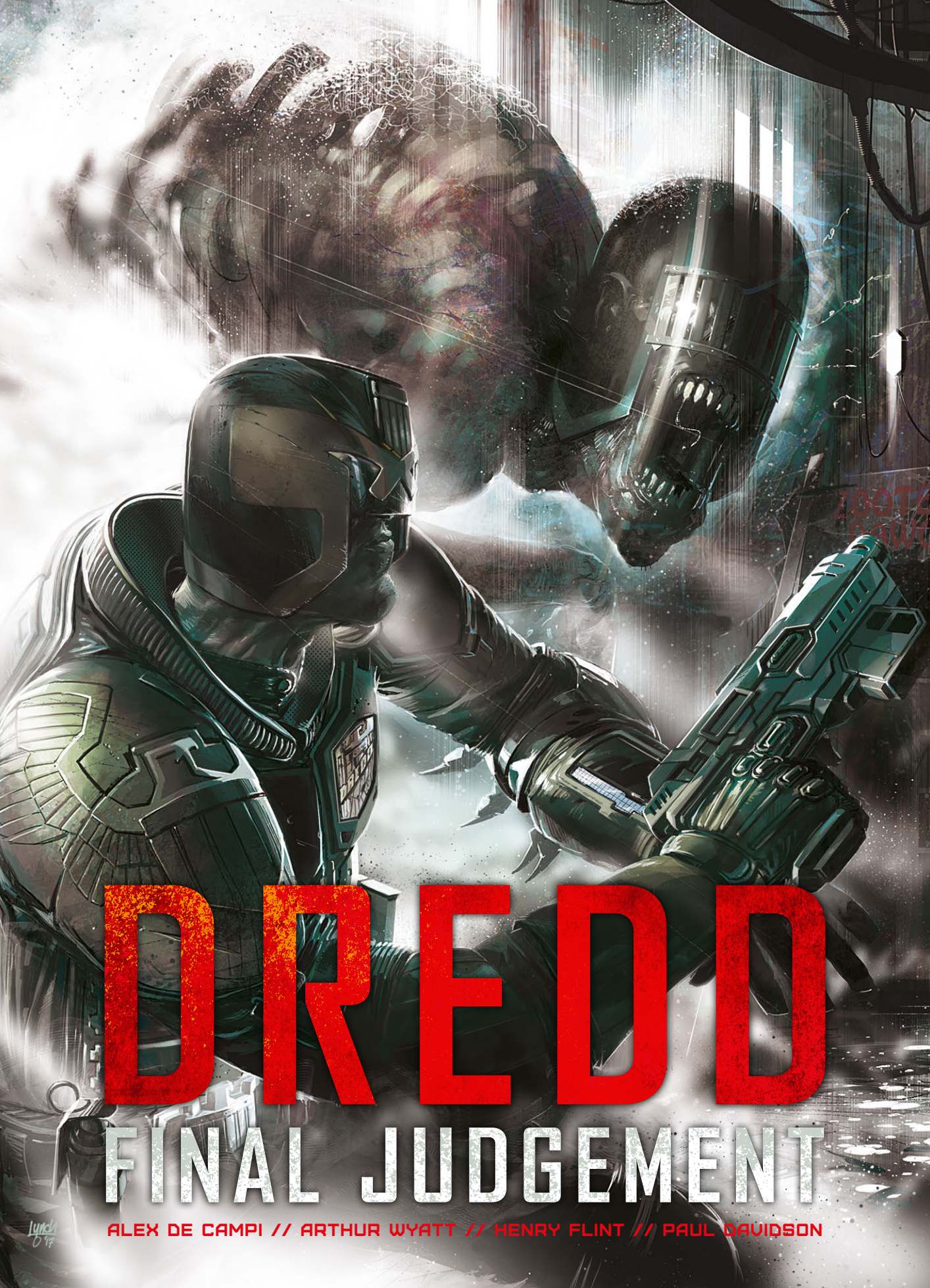




DREDD

FINAL JUDGEMENT

ALEX DE CAMPI // ARTHUR WYATT // HENRY FLINT // PAUL DAVIDSON

Lynch
017

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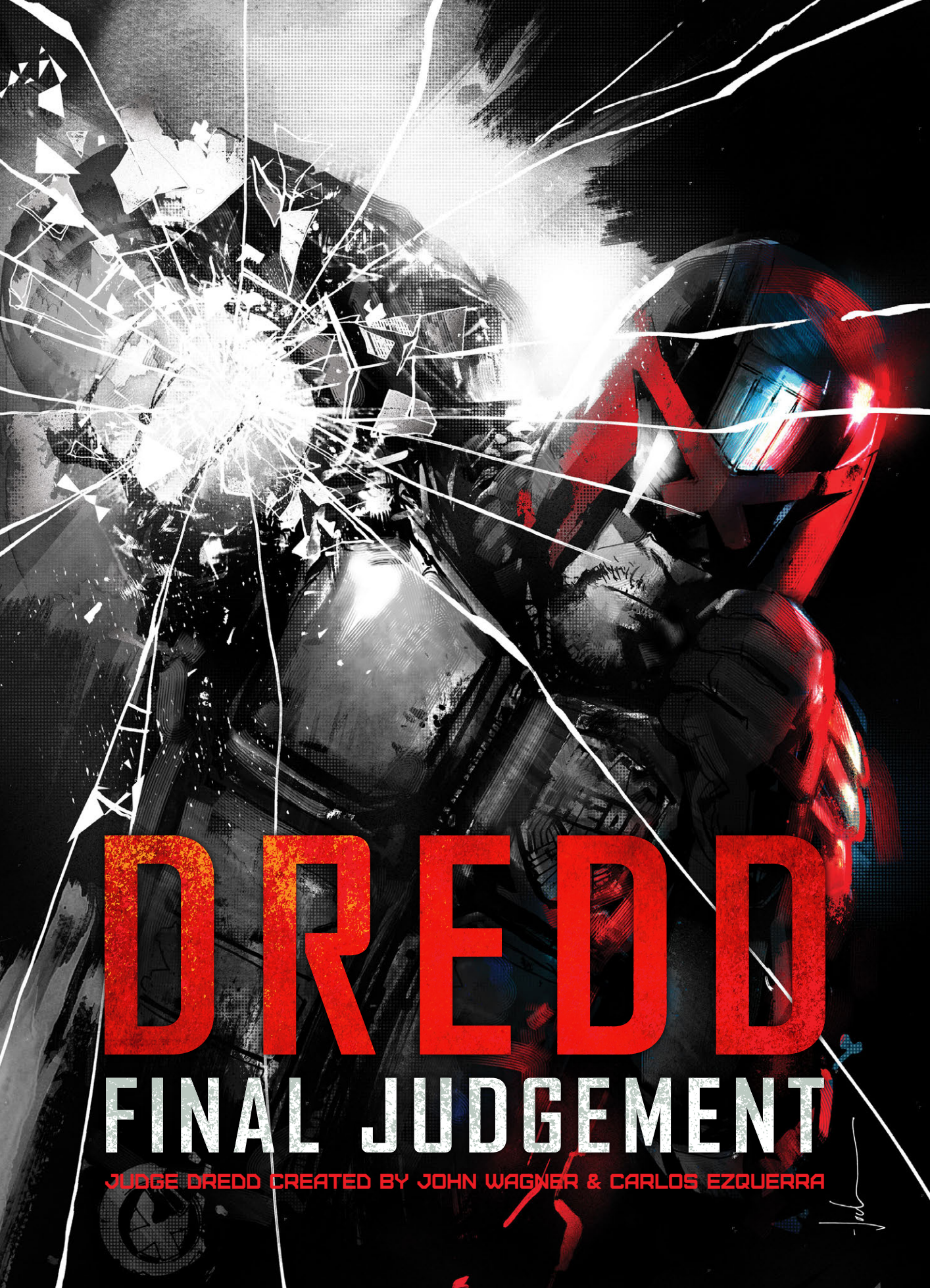
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DREDD

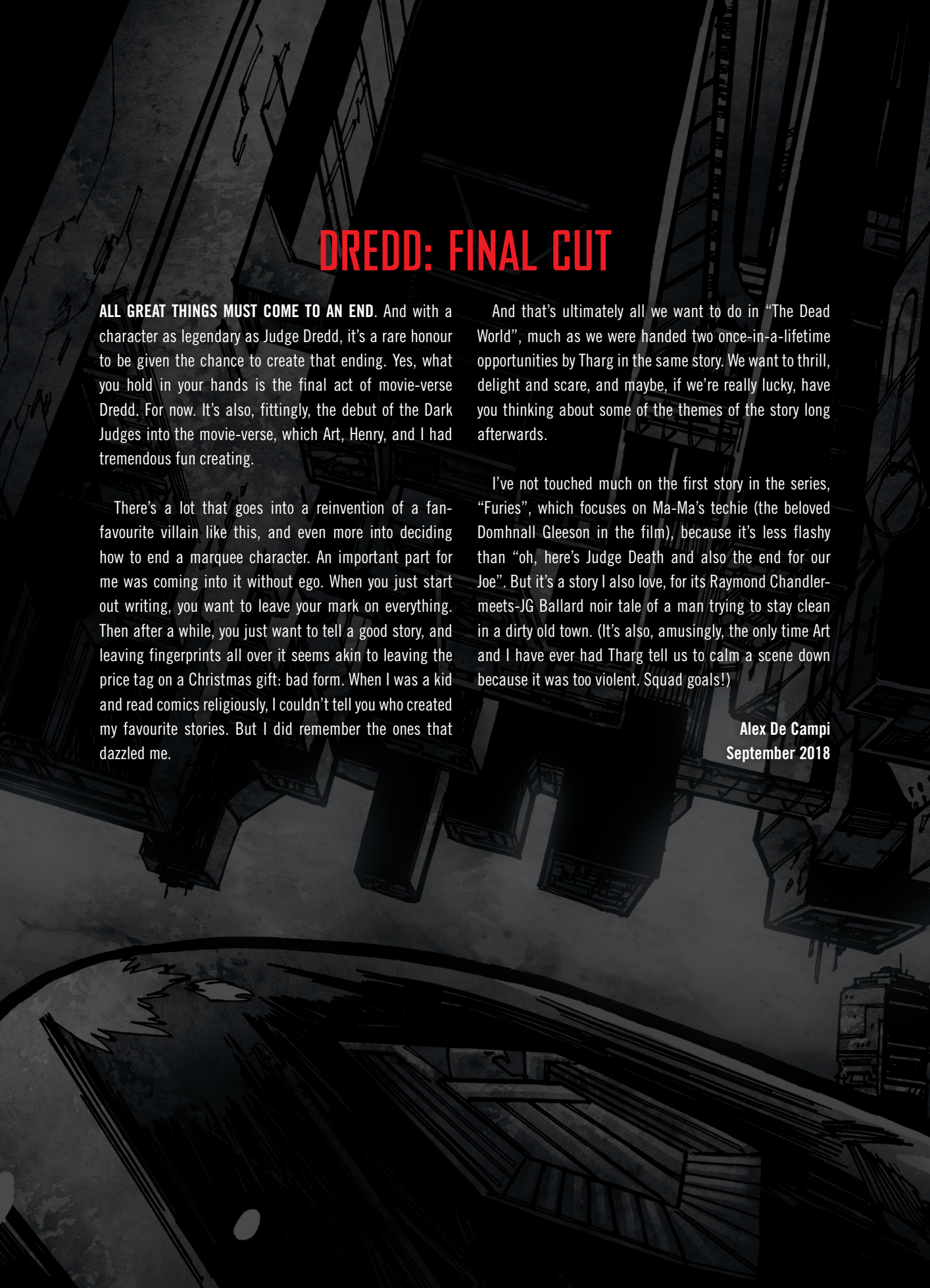
FINAL JUDGEMENT

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA



John





DREDD: FINAL CUT

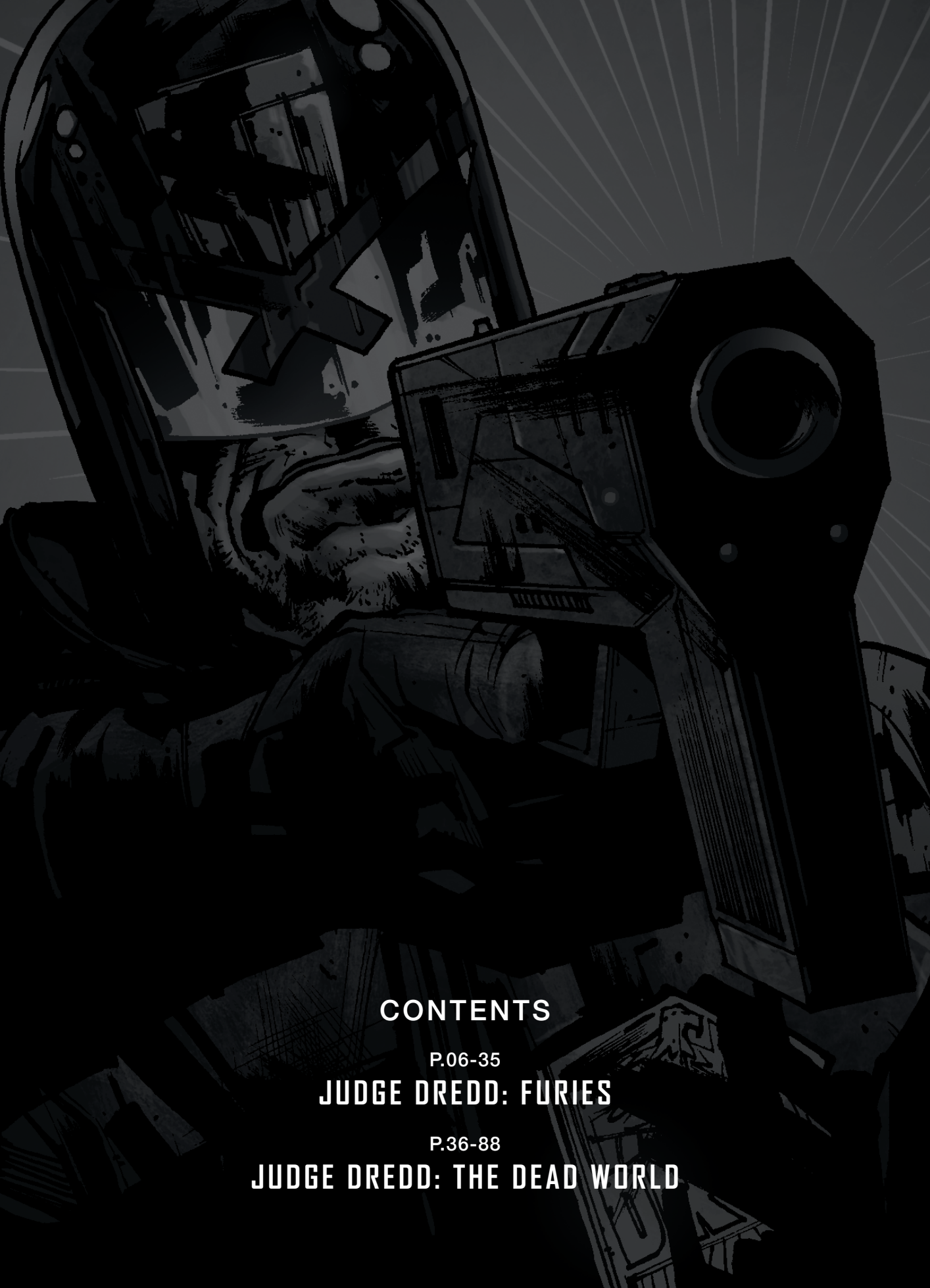
ALL GREAT THINGS MUST COME TO AN END. And with a character as legendary as Judge Dredd, it's a rare honour to be given the chance to create that ending. Yes, what you hold in your hands is the final act of movie-verse Dredd. For now. It's also, fittingly, the debut of the Dark Judges into the movie-verse, which Art, Henry, and I had tremendous fun creating.

There's a lot that goes into a reinvention of a fan-favourite villain like this, and even more into deciding how to end a marquee character. An important part for me was coming into it without ego. When you just start out writing, you want to leave your mark on everything. Then after a while, you just want to tell a good story, and leaving fingerprints all over it seems akin to leaving the price tag on a Christmas gift: bad form. When I was a kid and read comics religiously, I couldn't tell you who created my favourite stories. But I did remember the ones that dazzled me.

And that's ultimately all we want to do in "The Dead World", much as we were handed two once-in-a-lifetime opportunities by Tharg in the same story. We want to thrill, delight and scare, and maybe, if we're really lucky, have you thinking about some of the themes of the story long afterwards.

I've not touched much on the first story in the series, "Furies", which focuses on Ma-Ma's techie (the beloved Domhnall Gleeson in the film), because it's less flashy than "oh, here's Judge Death and also the end for our Joe". But it's a story I also love, for its Raymond Chandler-meets-JG Ballard noir tale of a man trying to stay clean in a dirty old town. (It's also, amusingly, the only time Art and I have ever had Tharg tell us to calm a scene down because it was too violent. Squad goals!)

Alex De Campi
September 2018



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JUDGE DREDD: THE DEAD WORLD

DREDD FURIES

Script

ARTHUR WYATT
ALEX DE CAMPI

Art

PAUL DAVIDSON

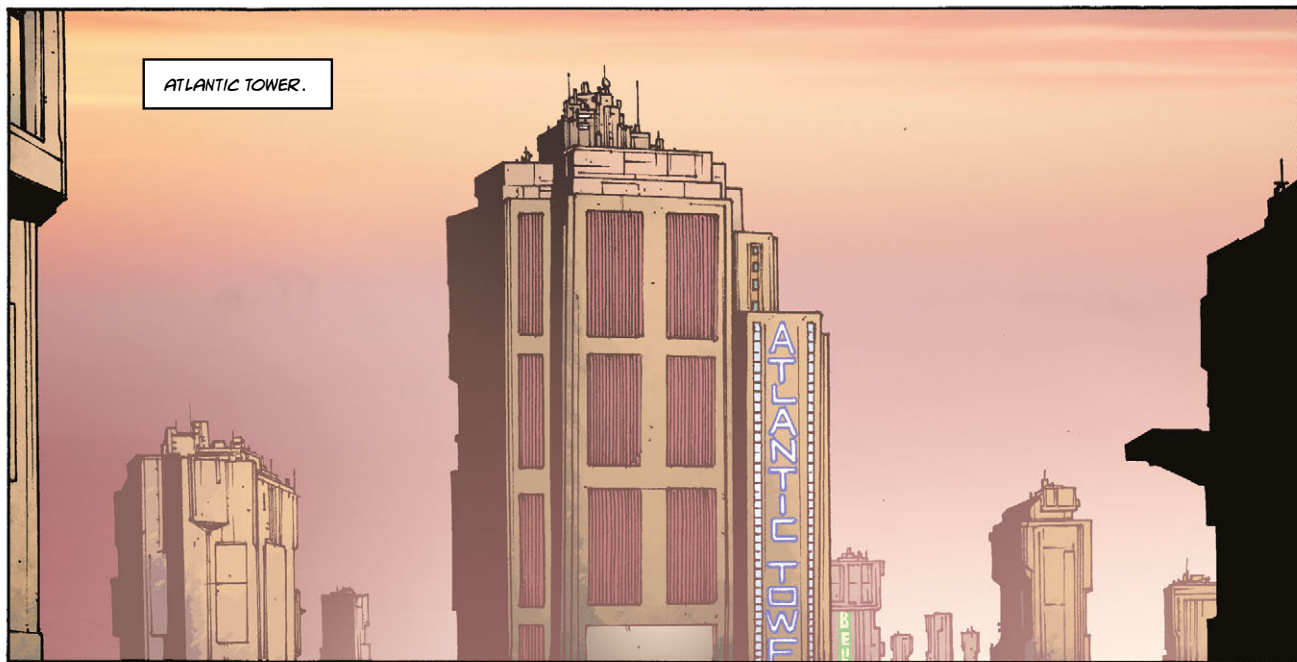
Colours

LEN O'GRADY

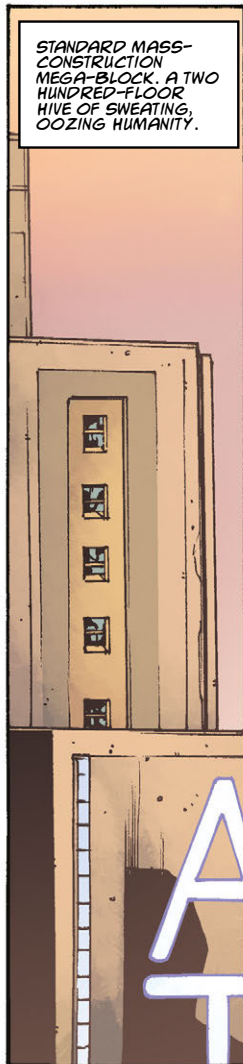
Letters

ELLIE DE VILLE

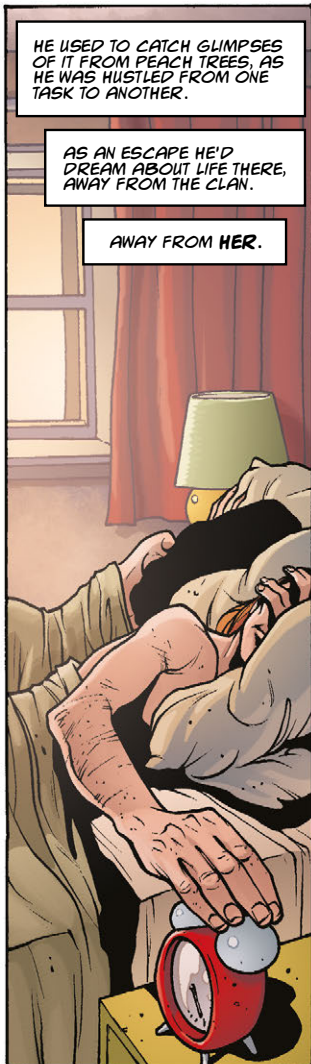
Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 386-388



ATLANTIC TOWER.



STANDARD MASS-CONSTRUCTION MEGA-BLOCK. A TWO HUNDRED-FLOOR HIVE OF SWEATING, OZZING HUMANITY.



HE USED TO CATCH GLIMPSES OF IT FROM PEACH TREES, AS HE WAS HUSTLED FROM ONE TASK TO ANOTHER.

AS AN ESCAPE HE'D DREAM ABOUT LIFE THERE, AWAY FROM THE CLAN.

AWAY FROM HER.

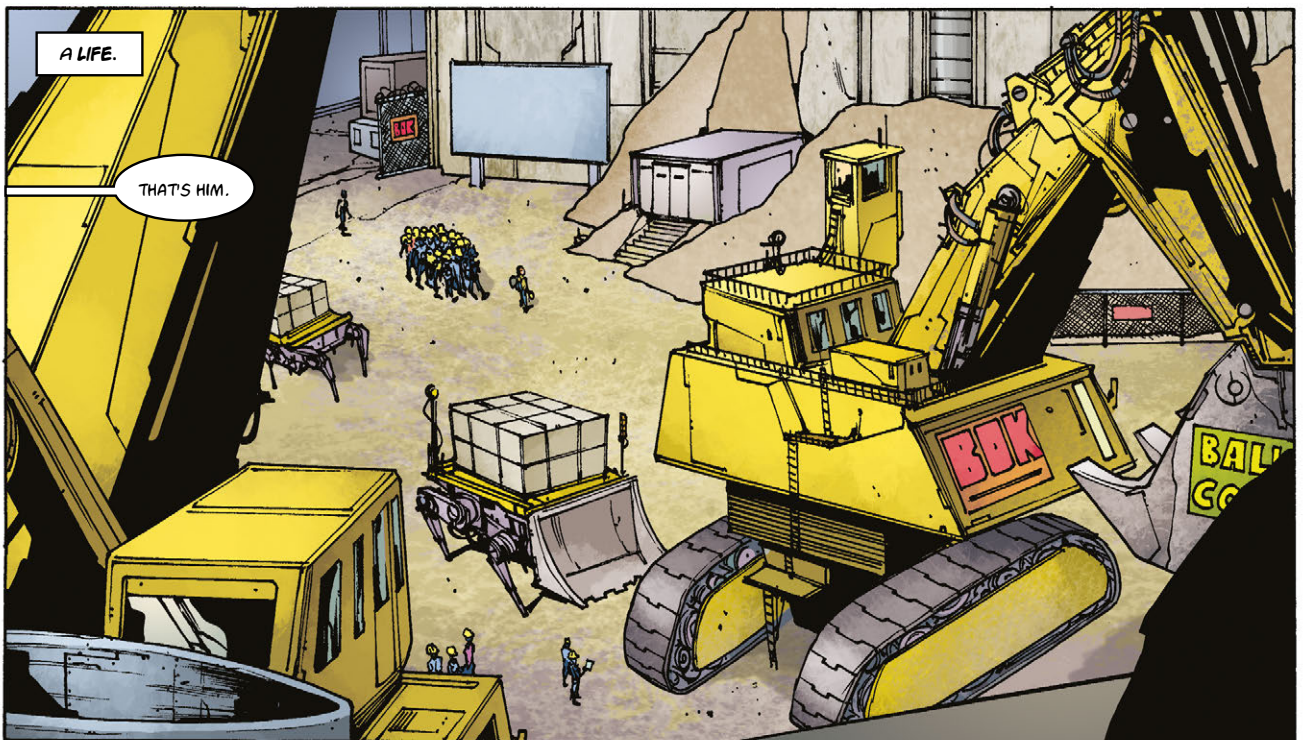
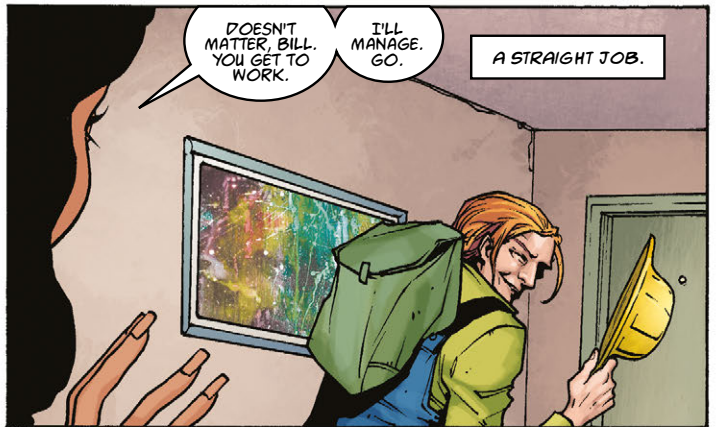
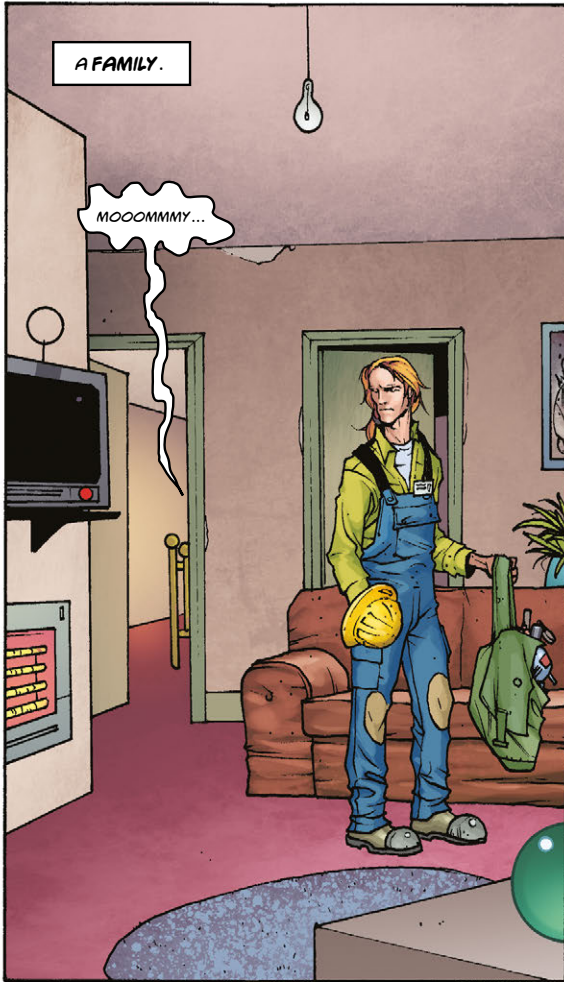


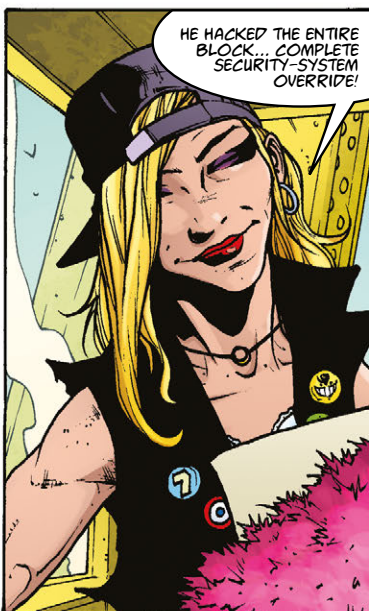
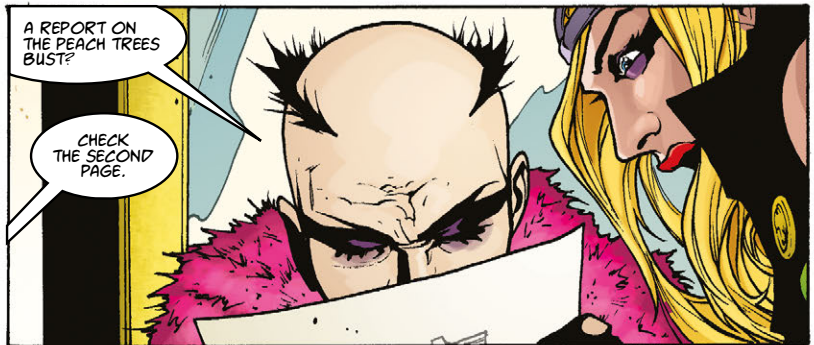
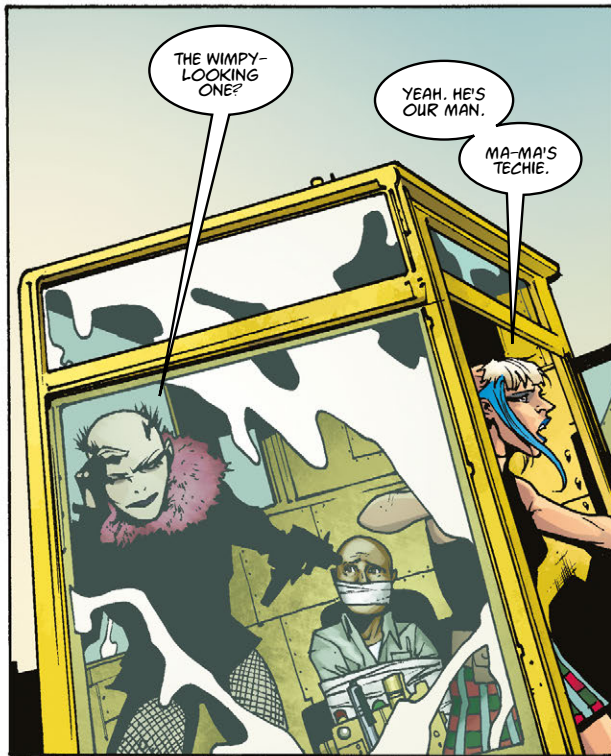
AWAY FROM MA-MA.

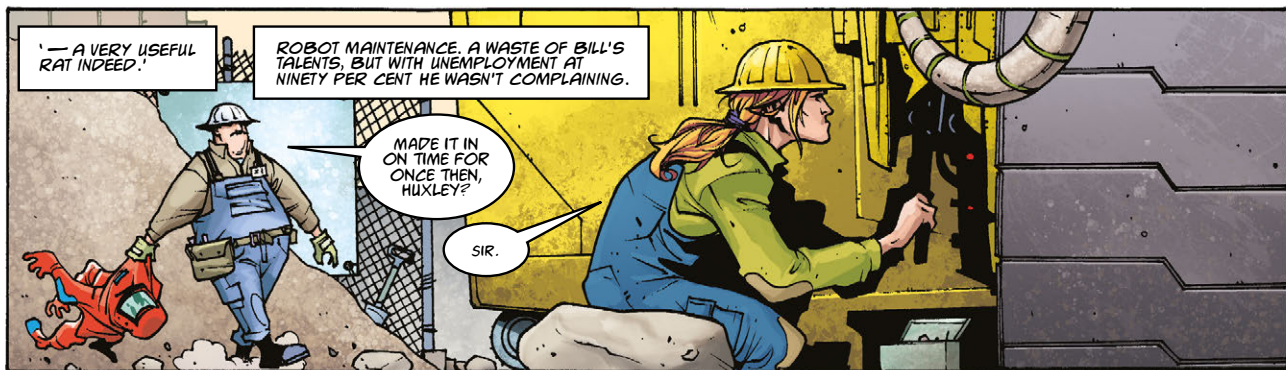


NOT MUCH OF A DREAM, BUT HERE HE WAS. HE'D MADE IT. GOTTEN OUT.

HE EVEN HAD A NAME NOW.





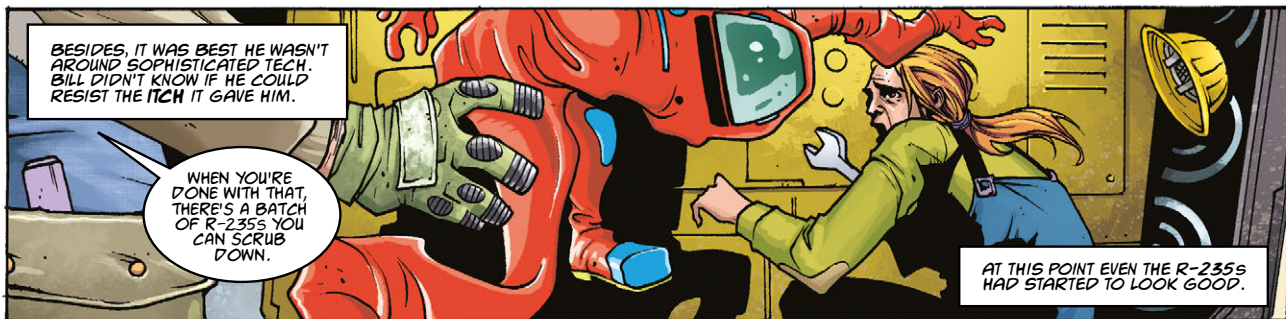


'— A VERY USEFUL RAT INDEED.'

ROBOT MAINTENANCE. A WASTE OF BILL'S TALENTS, BUT WITH UNEMPLOYMENT AT NINETY PER CENT HE WASN'T COMPLAINING.

MADE IT IN ON TIME FOR ONCE THEN, HUXLEY?

SIR.



BESIDES, IT WAS BEST HE WASN'T AROUND SOPHISTICATED TECH. BILL DIDN'T KNOW IF HE COULD RESIST THE ITCH IT GAVE HIM.

WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH THAT, THERE'S A BATCH OF R-235s YOU CAN SCRUB DOWN.

AT THIS POINT EVEN THE R-235s HAD STARTED TO LOOK GOOD.



WHICH IS HOW BILL KNEW HE MIGHT HAVE A PROBLEM, BECAUSE THE R-235s WERE THE WORST.

USED FOR CLEARING OUT RAD-PITS, THEY NEEDED HOISING DOWN WITH DECONTAMINANT FOAM BEFORE YOU COULD EVEN TOUCH THEM.



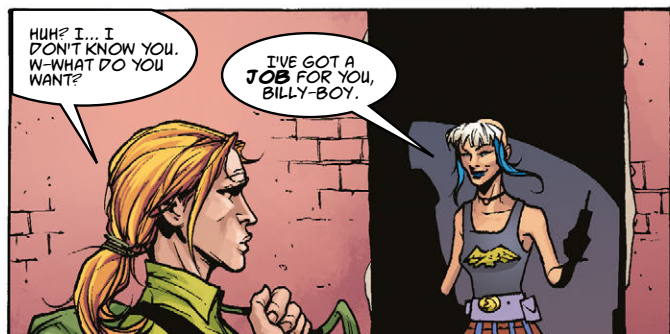
TOUGH, BACKBREAKING WORK, AND THAT'S EVEN BEFORE YOU GOT INTO THEIR ANTIQUE OPERATING SYSTEMS.

(NOT THAT BILL WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR THOSE.)



HEY!

'BILL!'



HUH? I... I DON'T KNOW YOU. W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?

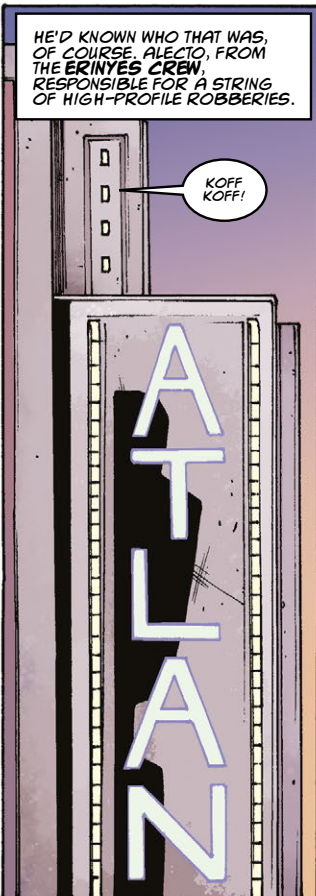
I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, BILLY-BOY.



I'VE GOT ONE, BACK AT THE ROBOT YARD.

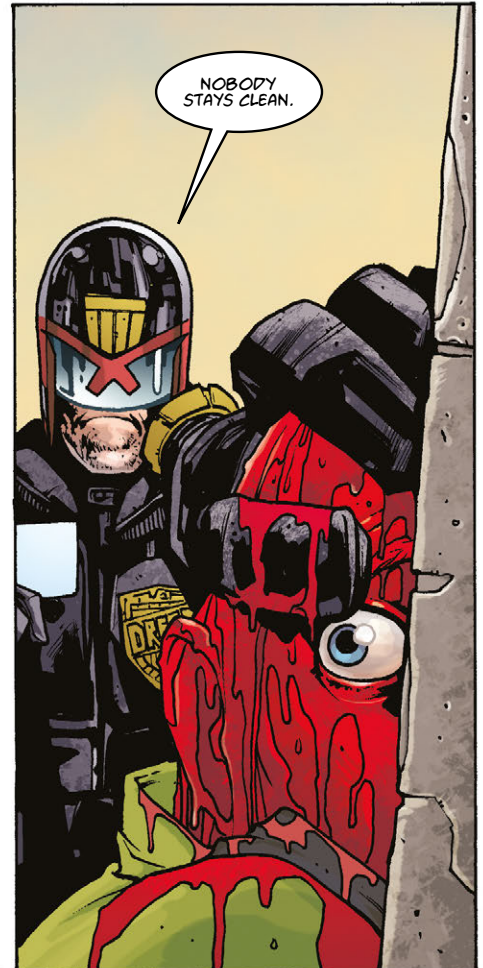
THIS IS A BETTER JOB. REAL MONEY. GOOD TOYS.

A TOP CREW.











CONTROL?
DREDD.



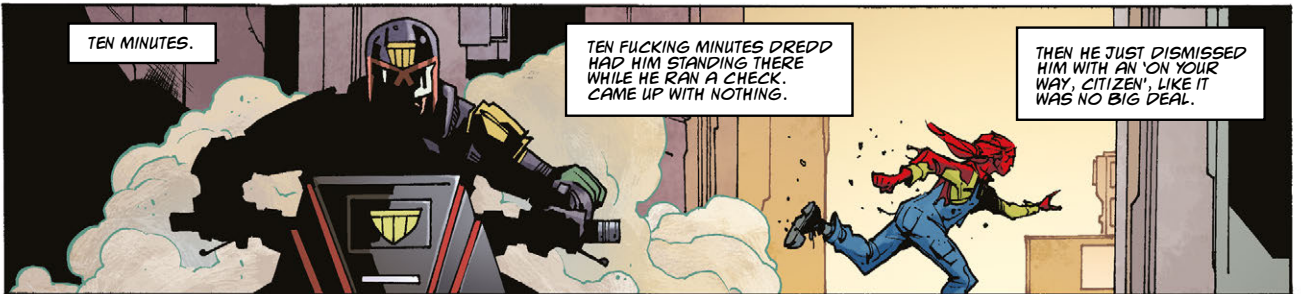
BILL HUXLEY.

NAMES AN
ALIAS. USE FACIAL
RECOGNITION.



AND RUN A SCAN
ON ATLANTIC TOWER.
I WANT ANY SYSTEMS
IRREGULARITIES IN
THE PAST SIX
MONTHS.

CAMERA
GLITCHES.
ANYTHING.



TEN MINUTES.

TEN FUCKING MINUTES DREDD
HAD HIM STANDING THERE
WHILE HE RAN A CHECK.
CAME UP WITH NOTHING.

THEN HE JUST DISMISSED
HIM WITH AN 'ON YOUR
WAY, CITIZEN'. LIKE IT
WAS NO BIG DEAL.



SHIT SHIT
SHIT!



LET ME IN,
WHEATLEY, LET
ME IN!

IT'S NOT MY
FAULT! THERE WAS
A JUDGE —

DID HE
GIVE YOU A NOTE,
HUXLEY?

WE GOT TWENTY
PEOPLE WAITLISTED FOR
YOUR JOB. THEY'RE ALL
WILLING TO SHOW UP
ON TIME.



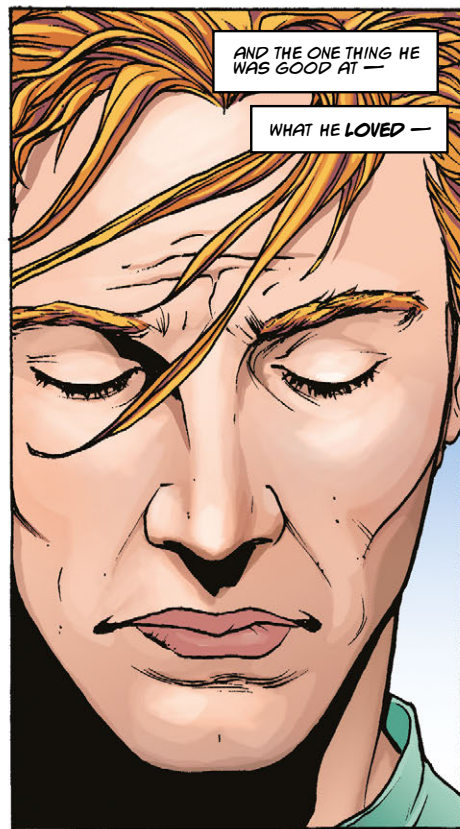
'YOU'RE FIRED.'

HE DIDN'T TELL ZOE.
COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE HER
FACE WHEN SHE REALISED
HOW WORTHLESS HE WAS AS
A PROVIDER... AS A FATHER.



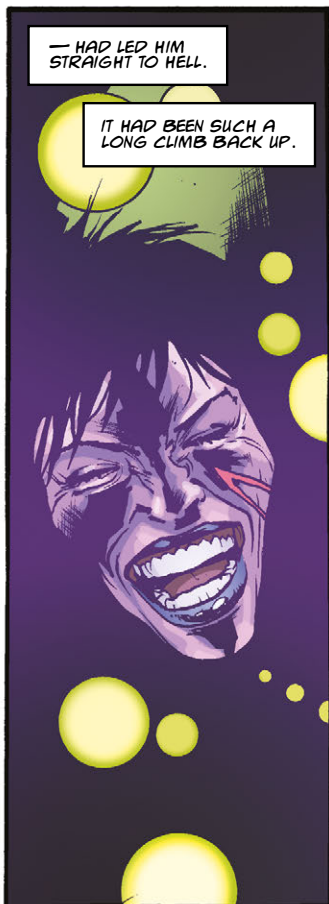
JUST ANOTHER PIECE OF
MEGA-CITY TRASH TO
BE SWEEPED INTO RESYK
EVENTUALLY BY A JUDGE'S
BULLET. OR A CRIMINAL'S.

NOT THAT IT MADE
ANY DIFFERENCE.
THE DESTINATION
WAS THE SAME.



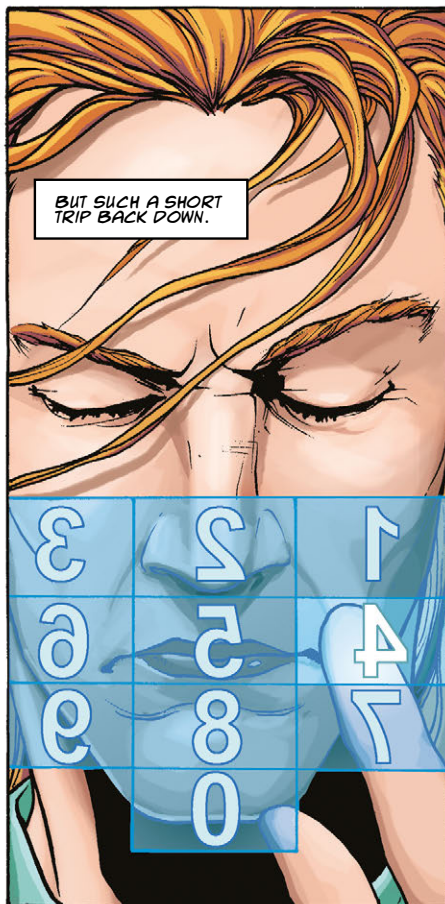
AND THE ONE THING HE
WAS GOOD AT —

WHAT HE LOVED —



— HAD LED HIM
STRAIGHT TO HELL.

IT HAD BEEN SUCH A
LONG CLIMB BACK UP.



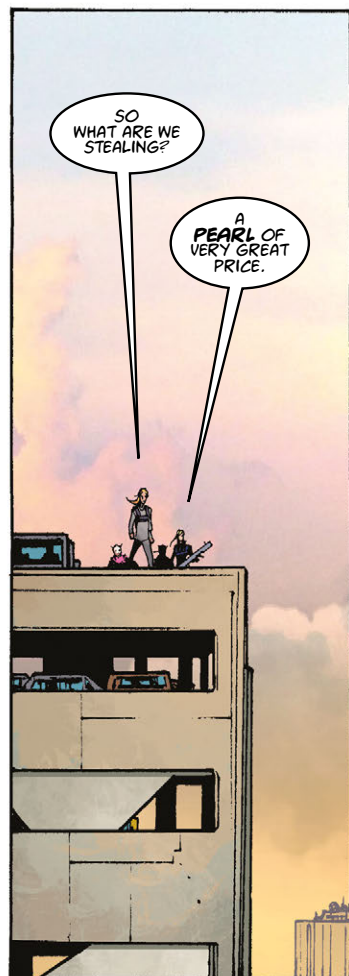
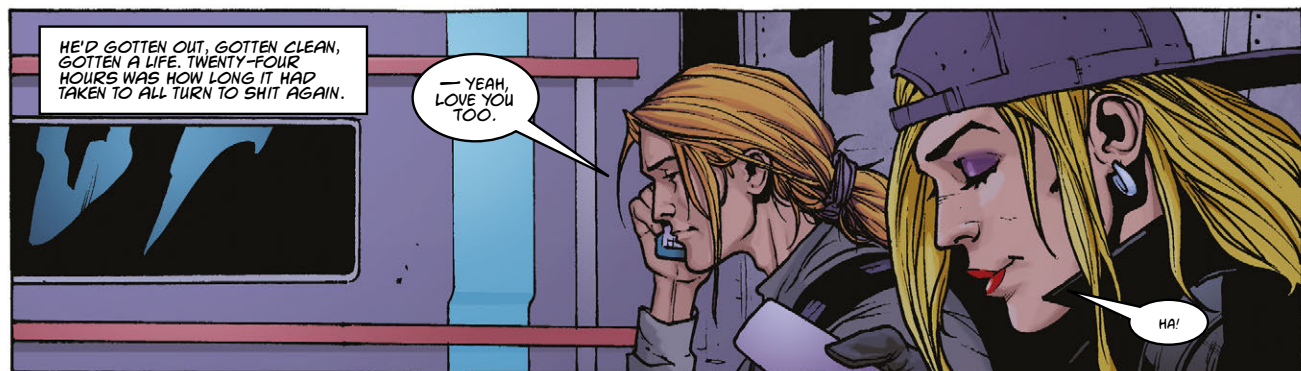
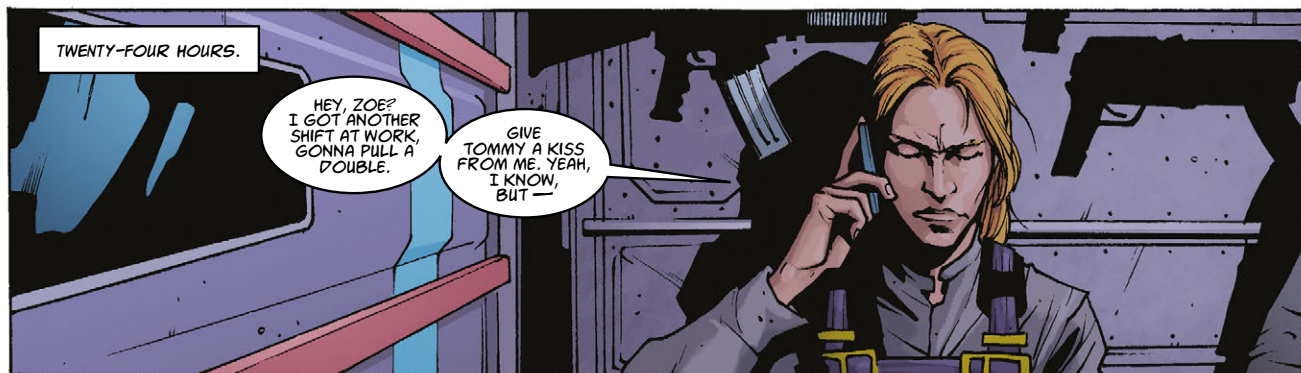
BUT SUCH A SHORT
TRIP BACK DOWN.

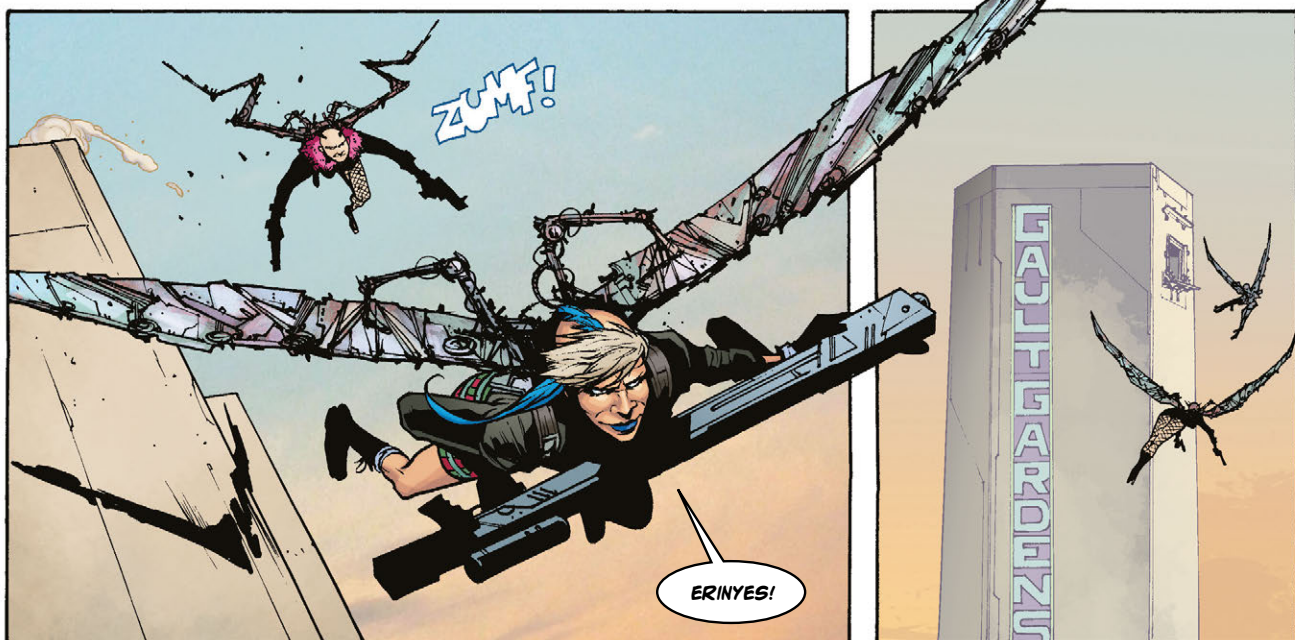
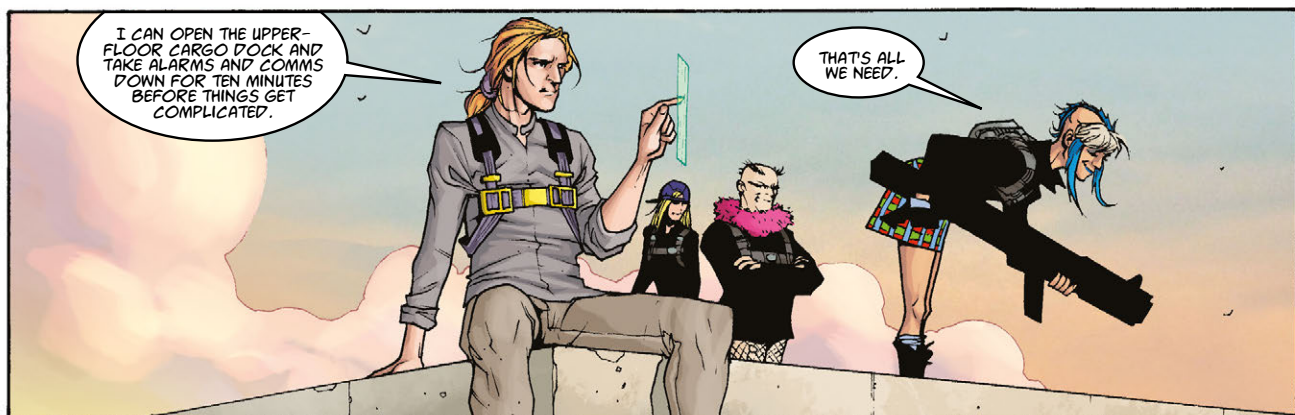
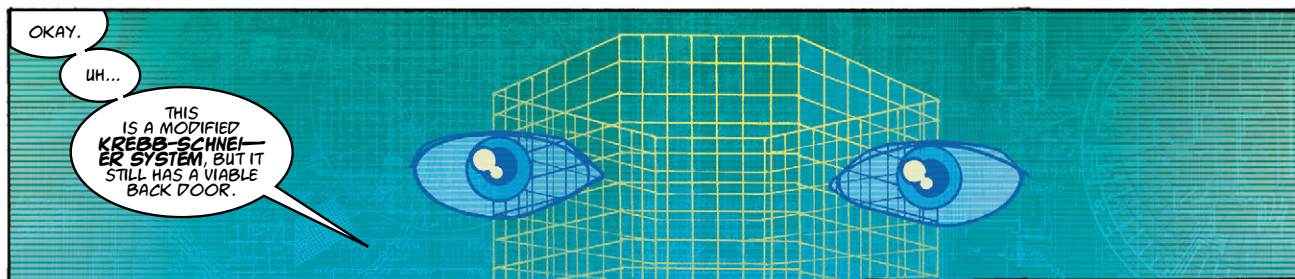


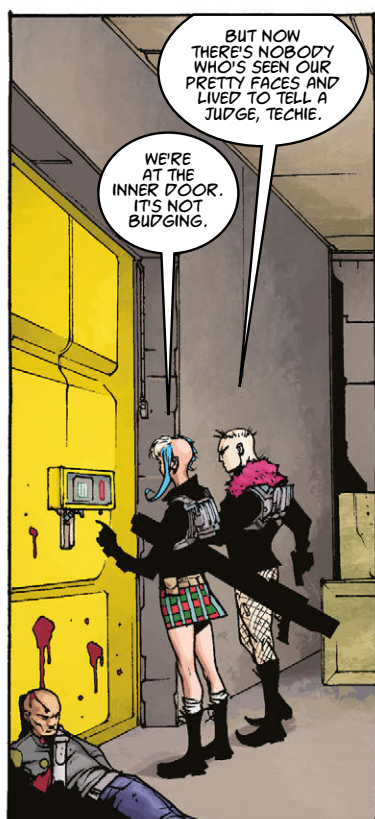
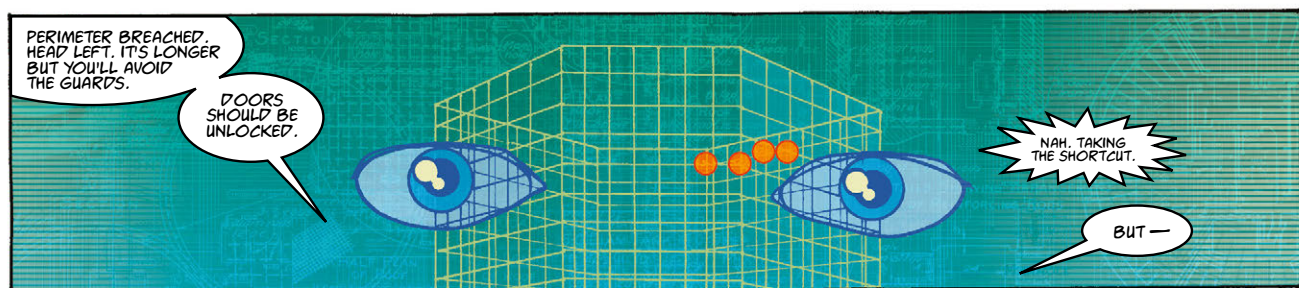
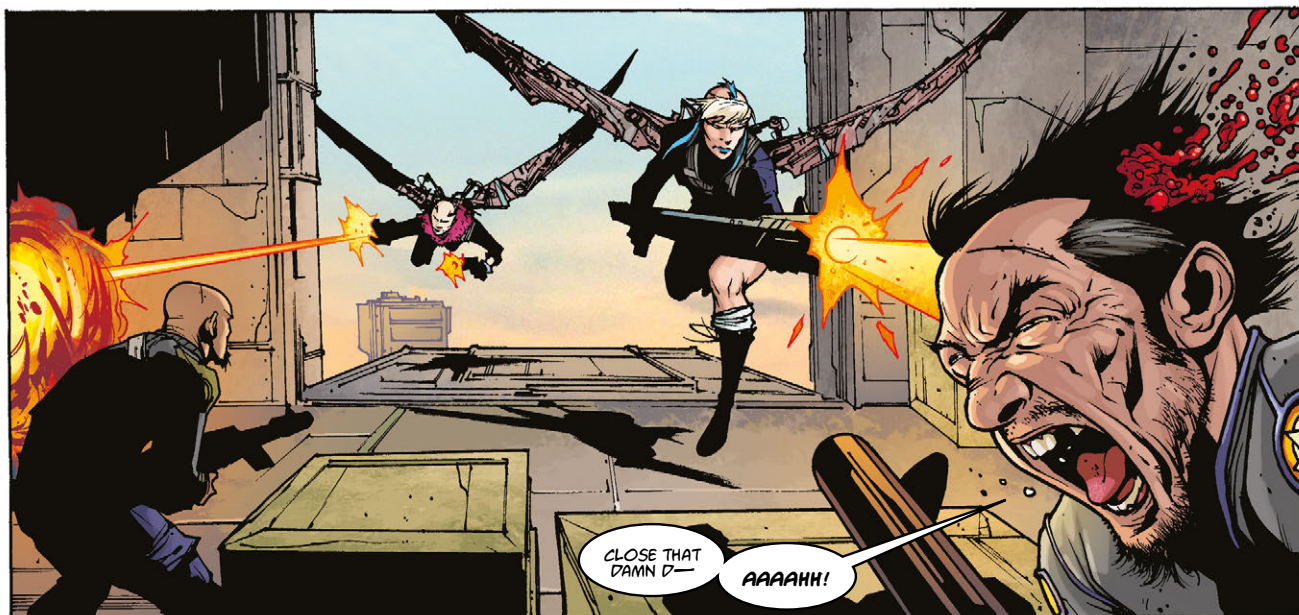
HEY, TECHIE.
WELCOME
BACK.

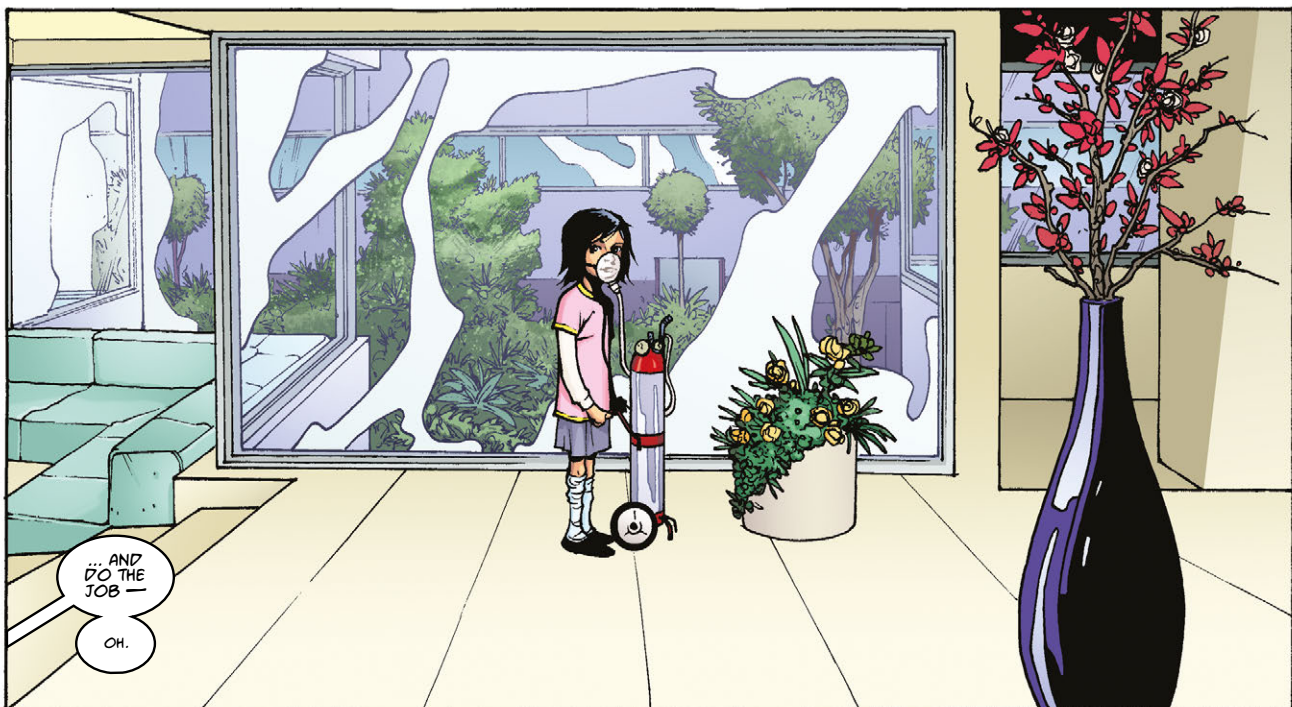
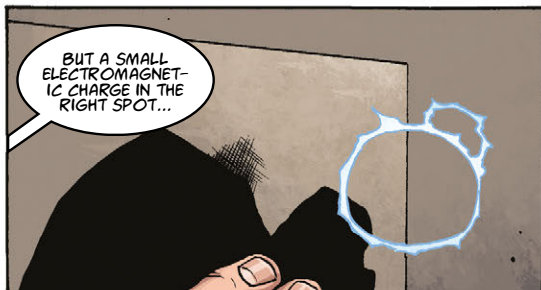
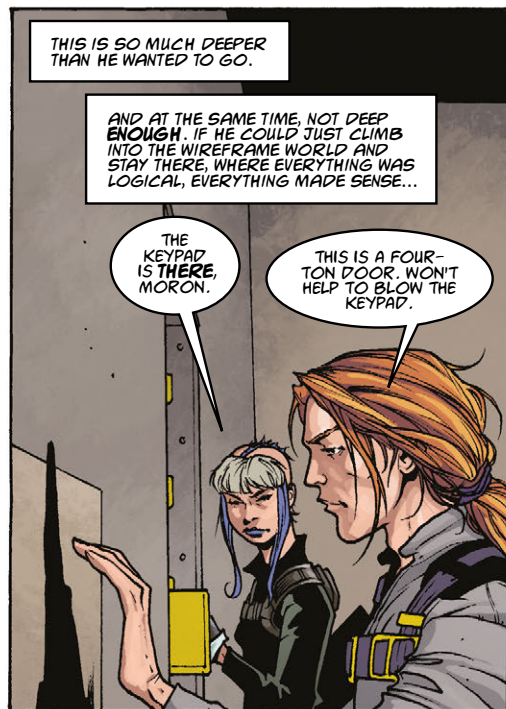
WHAT'S THE
JOB?

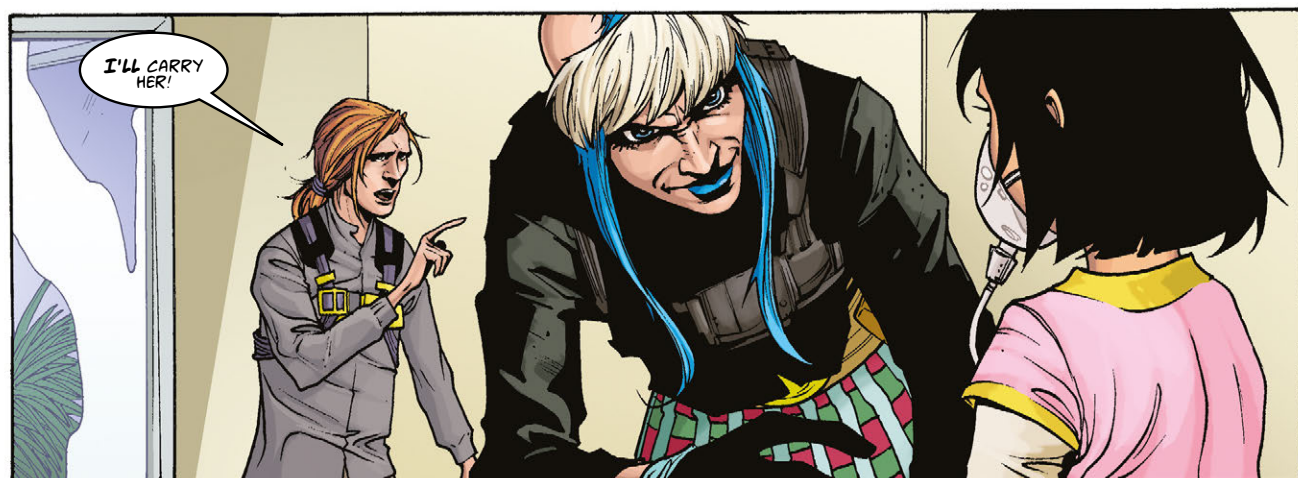
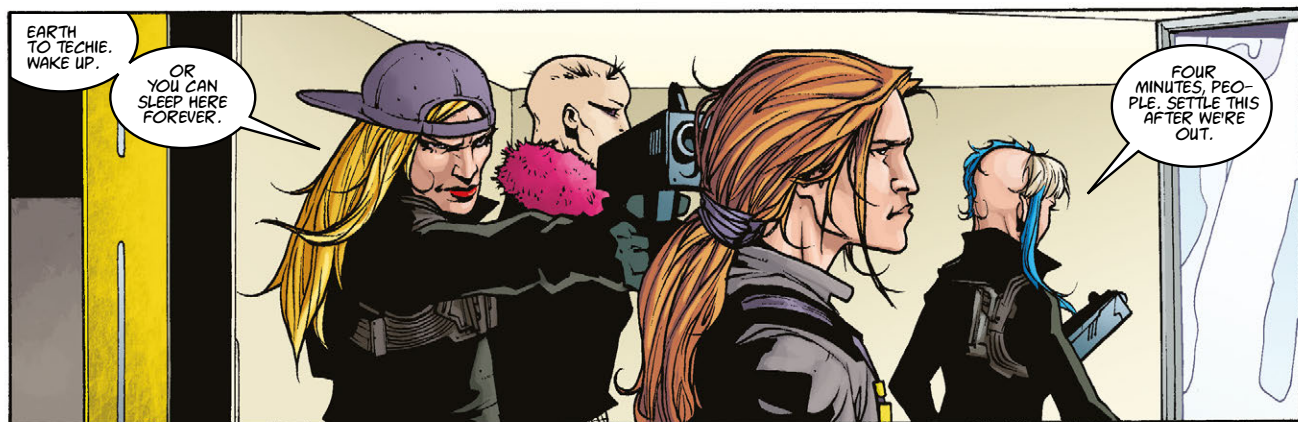
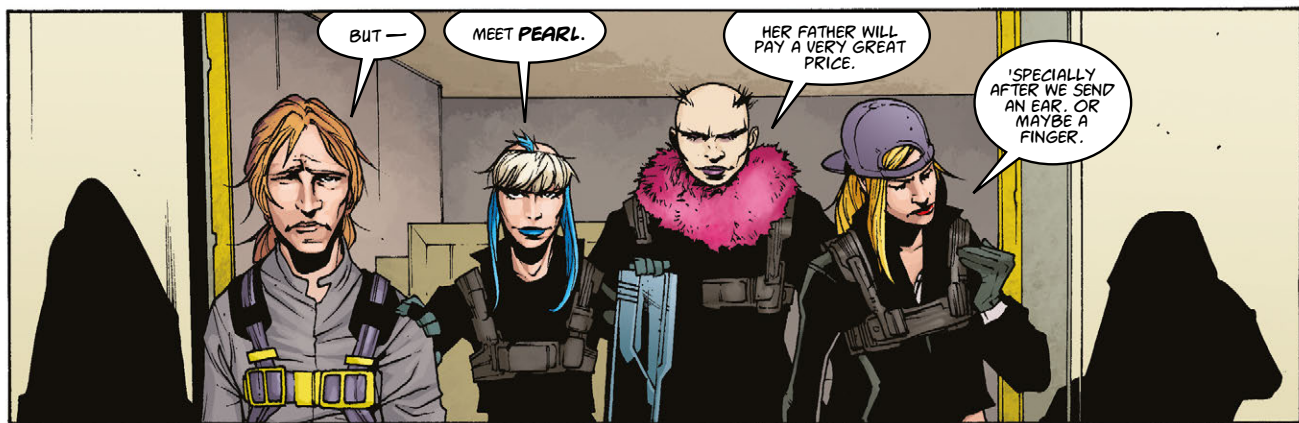
DREDD HAD BEEN RIGHT.
THE CITY'S TOO DIRTY FOR
ANYONE TO STAY CLEAN.

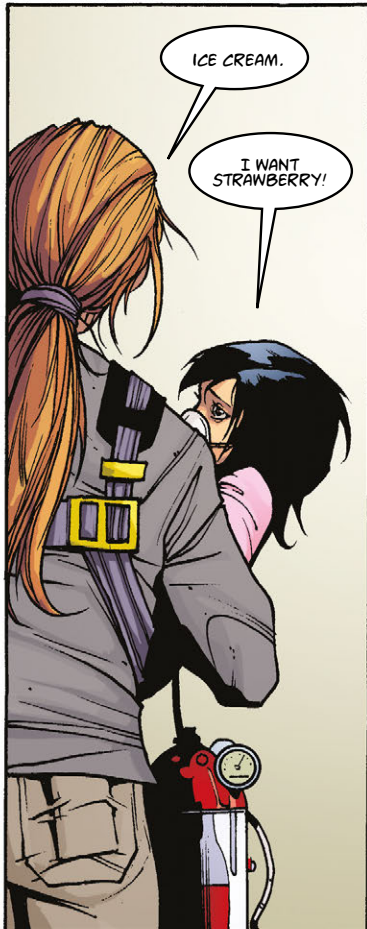
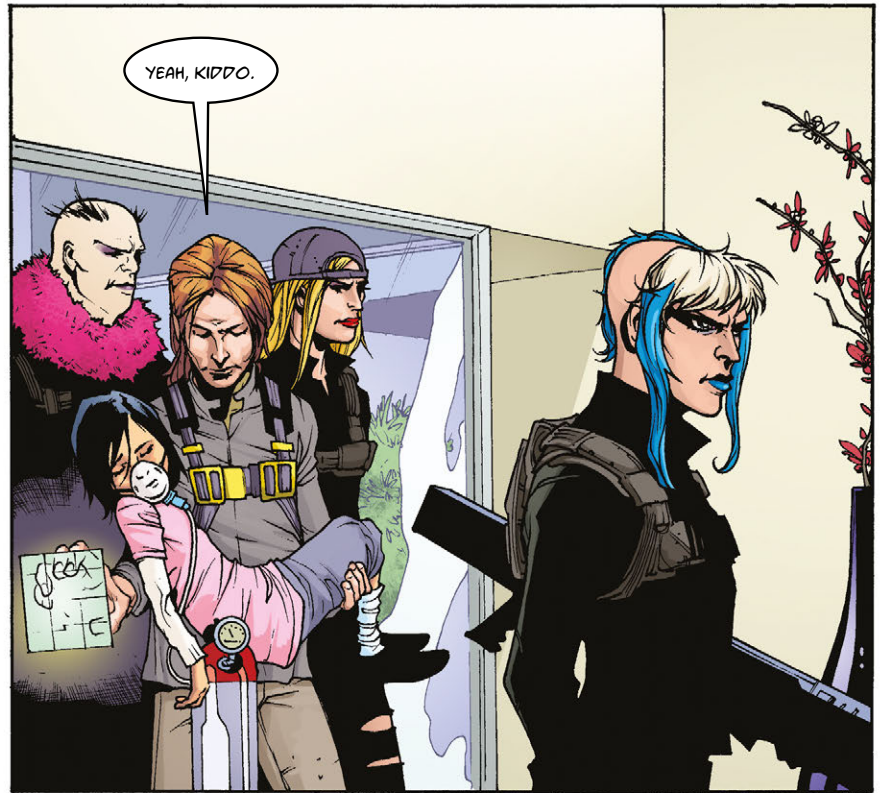


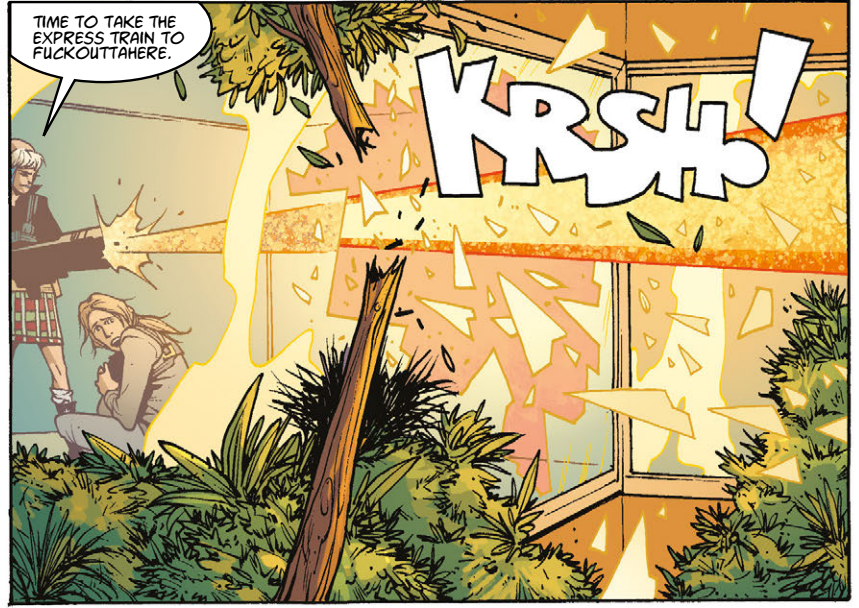














BILL WAS FAIRLY SURE HE WAS ABOUT TO DIE (AND EVEN MORE SURE THAT HE DESERVED TO).

BUT ALL HE COULD THINK ABOUT WAS HERE IN GAULT GARDENS THERE WERE TREES, REAL TREES, AND BUTTERFLIES.

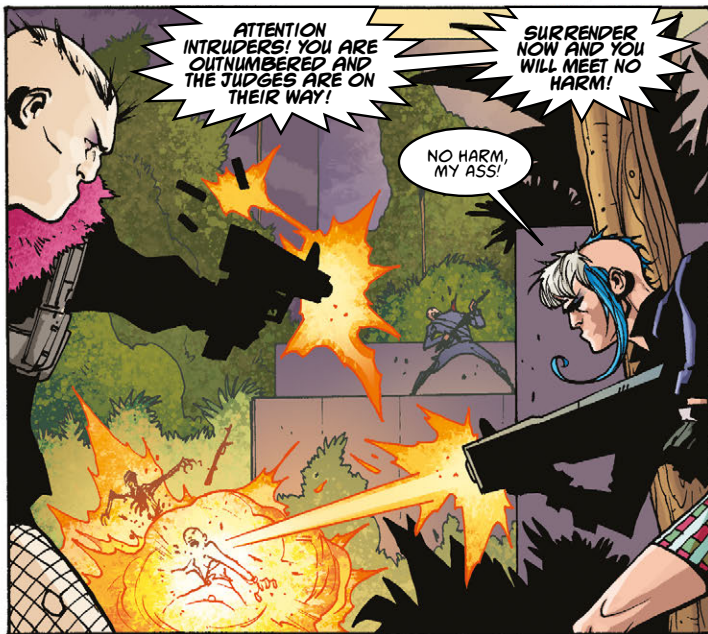


AND GUNS.





STAY THERE!



ATTENTION
INTRUDERS! YOU ARE
OUTNUMBERED AND
THE JUDGES ARE ON
THEIR WAY!

SURRENDER
NOW AND YOU
WILL MEET NO
HARM!

NO HARM,
MY ASS!



YOU JUST STAY
HERE, SWEETIE.
I'M GOING TO
GET HELP.

THERE'S BEEN
A MISTAKE. I'M
SO SORRY, HON-
EY, I MADE
A MISTAKE.

WUHH...?



THEY WERE
NEVER THIS QUICK
AT PEACH
TREES.

PUT
DOWN YOUR
WEAPONS!



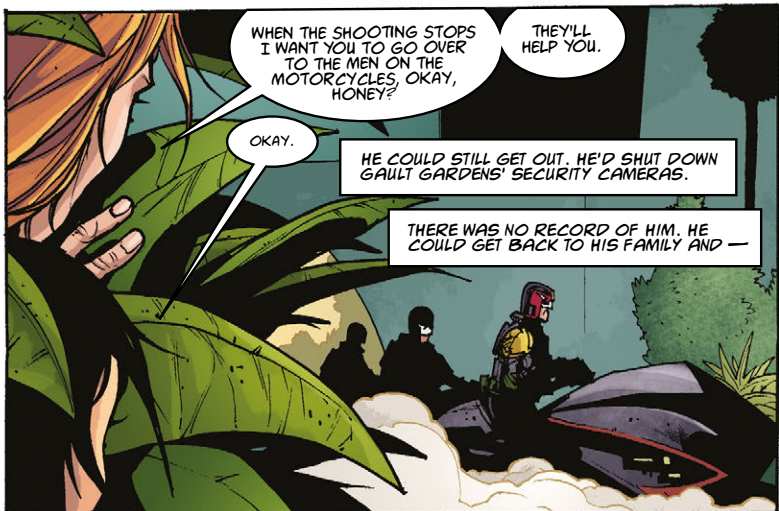
COME OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS
UP!

THERE IS
NO ESCAPE!



OH NO.

WHY'D IT
HAVE TO BE
HIM?



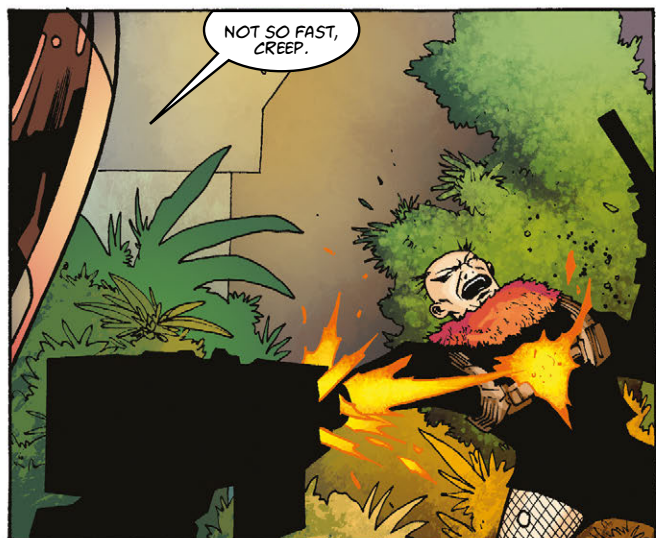
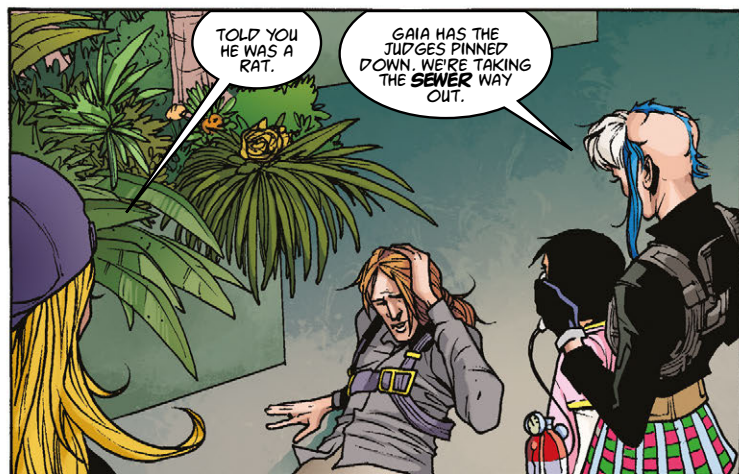
WHEN THE SHOOTING STOPS
I WANT YOU TO GO OVER
TO THE MEN ON THE
MOTORCYCLES, OKAY,
HONEY?

THEY'LL
HELP YOU.

OKAY.

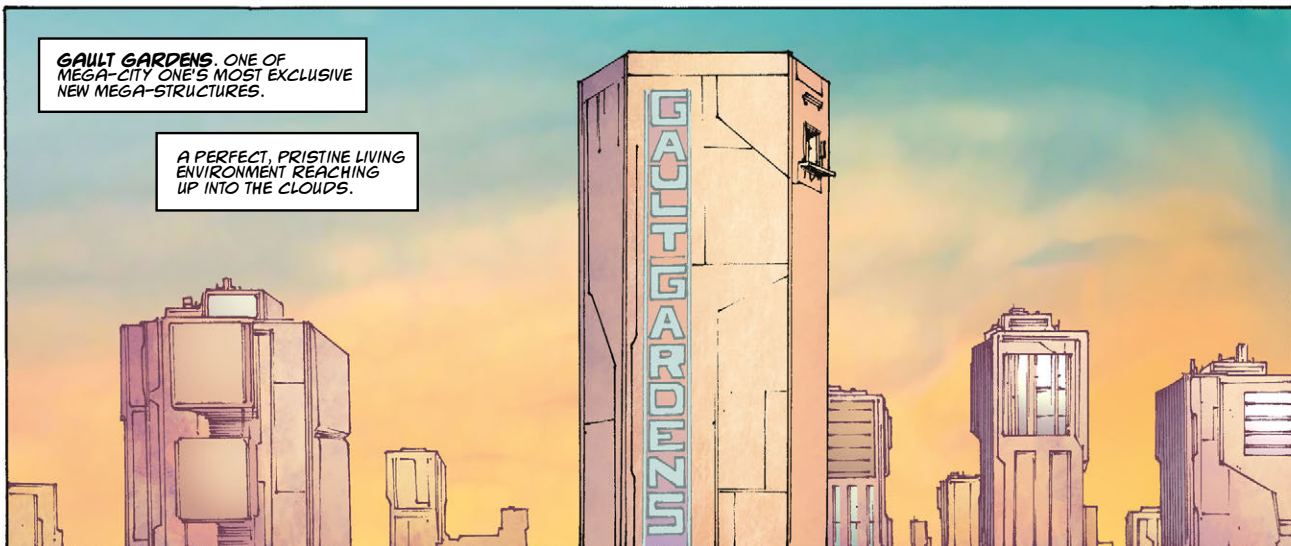
HE COULD STILL GET OUT. HE'D SHUT DOWN
GAULT GARDENS' SECURITY CAMERAS.

THERE WAS NO RECORD OF HIM. HE
COULD GET BACK TO HIS FAMILY AND —



GAULT GARDENS, ONE OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S MOST EXCLUSIVE NEW MEGA-STRUCTURES.

A PERFECT, PRISTINE LIVING ENVIRONMENT REACHING UP INTO THE CLOUDS.



BUT, LIKE SO MUCH ELSE IN THE METROPOLIS, BENEATH THE GLEAM LIES THE DIRT.

UGH. IT'S A MAZE DOWN HERE...

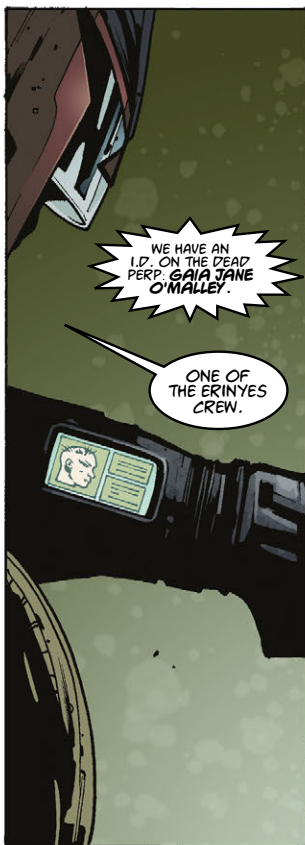
CONT! ANY LUCK WITH THAT BACK-UP?

CONTROL SAYS THEY'RE DOING THEIR BEST.



WE HAVE AN I.D. ON THE DEAD PERP. **GAIA JANE O'MALLEY**.

ONE OF THE ERINYES CREW.



THE OTHER TWO ARE MOST LIKELY **MESHAN BER-KOWITZ** AND **ALECTO JONES**. CONSIDERED EXTREMELY DANGEROUS AND LIKELY ARMED.

KIND OF FIGURED THAT.

THE KID IS **PEARL MARTINEZ**, DAUGHTER OF **EDMOND MARTINEZ**, THE HANDBAG MAGNATE. LOOKS LIKE A SMASH-AND-GRAB KIDNAPPING, WITH THE ESCAPE THROUGH THE SEWER IMPROVISED AFTER WE CUT THEM OFF.

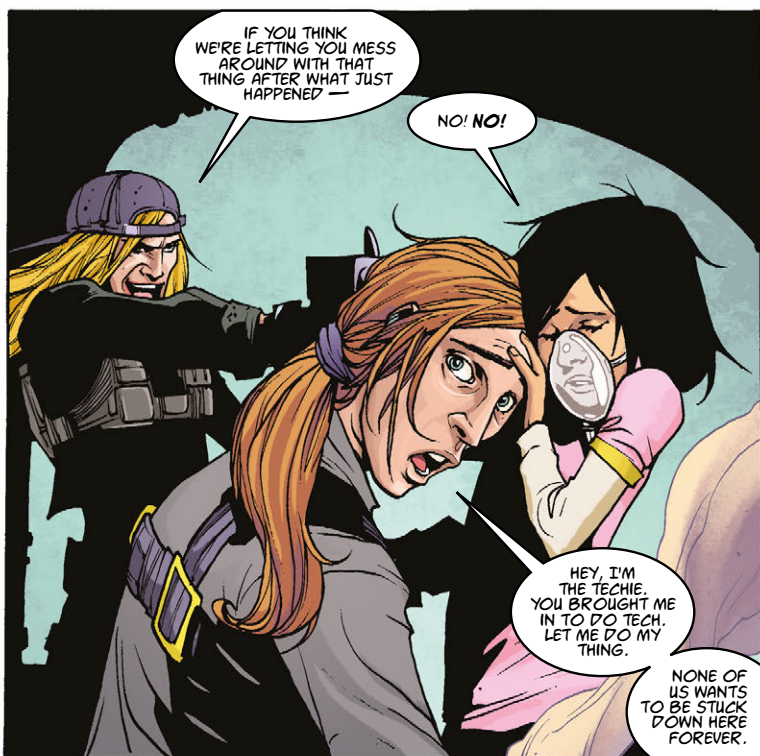
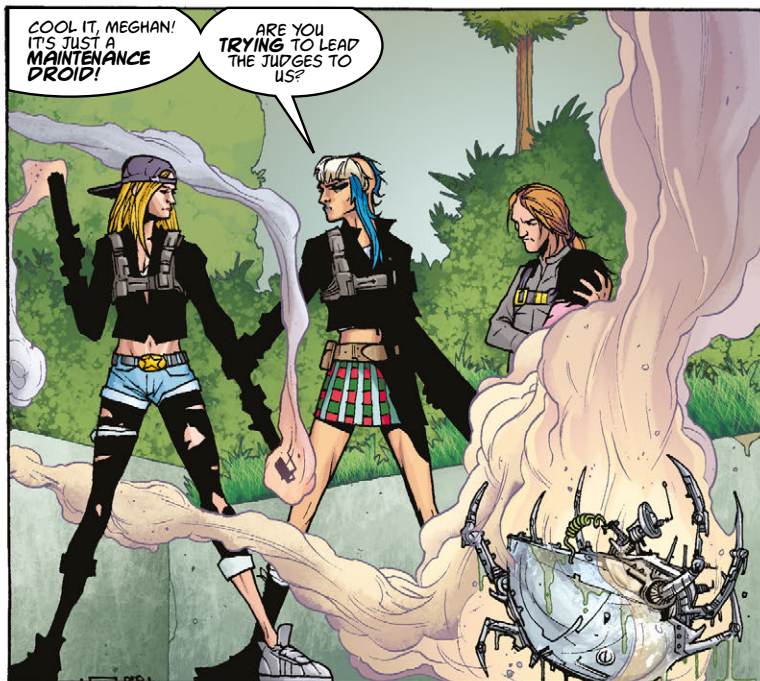
GOOD LUCK DOWN THERE, DREDD...

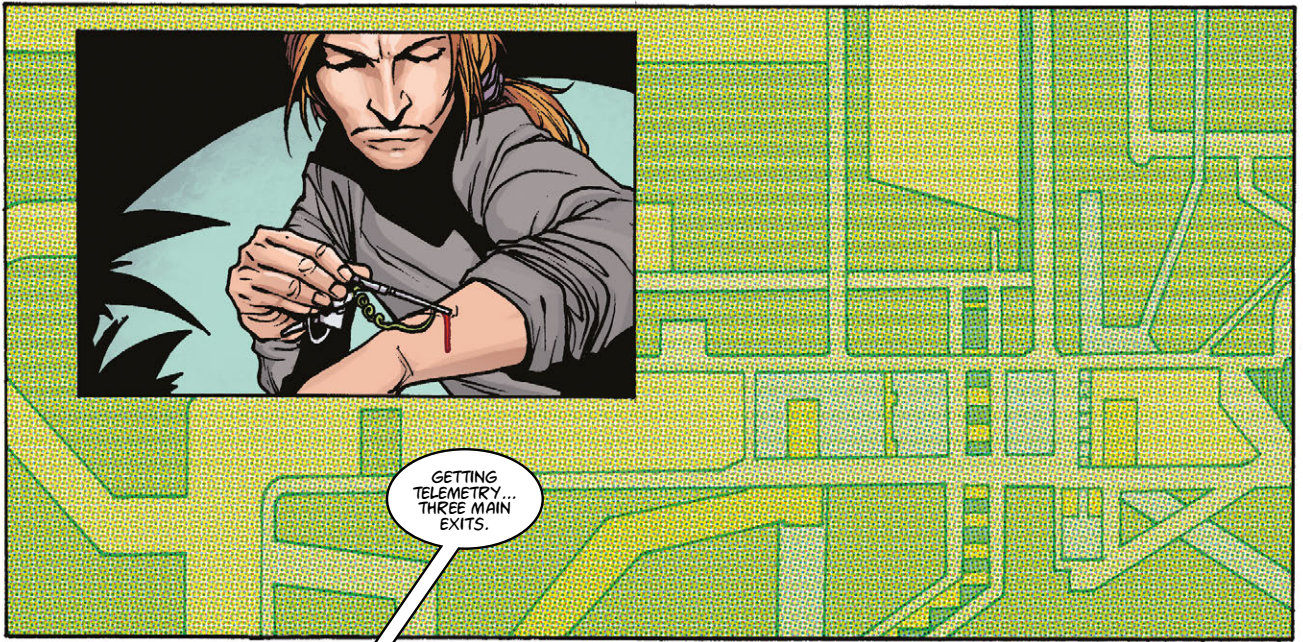


'... BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THIS IS GOING.'

DIE, MOTHER-FUCKERRR!





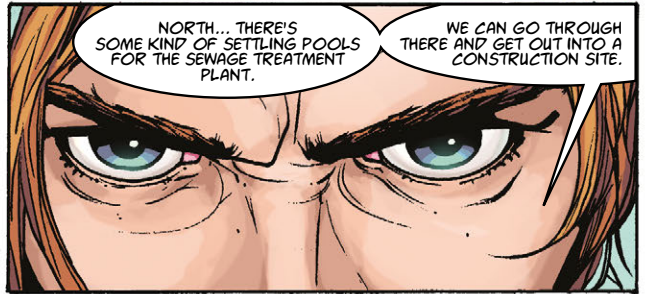


GETTING
TELEMETRY...
THREE MAIN
EXITS.



EAST, WHICH IS
STERNHAMMER GANG
TERRITORY, SO
NO.

WEST LETS US OUT
BY THE ACADEMY
OF LAW.



NORTH... THERE'S
SOME KIND OF SETTLING POOLS
FOR THE SEWAGE TREATMENT
PLANT.

WE CAN GO THROUGH
THERE AND GET OUT INTO A
CONSTRUCTION SITE.



AND THEN
CAN I GO HOME?
I WANT TO GO
HOME!



I WA —



SEDATIVE.
SHOULD HAVE
DONE IT A WHILE
BACK.

LEAD THE
WAY, TECHIE.



SO CLOSE. JUST A LITTLE FURTHER AND HE CAN GET THEM OUT OF THIS.



JUST SO LONG AS THE ERINYES DON'T DECIDE THAT HIS USEFULNESS —

THIS WAY!

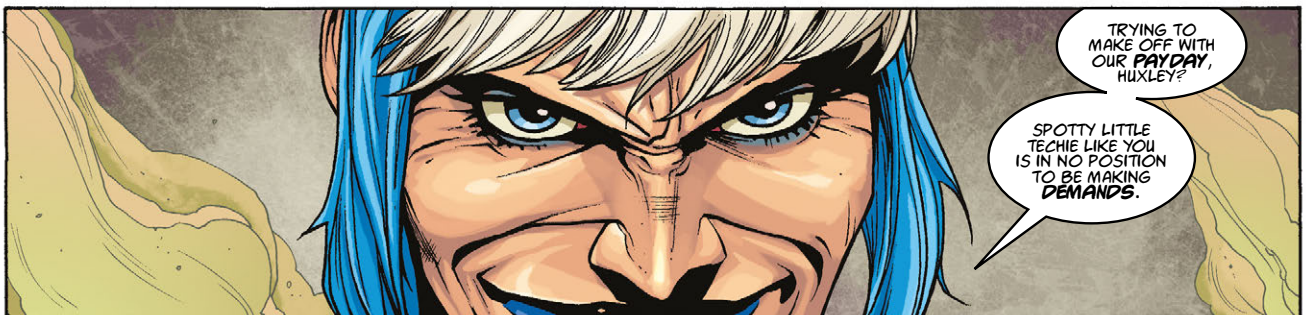


— HAS COME TO AN END.

OKAY. THAT'S FAR ENOUGH. GIRL DOWN, HANDS UP.

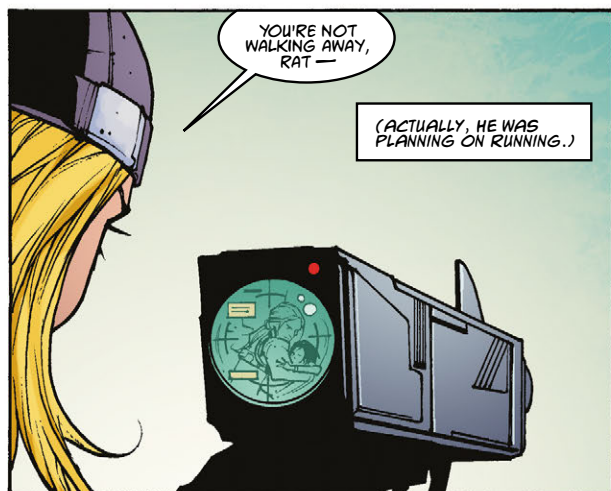
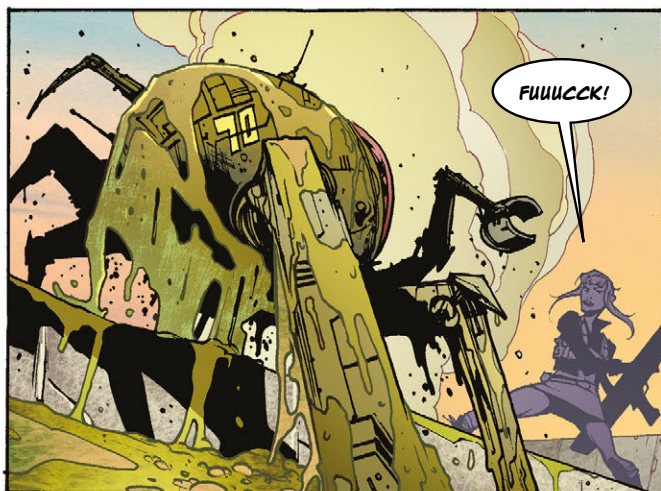
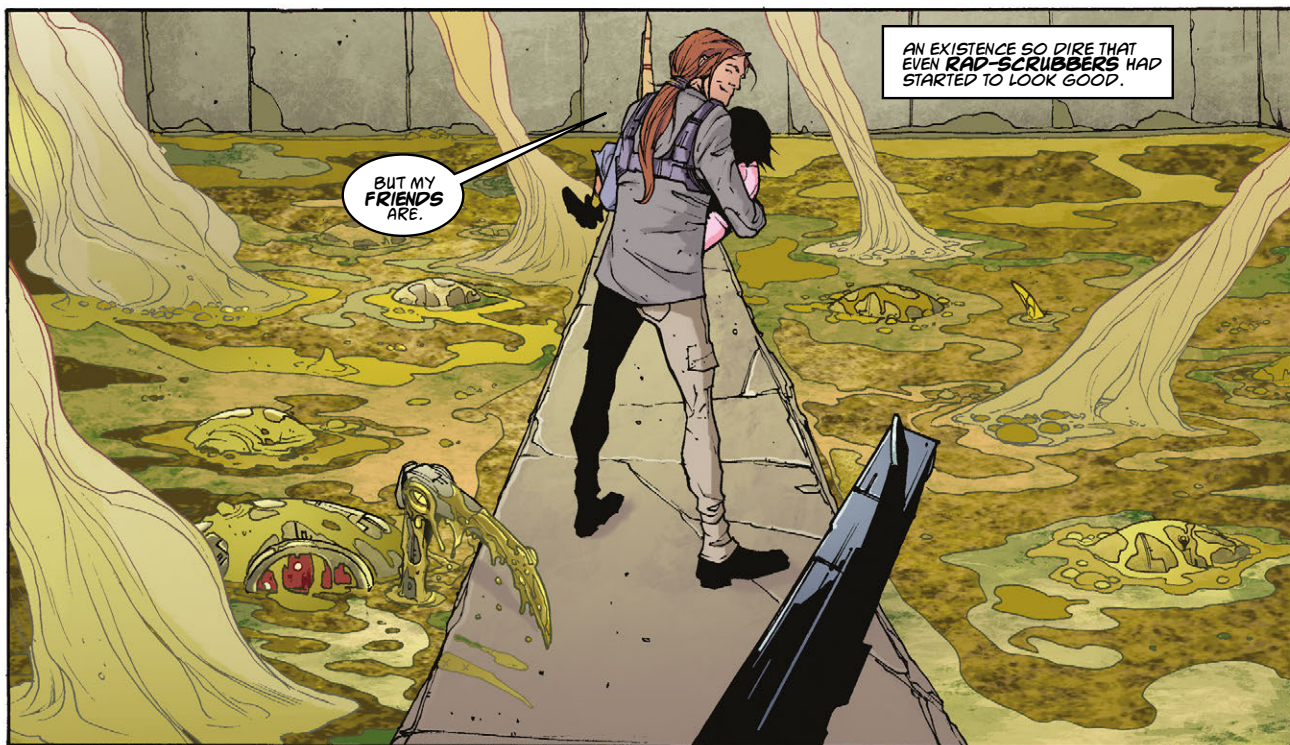
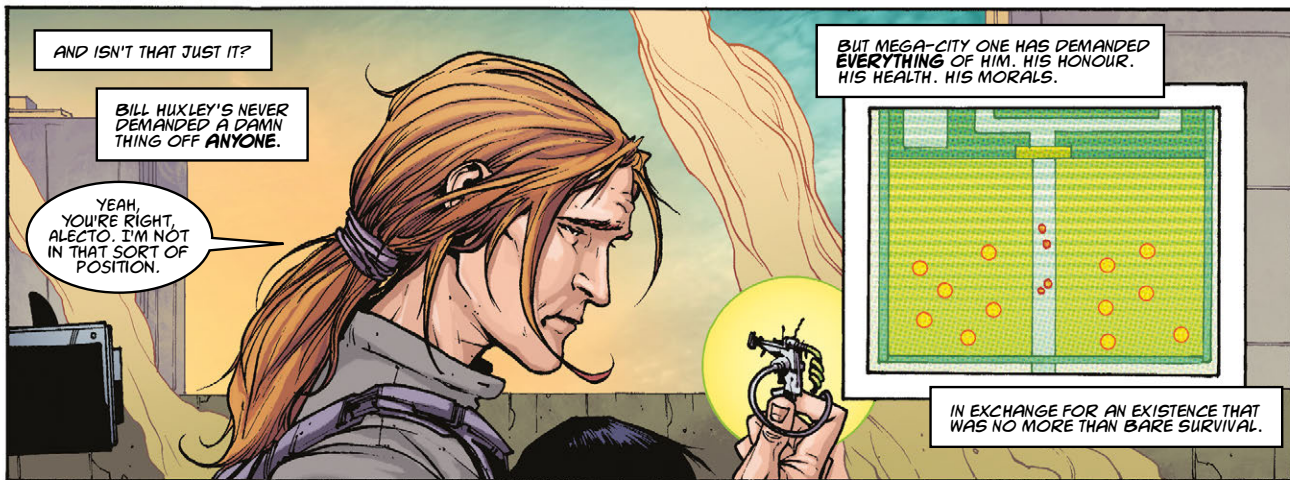


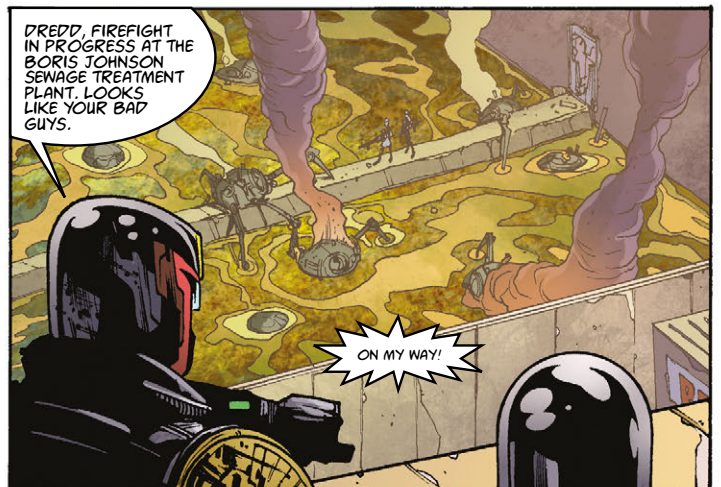
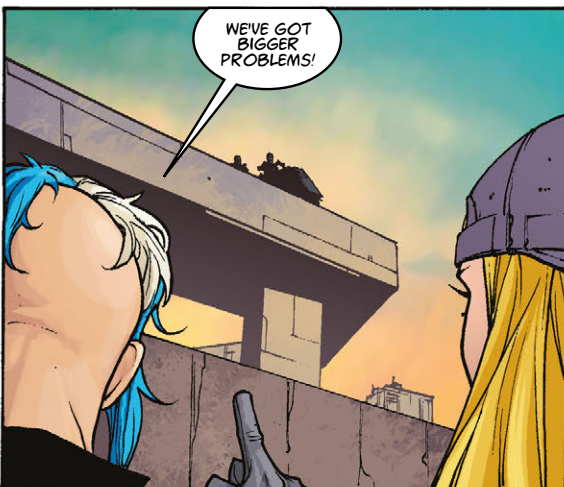
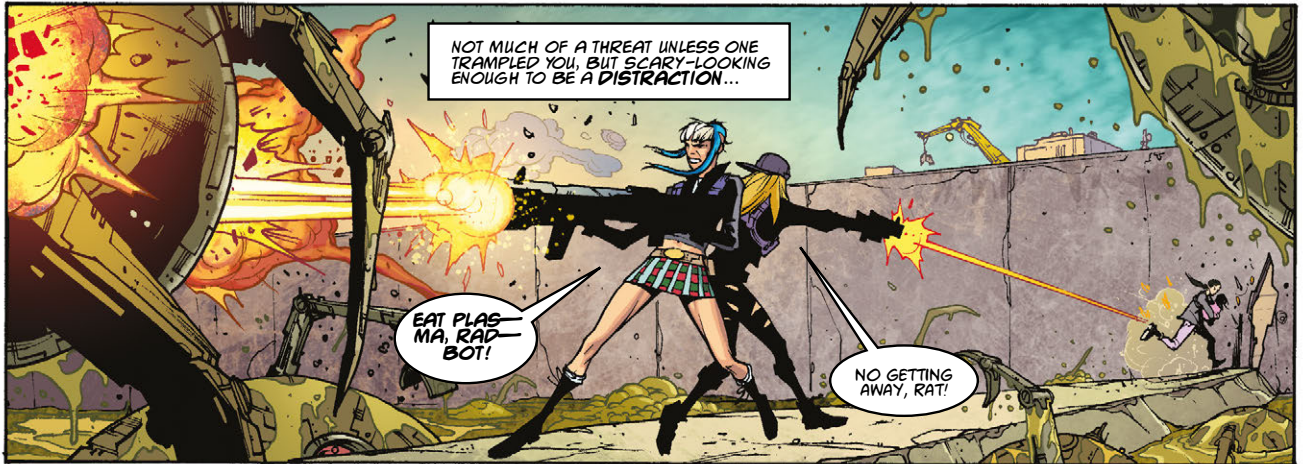
LISTEN. LET ME TAKE THE GIRL BACK. YOU CAN STILL GET OUT CLEAN IF YOU DO.

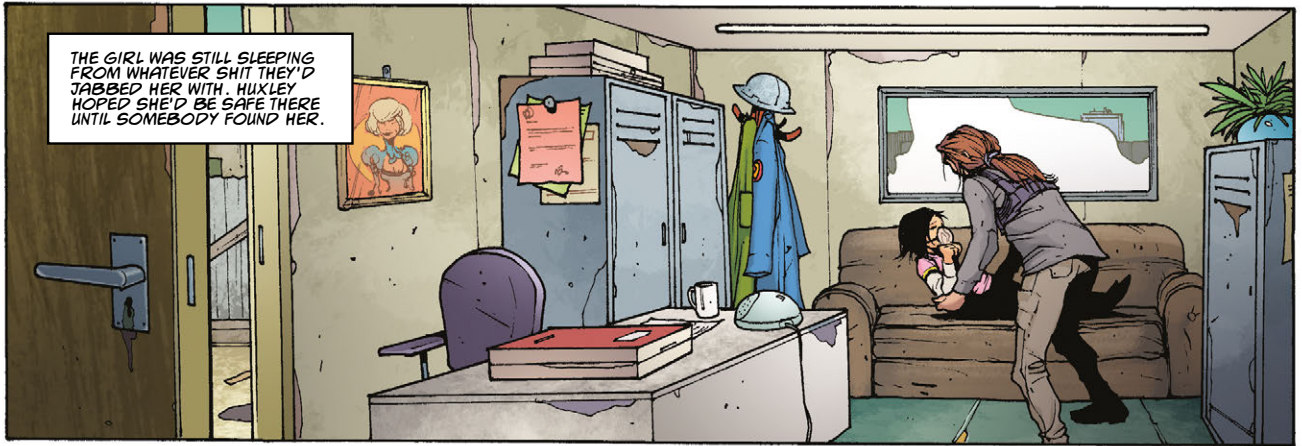


TRYING TO MAKE OFF WITH OUR PAYDAY, HUXLEY?

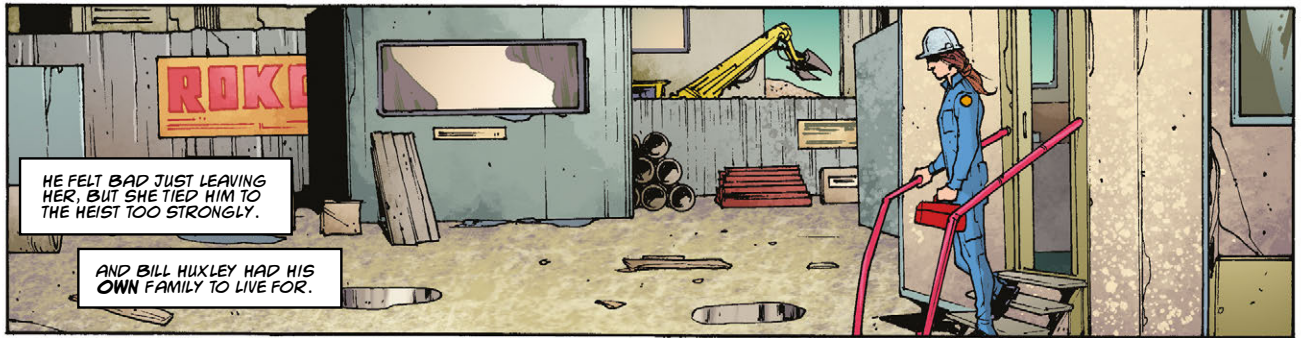
SPOTTY LITTLE TECHIE LIKE YOU IS IN NO POSITION TO BE MAKING DEMANDS.







THE GIRL WAS STILL SLEEPING FROM WHATEVER SHIT THEY'D JABBED HER WITH. HUXLEY HOPED SHE'D BE SAFE THERE UNTIL SOMEBODY FOUND HER.



HE FELT BAD JUST LEAVING HER, BUT SHE TIED HIM TO THE HEIST TOO STRONGLY.

AND BILL HUXLEY HAD HIS OWN FAMILY TO LIVE FOR.



(WOULD THEY GET ANYTHING OUT OF HER? COULD SHE DESCRIBE HIM? HE DOESN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT.)

RUNNING INTO MAINTENANCE DROIDS FROM HIS OLD JOB HAD BEEN A MAJOR STROKE OF LUCK.



BUT BILL'S NEVER BEEN VERY LUCKY.

CITIZEN!

SHIT.



NOT HIM.

NOT AGAIN.



THIS AREA'S NOT
SAFE. MOVE ON
IMMEDIATELY.



I WAS JUST
LEAVING. I,
UH...
I HEARD
GUNFIRE.



AND SOMEONE
WENT INTO OUR
OFFICE. A
WOMAN.

WE'RE
TAKING CARE
OF IT.

HE'D BEEN SPOTTED.
THAT WAS BAD. HE'D
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT THAT LATER.



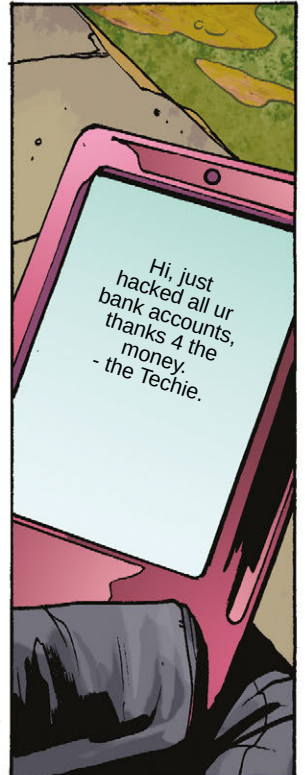
FOR NOW, HE HAD TO
DO ONE LAST THING.

I'VE
ONLY GOT
ONE CLIP LEFT!
WHAT'S YOUR
PLAN?

HANG ON,
I'M WORKING
ON IT —



THE HELL —



Hi, just
hacked all ur
bank accounts,
thanks 4 the
money.
- the Techie.



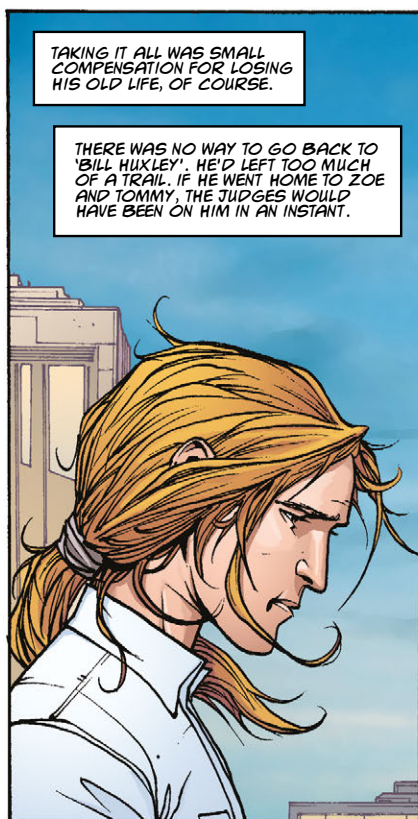
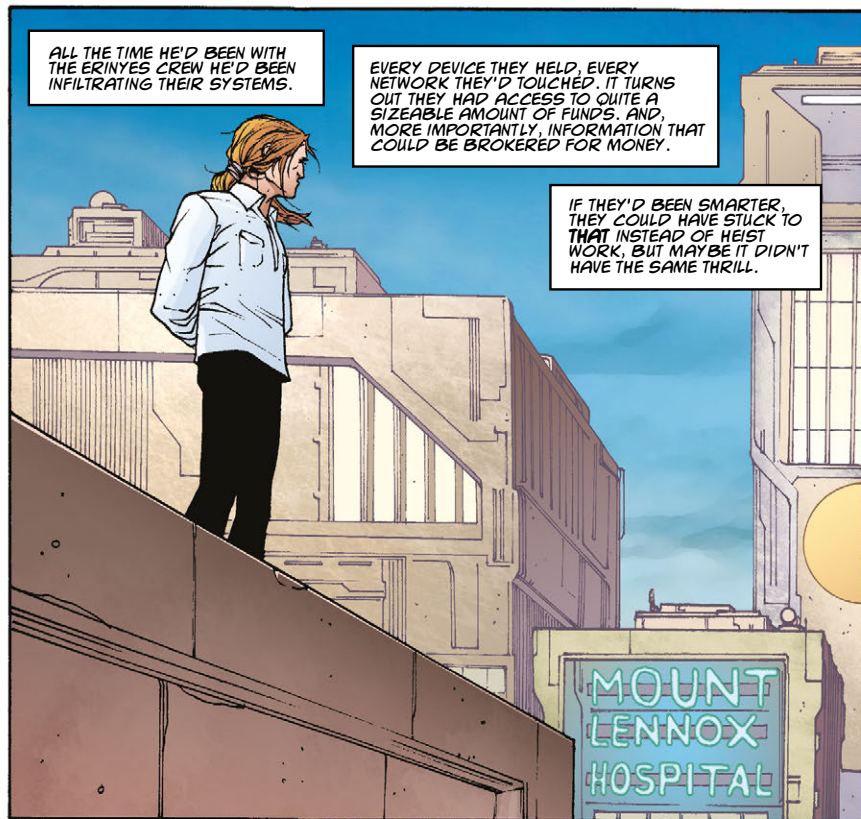
ALL THE TIME HE'D BEEN WITH THE ERINYES CREW HE'D BEEN INFILTRATING THEIR SYSTEMS.

EVERY DEVICE THEY HAD, EVERY NETWORK THEY'D TOUCHED. IT TURNS OUT THEY HAD ACCESS TO QUITE A SIZEABLE AMOUNT OF FUNDS. AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, INFORMATION THAT COULD BE BROKERED FOR MONEY.

IF THEY'D BEEN SMARTER, THEY COULD HAVE STUCK TO THAT INSTEAD OF HEIST WORK. BUT MAYBE IT DIDN'T HAVE THE SAME THRILL.

TAKING IT ALL WAS SMALL COMPENSATION FOR LOSING HIS OLD LIFE, OF COURSE.

THERE WAS NO WAY TO GO BACK TO 'BILL HUXLEY'. HE'D LEFT TOO MUCH OF A TRAIL. IF HE WENT HOME TO ZOE AND TOMMY, THE JUDGES WOULD HAVE BEEN ON HIM IN AN INSTANT.



HE COULDN'T EVEN LET ZOE KNOW WHY HE WAS LEAVING HER.

HI, I'M TOMMY. I'M HERE TO SEE A SPECIALIST!



ME TOO!

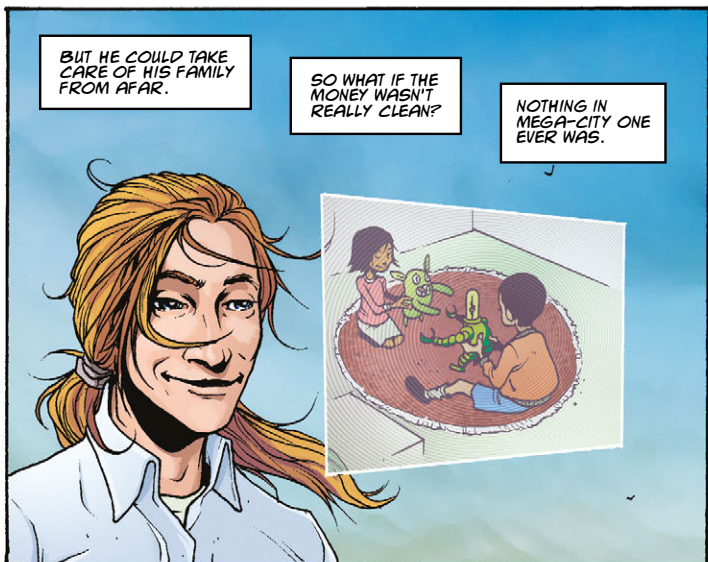
I'VE GOT BUMPS IN MY LUNGS!



BUT HE COULD TAKE CARE OF HIS FAMILY FROM AFAR.

SO WHAT IF THE MONEY WASN'T REALLY CLEAN?

NOTHING IN MEGA-CITY ONE EVER WAS.



DREDD

THE DEAD WORLD

Script

ARTHUR WYATT
ALEX DE CAMPI

Art

HENRY FLINT

Colours

CHRIS BLYTHE

Letters

ANNIE PARKHOUSE

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 392-396

MEGA-CITY ONE,
NORTHERN SECTORS,
0800 HOURS.

CRIME LEVELS ARE
SLIGHTLY DOWN, BARRING
THE USUAL HOTSPOTS.

OUTSTANDING APBS
INCLUDE ONE FOR MIKE
'MATCHES' MCGEE, WANTED
IN CONNECTION WITH LAST
NIGHT'S FIRE AT JIMMY
SOMERVILLE TOWER.



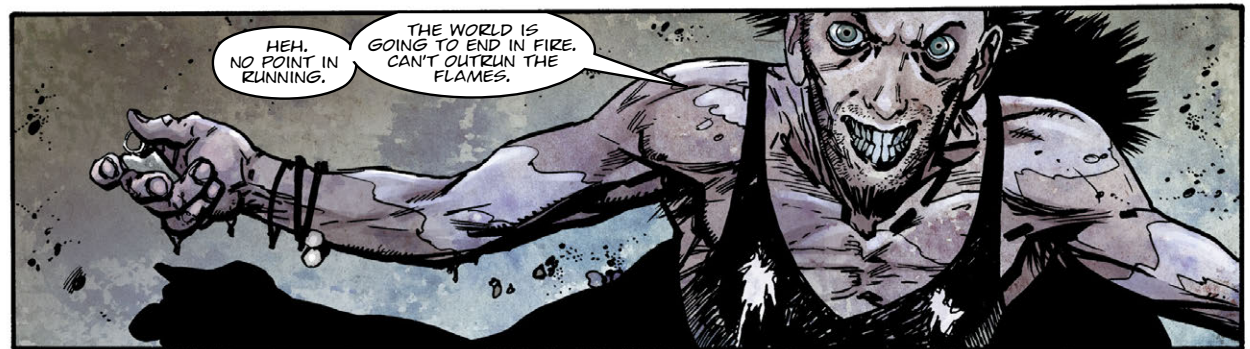
CONTROL -
DREDD. GOT
EYES ON YOUR
SUSPECTED
ARSONIST.

PARTICULATE LEVELS ARE
SLIGHTLY UP, BUT UNDER
THE LEVEL FOR RESPIRATOR
ADVISORIES. OTHER
POLLUTION INDICATORS
ARE INSIDE BOUNDARIES.

HE IS
COMING.

JUST ANOTHER
NORMAL DAY IN
MEGA-CITY ONE.

SCRATCH THE
'SUSPECTED'.



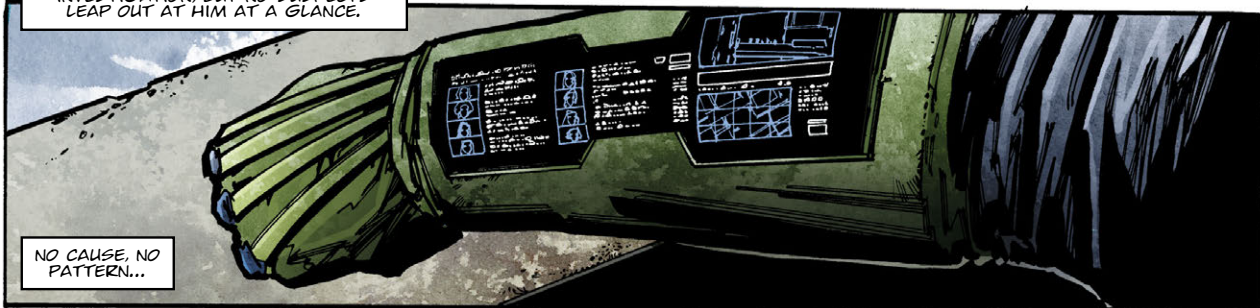




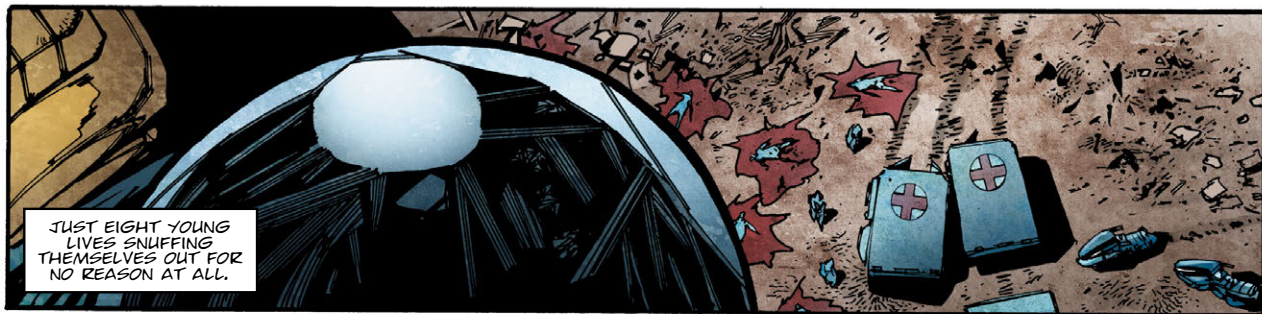
NOTHING
UP ON THE
BRIDGE.

NO REASON
FOR THEM TO
HAVE DONE IT.

EIGHT CITIZENS, ALL FEMALE, ALL THE
SAME AGE, ALL ATTENDING THE SAME
SCHOOL. HE FLAGS PARENTS AND
TEACHERS FOR FUTURE INTERVIEW AND
INVESTIGATION, BUT NO SUSPECTS
LEAP OUT AT HIM AT A GLANCE.



NO CAUSE, NO
PATTERN...



JUST EIGHT YOUNG
LIVES SNUFFING
THEMSELVES OUT FOR
NO REASON AT ALL.



WAS IT
TERRORISTS?

MOVE
ALONG,
CITIZEN.



I BET IT WAS
THOSE DAMN
DEMOCRACY
FREAKS. YOU
JUDGES
SHOULD -

I
SAID MOVE
ALONG!



SHOULDN'T HAVE SNAPPED LIKE THAT, EVEN AT A CITIZEN WHO WAS OVERSTEPPING THE LINE.

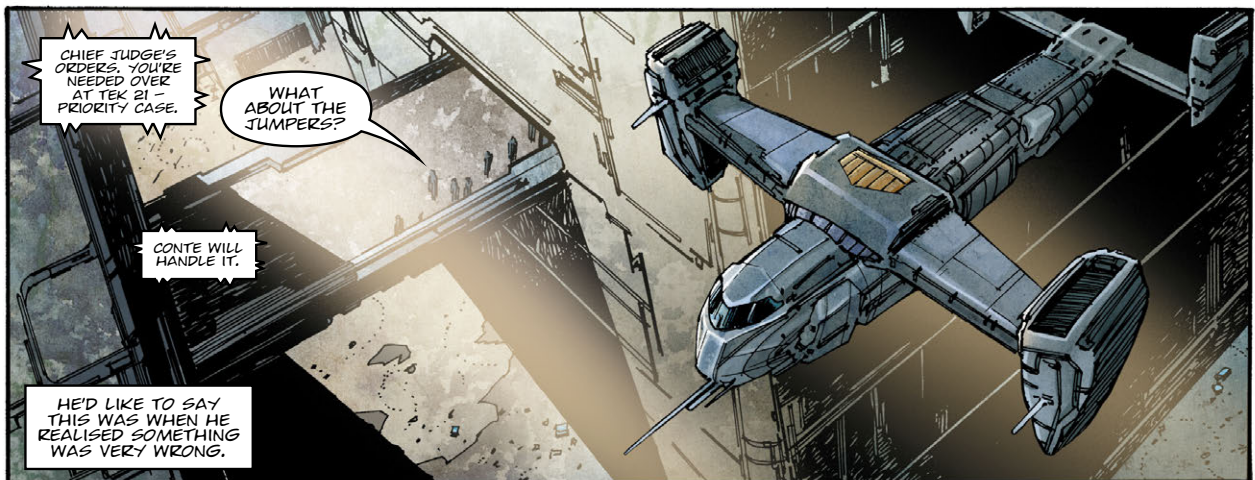


WHAT WAS IT THAT ANDERSON HAD SAID, YEARS AGO NOW? ANGER AND CONTROL.

ANGER WAS FUEL, BUT WITHOUT CONTROL IT WAS NOTHING.

DREDD - CONTROL. WE HAVE A VTOL INBOUND TO YOUR LOCATION TO PICK YOU UP.

I DIDN'T REQUEST THAT.

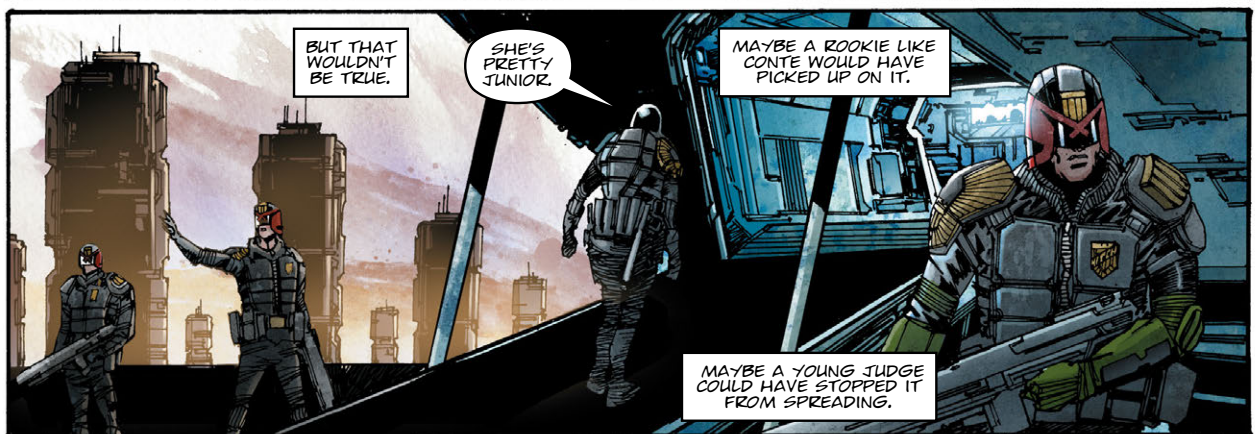


CHIEF JUDGE'S ORDERS, YOU'RE NEEDED OVER AT TEK 21 - PRIORITY CASE.

WHAT ABOUT THE JUMPERS?

CONTE WILL HANDLE IT.

HE'D LIKE TO SAY THIS WAS WHEN HE REALISED SOMETHING WAS VERY WRONG.

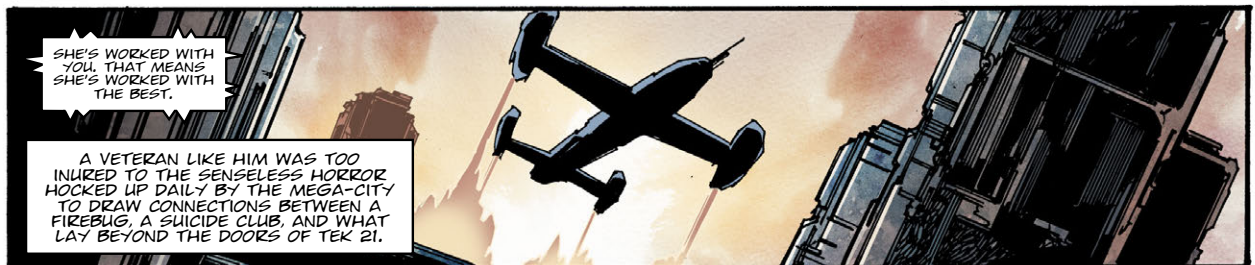


BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE TRUE.

SHE'S PRETTY JUNIOR.

MAYBE A ROOKIE LIKE CONTE WOULD HAVE PICKED UP ON IT.

MAYBE A YOUNG JUDGE COULD HAVE STOPPED IT FROM SPREADING.



SHE'S WORKED WITH YOU. THAT MEANS SHE'S WORKED WITH THE BEST.

A VETERAN LIKE HIM WAS TOO INURED TO THE SENSELESS HORROR HOOKED UP DAILY BY THE MEGA-CITY TO DRAW CONNECTIONS BETWEEN A FIREBUG, A SUICIDE CLUB, AND WHAT LAY BEYOND THE DOORS OF TEK 21.

TEK 21. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
ADVANCED TECHNOLOGICAL
RESEARCH FACILITY.

ULTIMATELY,
WE'RE FIGHTING
ENTROPY.

TEK 21

AND
WE'RE ON
THE LOSING
SIDE.

WE'VE GOT
RECYCLING AND
RECLAMATION
TECHNOLOGIES THAT
WOULD HAVE SEEMED
MIRACULOUS IN THE
PRE-WAR YEARS,
PROBABLY WOULDN'T
EVEN HAVE BEEN
WARS IF WE HAD
THEM THEN.

BUT WE'VE
SO MUCH LESS
TO WORK WITH
THAN THEM.
OF COURSE.

WITH A
WASTELAND
BEYOND ITS
WALLS, THE CITY
BECOMES A CLOSED
SYSTEM. EVERY
RESOURCE NEEDS
TO BE ENDLESSLY
RECYCLED. EVERY
WATT OF ENERGY
REUSED.

THAT'S
WHERE PROJECT
PROTEUS COMES
IN.

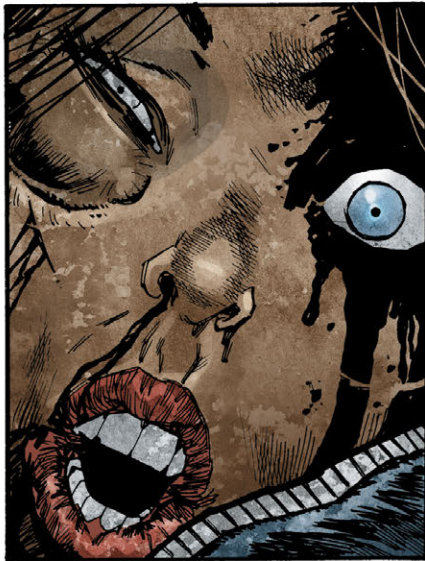
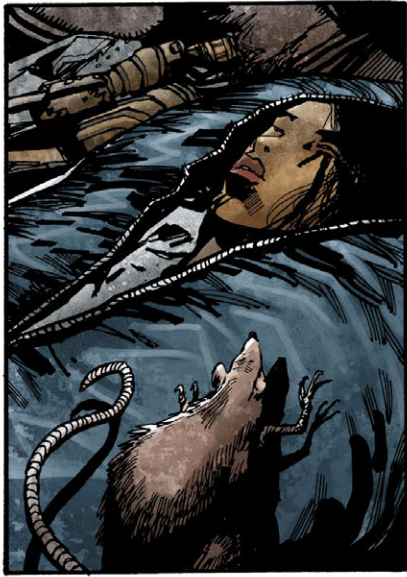
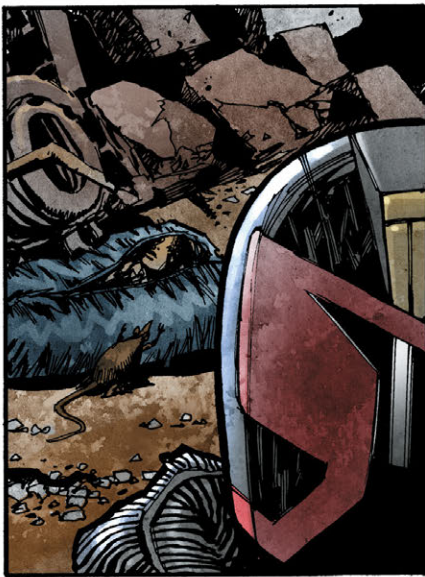
THE
THEORIES THEY
WERE WORKING ON
WERE EXTREME...
THE LIKELIHOOD
OF SUCCESS
SLIM.







...A VETERAN COULD BE FORGIVEN
FOR FOCUSING ON INTERNAL AFFAIRS
RATHER THAN INFERNAL ONES.



INDEED, NOTHING
WOULD EVER BE
NORMAL AGAIN.



MEGA-CITY ONE,
TEK 21 TOWER,
14:00 HOURS.

CRIME LEVELS CLIMBING BY
THE HOUR. MANY INCIDENTS
ARE STRANGE; SENSELESS.

COULD BE A SIGN
OF SOMETHING
ABNORMAL. COULD BE
JUST FRIDAY BEFORE
THE BANK HOLIDAY.

WHAT
EXACTLY WERE THEY
RESEARCHING,
JANSSEN?

AND ANY
CHANCE THE
MISSING FOUR
ESCAPED?

FATAL LAB ACCIDENT.
0820 HOURS.

SUICIDE
BODY MISSING
0815 hours

RESISTING ARREST
SELF-IMMOLATION
0810 hours

SUICIDE BOMBING
0915 hours

MURDER
0915 hours

ARSON
1210 hours

MASS
MURDER/SUICIDE
1257 hours

Patrick
McIntyre
Tek-Div/21

Preethi
Anand
Tek-Div/21

Oluremi
Olowude
Tek-Div/21

Merry Wu
Tek-Div/21

Robert
Gonzalez
Tek-Div/21

Holliday
Jones
Tek-Div/21

Sidney
De'Ath
Tek-Div/21



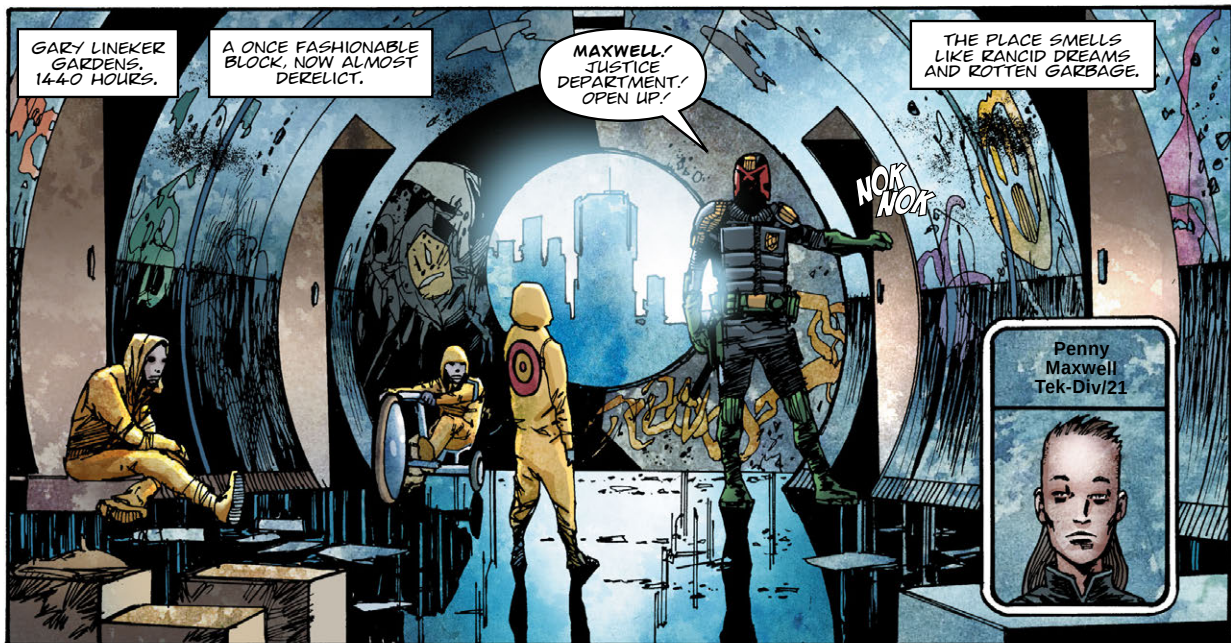
THEY WERE
ATTEMPTING TO HARNESS
AN EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL
ENERGY SOURCE. AND NO,
THEY WERE ALL IN THE
ROOM WHEN THE SURGE
HAPPENED.

ALTHOUGH
THE VID CUT OUT
INSIDE THE LAB DURING
THE POWER SURGE, THE
FEED FROM THE HALLWAY
WASN'T AFFECTED.
NOBODY LEFT.
DREDD.



WHAT'S THE FASTEST WAY I CAN GET UP TO SPEED WITH WHAT WAS GOING ON IN HERE?

YOU COULD GO SEE MAXWELL. SHE'S NOMINALLY PART OF THE TEAM, BUT SHE CALLED IN SICK TODAY. BEEN OFF A LOT, ACTUALLY.



GARY LINEKER GARDENS, 1440 HOURS.

A ONCE FASHIONABLE BLOCK, NOW ALMOST DERELICT.

MAXWELL! JUSTICE DEPARTMENT! OPEN UP!

THE PLACE SMELLS LIKE RANCID DREAMS AND ROTTEN GARBAGE.

NOK NOK

Penny Maxwell
Tek-Div/21



OR MAYBE THAT'S JUST THE NEXT-DOOR APARTMENT.



SOMETHING HAPPENED AT THE LAB, DIDN'T IT?



YES, JANSSEN SUGGESTED YOU WEREN'T TOO KEEN ON THE PROJECT.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL THEORY...

KOFF KOFF! UNTIL THE SIDE EFFECTS. MY SKIN...



PATRICK'S NIGHTMARES. REMI'S HOT FLUSHES.

AND - KOFF KOFF! - POOR SIDNEY...



TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE PROJECT.

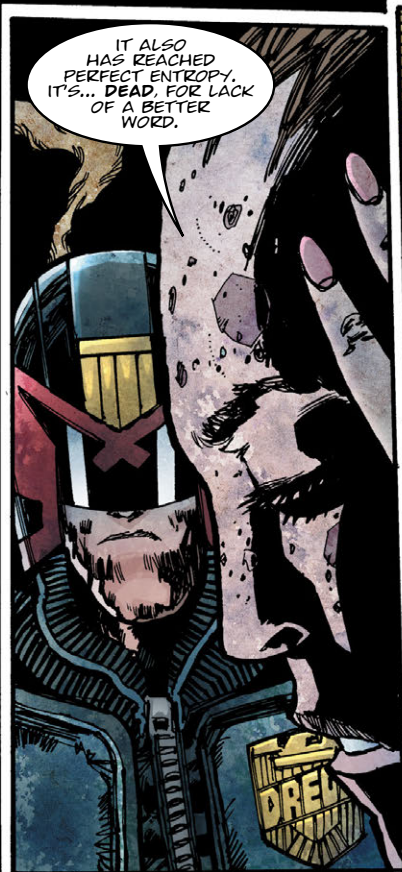
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE SECOND LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS, DREDD?

JUST GIVE ME THE BRIEF VERSION.



WE DISCOVERED ANOTHER DIMENSION. IT'S NOT NEXT TO OURS, MORE... OVERLAPPING OURS.

IT EXISTS IN - KOFF - THE EXTRA SPACE THAT THE SUBATOMIC PARTICLES OF OUR DIMENSION AREN'T USING.



IT ALSO HAS REACHED PERFECT ENTROPY. IT'S... DEAD, FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD.



OURS, OBVIOUSLY, ISN'T DEAD.

IF YOU OPENED A - KOFF - STANDARD PORTAL BETWEEN THE TWO DIMENSIONS THERE'D BE A MASSIVE TRANSFER OF ENERGY FROM OUR WORLD TO THE DEAD ONE UNTIL BOTH SYSTEMS REACHED ENTROPY.



BUT IF YOU COULD OPEN JUST THE - KOFF - RIGHT KIND OF PORTAL, YOU COULD HARNESS THE FORCE OF THAT POTENTIAL TRANSFER LIKE A HYDROELECTRIC DAM, BUT WITH QUANTUM PARTICLES.



COULD ANYONE SURVIVE GOING THROUGH THE PORTAL?



UM, I DON'T KNOW.

THE PHYSICS OF THAT WORLD COULD BE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TO OURS.



WHAT HAPPENED?

THREE OF YOUR COLLEAGUES ARE DEAD, MAXWELL, AND ANOTHER FOUR ARE MISSING - PRESUMABLY SUCKED INTO THE OTHER DIMENSION.



DEAR GOD, I - KOFF. - KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE MEDDLED...



WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T OPEN THE PORTAL AGAIN.

JUST... DON'T.



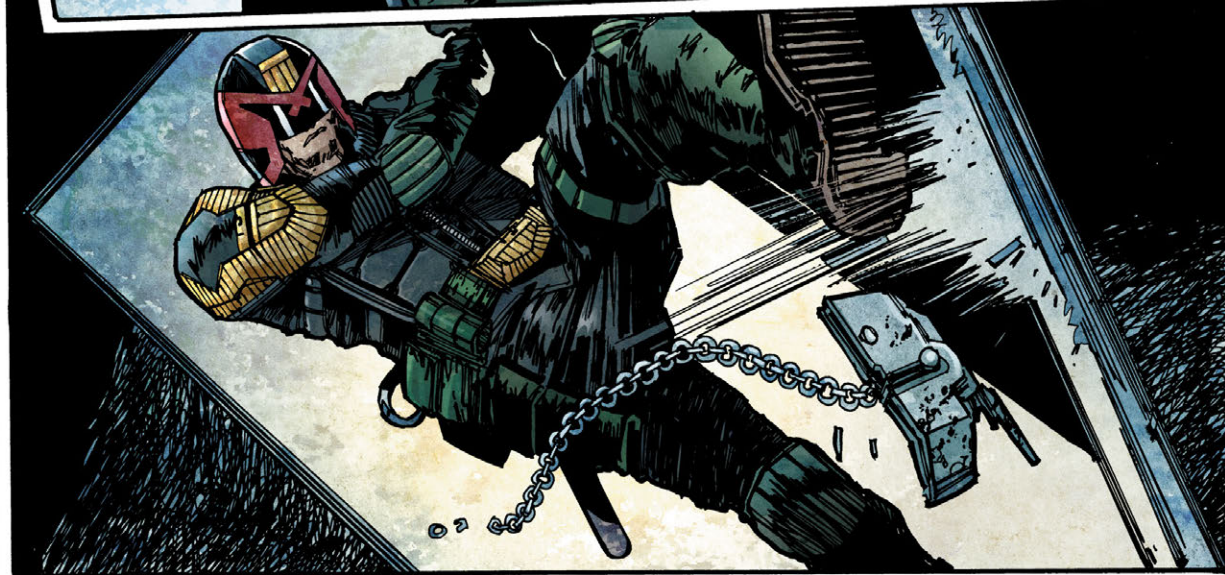
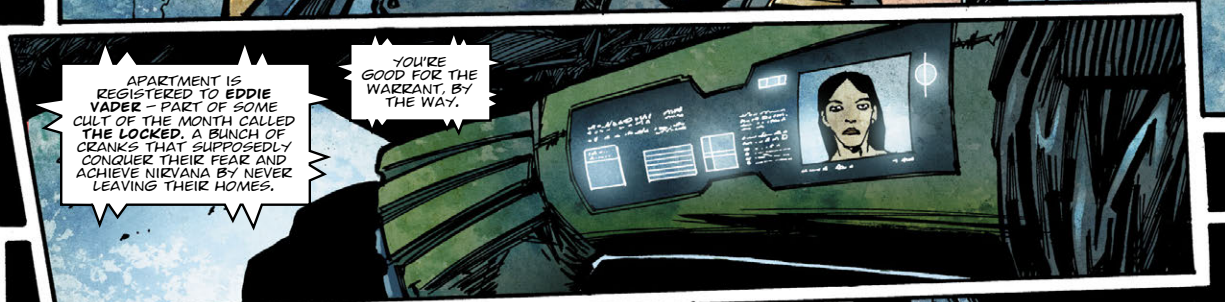
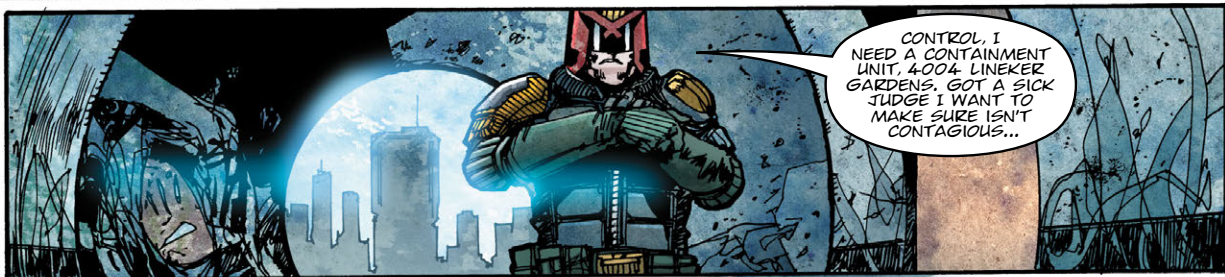
STAY HERE, MAXWELL. I'LL CALL IN FOR MED SUPPORT.



THIS ISN'T OVER. WE'LL NEED YOUR EXPERTISE AGAIN.



OH, IT'S WAY TOO LATE FOR THAT...





CITIZEN
VADER -



HUH.



MAKE
THAT TWO
CONTAINMENT
UNITS,
CONTROL.



DUNNO
ABOUT ENDING HIS
FEAR, BUT VADER'S
UNLOCKED HIS RESYK
ACHIEVEMENT.

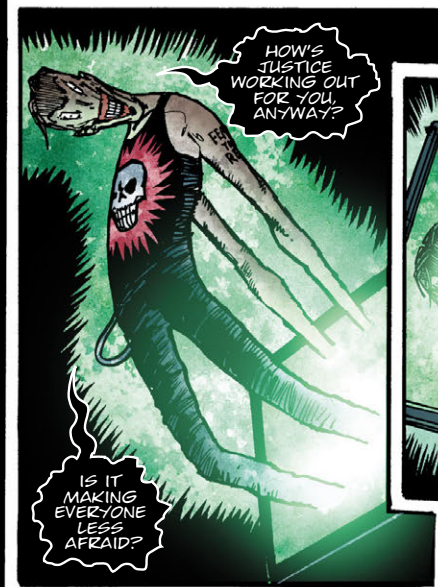


AND
WHAT DO YOU
FEAR, JUDGE
DREDD?



VADER?

NOT ANY
MORE.









KEEP AT IT. THE BARRIER IS WEAKENING. A FEW MORE HUNDRED DEAD, MAYBE A THOUSAND, AND THE TWO DIMENSIONS WILL MERGE.

ALONE, MARK



AHH - !



WHAT A CUTE KIDNIE.



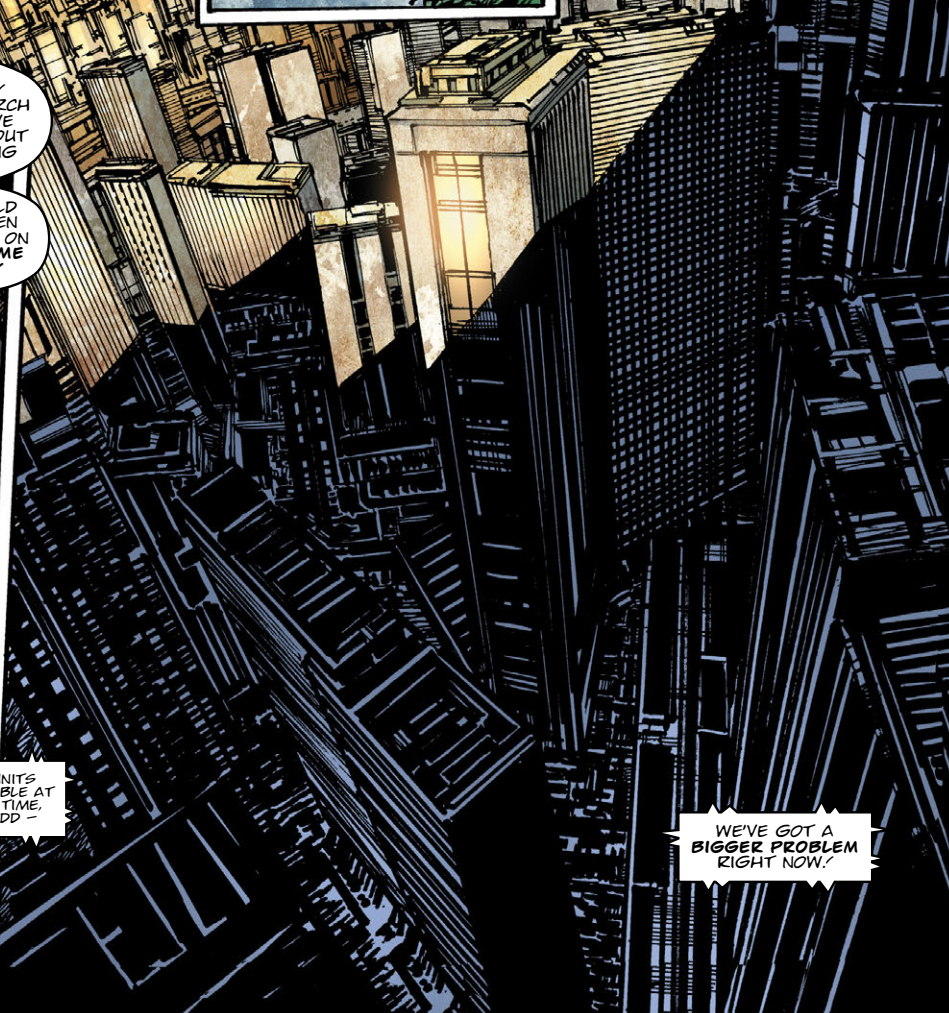
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WORLD...



CONTROL! I NEED BACK-UP IMMEDIATELY! THIS DIMENSIONAL RESEARCH ACCIDENT AT TEK 21 - I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE THE FOUR MISSING JUDGES WENT...

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN FOCUSING ON WHAT CAME BACK!"

NO UNITS AVAILABLE AT THIS TIME, DREDD -



WE'VE GOT A BIGGER PROBLEM RIGHT NOW!

WHEN HE WAS GROWING UP SIDNEY OFTEN VISITED HIS AUNT, WHO OWNED AN EXOTIC ANIMAL: A DOMESTIC SHORT-HAIRED CAT.

IT WAS A CROTCHEY OLD THING, ALWAYS HISSING AND SCRATCHING AT HIM, BUT THEN ONE DAY IT STOPPED EATING, STOPPED CLEANING ITSELF, CURLED UP IN A CORNER...



...AND BEGAN TO DIE.

AT THIS POINT SIDNEY BECAME FASCINATED WITH IT, VISITING IT EVERY DAY, AND SO IT WAS THAT HE WITNESSED THE BEAST'S FINAL MOMENTS.

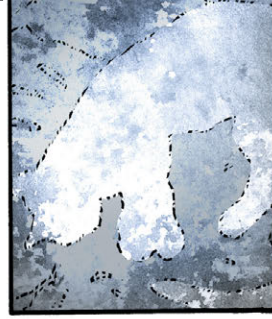


IT WAS THE SAME MATTER, THE SAME LUMP OF FLESH, BUT AS THE CHEMICAL AND METABOLIC PROCESSES WITHIN IT BEGAN TO CEASE...

...THE CAT TRANSFORMED INTO **SOMETHING ELSE** WITH THE SAME VOLUME AND MASS, SOMETHING MORE PROPERLY AT PEACE WITH THE UNIVERSE.



HE ENVIED IT.



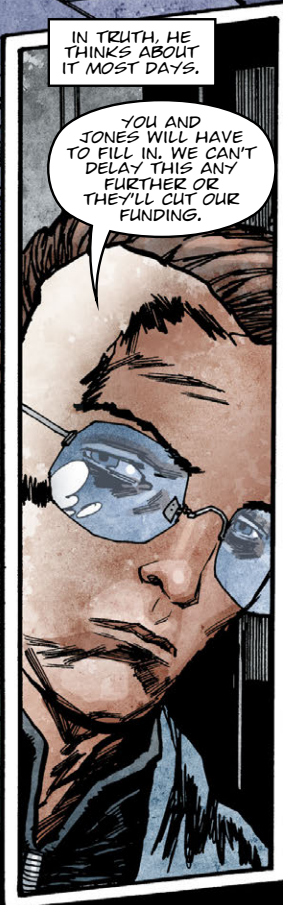
SIDNEY WAS THINKING ABOUT THE CAT THAT VERY MORNING.

BAD NEWS, MAXWELL'S OUT TODAY.

AGAIN? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING THE PORTAL MACROSCOPIC TODAY.

IN TRUTH, HE THINKS ABOUT IT MOST DAYS.

YOU AND JONES WILL HAVE TO FILL IN. WE CAN'T DELAY THIS ANY FURTHER OR THEY'LL CUT OUR FUNDING.



ONE NIGHT, DEEP IN THEIR CUPS AFTER ANOTHER SETBACK AT THE LAB, HE'D TOLD JONES ABOUT THE CAT.

ABOUT HOW THE QUELLING OF ITS EXISTENCE REMINDED HIM OF THE FINAL ENTROPIC STATE OF THE DEAD PARALLEL UNIVERSE THEY'D DISCOVERED.

JONES HAD MOCKED HIM, TOLD HIM THE CAT'S BODY WOULD BE A MASS OF BACTERIAL AND CHEMICAL ACTIVITY AFTER DEATH.

SHE'D TAKEN ALMOST A REPULSIVE DELIGHT IN DESCRIBING EACH STAGE OF THE PROCESS.

HOLD STEADY...

HE DIDN'T MENTION IT AGAIN. HE DIDN'T LIKE BEING CORRECTED.

LOSING STABILITY... WE NEED TO ABORT!

NONSENSE! I DID THE CALCULATIONS MYSELF, THERE'S NO WAY IT CAN -

AND THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY, HE EXPERIENCED A SENSE OF BEING AT PEACE WITH THE UNIVERSE QUITE UNLIKE ANYTHING HE'D HAD BEFORE.

ALL PROCESSES COMPLETE, ALL EQUATIONS SOLVED, EVERYTHING AT ITS FINAL RESTING STATE.

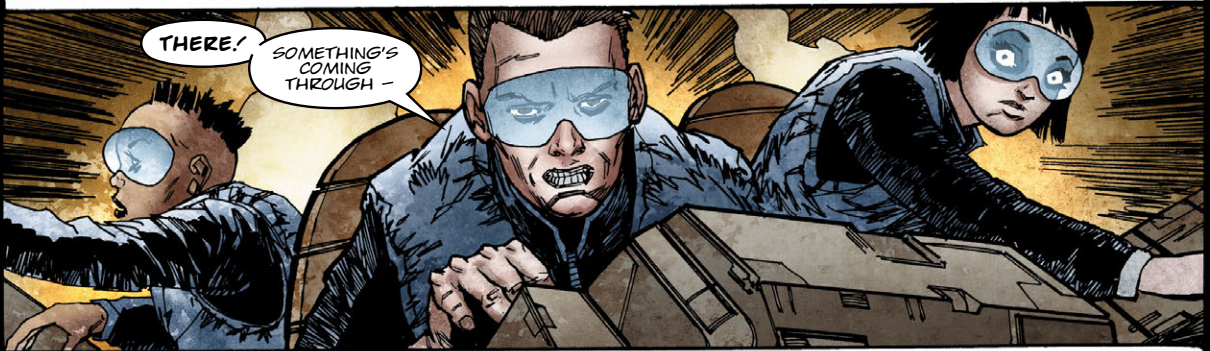
NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE -

- PICKING
UP A PATTERN,
VERY FAINT.

- IT'S
HIM.

HOLD ON,
SIDNEY. WE'RE
GOING TO TRY
TO REVERSE
IT.

AND THEN THEY
TRIED TO PULL
HIM BACK.



THERE!

SOMETHING'S
COMING
THROUGH -

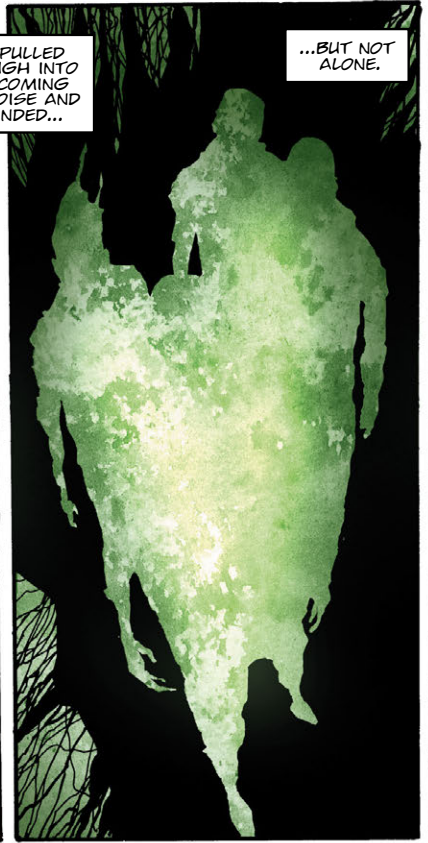
NOOOOOOOOOO!

HE FOUGHT THEM
SAVAGELY, DRAWING
ON THE ENERGY OF
THE DEAD WORLD.

IT WAS
TOO LATE.

HE'D BEEN PULLED
BACK THROUGH INTO
THE UNWELCOMING
WORLD OF NOISE AND
DIRT, STRANDED...

...BUT NOT
ALONE.



NOW:

CONTROL...
WHAT AM
I LOOKING
AT?

SHOOTING

MASS
DEFENESTRATION

AGGRAVATED
ELDERCIDE

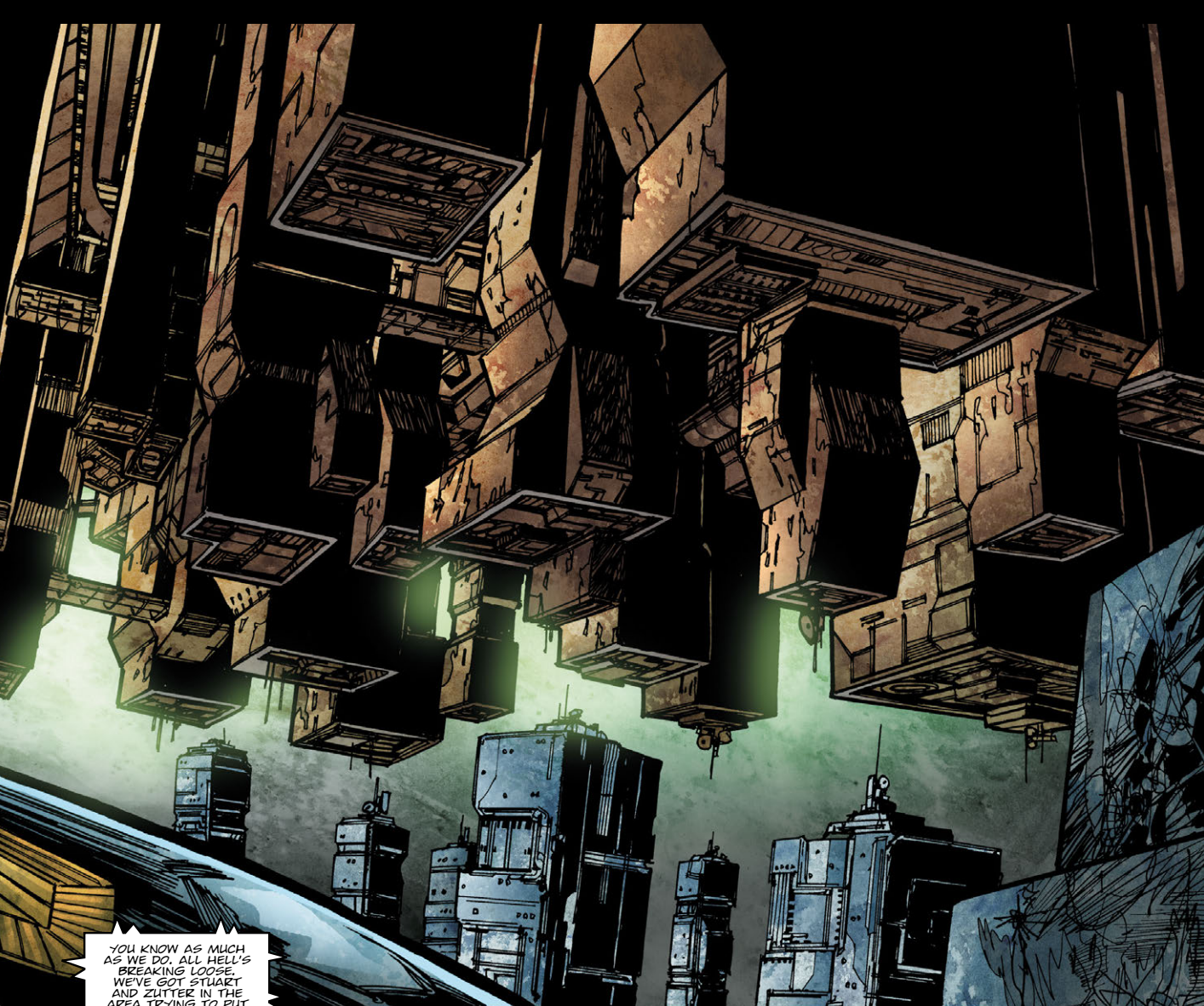
SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION

ANOMALY

SUSPECTED
GRUBB'S DISEASE

ARSON

EBOLA

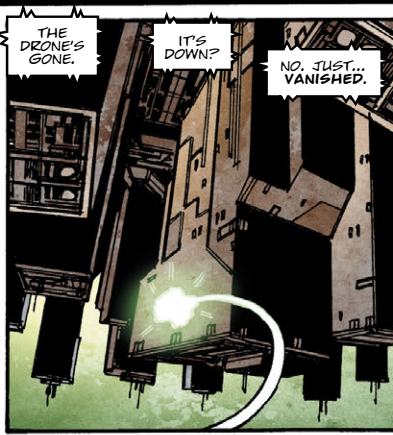
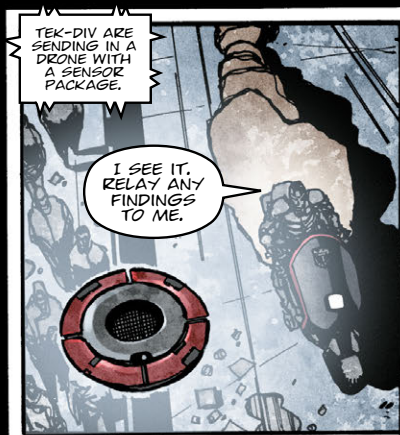


YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS WE DO, ALL HELL'S BREAKING LOOSE. WE'VE GOT STUART AND ZUTTER IN THE AREA TRYING TO PUT TOGETHER AN EVAC.

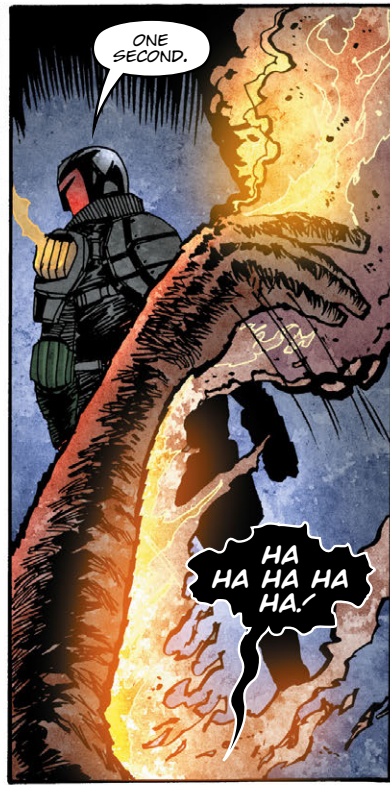
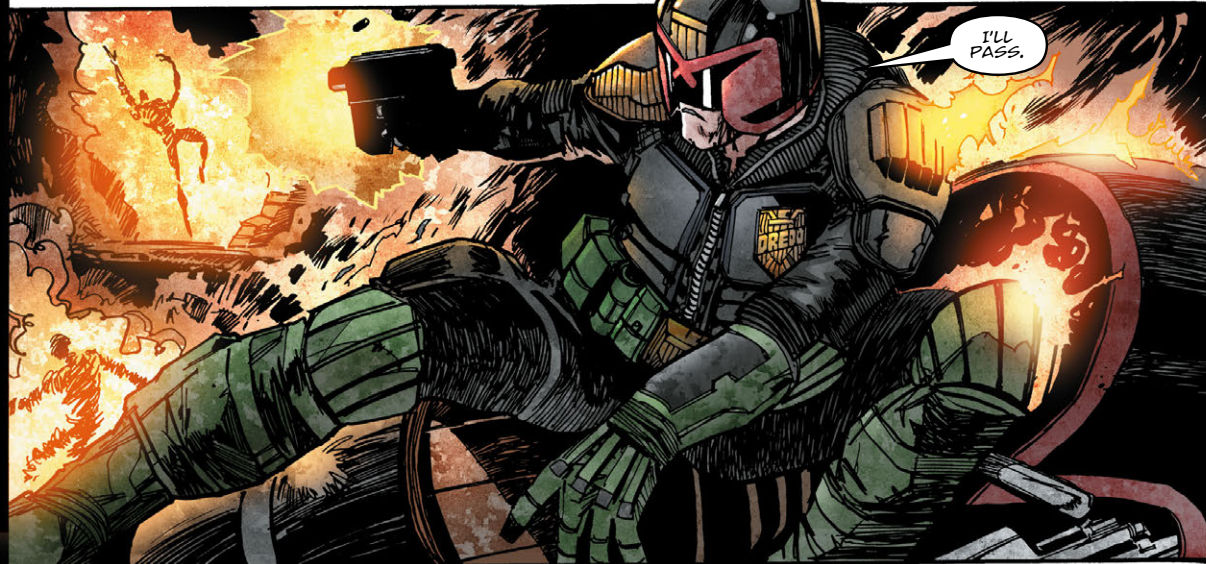
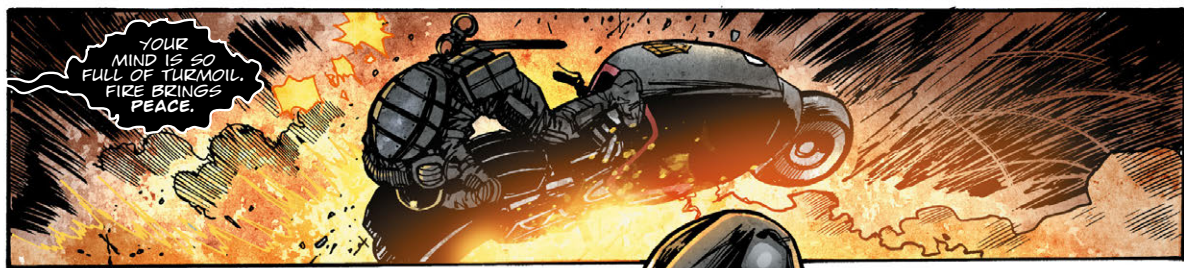
RECOMMEND YOU STAY ON THE PERIMETER.

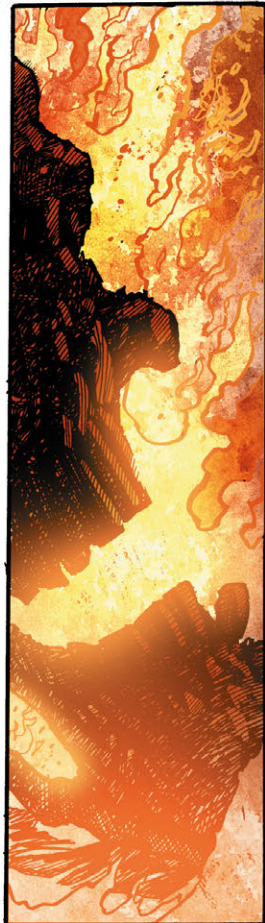
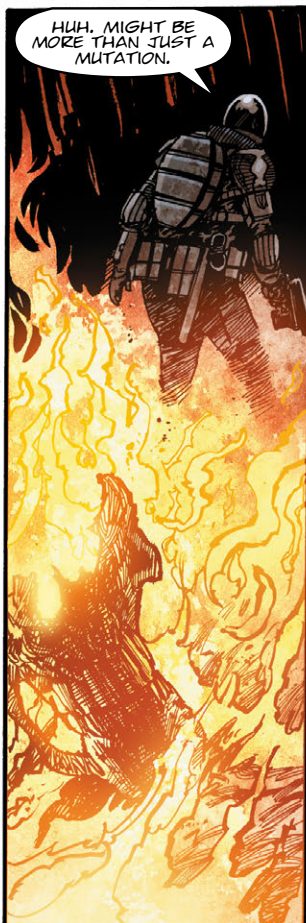
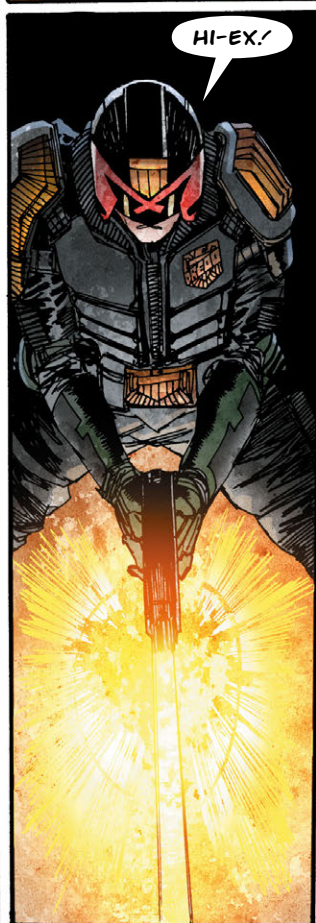
NEGATIVE.

THAT THING'S A THREAT TO THE CITY. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.









BENEATH THE HOVERING BUILDINGS THE AIR FELT WRONG. NOT JUST COLD, BUT LIKE THE OPPOSITE OF WARMTH - LIKE THE HEAT WAS BEING DRAWN OUT OF HIS BODY.

EVEN THE SOUND OF ZUTTER'S VOICE FELT WRONG, ODDLY MUTED AS HE CALLED OUT.



CITIZEN.
IF YOU CAN HEAR
ME -

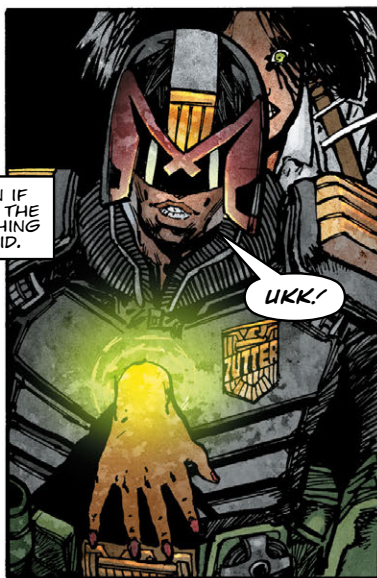
STILL, HE WAS A JUDGE, SWORN TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT. WHEN HE SAW A YOUNG GIRL IN THE AREA, HE KNEW HE HAD TO GET HER OUT OF THERE...

- YOU HAVE
TO COME OUT.
IT'S NOT SAFE
HERE.

...EVEN IF
IT WAS THE
LAST THING
HE DID.



UKK!



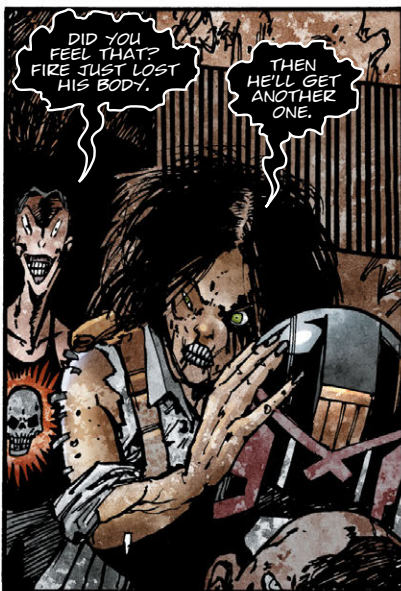
SIDNEY -

WHAT IS
IT, PATRICK? I'M
WORKING.



DID YOU
FEEL THAT?
FIRE JUST LOST
HIS BODY.

THEN
HE'LL GET
ANOTHER
ONE.



IT WAS
THAT JUDGE,
DREDD, THE ONE
WHO RESISTED
ME.

I THINK
HE'S GOING
TO TRY TO
STOP US.



THEN LET
HIM. WHAT CAN
HE DO?

OUR
KINGDOM
HAS ALREADY
COME.



THE SKY ABOVE IS LIKE A DARK MIRROR, A MOCKERY OF THE CITY MADE FOREIGN BY STRANGE GEOMETRY, YET RECOGNISABLE IN ITS HUMANITY.

HE CAN ALMOST FEEL THE WEIGHT OF IT PRESSING DOWN ON HIM AS IT DESCENDS.

...CONTROL?

NO RESPONSE, PROBABLY SOME EFFECT OF THE ANOMALY. EVEN SOUND SEEMS DEADENED, THE SCREAMS OF THE CROWD MUTED IN THE BACKGROUND.

UNTIL THE VID-SCREENS SWITCH ON AND THE CACOPHONY BEGINS.

MEGA-CITY ONE HAS FALLEN.

THE JUDGES HAVE NO CONTROL.

THERE IS NO PEACE BUT DEATH.

HEAVEN LIES ABOVE YOU.

HALL OF JUSTICE -

STILL NO WORD FROM DREDD?

COMMS ARE BLACKED OUT ACROSS THE SECTOR. WE HAVE NO WAY OF WARNING HIM WHAT'S COMING.

OMAR AND MYSELF HAVE BEEN WORKING ON AN OPTION, BUT IT'S NOT WITHOUT RISK...

THE FEAR
CREEP AGAIN.

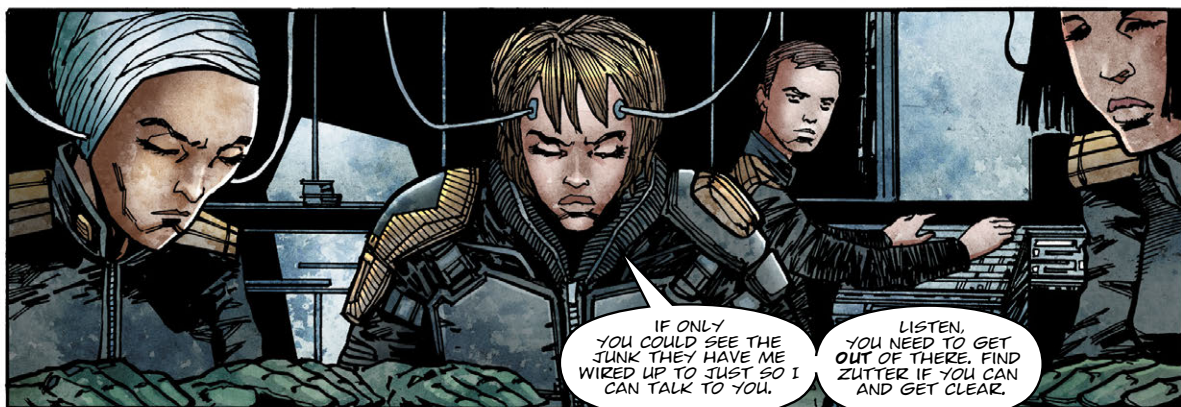
HE FEELS WHATEVER
POWER IT IS THE CREATURE
EXERTS WASH OVER HIM. BUT
RESISTS. THE CITS, HOWEVER,
DO NOT HAVE THE BENEFIT
OF PREVIOUS EXPOSURE.

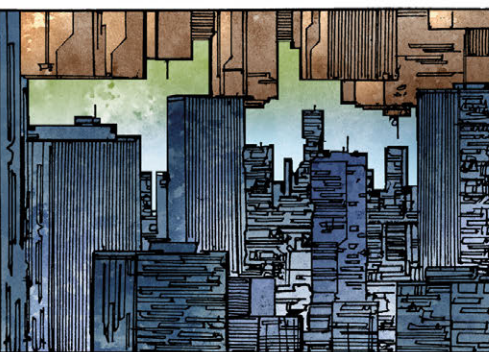
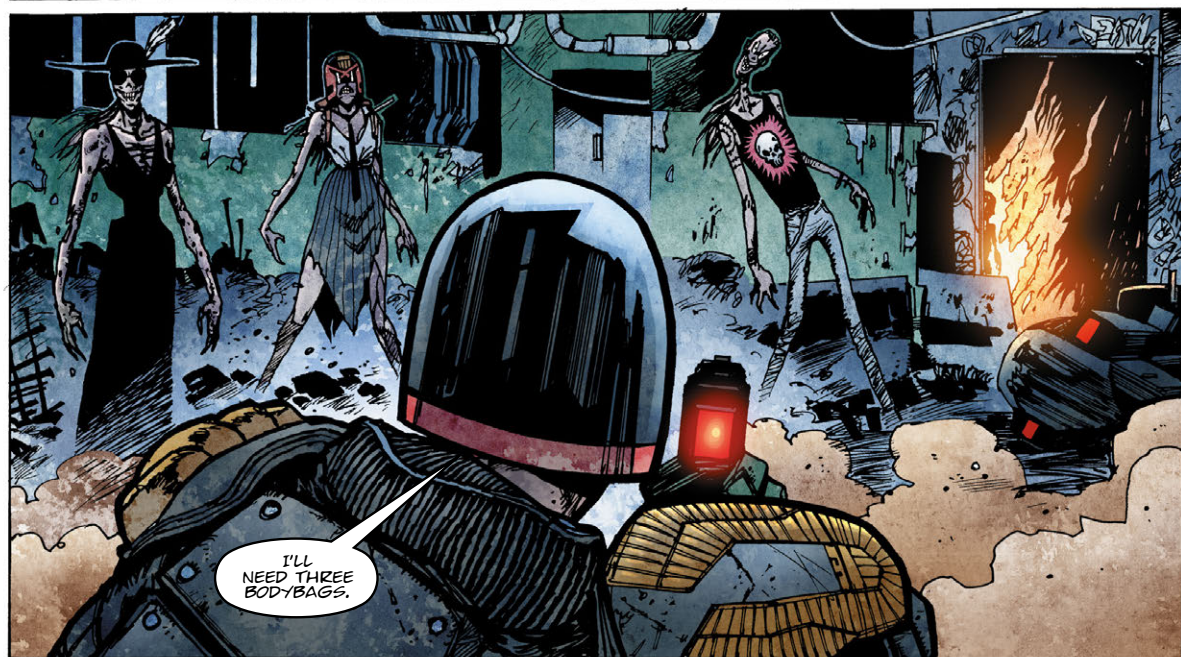


GOTTA
TAKE OUT THE
SCREENS -

DREDD,
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

ANDERSON?
THAT YOU IN MY
HEAD? KIND OF BUSY
RIGHT NOW.







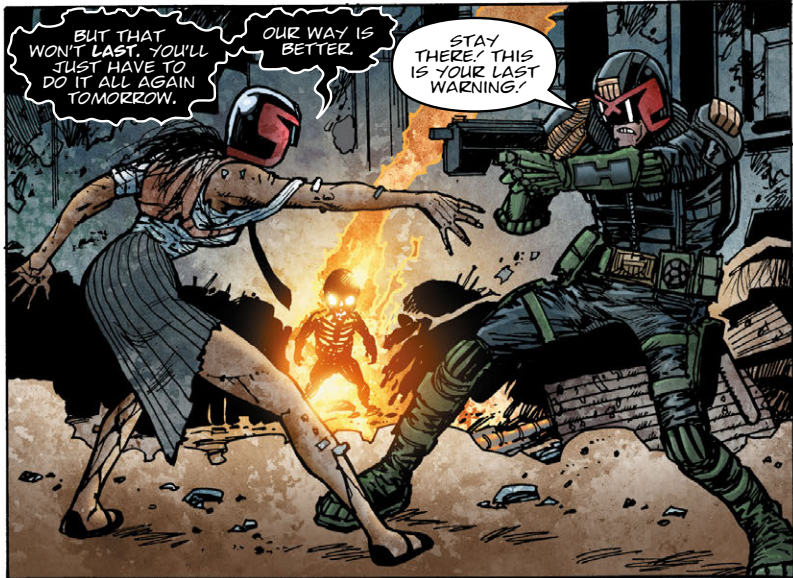
JUDGE DREDD... WE JUST WANT WHAT YOU WANT.

PEACE.

ORDER.



HERE, YOU'RE USING GAS TO CALM CITIZENS DOWN.



BUT THAT WON'T LAST. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO DO IT ALL AGAIN TOMORROW.

OUR WAY IS BETTER.

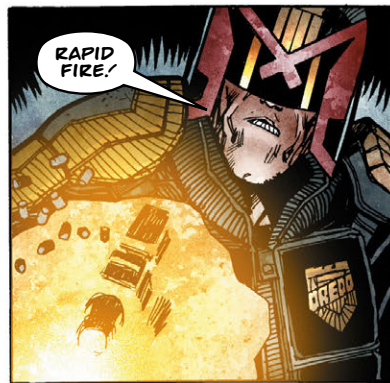
STAY THERE! THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!



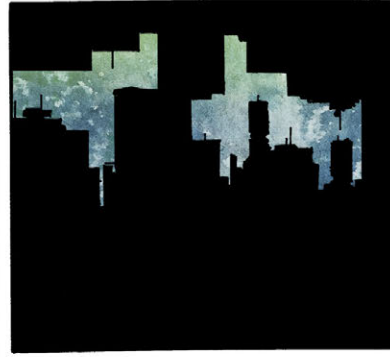
TIME FOR A COMMERCIAL BREAK!

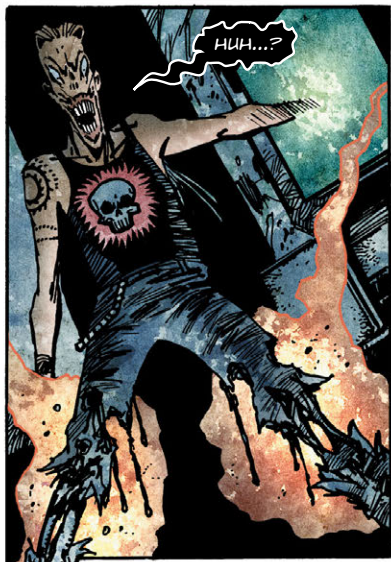
THE PEOPLE MISS MY VOICE.

IT GIVES THEM SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO, IN THESE DARK TIMES...



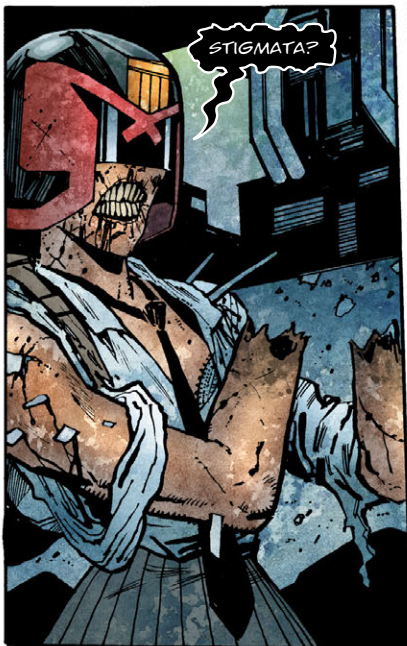
RAPID FIRE!







JUDGE
FEAR, JUDGE
MORTIS, JUDGE FIRE,
JUDGE DEATH...
AND JUDGE
DREDD.



STIGMATA?



TRYING
TO MAKE A
MARTYR
OUT OF ME,
DREDD?



YOU
FIRST.

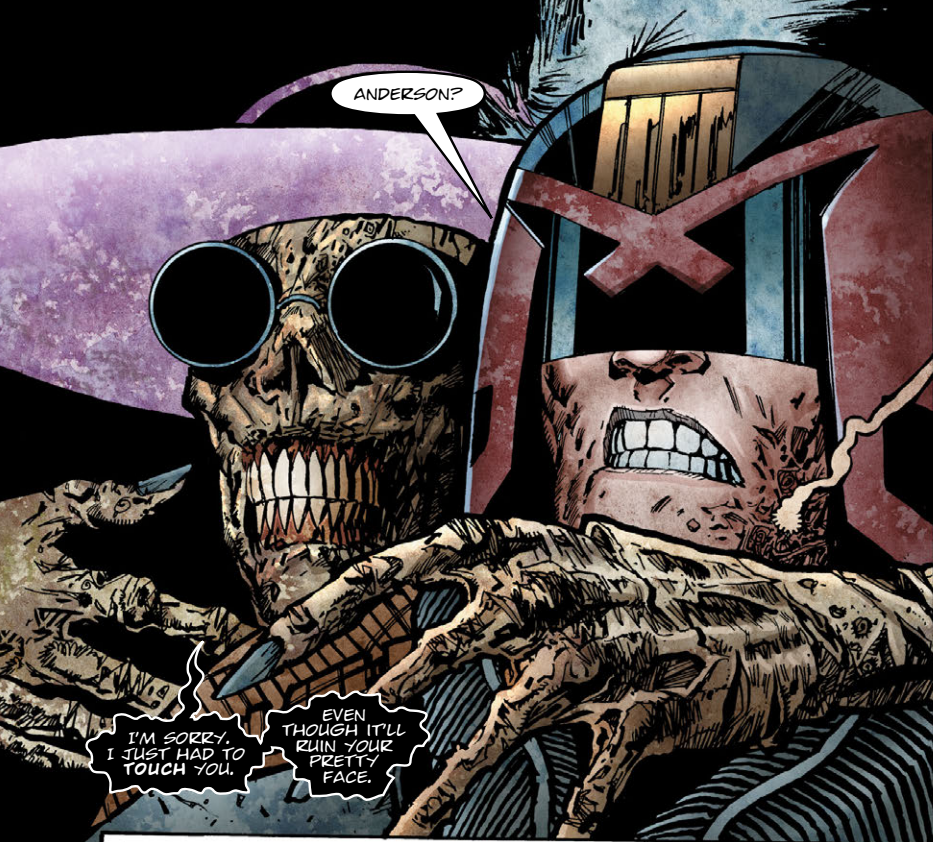


BDAM



ANDERSON,
WHERE'S THAT
AERIAL UNIT?

FSSSH



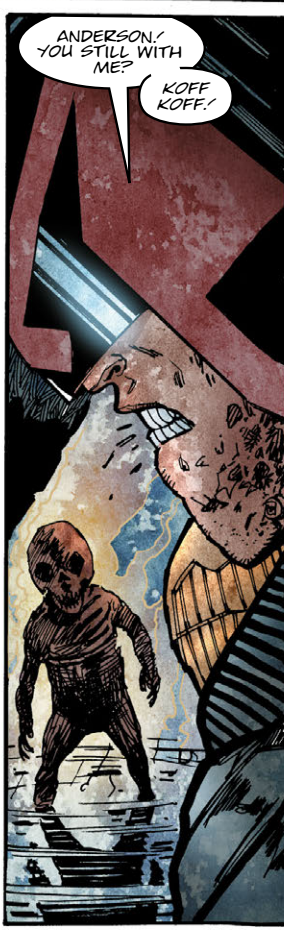
ANDERSON?

I'M SORRY,
I JUST HAD TO
TOUCH YOU.

EVEN
THOUGH IT'LL
RUIN YOUR
PRETTY
FACE.

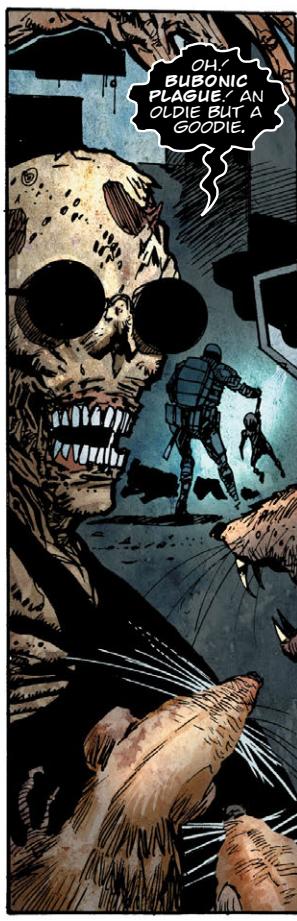


HANDS OFF,
MEATHEAD!

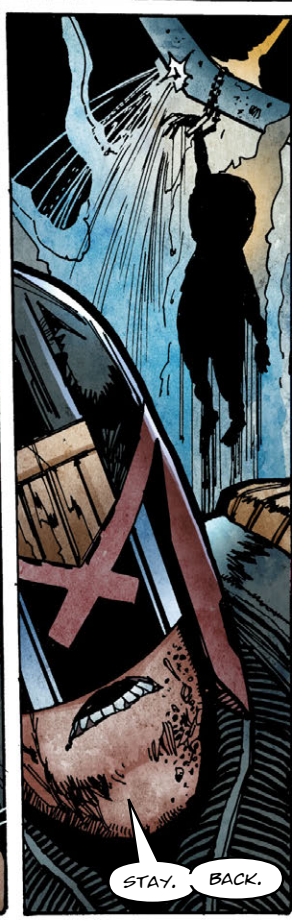


ANDERSON!
YOU STILL WITH
ME?

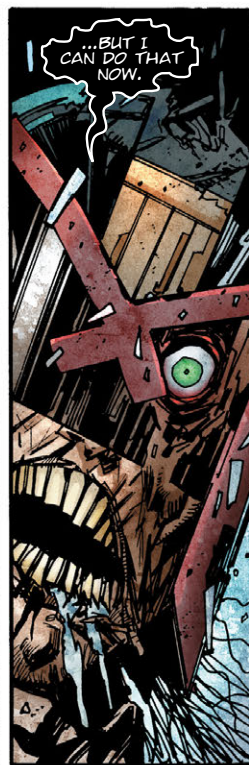
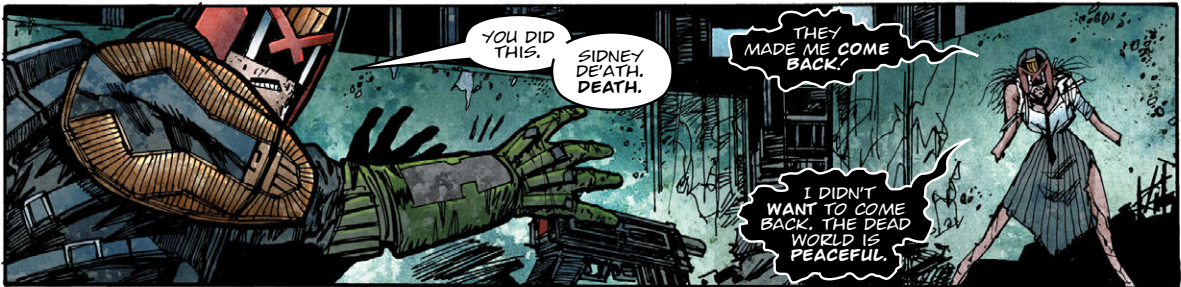
KOFF
KOFF!



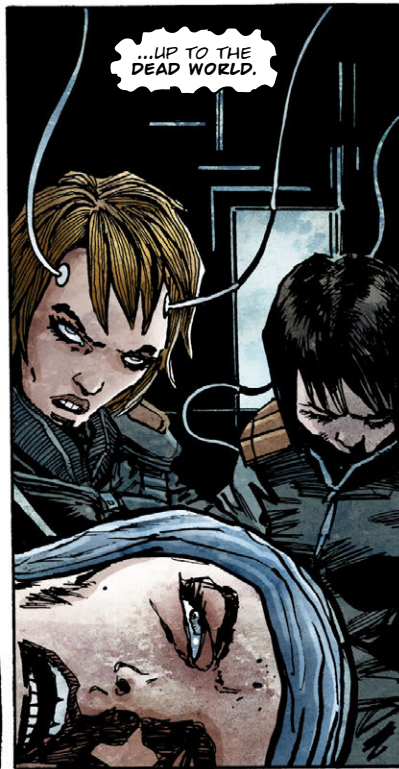
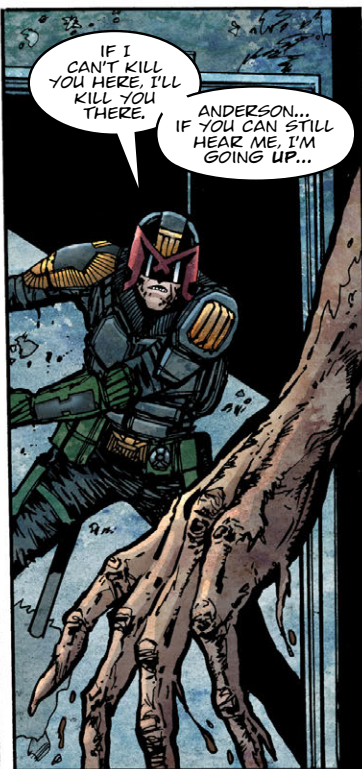
OH,
BUBONIC
PLAGUE? AN
OLDIE BUT A
GOODIE.



STAY. BACK.



I CAN CONVINCE
EVERYONE.



YOU MIGHT EXPECT THE LAND OF THE DEAD TO BE A CASTLE OF BONES, HUMAN REMAINS HEAPED HIGH TO MOCK THE LIVING.

BUT HUMANS ALWAYS DID LIKE TO **OVER-EMPHASISE** THEIR OWN IMPORTANCE.

INSTEAD IT IS A THING OF MONSTROUS GEOMETRY, INHUMAN, HANGING DOWN THROUGH A GAP IN SPACE IN MOCKERY OF ALL NORMAL PHYSICS.

UTTERLY INDIFFERENT TO HUMANKIND.

WHO CAN ONLY WATCH HELPLESSLY AS IT DESCENDS.

PARALYSED.

POWERLESS.

NOT KNOWING WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

ANDERSON?
ARE YOU STILL WITH US?

UHHHNN...

GOING UP!

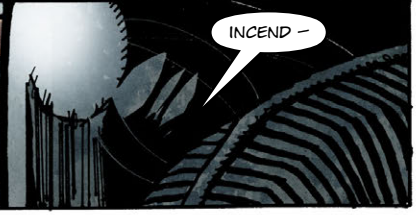
FLOOR 24 ↑

EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN.





...OR
ENDING
YOU.



INCEND -



GAHH!



WHY DO YOU
STRIVE SO HARD
DREDD? EXPEND
SO MUCH
ENERGY?

YOU COULD
STOP. THINK
HOW NICE IT WOULD
BE TO STOP.
TO NOT CARE
ANYMORE.



TO BE
FREE -

INCENDIARY!

BDAM



AAAAAAHHH!



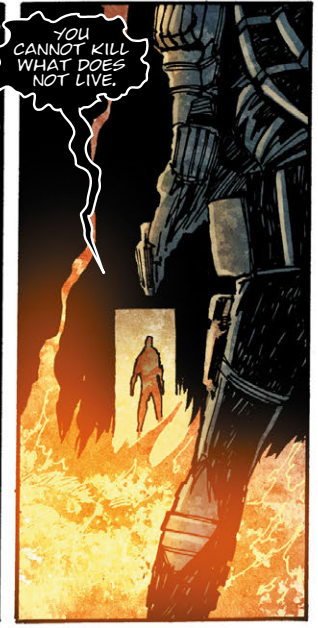
SERIOUSLY?



HAVEN'T YOU
LEARNED...



...ANYTHING?



YOU
CANNOT KILL
WHAT DOES
NOT LIVE.



IF YOU DESTROY MY BODY, I'LL JUST MOVE ON TO THE NEXT ONE.

HOW MANY MORE BULLETS DO YOU HAVE LEFT IN THAT GUN, DO YOU THINK?

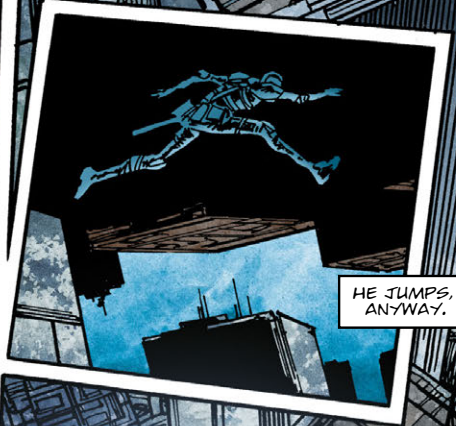


ENOUGH.



LOOKING UP AT THE MISERABLE GREY NOTHINGNESS OF THE WORLD DIRECTLY ABOVE HIM, HE IS SEIZED WITH THE TERRIBLE AND ABSOLUTE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE IS TOO LATE.

HE WILL FAIL, AND MEGA-CITY ONE WILL DIE.



HE JUMPS, ANYWAY.





HE MADE IT.
HE'S THERE.

HE'S
NOWHERE.

HE'S
NOTHING.

FROM HERE DREDD CAN SEE HIS CITY BELOW, DARKNESS SPREADING LIKE AN INFECTION. NO JUDGES VISIBLE, DAMAGE EVERYWHERE.

HE WAS A FOOL TO THINK IT COULD BE SAVED NOW.



HE WAS A FOOL TO THINK IT COULD EVER BE SAVED.

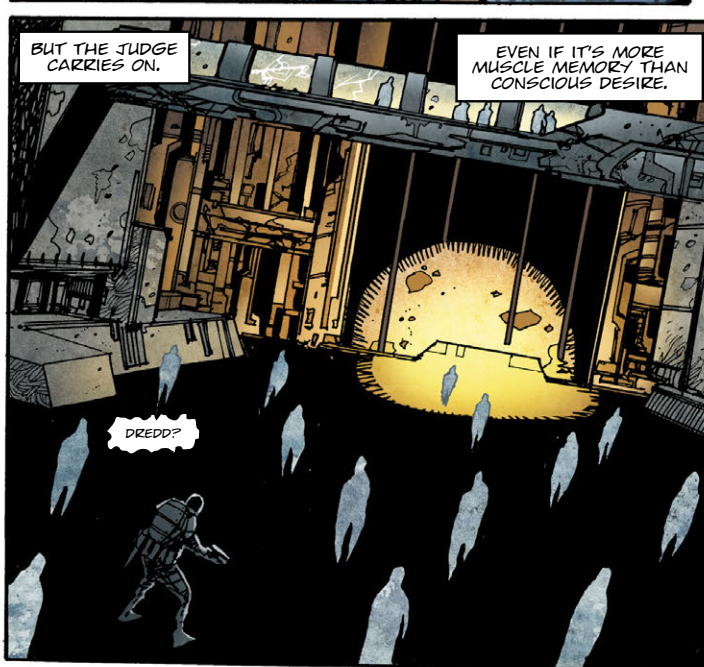
THAT ANYTHING HE DID MADE A DIFFERENCE.

IF HE'S HONEST WITH HIMSELF, IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME HE'S FELT THIS.



BUT THE JUDGE CARRIES ON.

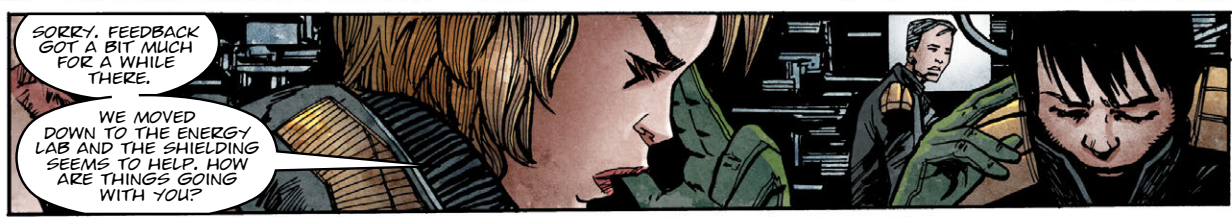
EVEN IF IT'S MORE MUSCLE MEMORY THAN CONSCIOUS DESIRE.



DREDD?



ANDERSON?



SORRY, FEEDBACK GOT A BIT MUCH FOR A WHILE THERE.

WE MOVED DOWN TO THE ENERGY LAB AND THE SHIELDING SEEMS TO HELP. HOW ARE THINGS GOING WITH YOU?



I - HUH.

WHAT IS IT?

I SAW A LIGHT, IN THE DISTANCE. AND THEN...

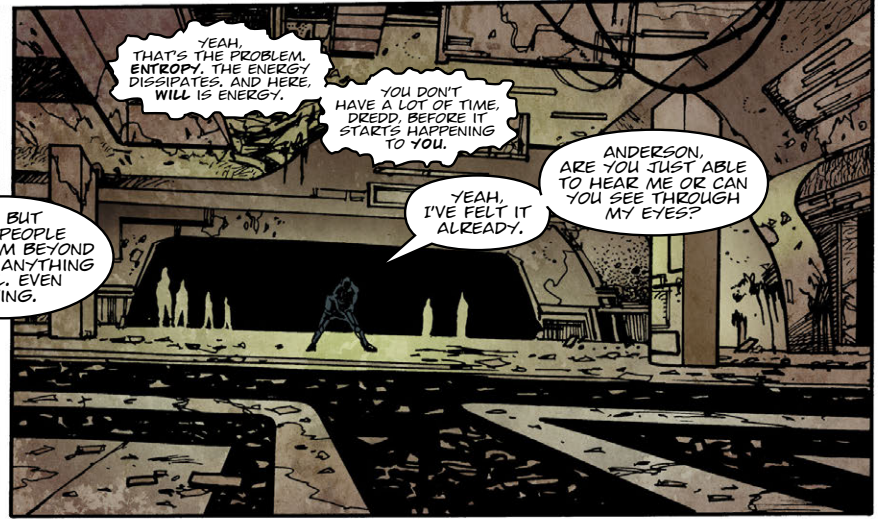
...IT FEELS LIKE I GOT TO IT IN NO TIME.



THE DIMENSION YOU'RE IN WAS A CLOSED ENTROPIC SYSTEM. WHEN SIDNEY DE'ATH OPENED THE PORTAL, HE CAUSED ENERGY FROM OUR DIMENSION TO FLOW INTO IT.

THAT ENERGY IS SWARMING AROUND, LOOKING FOR A USE. WHEN YOU HAVE A CLEAR DESIRE, AN INTENT, THE ENERGY BENDS TO YOUR WILL.

HM, BUT MOST PEOPLE HERE SEEM BEYOND WANTING ANYTHING AT ALL, EVEN LIVING.



YEAH, THAT'S THE PROBLEM. ENTROPY, THE ENERGY DISSIPATES, AND HERE, WILL IS ENERGY.

YOU DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME, DREDD, BEFORE IT STARTS HAPPENING TO YOU.

ANDERSON, ARE YOU JUST ABLE TO HEAR ME OR CAN YOU SEE THROUGH MY EYES?

YEAH, I'VE FELT IT ALREADY.

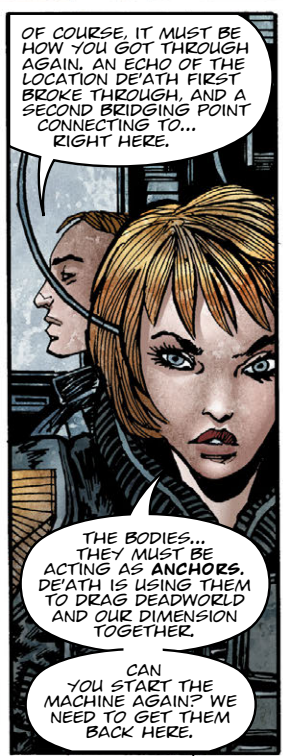


BECAUSE I THINK I JUST FOUND OUR MISSING TEKS.

HANG ON, LET ME SEE...

YEAH... HEY, THAT LOOKS LIKE...

THE TEK-21 LAB.



OF COURSE, IT MUST BE HOW YOU GOT THROUGH AGAIN. AN ECHO OF THE LOCATION DE'ATH FIRST BROKE THROUGH, AND A SECOND BRIDGING POINT CONNECTING TO... RIGHT HERE.

THE BODIES... THEY MUST BE ACTING AS ANCHORS. DE'ATH IS USING THEM TO DRAG DEADWORLD AND OUR DIMENSION TOGETHER.

CAN YOU START THE MACHINE AGAIN? WE NEED TO GET THEM BACK HERE.



WE CAN, BUT WE NEED TO HURRY. AERIAL'S SPOTTED MOVEMENT AT DE'ATH'S LAST LOCATION.



CONDOR ONE
TO CONTROL, LOOKS
LIKES DREDD'S CREEP
FOUND A BODY.

...HM.
SEVERAL
BODIES.

DREDD!



OH
SHIT -



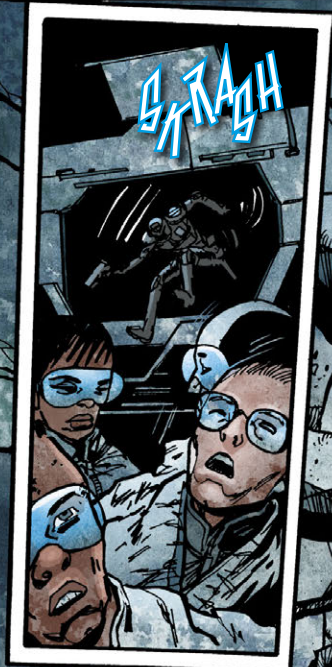
DREDD,
JANSSEN IS GOING
TO CREATE A SECOND
PORTAL, TRY TO
PULL THE BODIES
BACK.



WHEN
WE START TO
PULL THE BODIES
THROUGH, YOU
HAVE TO JUMP
BACK WITH THEM.
DON'T HESITATE.
IT'LL ONLY BE
OPEN A
MOMENT.



UNDERSTOOD.



LAWGIVER OUT
OF AMMO.

NO RELOADS,
NO RESUPPLY
POSSIBLE.

IT'S JUST HIM
AGAINST THE
MONSTER.
UNARMED.

DREDD!
IT'S ABOUT TO
HAPPEN! BE
READY!



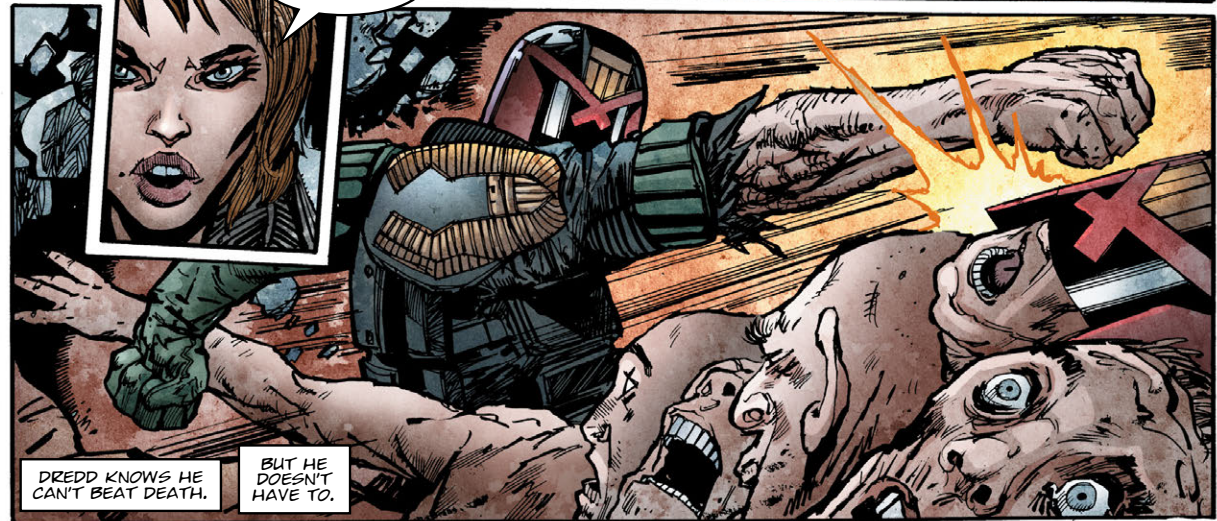
DREDD KNOWS HE
CAN'T BEAT DEATH.

BUT HE
DOESN'T
HAVE TO.

HELLO,
JOE. LEAVE
MY FRIENDS
ALONE.

STRUGGLE
ALL YOU WANT. IT
JUST POSTPONES THE
INEVITABLE.

BURNS
UP YOUR ENERGY
FASTER.



DREDD JUST
HAS TO SLOW
HIM DOWN.



DAMN -



NO!



EEEEEE!

DREDD!
IT'S TIME! NOW
OR NEVER!



DO YOU
HEAR ME? NOW
OR NEVER?

I'M BUSY,
ANDERSON.

THOOOM!



...WE'RE NOT DEAD.



YOU EXPECTED TO BE?

THERE WAS A BIG SURGE OF ENERGY TOWARDS THE END. I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO TRIGGER AN EXPLOSION.

INSTEAD IT JUST... DISSIPATED, SOMEHOW.



GOT SUCKED BACK INTO THE DEAD WORLD, I GUESS.

FIGURE THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL HEAR OF SIDNEY DEATH.



BUT... WHAT ABOUT PREDD?



THE DEAD WORLD RECEDES, ITS ANCHORS TO OUR DIMENSION SEVERED.

THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE CAN BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF BEFORE GOING BACK TO INDULGE IN THE MANIFOLD SINS OF THE LIVING.

MEANWHILE, SEALED AWAY FOREVER, THE CITY OF THE DEAD EXISTS IN A STATE OF PERFECT ORDER, TIMELESS PERFECTION, AN ABSENCE OF LIFE LEADING TO AN ABSENCE OF CRIME, AND PRESIDING OVER IT ALL -



GALLERY



Art by Jock





Judge Dredd Magazine 387: Cover by Richard Elson



Judge Dredd Magazine 392: Cover by Jake Lynch



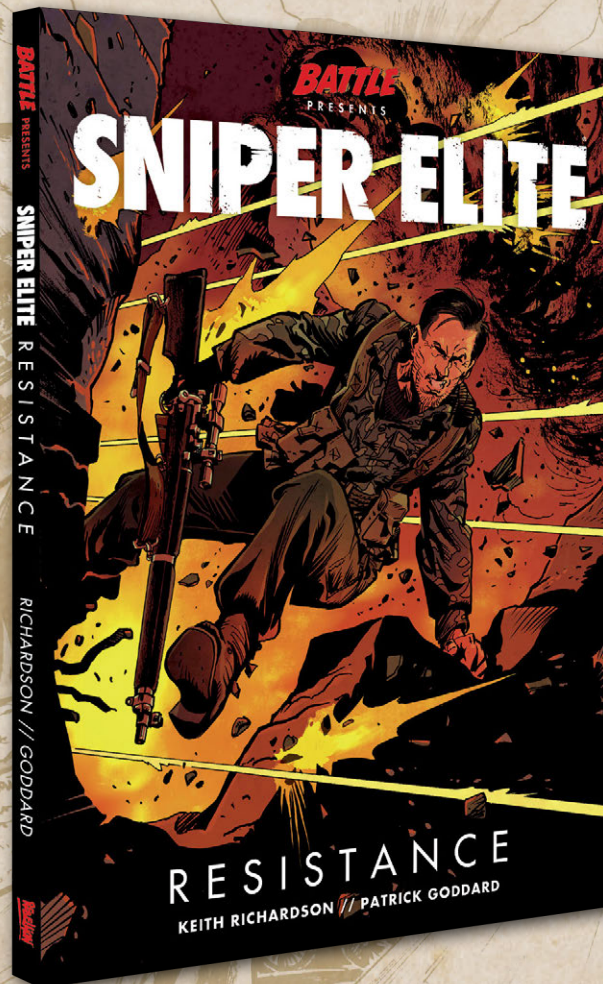
Judge Dredd Magazine 394: Cover by Alex Ronald

BATTLE
PRESENTS

SNIPER ELITE

RESISTANCE

KEITH RICHARDSON // PATRICK GODDARD



**BLAZING WAR ACTION ON THE
STREETS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE!**

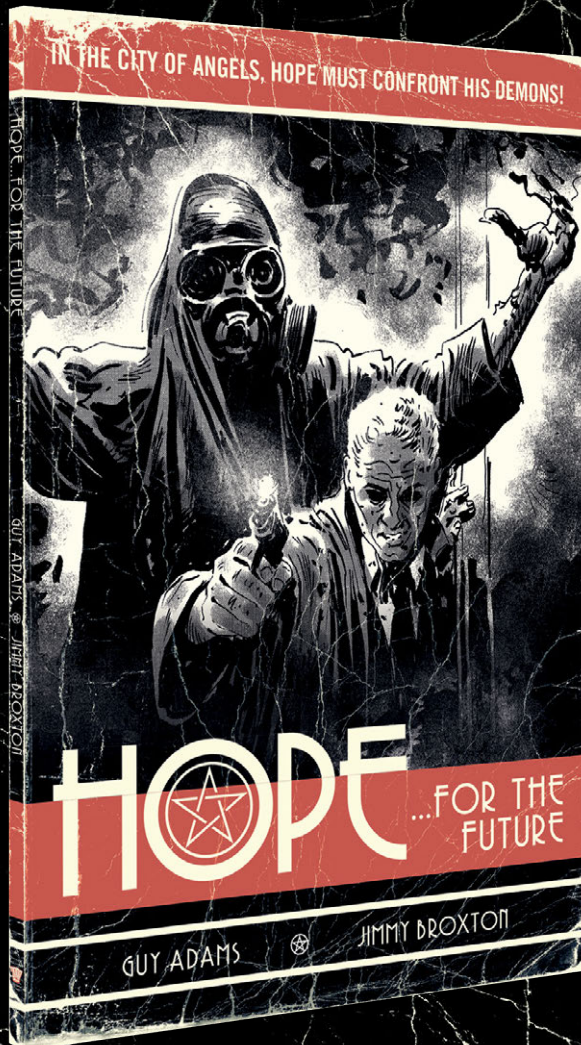
OUT NOW

HOPE

...FOR THE
FUTURE

GUY ADAMS ⦿ JIMMY BROXTON

IN THE CITY OF ANGELS, HOPE MUST
CONFRONT HIS DEMONS!



OUT NOW

ALEX DE CAMPI

Alex de Campi is now based in NYC after sixteen years in Hong Kong, London and places in-between. Her most recent projects include the noir *Bad Girls* from Gallery Books/Simon & Schuster, *Ghost in the Shell: Global Neural Network* from Kodansha, and *Twisted Romance* from Image Comics. She lives with her daughter, their dog, and a tiny cat who rules them all. She may be found on most social media as @alexdecampi.

ARTHUR WYATT

Arthur Wyatt's writing for *2000 AD* and the *Megazine* includes *The Streets of Dan 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 rising 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 of the cover of DJ Food's 2012 album, *The Search Engine*.

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.



THE CRIME IS LIFE

Mega-City One – a seething metropolis built on the ruins of the old world, walled off from the irradiated wasteland of what used to be America. With eight hundred million people living within, only the harsh regime of the Judges can safeguard the lives of the citizens and keep the city from descending into chaos.

The toughest of them all is Judge Dredd, a veteran that has survived and judged every lawbreaker that Mega-City One could throw at him. But this time Dredd goes up against an enemy unlike anything else he has encountered before. What can the law do against Death?

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