOW THEY CAME BACK
COMPLETE WITH OFFICIAL
IMPORT DOCUMENTS...
EVEN THE TAX WAS
PAID!

MAKING
THE CARGO
SEEM
PERFECTLY
LEGAL!

DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU
HAVE THE NAME OF
WHOEVER PICKED
THEM UP?

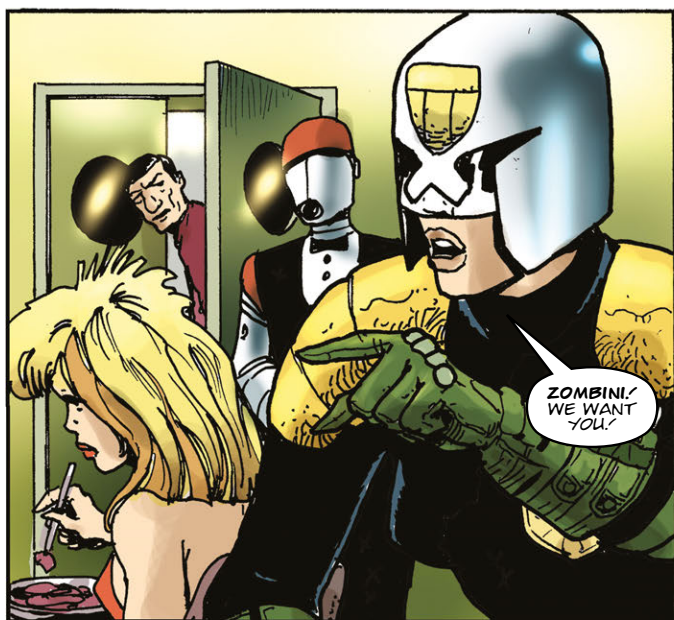


OH YEAH,
CITIZEN TONY
ZOMBINI!

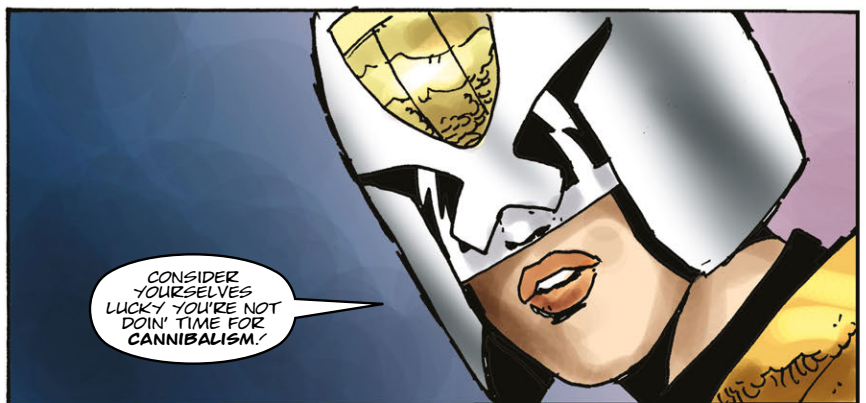
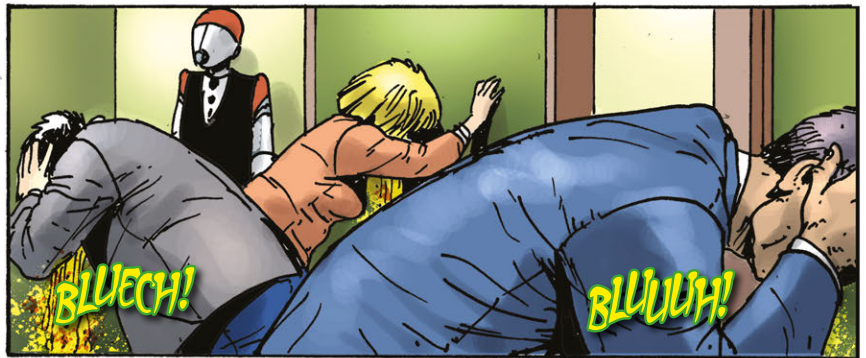


TIME
WE PAID HIM A
VISIT!











LET'S JUST
SEE WHAT YOU
HAVE TO TELL US,
ZOMBINI!



THREE BLIND RAD-RATS. SEE HOW THEY DANCE

HIS MIND TRIES
TO BLOCK ME -

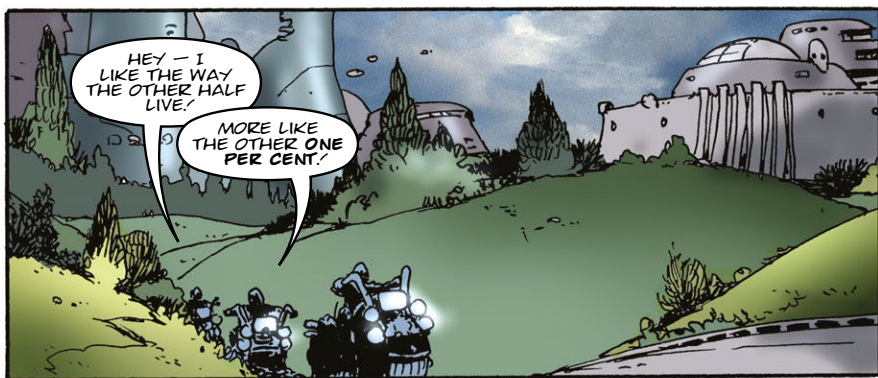
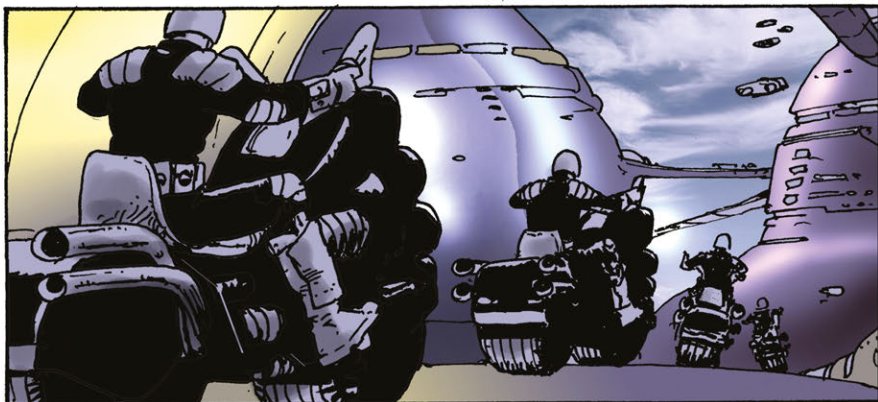


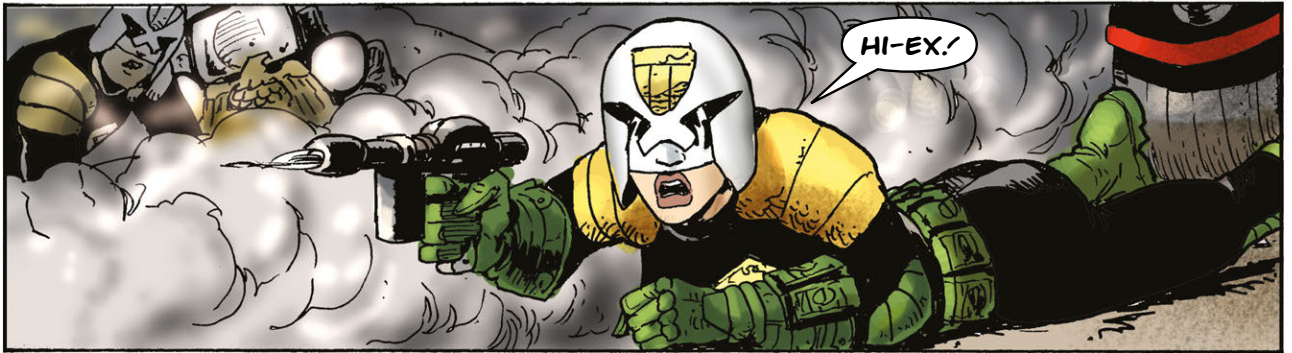
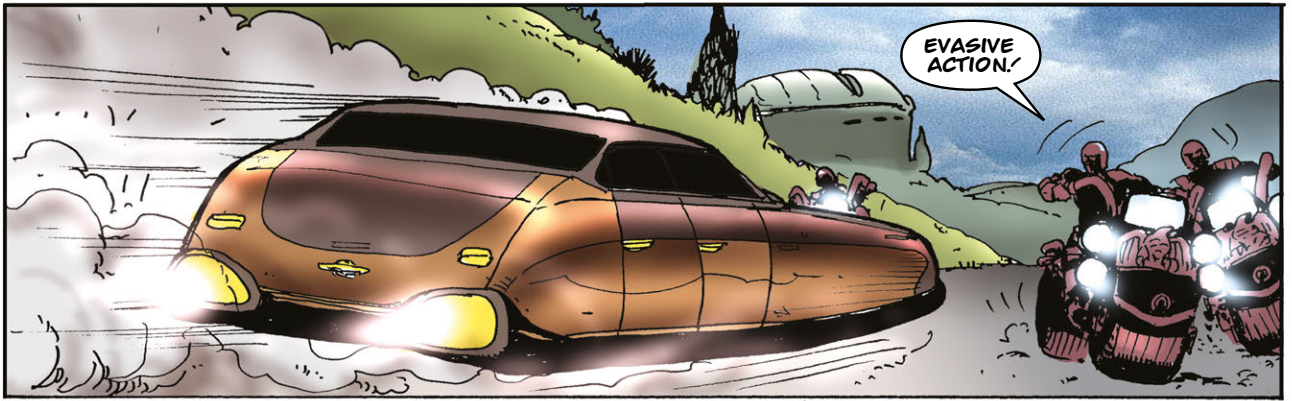
CREEP'LL HAVE
TO TRY A WHOLE
LOT HARDER!

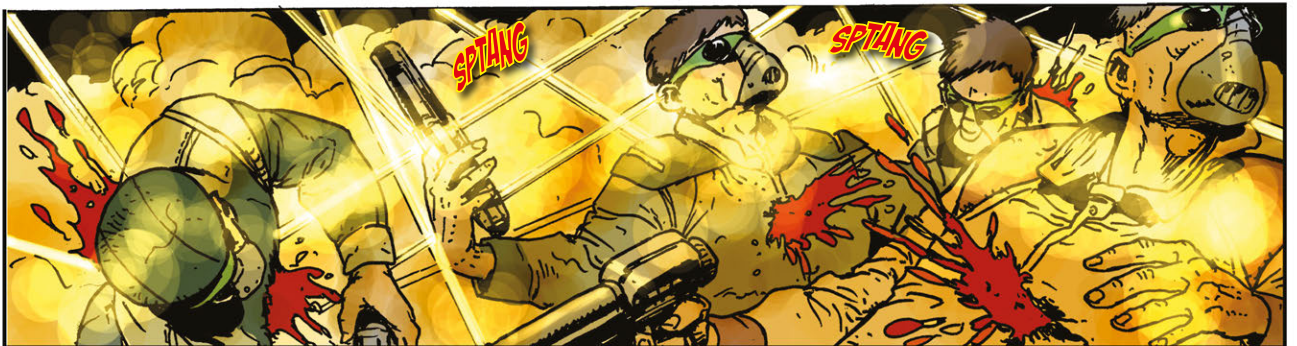
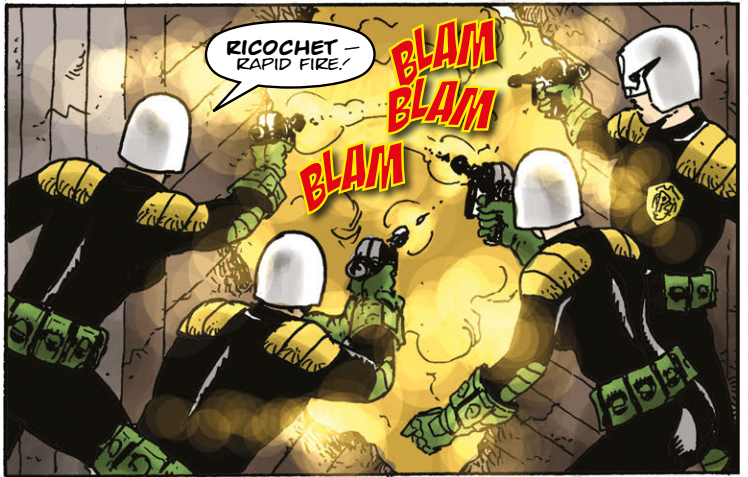
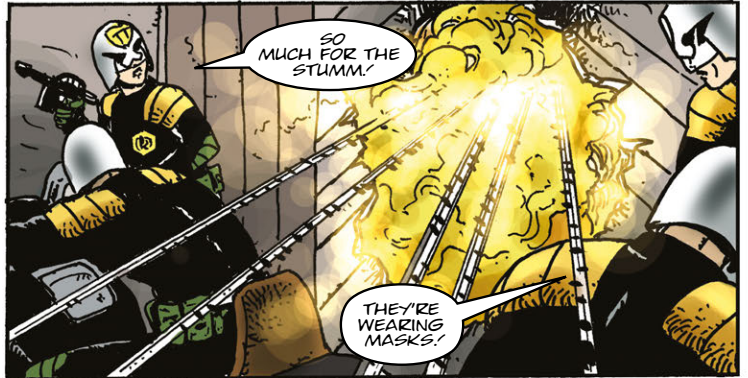


ZOMBINI HAD A MEET
WITH THIS GUY A
FEW DAYS AGO -



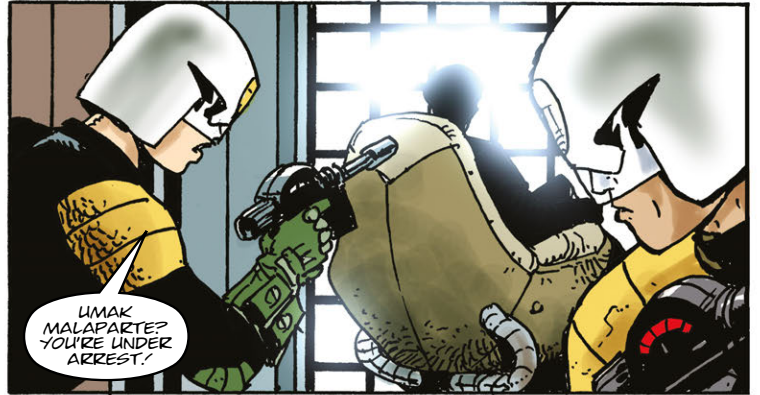




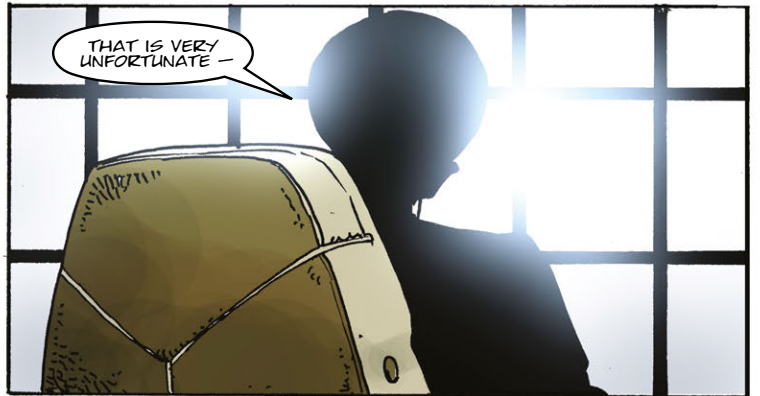




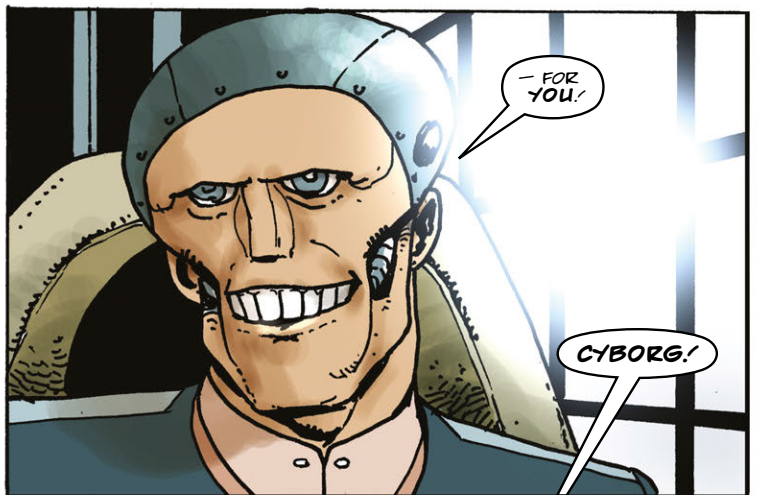
JUDGING
BY OUR RECEPTION,
WE'RE IN THE RIGHT
PLACE!



UMAK
MALAPARTES
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

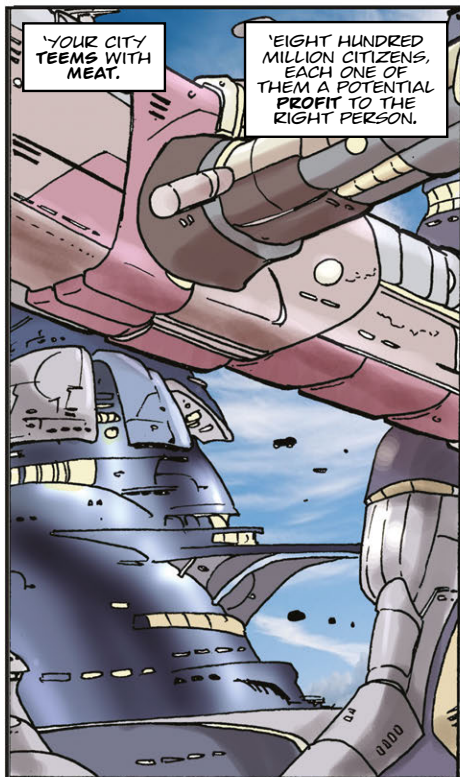


THAT IS VERY
UNFORTUNATE -



- FOR
YOU!

CYBORG!



'YOUR CITY
TEEMS WITH
MEAT.'

'EIGHT HUNDRED
MILLION CITIZENS,
EACH ONE OF
THEM A POTENTIAL
PROFIT TO THE
RIGHT PERSON.'



'OF COURSE, YOUR RESYK DOES
ITS BEST - BUT ONLY AFTER
DEATH. MY OPERATION MAKES
NO SO SUCH DISTINCTION.'

'THERE IS TOO MUCH
MEAT... AND MOST OF IT
SERVES NO PRACTICAL
PURPOSE. IT IS WASTED.'



'I SIMPLY SET OUT
TO RECYCLE IT - TO
EXTRACT MAXIMUM
VALUE FOR IT.'



AND IF,
IN THE PROCESS,
I MADE A FEW
CREDS... THAT'S
LIFE.'

A FEW
BILLION, MORE
LIKE.'

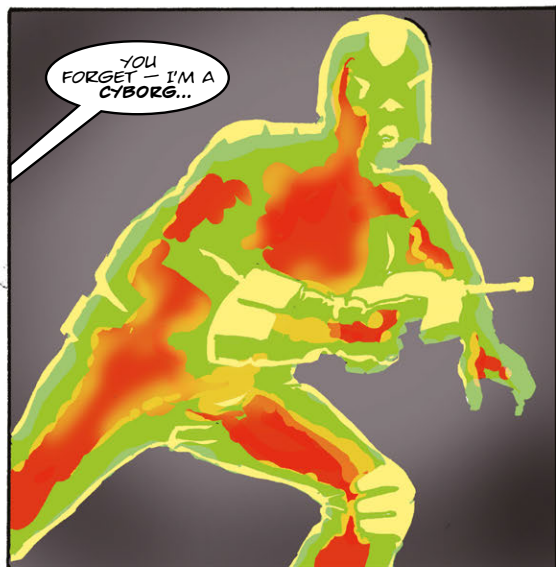
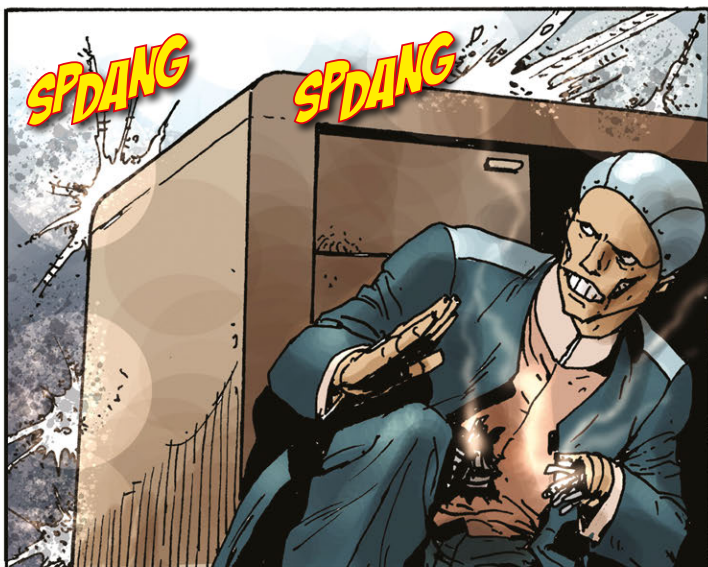
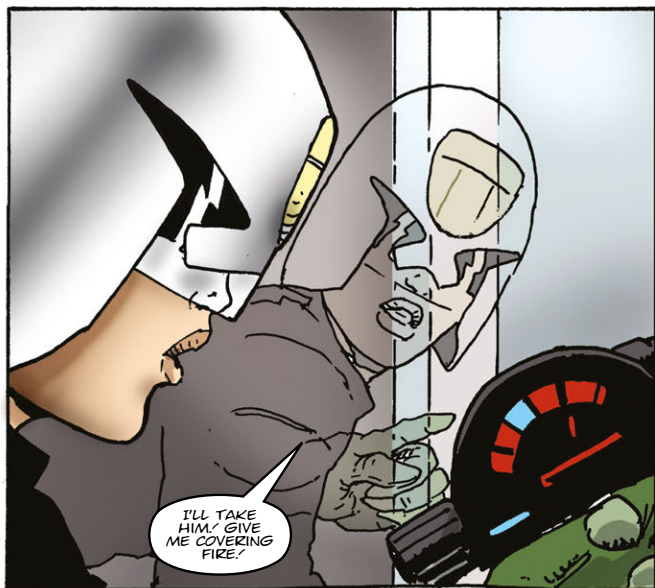
BIG-HEARTED,
AREN'T YOU? YOU
MUTILATE CHILDREN AND
SERVE HUMAN FLESH IN
YOUR EATERIES - AND YOU
CALL IT RECYCLING.'

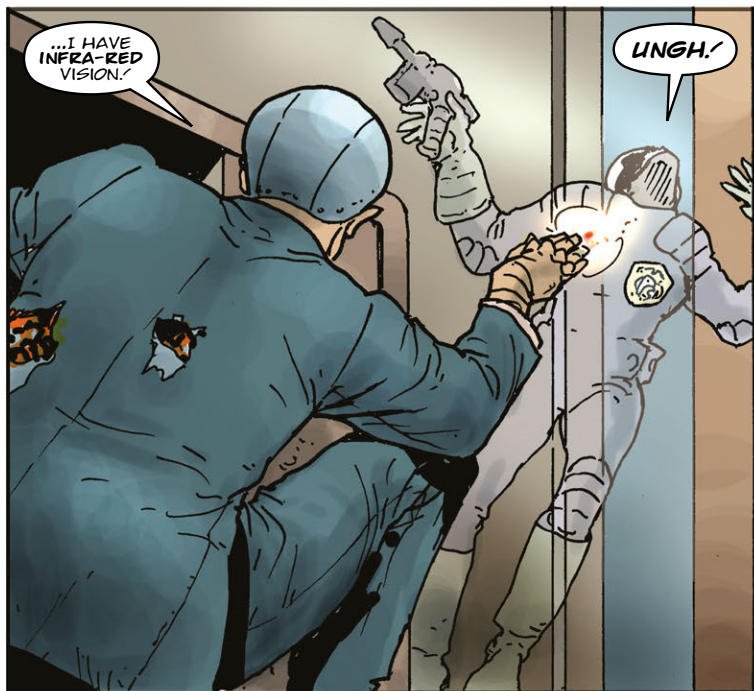


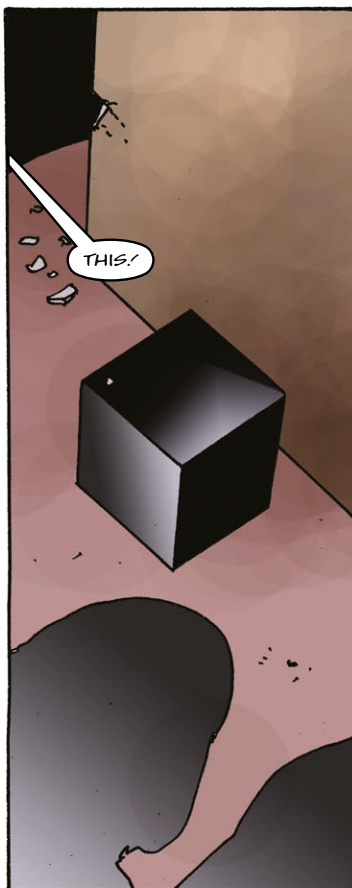
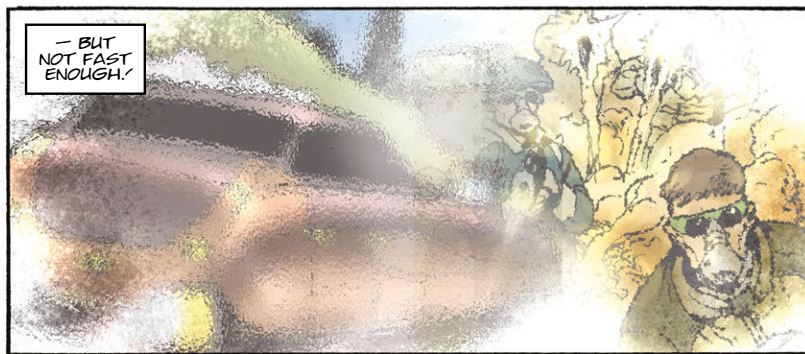
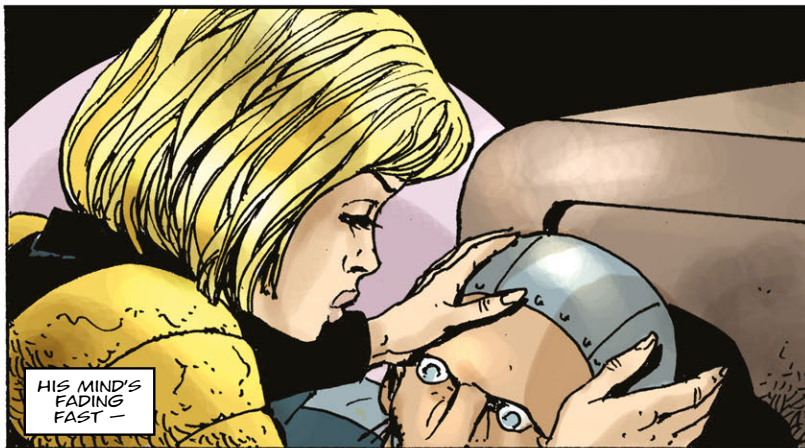
AS ONE OF
YOUR GREAT MINDS
ONCE SAID - 'LIFE IS AN
ISLAND OF PAIN
FLOATING IN A SEA OF
INDIFFERENCE.'

SAVE THE
PHILOSOPHY FOR
YOUR ISO-CUBE,
CREEP.'

ON YOUR
FEET.'









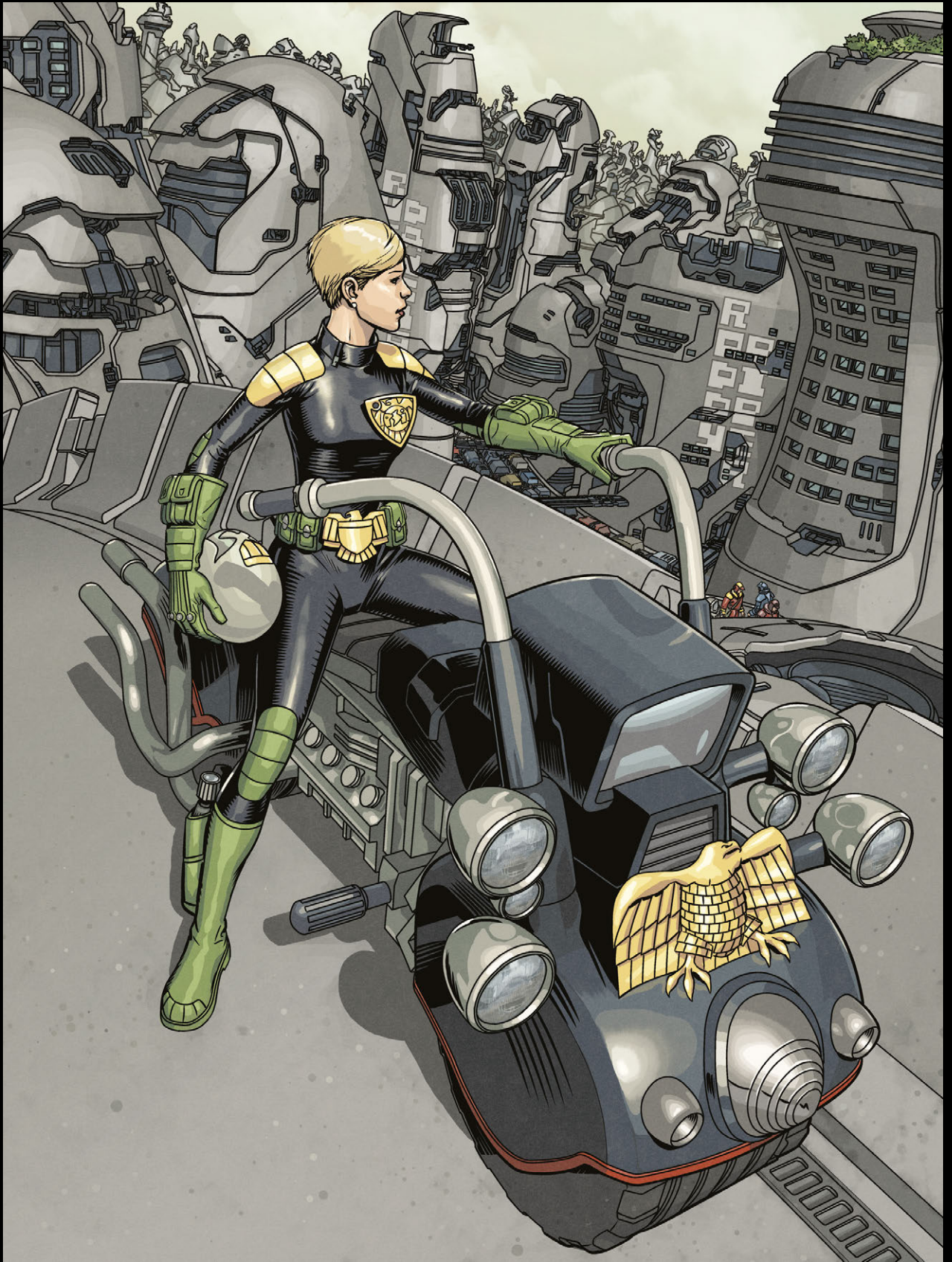


GALLERY

2000AD

COVER









ANDERSON, Psi

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY (6 pages)

Script: ALAN GRANT

Artist: PATRICK GODDARD

Letterer: Ellie De Ville

SUBBED

PAGE 1

1. An official PSI DIV Assessment Sheet.

LETTERING: ACADEMY OF LAW, PSI-DIVISION
The Seventh Assessment

Subject: ANDERSON, CASSANDRA
Status: PSI CADET
Age: 10
Talents: Telepath, some Empathic abilities

2. Mega-City, day. 10-year-old Cadet Anderson walks with Senior Assessor Judge Mahern towards a dingy building with a sign: ONE-MAN IMPORTS INC.

The entry is taped off: JUDGE LINE DO NOT CROSS. Cass does NOT have a gun.

*** All captions are typed, upper and lower case.

CAPTION: Anderson was taken to the scene of the latest murder committed by the serial killer Mr Face--

MAHERN: THIS CREEP **SLICES OFF THE FACES** OF HIS VICTIMS.
THE BODY IN THERE IS HIS **SEVENTEENTH**.

3. Interior of the dingy building. A body lies under a sheet. Mahern grasps a corner of the sheet and starts to pull it off.

MAHERN: STEEL YOURSELF, CADET. WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SEE
IS FAR FROM PRETTY.

4. Largest on page. Mahern has pulled off the sheet. Focus on the corpse's face, the skin of which has been entirely removed, leaving a blood-red gory mess with the eyes still intact. NO DIALOG.
-

PAGE 2

1. Wider shot. Cass has turned away and is being sick on the floor. NO DIALOG.
-

2. Cass wipes her mouth on the back of her gauntlet. Mahern is impassive as he speaks to her.

CASS: I... I'M SORRY.

MAHERN: NO SHAME IN **PUKING**, CADET. YOU'LL GET USED TO THIS SORT OF THING SOON ENOUGH.

3. Same, a different view. Cass is reluctant, Mahern is adamant.

MAHERN: NOW - PLACE YOUR HANDS ON HIS HEAD AND READ WHATEVER **IMAGES** ARE LINGERING IN HIS **MIND**.

CASS: DO I HAVE TO?

MAHERN 2: YES.

4. Cass lays her hands - gloves off now - on either side of the faceless corpse's head, and focuses. Her eyes are closed. NO DIALOG.

5. On Cass, with spooky half-strength imagery behind her. The imagery shows Mr Face emerging from a basement aircon duct, with a big knife in his hand. He's wearing an old rotting face from his previous victim.

CASS: THE PERP CAME IN THROUGH THE CELLAR **AIR-CON DUCT**. THERE'S A POSSIBILITY HE'S STILL THERE...

PAGE 3

1. Gun in hand, Mahern starts downstairs towards the cellar.

MAHERN: I'LL CHECK IT OUT. STAY HERE, CADET--

LINK: THAT'S AN **ORDER!**

2. Cass is left alone, glancing uneasily at the corpse. NO DIALOG.

3. Close on Cass. SFX show she's having a psi-flash.

CASS: **PSI-FLASH - !**

4. Cass starts to walk up a set of stairs. NO DIALOG.

5. Cass enters a STOCKROOM full of large boxes, made of cardboard or wood. NO DIALOG.

6. Cass is startled as Mr Face bursts out of one of the boxes. He's wearing the face of the guy downstairs, streaked with blood.

MR FACE: **SURPRISE, SURPRISE!**

CASS: OH!

PAGE 4

1. Big knife in hand, Mr Face advances towards Cass, who shrinks back.

MR FACE: HELLO, BABY JUDGE!

LINK: DON'T LOOK SO **HORRIFIED**! DON'T YOU LIKE MY **NEW FACE**?

2. Cass has backed away. But with the wall behind her, she's brought to a halt as the macabre Mr Face still advances.

MR FACE: I HAVE TO COVER MY OWN **UGLY FACE**, YOU SEE. PITY THEY ALL **ROT AWAY** AFTER SUCH A SHORT TIME.

LINK: BUT A NICE **YOUNG** FACE LIKE **YOURS** MIGHT LAST A LOT LONGER!

3. Cass reaches down for her boot knife as Mr Face raises his dagger, about to strike the fatal blow.

MR FACE: STILL NOT **OLD ENOUGH** TO CARRY A **GUN** ON THE STREETS, EH? MAKES IT ALL THE EASIER FOR ME!

4. As Mr Face prepares to slash her, Cass brings out her bootknife and plunges it into his belly.

CASS: I'M OLD ENOUGH TO CARRY A **BOOT KNIFE**, CREEP!

MR FACE: **UNNNH!**

PAGE 5

1. Mr Face lies dead. Cass stands looking down at his stolen, blood-streaked face. She reaches to pull it off.

CASS: NOW, LET'S JUST SEE WHAT YOU WERE **HIDING**!

2. Front-on close shot of Cass. She looks astonished. The new face is held between her thumb and forefinger, dripping blood. NO DIALOG.

3. Cass turns away from the body as she hears Mahern's voice.

MAHERN (O/P): ANDERSON! WHERE ARE YOU?

CASS: UP HERE!

4. Mahern enters the room.

MAHERN: I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO MOVE FROM THAT SPOT?

CASS: I... I HAD A **PSI-FLASH**, SIR. I **HAD** TO INVESTIGATE.

5. Both stand looking down at dead Mr Face. His own face is revealed to be perfectly normal, not scarred or marked except with streaks of blood from his latest victim's face.

CASS: HIS FACE IS **NORMAL**, SIR. H-HE MUST HAVE BEEN **MENTALLY DERANGED!**

PAGE 6

1. Young Cass bursts into tears.

CASS: HE WASN'T REALLY A PERP. HE WAS A **LUNATIC!**

LINK: HE NEEDED **HELP** - AND I **KILLED** HIM!

2. Mahern slaps Cass across the face, hard, with his open palm.

SFX: SPAK

3. Cass wipes away her tears. Mahern is stern.

CASS: WH-WHAT WAS **THAT** FOR?

MAHERN: TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING **REAL** TO CRY ABOUT!

4. Exterior shot of the building. Mahern and Cass walk out together.

MAHERN: INSANE OR NOT, THAT CREEP KILLED SEVENTEEN CITIZENS.

LINK: YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO **EMPATHISE** WITH PERPS, CADET.
IF YOU DO, ONE DAY IT'LL BE THE **DEATH** OF YOU!

5. Taken from the Assessment report form, so it's typed in upper and lower case.

LETTERING: ASSESSMENT

Anderson's emotions may one day compromise her undoubted talents.
She also appears to have a marked disregard for authority. I recommend
placing her under permanent watch.

6. Small final panel, again taken from the Assessment.

LETTERING: By the way, I'm giving her a pass with distinction.
Senior Psi-Judge Mahern,
Assessor

DTP: THE END

WRITER

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 *Daily Star Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant**'s prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy.

ARTISTS

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd*, **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Al's Baby* and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Patrick Goddard's clean art style has graced many strips in the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*. Co-creator of the *Megazine* series *Wardog*, he has pencilled *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Middenface McNulty*, *Sinister Dexter* and took over the art duties on *Savage* from Charlie Adlard.

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



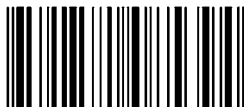
SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS!

ONE IN TEN PSI-CADETS WILL COMMIT SUICIDE IN THEIR FIRST YEAR! It's tough being ten in a school where an assessment can involve taking on a serial killer, but not for the girl who will eventually become Psi-Division's top telepath, Judge Cassandra Anderson!

Cadet Anderson and her psychic classmates must endure all the horrors Mega-City One can throw at them before they can earn their place as Judges, or else end up as the one in ten!



ISBN 978-1-78108-539-4



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UK £14.99

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