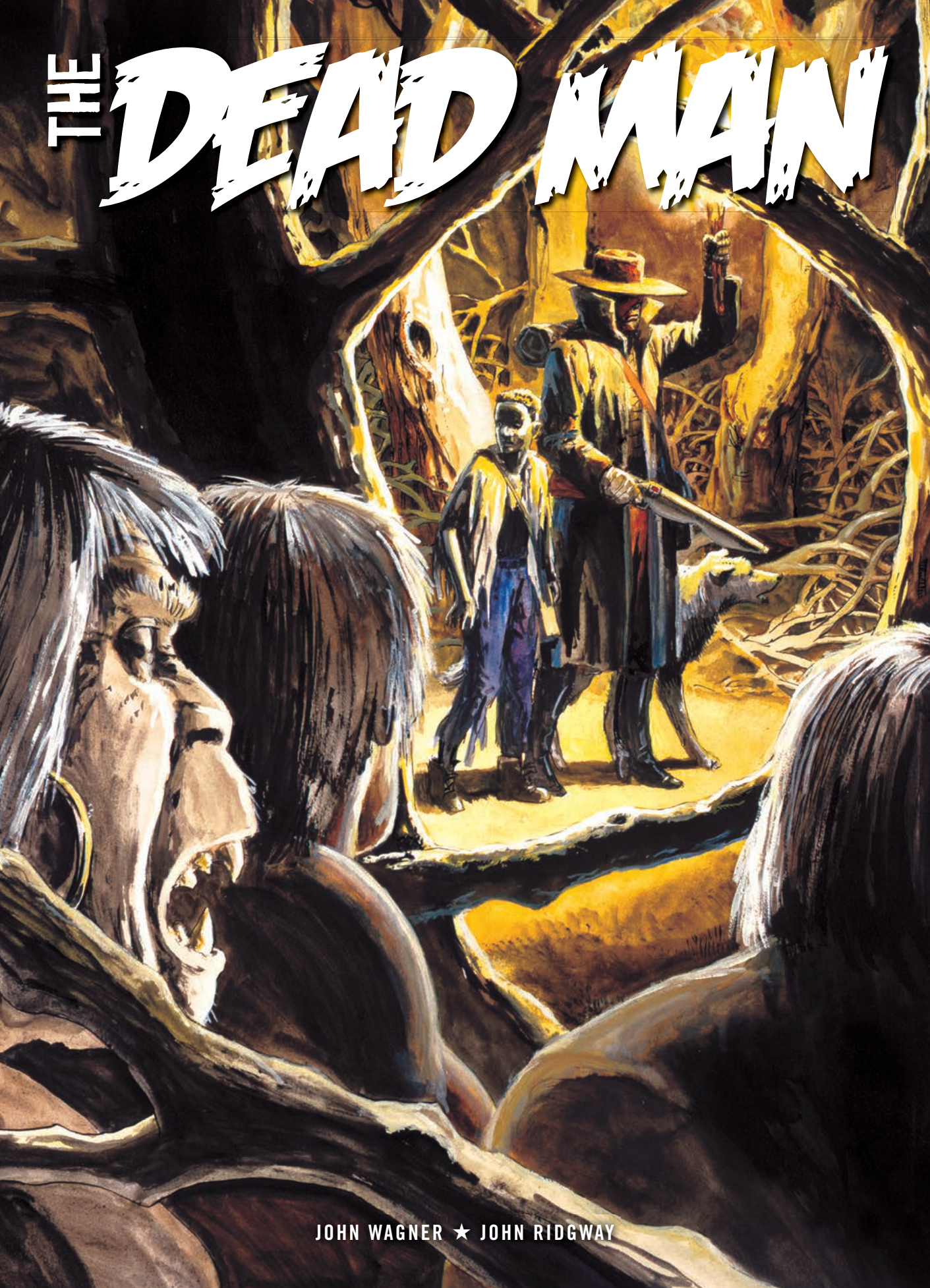
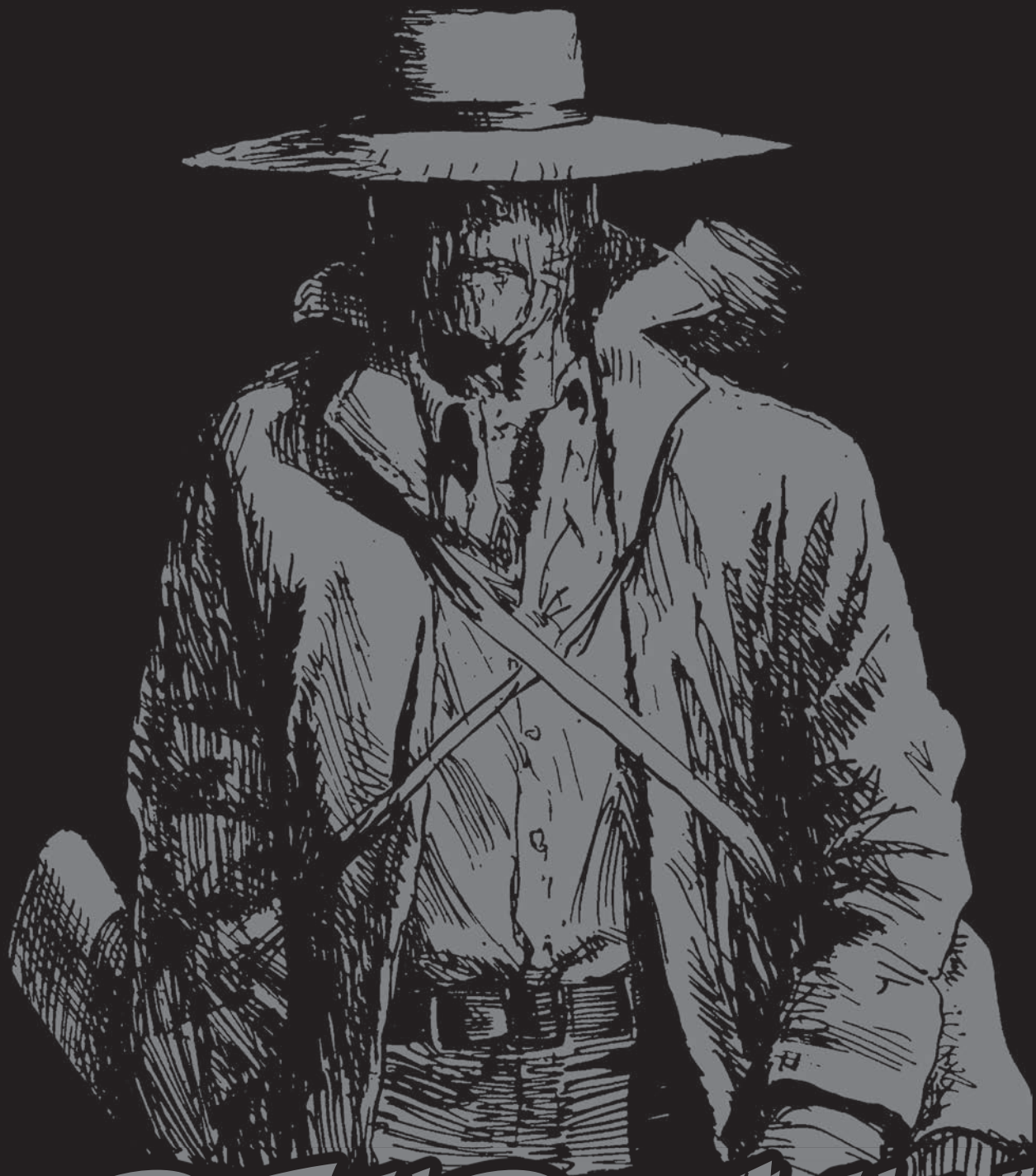


THE DEAD MAN



JOHN WAGNER ★ JOHN RIDGWAY



THE DEAD MAN

CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & JOHN RIDGWAY

THE DEAD MAN

JOHN WAGNER

Writer

JOHN RIDGWAY

Artist

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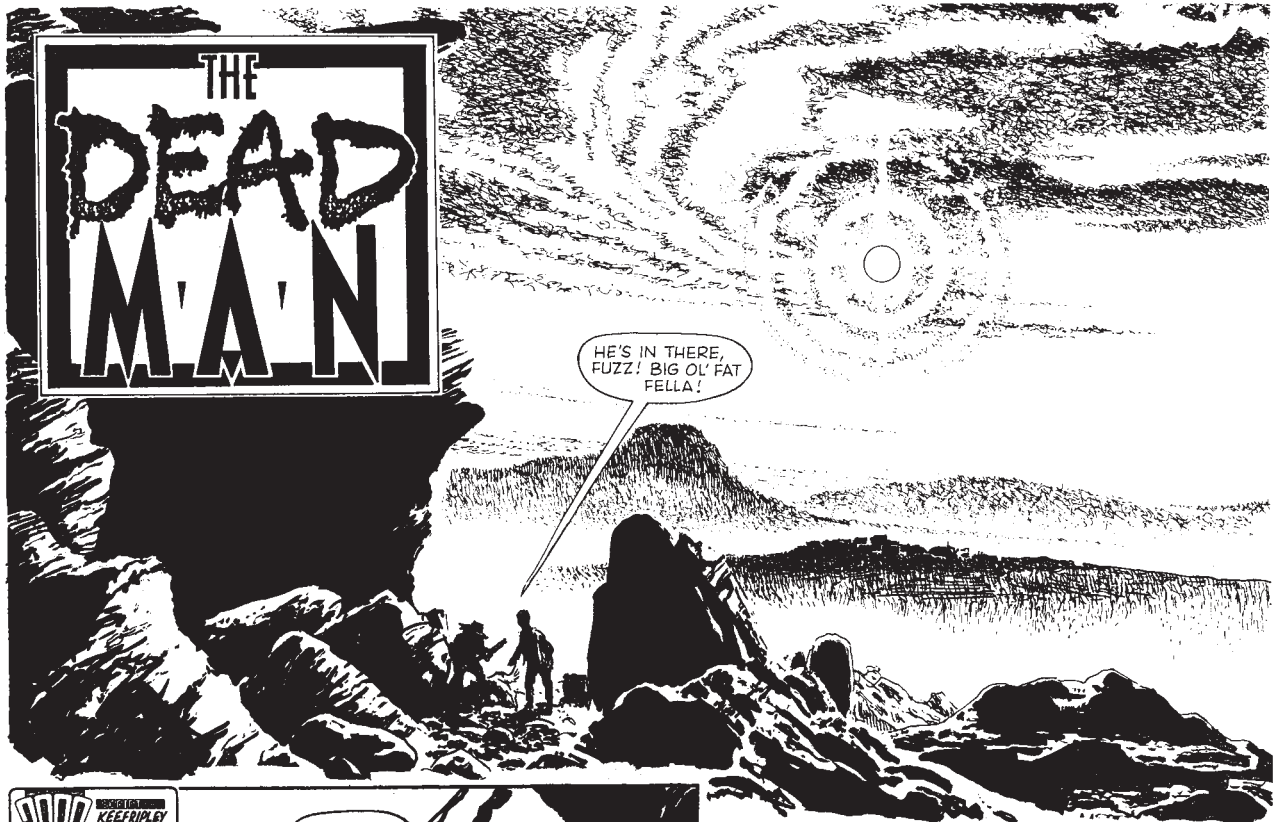


THE DEAD MAN

Script: John Wagner
Art: John Ridgway
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally printed in 2000 AD Progs 650-662

THE DEAD MAN



HE'S IN THERE, FUZZ! BIG OL' FAT FELLA!

KEEFRIPLY
J. RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER



OH BOY! HE'S GONNA LOOK GOOD INNA POT!

CHASE HIM OUT, DOG!



THERE HE GOES!

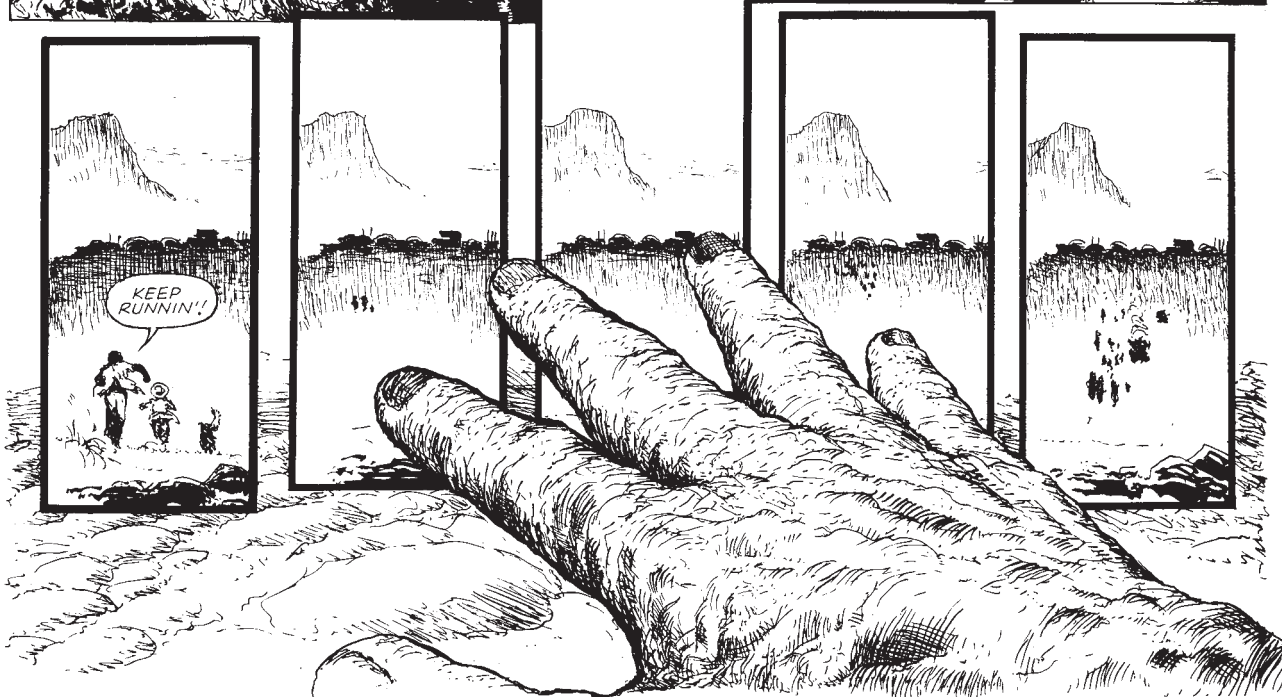
IT WUZ ME WHO FOUND THE DEAD MAN. FUZZY GREEL SEZ HE FOUND HIM TOO COS HE WUZ THERE, BUT IT WUZ ME.

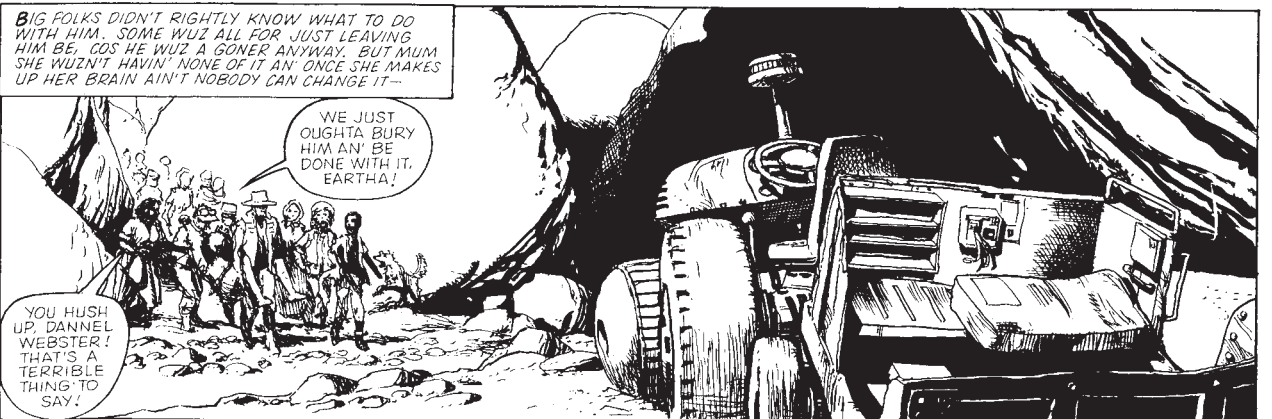


HE'S A SCUTTLE!

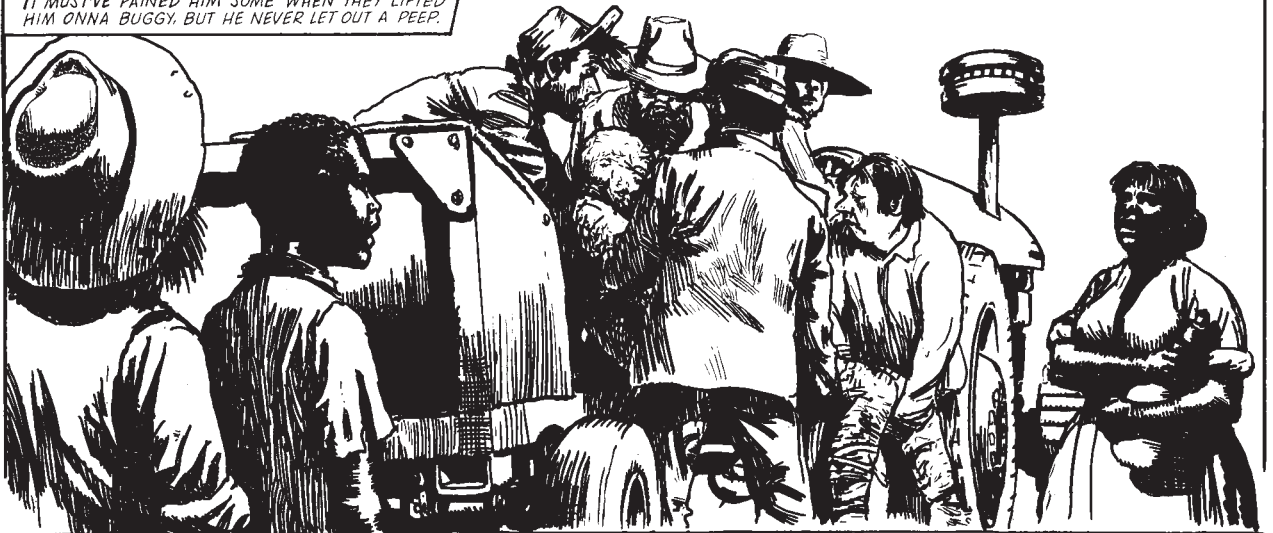
CATCH HIM, YASSA!







IT MUST'VE PAINED HIM SOME WHEN THEY LIFTED HIM ONNA BUGGY, BUT HE NEVER LET OUT A PEEP.



EVEN MONEY HE DON'T LAST BACK TO BUBBLETOWN!

GAMBLING IS SINFUL, MOPUS FAIRWEATHER!



ME, I WUZ PRAYING FOR HIM. I DUNNO WHY. I GUESS I KINDA OWED IT TO HIM, BEING ME WHO FOUND HIM.

REPENT! FESTERING SORE OF HUMANITY!

GET THIS CRAZY MAN OFFA ME!

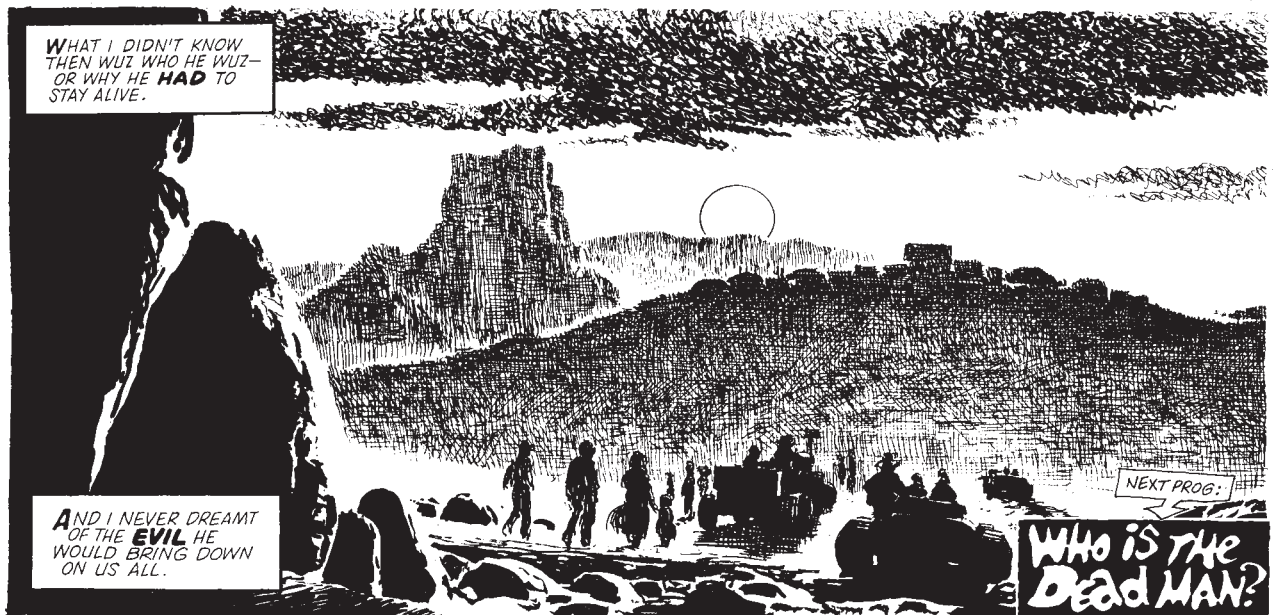


WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW THEN WUZ WHO HE WUZ—OR WHY HE **HAD** TO STAY ALIVE.

AND I NEVER DREAMT OF THE **EVIL** HE WOULD BRING DOWN ON US ALL.

NEXT PROG:

WHO IS THE DEAD MAN?





I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I FELT THE TERROR. I GUESS YOU NEVER GET OVER THINGS LIKE THAT. LIKE THEY WUZ BRANDED ON YOUR BRAIN. THEY BECOME PART OF YOU. THEY CHANGE YOU. AND AFTERWARD NOTHING IS EVER THE SAME.

SO I REMEMBER IT CLEAR AS DAY, THOUGH IT WUZ NIGHT WHEN IT CAME THE FIRST NIGHT WE BRUNG THE DEAD MAN HOME...

THE DEAD MAN

PART TWO



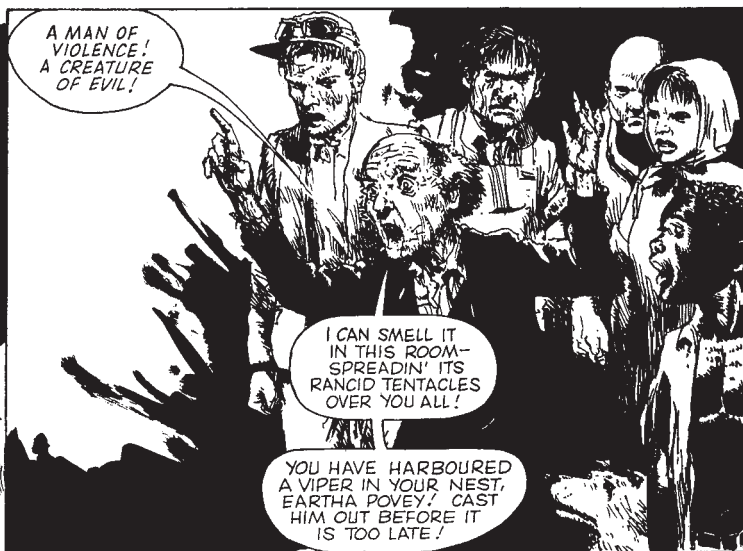
HE WON'T SEE MORNIN'; THAT'S FOR SURE.

ONE TOUGH CUSTOMER TO HAVE LASTED THIS LONG.

I COULD NEVER STOP CALLING HIM THE DEAD MAN. I S'POSE GOS BY RIGHTS HE REALLY SHOULDA BEEN DEAD. NOBODY SURVIVES THE KINDA INJURIES HE HAD, NOT OUT HERE IN THE CURSED EARTH.

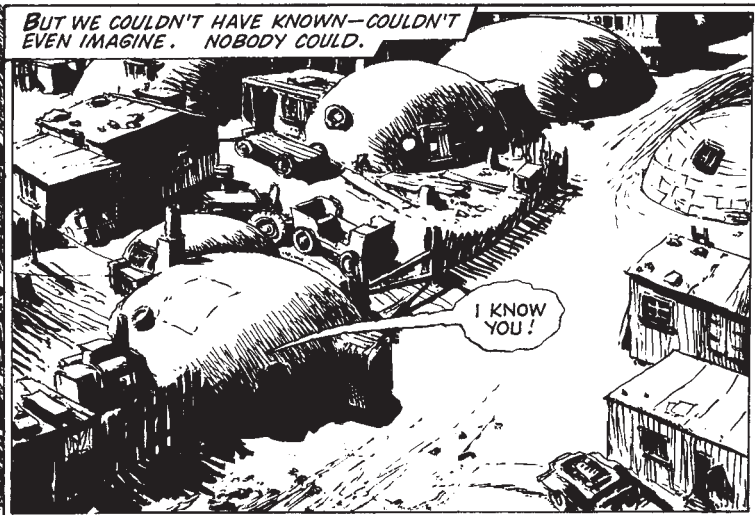


SEE THEM MARKS ON HIM





IF WE'D KNOWN
ABOUT THE FEARFUL
THINGS THAT WERE
TO BEFALL US MAYBE
WE'D HAVE LISTENED
TO HOLY LARRY.



BUT WE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN—COULDN'T
EVEN IMAGINE. NOBODY COULD.

I KNOW
YOU!



SERVANTS
OF EVIL!
I KNOW
YOU!

HE'S
FEVERISH.



WHAT
DEVILMENT
IS AFOOT?

DOG ??

Grrrrrrrrrr



WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
BOY?

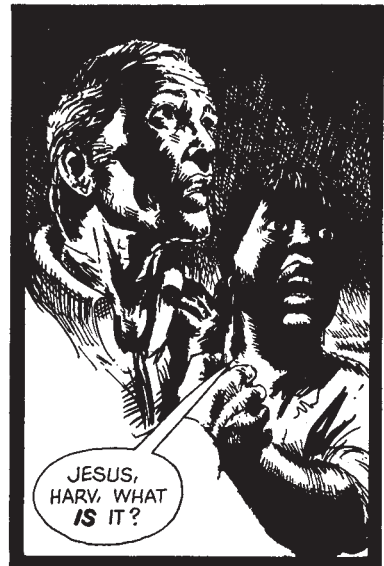


SOMETHIN'S
SCARED HIM—

GRRRRRRRR!



DAMN YOU!
I WON'T—
HuuhHH!—
DIE FOR YOU!



JESUS,
HARV, WHAT
IS IT?



I WOKE
UP.

IT WUZ THERE—
IN THE ROOM.

LIKE A SHADOW
PASSING OVER ME
— **THROUGH** ME—
TURNIN' MY BLOOD
TO ICE.



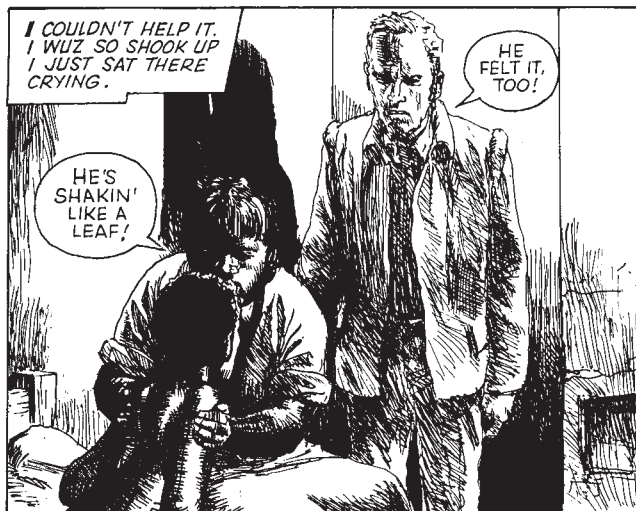
FOR A MOMENT I FELT I WUZ
LOOKING INTO THE VERY PIT
OF WICKEDNESS.



DOWN AND DOWN, DEEPER AND DEEPER
AND DARKER AND MORE FULL OF PURE BLIND
EVIL THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE.



THEN IT WUZ GONE.



TWO DAYS LATER THE FEVER BROKE. MAM SAID THANKS TO GOD AND GREASEPLANT JELLY IT LOOKED LIKE THE **DEAD MAN** WUZ GONNA PULL THROUGH...



YOU HEAR ME IN THERE, EARTHA POVEY? REPENT!

REPENT!



REPENT, I SAY!

HE'S COMIN' ROUND AGAIN, YASSA, GET ME THAT SOUP BOWL.

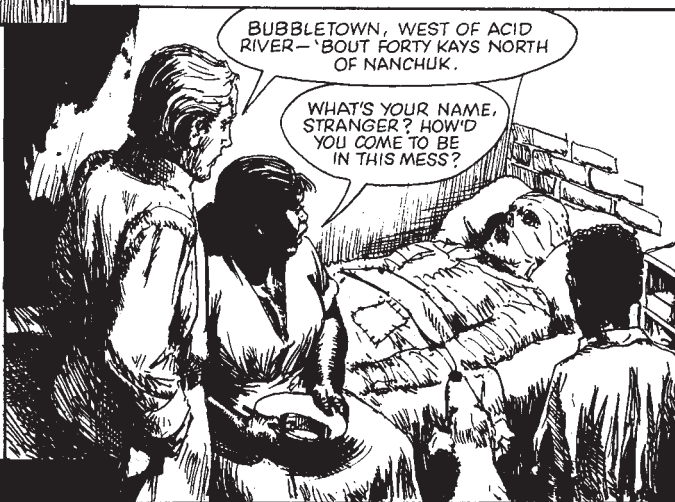


YOU HAVE TAKEN THE VIPER INTO YOUR OWN NEST!

HE'S TAKIN' SOME THIS TIME.



WHERE... AM I?



BUBBLETOWN, WEST OF ACID RIVER - 'BOUT FORTY KAYS NORTH OF NANCHUK.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, STRANGER? HOW'D YOU COME TO BE IN THIS MESS?



DON'T... KNOW...

YOU DON'T KNOW?

I REMEMBER...



NOTHING...

NEXT PROG:

Trail of the DEAD MAN

THE DEAD MAN

PART 3

MORE THAN A WEEK WENT BY AND THE **TERROR** THAT VISITED US THAT NIGHT DIDN'T COME AGAIN. NEAR EVERYONE IN BUBBLETOWN HAD FELT IT. ME, I COULDN'T PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND.

AT NIGHT I'D STAND LISTENING AT THE DOOR, WATCHING FOR THE SHADOW. ONCE OR TWICE I THOUGHT I COULD HEAR IT SCREAM— FAR AWAY IN THE DISTANCE— AND MY KNEES WOULD GO WEAK AND THE SHIVERS RUN UP MY SPINE AGAIN.

THERE'S NOTHIN' THERE, BOY.

I NEVER FELT NOTHIN' SO DOWN-RIGHT **EVIL**, PAP.

THERE'S THINGS IN THIS WORLD MORE TERRIBLE THAN WE COULD EVER IMAGINE, YASSA... MOST TIMES ORDINARY FOLK LIKE US IS LUCKY AN' THEY JUST PASS US BY.

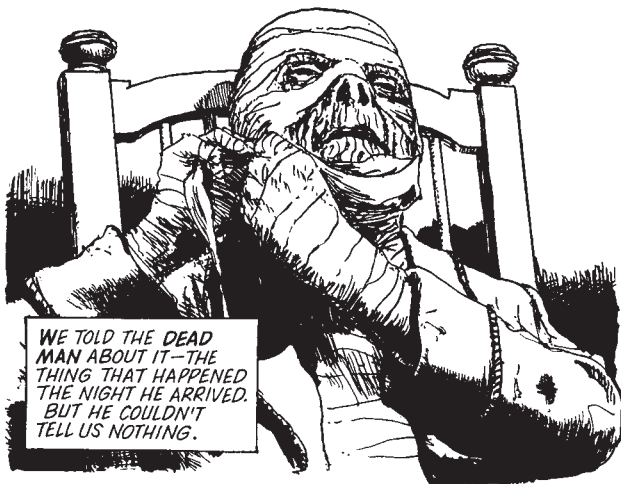
I GOT THE FEELIN' IT WUZ LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN'.

STILL IS... OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE...

SOMETHIN'...

... OR SOMEONE.





WE TOLD THE DEAD MAN ABOUT IT—THE THING THAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT HE ARRIVED. BUT HE COULDN'T TELL US NOTHING.



THE DEAD MAN COULDN'T TELL US NOTHING ABOUT **NOTHING**...



THERE MUST BE **SOMETHIN'** YOU REMEMBER ABOUT YOUR PAST—SOMETHIN' THAT WOULD AT LEAST GIVE US A CLUE!

IT'S A BLANK!

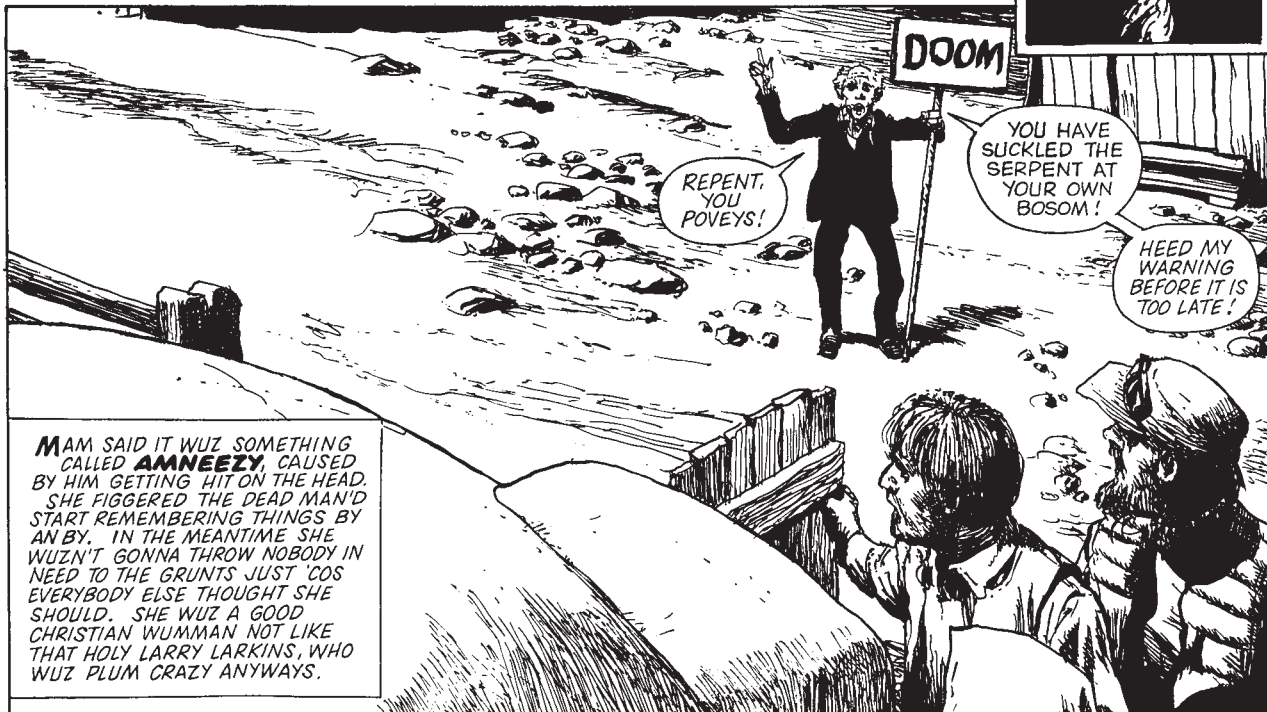
YOU SAID THINGS WHEN YOU WUZ FEVERED... SOMETHIN' ABOUT "SERVANTS OF EVIL" AN' "DEVILMENT AFOOT"—AN' THEN YOU SHOUTED "I WON'T DIE FOR YOU"...

THAT MEAN ANYTHIN'?

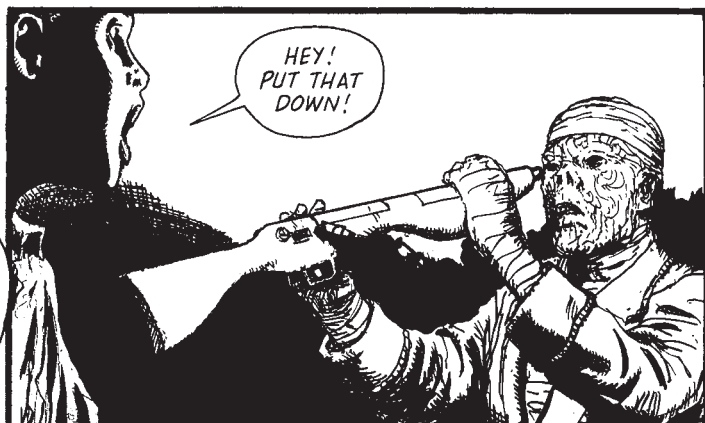
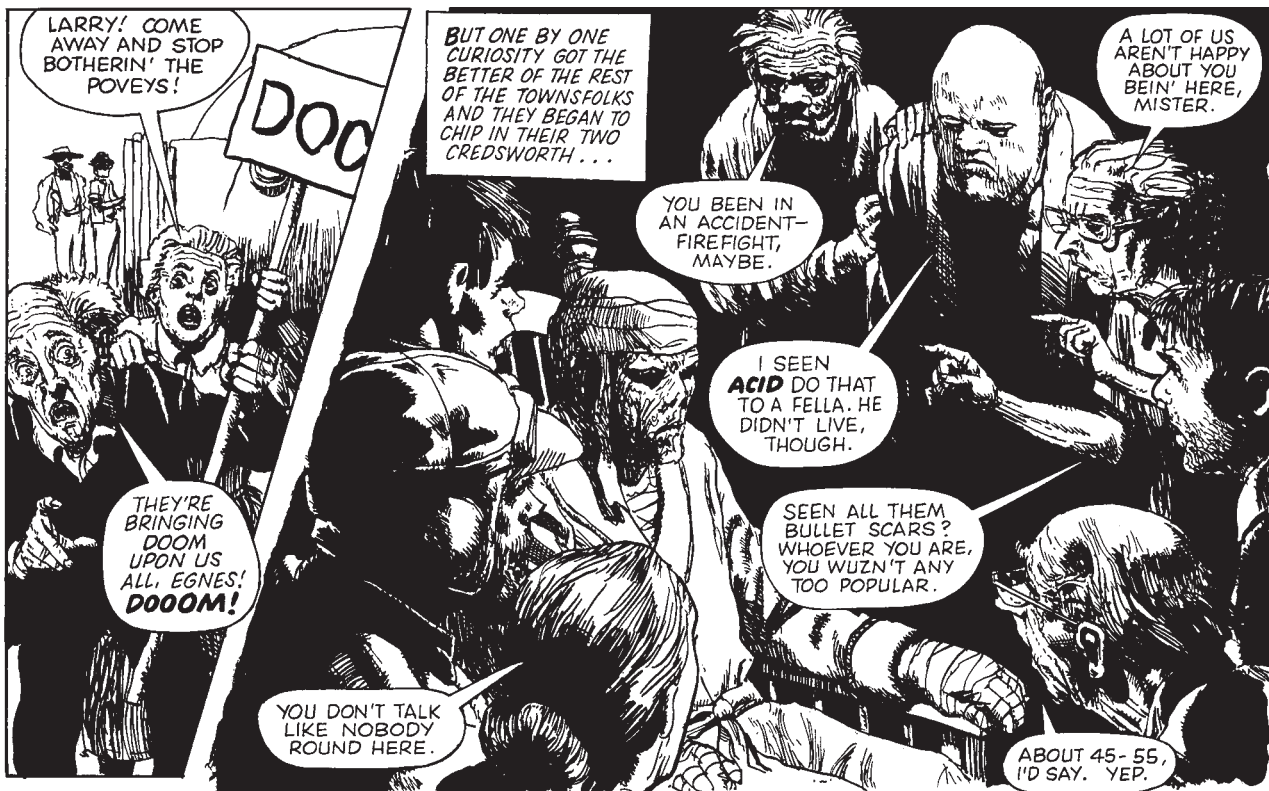


NOTHING...

NOTHING AT ALL.



MAM SAID IT WUZ SOMETHING CALLED **AMNEEZY**, CAUSED BY HIM GETTING HIT ON THE HEAD. SHE FIGGERED THE DEAD MAN'D START REMEMBERING THINGS BY AN BY. IN THE MEANTIME SHE WUZN'T GONNA THROW NOBODY IN NEED TO THE GRUNTS JUST 'COS EVERYBODY ELSE THOUGHT SHE SHOULD. SHE WUZ A GOOD CHRISTIAN WUMMAN NOT LIKE THAT HOLY LARRY LARKINS, WHO WUZ PLUM CRAZY ANYWAYS.







I TOOK THE DEAD MAN OUT TO WHERE WE'D FOUND HIM THAT DAY. PAP SAID TAKE THE RIFLE COS TOM JACOBY SAID HE SEEN SOME GRUNTS NOSING ABOUT UP BY THE NORTH PASTURE. MAM SAID HE SHOULDN'T BE GOING OUT NOWAYS. HE OUGHTA REST UP FOR AT LEAST A MONTH AND LET THE GREASEPLANT JELLY DO ITS JOB.

BUT HE WUZ DEAD SET ON GOING. I GUESS THERE WUZ TOO MANY THINGS HAD TO FIND OUT



THAT'S WHERE YOU WUZ LYIN'.

I GRABBED AT THIS BIG LIZARD AN' GOT YOU INSTEAD.

AND THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE HERE—JUST ME?



THERE WUZ DRAG MARKS LEADIN' OFF NORTH BUT THEY PETERED OUT ON THAT ROCKY GROUND OVER THERE— COULDN'T FOLLOW 'EM NO FURTHER.



EVERYTHING MUST I BE STILL SOMEWHERE IN MY HEAD...

IF I COULD FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME MAYBE IT WOULD HELP UNLOCK THE REST OF IT...



WHAT ABOUT YOU, DOG? CAN YOU PICK UP MY TRAIL?



HE'S GOT SOMETHIN'!





WE CALLED THEM **GRUNTS** COS THAT'S HOW THEY SPOKE, A QUEER KINDA SNORTING LANGUAGE LIKE PIGS FIGHTING OVER LEFTOVERS. BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO UNNERSTAND IT TO KNOW WHAT THEY HAD IN MIND FOR US...

THEY'S CANNIBALS!
RUN FOR IT,
DEAD MAN!

THE DEAD MAN

PART FOUR



KEEP RIPLEY
JOHN RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER



UNNGG!



OH DRAD-
DOG!



HNNNNN!

GRRRRRAAAARRR

THERE WUZ AT LEAST
EIGHT OF THEM TO
TWO OF US. I FIGGERED
WE WUZ GONERS FOR
SURE.

BUT I WUZ TO
LEARN SOME-
THIN ABOUT THE
DEAD MAN
THAT DAY...

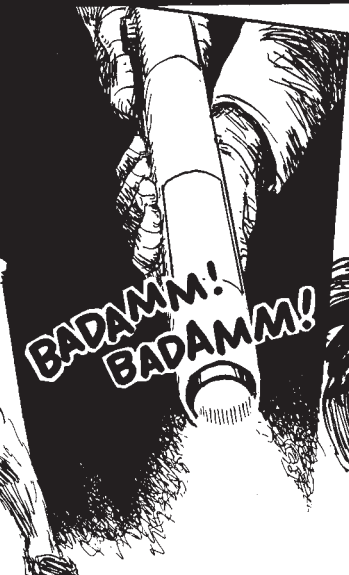
HRAAIII!

UNGGG!

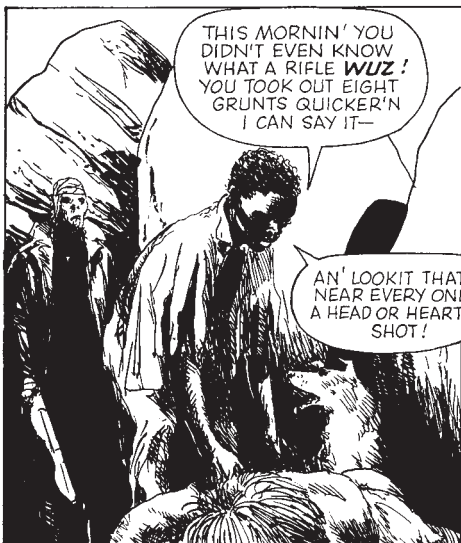
SPAK!

HRNNNN!

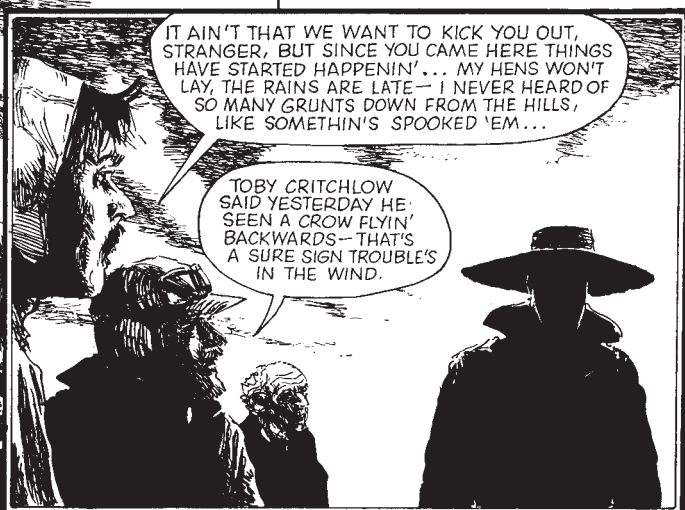
DOG! DOG!
RUN HOME!
GET PAP!

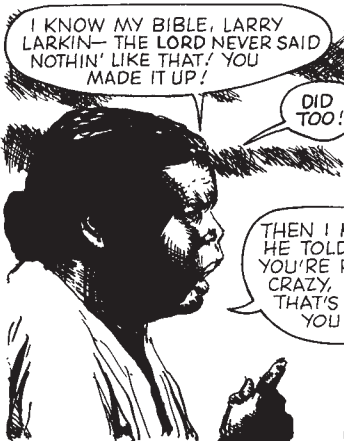
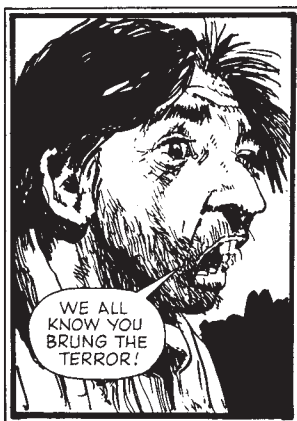




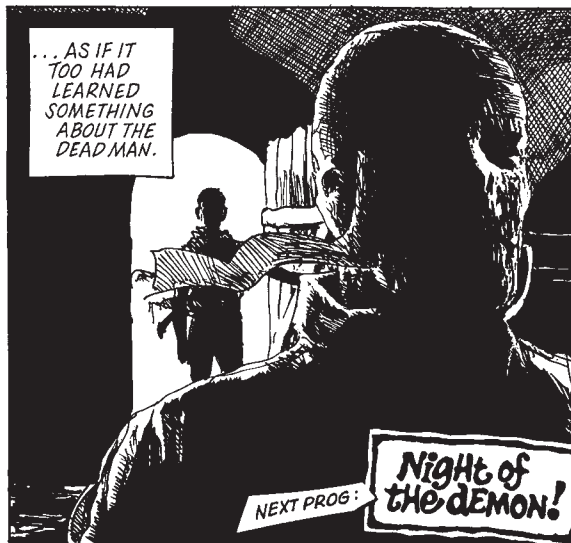
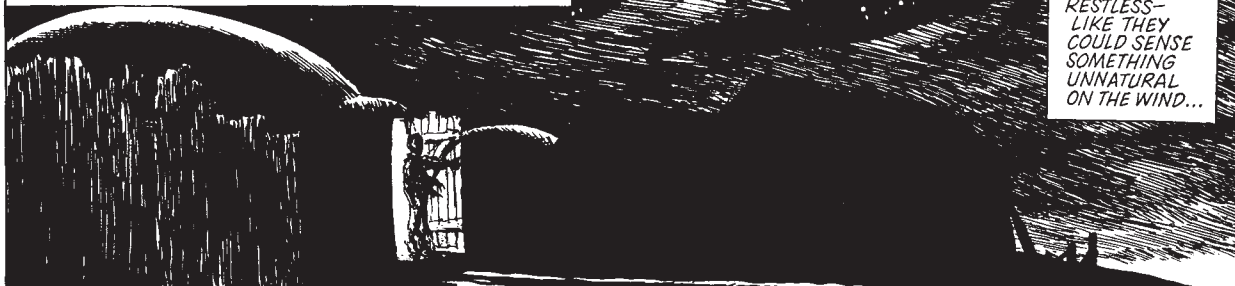


I BROKE THE NEWS IN BUBBLETOWN, BUT NOBODY SEEMED ANY TOO PLEASED ABOUT IT—





THAT NIGHT A CHILL WIND SPRANG UP, SIGHING EERILY IN THE AIR. SWIRLS OF DUST AND LEAVES ROSE LIKE GHOSTS AND CAME DARTING THROUGH BUBBLETOWN.



I HAD A
NIGHTMARE.

I WUZ IN A TUNNEL. IT GOT
NARROWER AND NARROWER.
THERE WUZ BODIES, BODIES
ALL AROUND. I WUZ RUNNING
SCARED.

SOMETHING
WUZ AFTER
ME.

I COULD HEAR
ITS FOOTSTEPS
BEHIND ME.

GROWING
LOUDER,
QUICKENING,
HURRYING
AFTER ME.

AND IT WUZ COMING—
THE SHADOW— LOOMING,
LOOMING OVER ME...

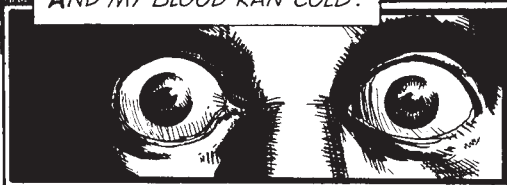
HANDS REACHED
UP, GRABBED ME.
DEAD HANDS.

I STRUGGLED,
BUT I COULDN'T
GET AWAY.

PART 5

I WOKE UP.

AND MY BLOOD RAN COLD.



IT WUZ THERE — IN THE ROOM.



IT CAME TOWARDS ME. IT STOOD OVER ME. IT PEELED AWAY THE SHADOW LIKE A CLOAK.—



IT WUZ A WOMAN — THE BEAUTIFULEST WOMAN I EVER SAW.

SKIN WHITE LIKE CHALK. HER EYES GLOWED WITH A TERRIBLE BLACK FIRE.

SHE SPOKE TO ME.

YOU **KNOW**, DON'T YOU, BOY...?

SHE TOUCHED ME.

WHERE IS HE...?

WH-WHAT? WHO-?

YOU'LL TELL ME, WON'T YOU, BOY?

COLD, LIKE THE FINGERS OF A CORPSE...



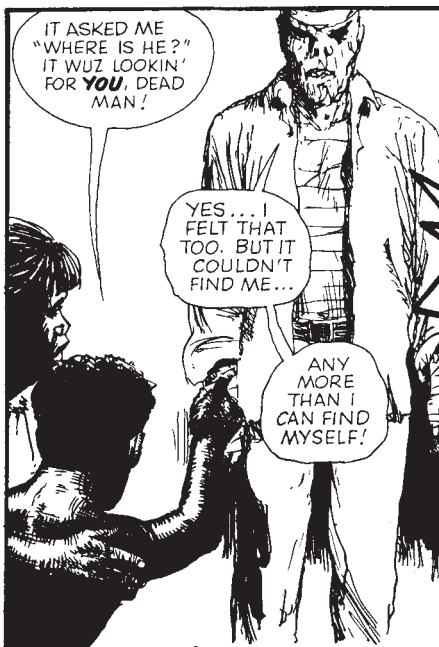




IT- IT WUZ
A WOMAN -

A WUMMAN?
YOU **SAW**
IT?

'CEPT IT WUZ'N'T.
IT WUZ... IT WUZ
HORRIBLE!



IT ASKED ME
"WHERE IS HE?"
IT WUZ LOOKIN'
FOR **YOU**, DEAD
MAN!

YES... I
FELT THAT
TOO. BUT IT
COULDN'T
FIND ME...

ANY
MORE
THAN I
CAN FIND
MYSELF!



DAMN YOU,
EARTHA POVEY!
DAMN YOU!



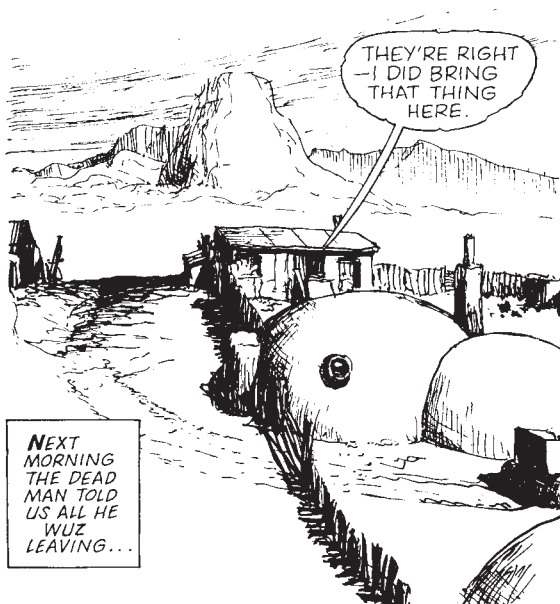
HE'S DEAD!
YOU KILLED HIM!
THAT'S WHAT
YOU DID!



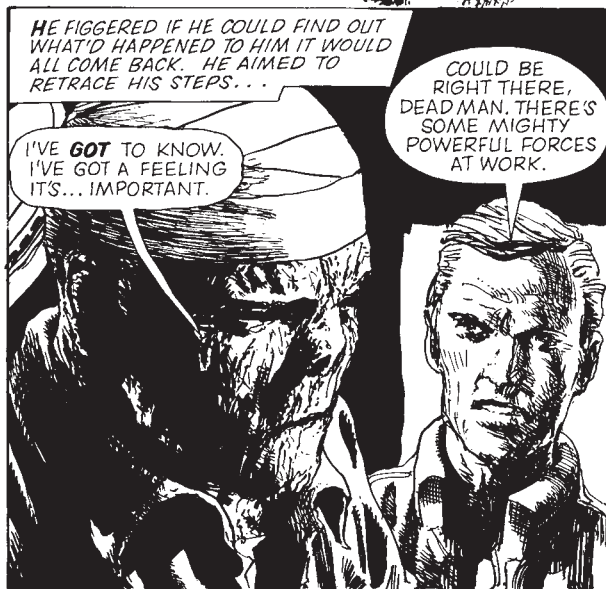
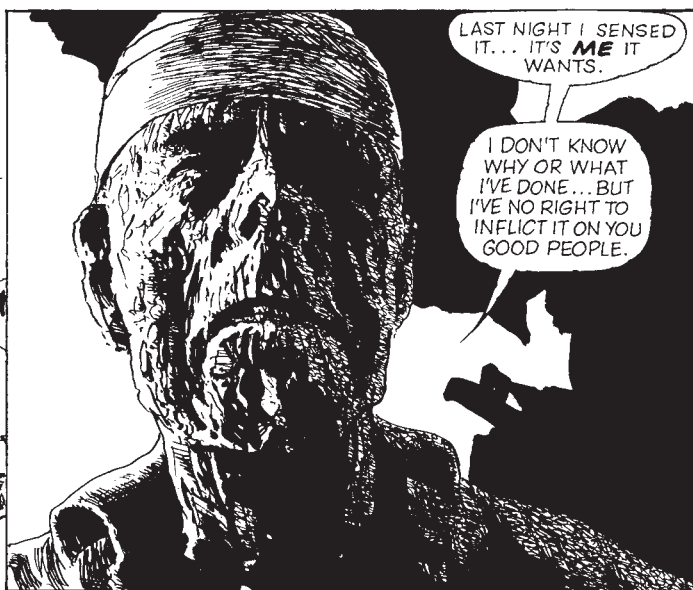
SEEMED OLD ABE
SKUNKSTINK HAD
TOOK FRIGHT,
KEELED OVER
AND DIED.



IT'S YOUR FAULT FOR TAKIN'
IN THAT **DEAD MAN**! HE
BROUGHT THE **TERROR**! HE
BROUGHT A **CURSE** ON US ALL!



NEXT MORNING THE DEAD MAN TOLD US ALL HE WUZ LEAVING...





THERE WUZN'T NO
EXCESS OF FRIENDLY
FACES THERE TO SEE
HIM OFF.

FESTERING SON OF
SATAN! NEVER DARKEN
OUR LIVES AGAIN!

AMEN,
LARRY!



OKAY, DOG,
COAST IS
CLEAR—



I HAD TO CUT
THROUGH THE
CORNFIELDS AND
KEEP LOW SO
NOBODY WOULD
SPOT ME—



DIDN'T CATCH UP WITH HIM TILL
HE WUZ AT THE ROCKS WHERE
WE FOUND HIM.

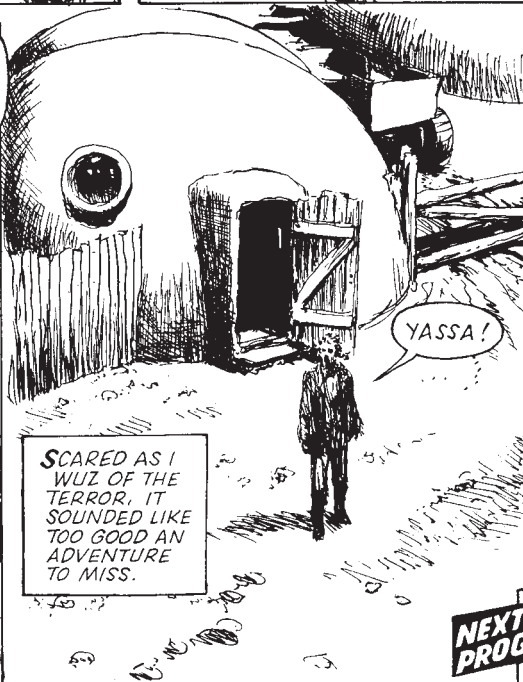
HEY,
DEAD
MAN!



MAM CHANGED
HER MIND—
FIGGERED WE'D
BETTER COME
WITH YOU
AFTER ALL.

YOU'RE
SURE,
BOY?

I WOULDN'T
LIE TO YOU!



SCARED AS I
WUZ OF THE
TERROR, IT
SOUNDED LIKE
TOO GOOD AN
ADVENTURE
TO MISS.

YASSA!



FOOL THAT I WUZ.

YASSA!

NEXT
PROG

RETURN of
the GRUNTS!

BY NOW THE DEAD MAN'S TRAIL HAD GONE PRETTY COLD. MORE THAN ONCE DOG LOST IT.

THE DEAD M'AN

Part 6

THEN WE'D JUST HAVE TO SIT AND WAIT WHILE HE SNIFFED IT OUT AGAIN. HE WAS GONE MORE THAN TWO HOURS ONCE, BUT HE ALWAYS CAME BACK WITH IT.

KEEP RIPLEY
HPT
JOHN RIDGWAY
WATCHING
JACK POTTER

HE'S GOT SOMETHIN'!

LIKE THE STUFF THAT WUZ BURNT ONTO YOU WHEN WE FOUND YOU.

MATERIAL.

THAT FIRST
NIGHT WE
CAMPED OUT
IN THE OPEN.
WE TOOK TURNS
WATCHING FOR
GRUNTS.

ME, I WUZ MORE WORRIED ABOUT
THE TERROR. BUT NOTHING CAME.
NOT THAT NIGHT.

THEM BURNS STILL
PAININ' YOU SOME,
DEAD MAN?

SOME.

MAM'S GREASE-
PLANT JELLY'S THE
THING, AIN'T IT?

YOU LIED
TO ME, DIDN'T
YOU, BOY?
YOUR MOTHER
GAVE YOU NO
PERMISSION
TO COME.

WELL,
NOT IN
SO MANY
WORDS,
NO...

TOMORROW
YOU GO BACK.

BUT YOU CAN'T—!

WITHOUT ME
AN' **DOG** YOU GOT
NO CHANCE OF
FINDIN' OUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOU!

YOU SAID IT WUZ
IMPORTANT!

YES...

YES.





THE GRUNTS WERE HELL FOR AMBUSHING TRAVELLERS. WHO KNOWS HOW MANY VISITORS WE MIGHT'VE HAD IF THEY HADN'T GOT WAYLAID AND ATE . . .





THEY GOT THE MESSAGE,
DEAD MAN!



BUT THAT
WUZNT THE
LAST WE WERE
TO SEE OF THE
GRUNTS, NOT
BY A LONG
WAYS...

THE TRAIL LED PAST DRY CREEK AND
THROUGH SUGARTON, WHERE FOLK
USED TO LIVE BEFORE THE WAR.



IT GAVE YOU A
KINDA CREEPY
FEELING, LIKE
WALKING THROUGH
A GRAVEYARD.



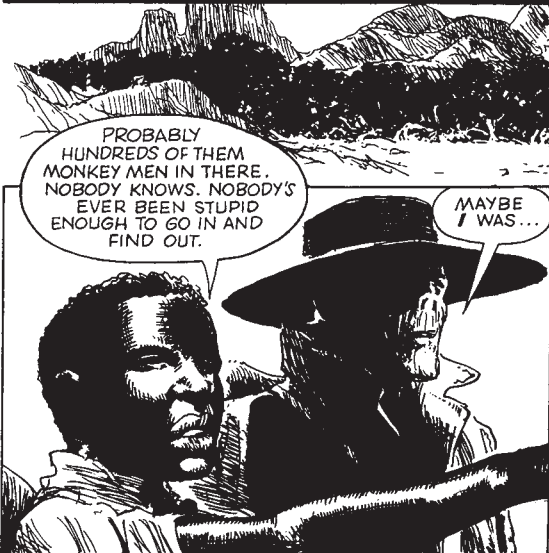
FUNNY... YOU
COMIN' ALL THIS
WAY WHEN YOU WUZ
SO NEAR DEAD...

MUSTA BEEN
SOMETHIN' MIGHTY
POWERFUL DRIVIN'
YOU ON.



THAT STRETCH OF WOODS
UP AHEAD— THAT'S GRUNT
COUNTRY.

YOUR
FATHER
MENTIONED
IT.



PROBABLY
HUNDREDS OF THEM
MONKEY MEN IN THERE.
NOBODY KNOWS. NOBODY'S
EVER BEEN STUPID
ENOUGH TO GO IN AND
FIND OUT.

MAYBE
I WAS...



THAT WUZ WHERE THE
TRAIL WUZ HEADING...

THAT WUZ WHERE
WE'D HAVE TO GO.

NEXT
PROG

Night in Grunt Wood

THE DEAD MAN

PART SEVEN

IT WUZ A MISTAKE GOING INTO GRUNT WOOD, BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE NO CHOICE. THAT'S WHERE THE DEAD MAN'S TRAIL LED— IF WE WERE EVER TO FIND OUT WHO HE WAS— AND WHY THE TERROR WAS SEARCHING FOR HIM— WE HAD TO FOLLOW IT...



HE'S FOUND ANOTHER PIECE O' CLOTH— SAME AS YOU WUZ WEARIN'!

YES, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE...

IT'S COMING BACK...

I HAVE A PICTURE... A MEMORY CLOAKED IN SHADOW...

I'M... STAGGERING— LURCHING BLINDLY...

PAIN EXPLODING IN MY HEAD— EVERY STEP— BUT...

"SOMETHING'S DRIVING ME... I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!"

"I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!"

"TORCHES—FACES...
FACES SWIMMING
AROUND ME ...

"I RECOIL FROM THE FLAMES.
I MUST KEEP MOVING!"



THIS FEELING I HAVE TO GET AWAY...

BUT IT'S NOT
THEM I FEAR.

WONDER WHY
THE GRUNTS DIDN'T
EAT YOU— SPECIALLY
SEEIN' YOU COME
READY-COOKED?

MAYBE THEY THOUGHT YOU
WUZ **DISEASED** OR SOMETHIN'.
PAP SAYS THEY WON'T TOUCH
NOBODY WITH RADRASH...

BUT WHATEVER PROTECTED
THE DEAD MAN THAT NIGHT
WUZN'T WORKING FOR US
THIS TIME.



EACH STEP TOOK US DEEPER
AND DEEPER INTO GRUNT
WOOD. I KEPT TELLING MY-
SELF IT WASN'T FAR TO GO.

SUDDENLY THE WOOD FELL QUIET.
JUST OUR FOOTSTEPS... AND DOG,
GROWLING LOW. THE HAIRS ON
MY NECK BRISTLED...



CAN... CAN
YOU **FEEL** 'EM,
DEAD MAN?

... THE **EYES**?

TH- THEY'RE ALL
AROUND US, WATCHIN'
US! WONDER WHY
THEY AIN'T
ATTACKED?

YOU RECKON
THEY KNOW YOUR
REP WITH THE RIFLE?
RECKON THAT'S IT,
DEAD MAN?

I FEEL
THEM,
SON.







THE DEAD MAN WUZ
HANGING THERE LIKE
A PLUM RIPE FOR
PLUCKING, BUT EVEN
UPSIDE DOWN HE
WUZN'T NOBODY'S
PLUM—

NUURRR

PADOW!

HUURRR!

HOW HE MANAGED TO
HOLD ON TO THE RIFLE
I'LL NEVER KNOW!

HAVEN'T
YOU CREATURES
LEARNED—?

PAKOW!

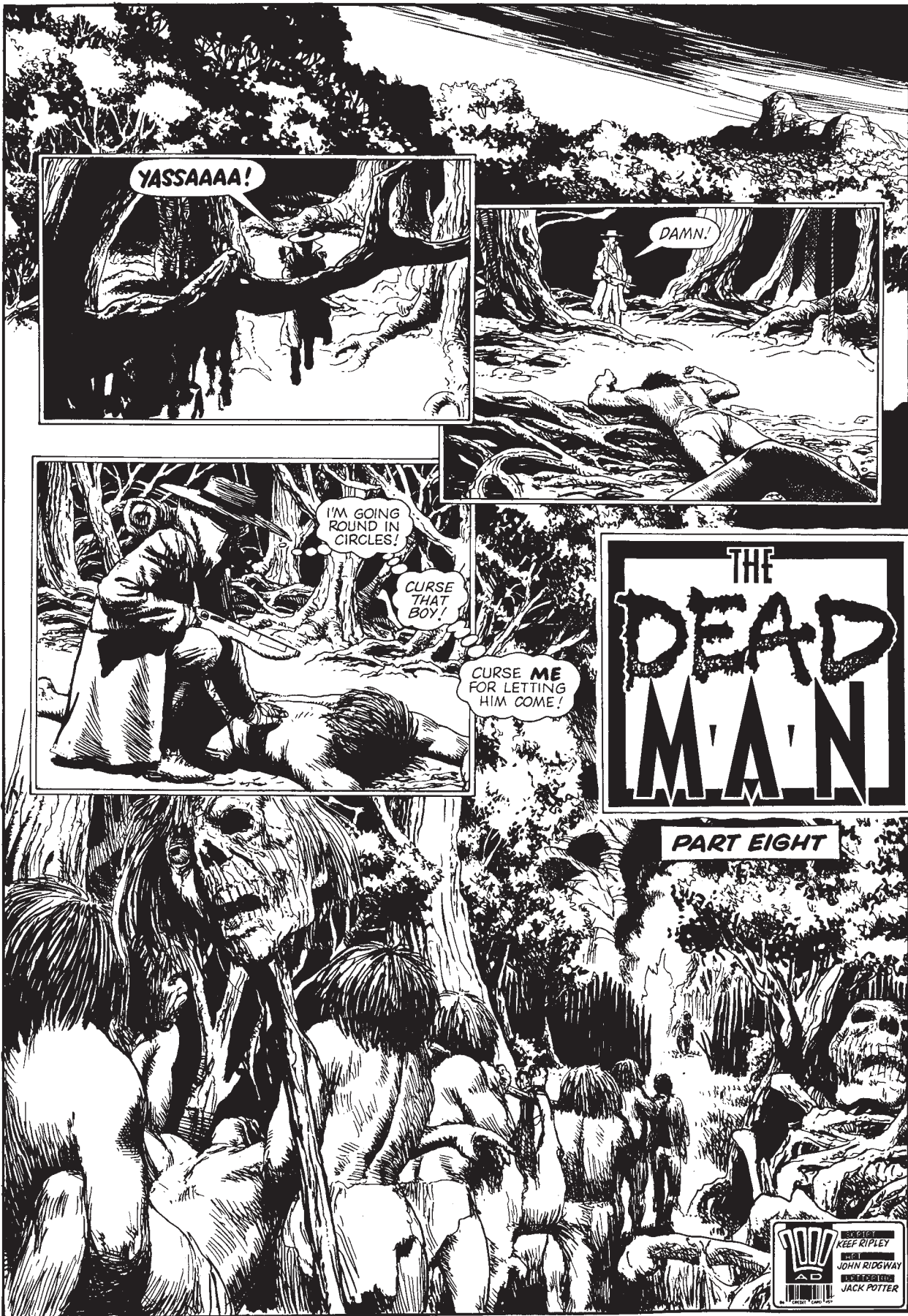
SPATTA!



THEY'RE DRAGGIN' ME OFF!
DEAD MAN—!

HANG ON,
YASSA!





YASSAAAA!

DAMN!

I'M GOING
ROUND IN
CIRCLES!

CURSE
THAT
BOY!

CURSE ME
FOR LETTING
HIM COME!

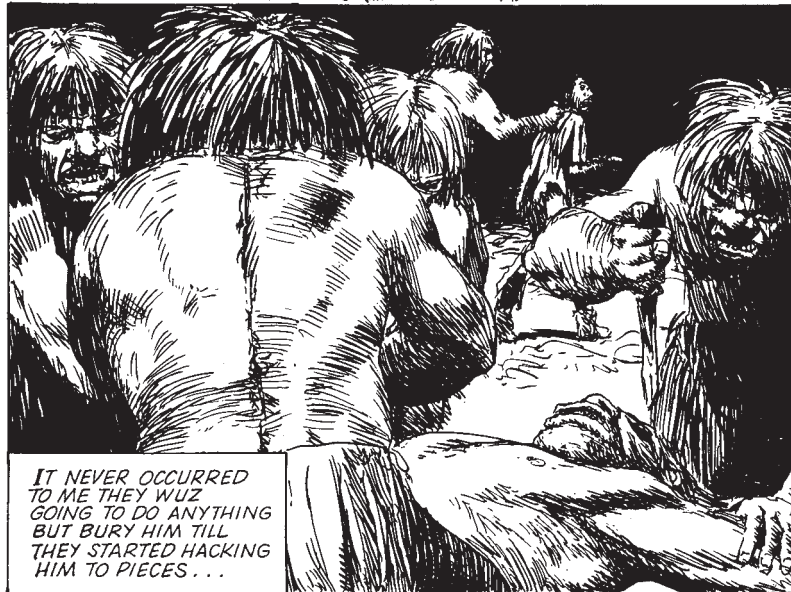
THE DEAD M'AN

PART EIGHT

KEEP RIPLEY
JOHN RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER



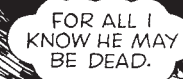
THE GRUNTS
BROUGHT BACK
ONE OF THEIR
OWN, SHOT BY
THE DEAD MAN.



THEN I KNEW WE WUZ
IN REAL TROUBLE.



IT NEVER OCCURRED
TO ME THEY WUZ
GOING TO DO ANYTHING
BUT BURY HIM TILL
THEY STARTED HACKING
HIM TO PIECES...



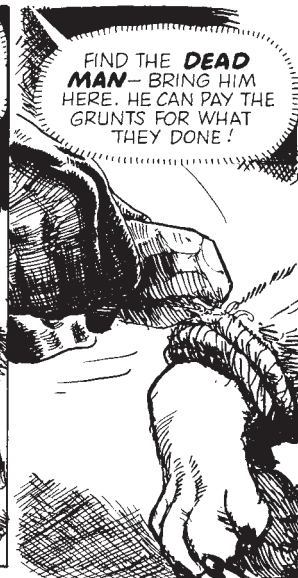
I HEARD THE RIFLE SHOT. THE GRUNTS
HEARD IT TOO. FAR AWAY, MUFFLED BY
THE TREES. TOO FAR AWAY TO GIVE ME
ANY HOPE...



IF I CAN
GET YOU
FREE, DOG,
YOU RUN
FOR IT.



FIND THE **DEAD
MAN**— BRING HIM
HERE. HE CAN PAY THE
GRUNTS FOR WHAT
THEY DONE!



HUBBB!

WHUHHH-?



LEMME GO,
RAD BLAST
YOU!

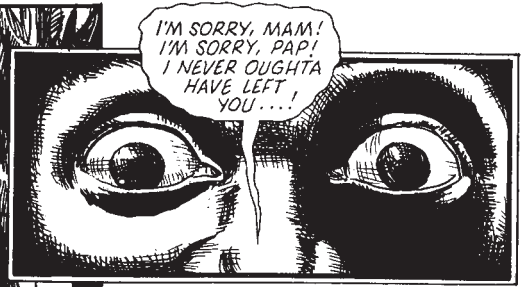


AT LEAST LET MY DOG
GO! PLEASE! YOU AIN'T
GONNA EAT NO DOG! DOG
MEAT'LL POISON YOU!
THAT'S WHAT IT'LL DO!

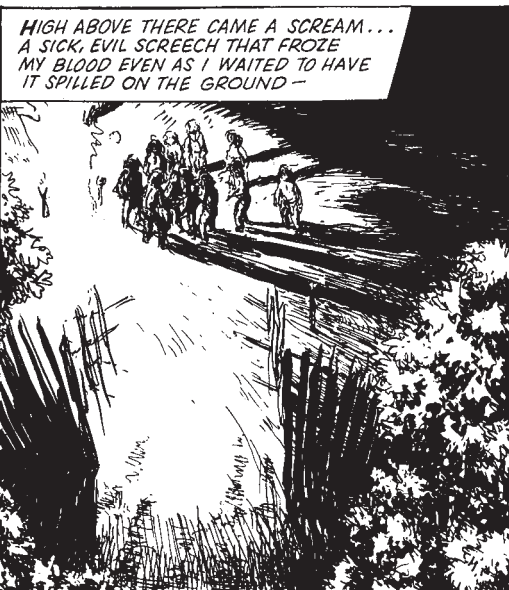


GMMMMM!





THE SAME
SOUND THAT
HAD TURNED
ME TO JELLY
ONLY TWO
NIGHTS
BEFORE —





I RAN...

THE DEAD MAN

Part Nine

... AND THE
TERROR CAME
AFTER ME...



CLOSE BEHIND
ME— CLOSER
WITH EVERY
STEP...







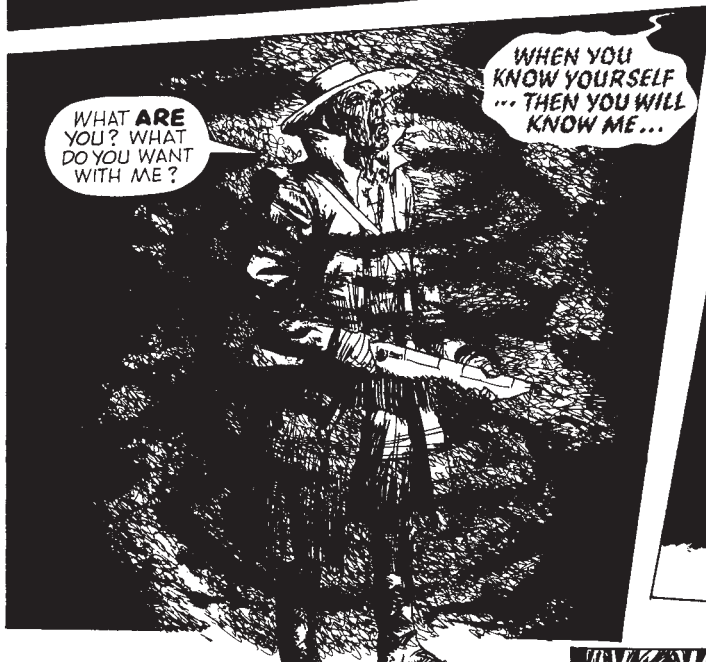
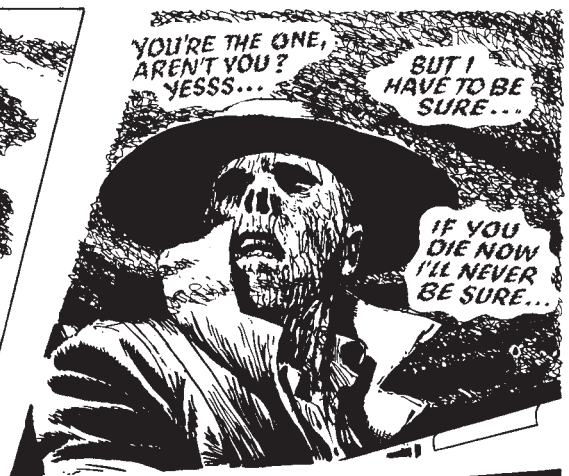
IT STOOD OVER ME.
I COULD HEAR ITS
BREATH HISSING.
I COULD FEEL ITS EYES
BORING INTO ME.

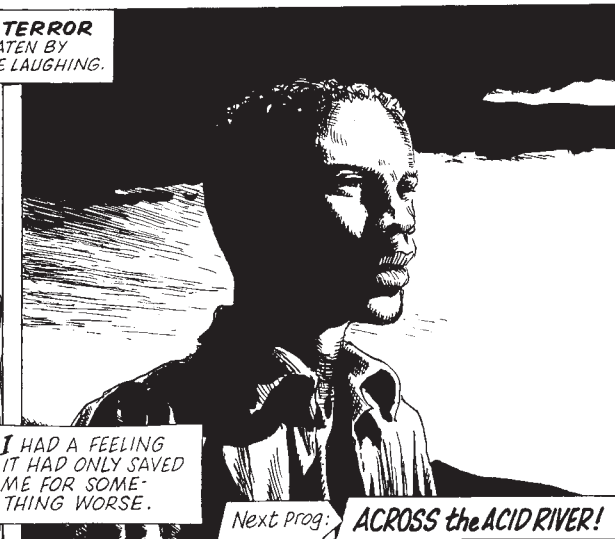
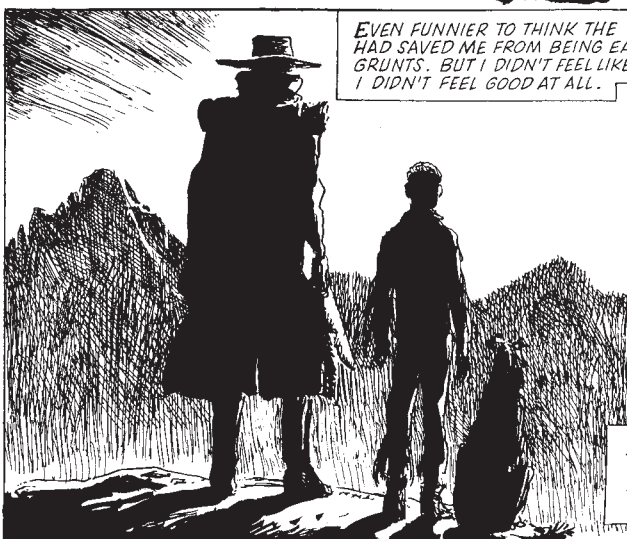
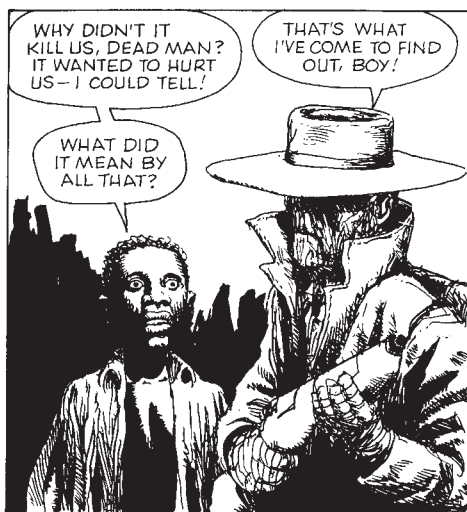


I WANTED TO RUN BUT
MY LEGS WOULDN'T MOVE.
I KNEW I WUZ GOING TO DIE.

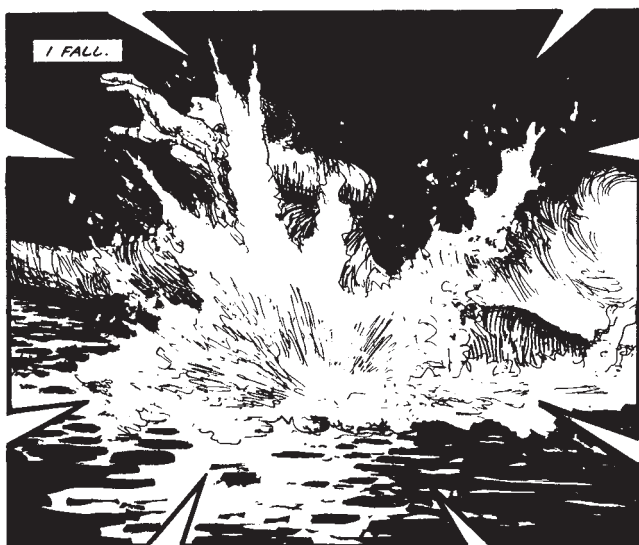
NO—!











I FALL.

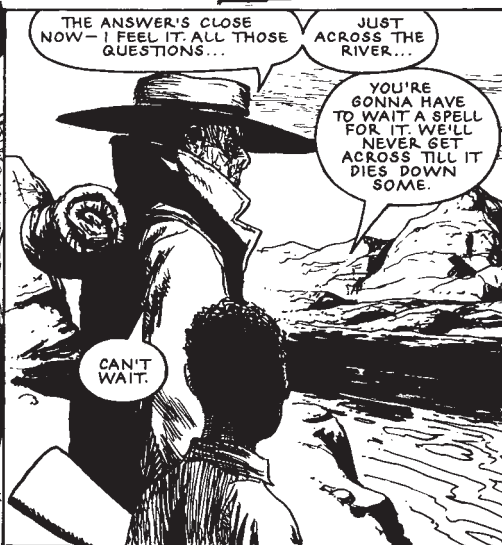


I'M ON FIRE.
PAIN...
THE PAIN IS
UNBEARABLE!



BUT
THERE'S
SOMETHING
STRONGER—
DRIVING
ME ON...

I CAN'T DIE.
I *MUSTN'T*
DIE!



THE ANSWER'S CLOSE
NOW—I FEEL IT, ALL THOSE
QUESTIONS...

JUST
ACROSS THE
RIVER...

YOU'RE
GONNA HAVE
TO WAIT A SPELL
FOR IT. WE'LL
NEVER GET
ACROSS TILL IT
DIES DOWN
SOME.

CAN'T
WAIT.



THERE WAS AN OLD DEAD TREE
BY THE RIVERBANK. THE DEAD
MAN FIGURED IF HE COULD
DROP IT JUST RIGHT IT
MIGHT STRETCH...



THIS
IS AS FAR
AS YOU GO,
BOY.

WHA—?
B—BUT
WHY?



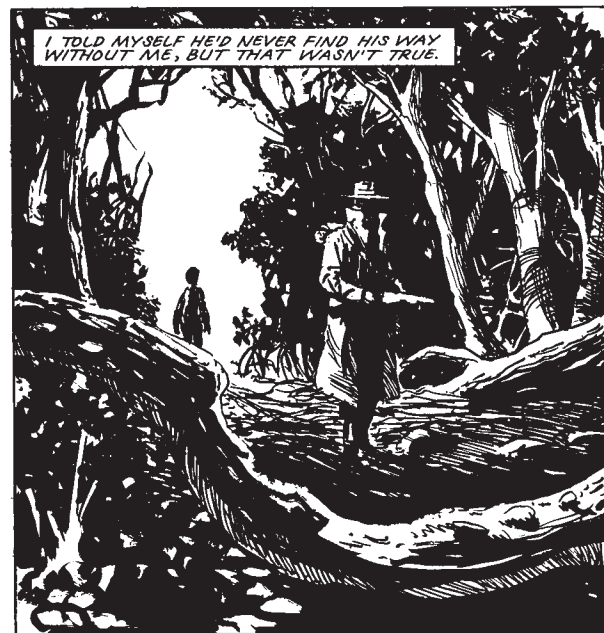
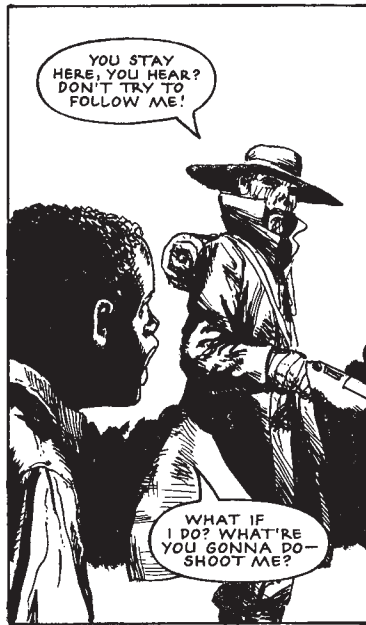
THERE'S
DANGER AHEAD—
YOU KNOW THAT.
THAT THING LAST
NIGHT, IT'LL
BE BACK.

I *HAVE* TO GO.
I HAVE TO FIND OUT
WHO I AM— HAVE TO
KNOW WHY IT WANTS
ME. YOU DON'T.

I'VE EXPOSED
YOU TO TOO MUCH
ALREADY.









THAT MUST
BE CROWLEY.
PAP SAID THERE
WUZ A FEW
FOLKS LIVED
UP HERE.

ARE
YOU STILL
HERE?



NO SIGN OF
ANY LIFE...
LIKE
A GRAVE-
YARD...

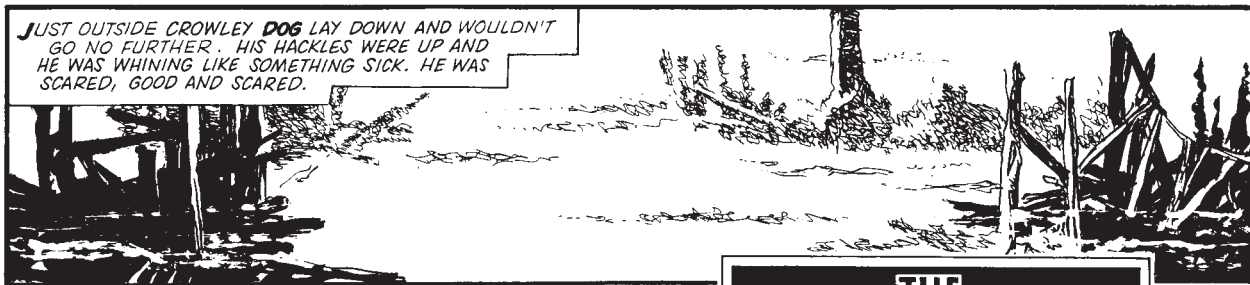
AND I KNEW THAT THIS WAS WHERE
WE WOULD FIND OUR ANSWERS.

AND MORE...



NEXT
PROG. **REVELATION**

JUST OUTSIDE CROWLEY DOG LAY DOWN AND WOULDN'T GO NO FURTHER. HIS HACKLES WERE UP AND HE WAS WHINING LIKE SOMETHING SICK. HE WAS SCARED, GOOD AND SCARED.



HE COULD SMELL IT... THE EVIL WAITING FOR US THERE.



THE DEAD MAN

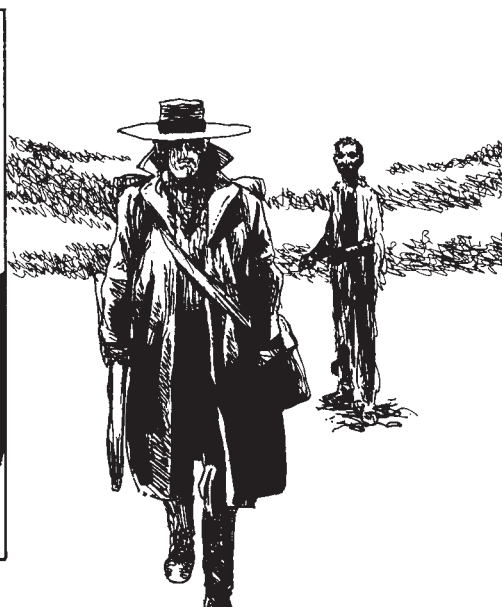
PART ELEVEN

I COULDN'T TURN BACK. I HAD TO GO ON. IT WUZ LIKE I WUZ CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL— I'D GOT TOO CLOSE AND NOW I COULDN'T GET FREE.



THE DARKNESS WUZ PULLING ME, DRAWING ME IN, IN, TOWARDS ITS VERY HEART.





THE DEAD MAN
HARDLY SEEMED
TO KNOW I WUZ
THERE ANY MORE.

HE WUZ CAUGHT UP IN HIS
OWN PRIVATE NIGHTMARE.



DAMN
YOU!

I WON'T...
DIE FOR
YOU!









I AM...

JUDGE
DREDD.

NEXT PROG:

JUDGEMENT DAY!

THE DEAD MAN

PART 12

YOU'RE
JUDGE DREDD—
THE JUDGE
DREDD?

HOLY
RADS! AIN'T
THAT A TURN-
UP!

BUT
WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN'
HERE?

I...

I TOOK
THE **LONG**
WALK...

FAREWELL,
DREDD!

AS LONG AS
MEGA-CITY ONE
SURVIVES—YOUR
NAME WILL BE
HONOURD!



A HUNDRED DAYS
BRINGING LAW TO THE
CURSED EARTH...
AND THEN... **THEY**
CAME.

WHO?



CREATURES
WHOSE EVIL
KIND I HOPED
NEVER TO SEE
AGAIN...



"CREATURES
WITH HEARTS
SO DARK AND
TWISTED THAT
NOTHING ON
THIS EARTH
COULD HAVE
SPAWNED
THEM!"

HHRRR

RRRR

SERVANTS
OF EVIL—I KNOW
YOU!

BUT — IF
THEY ARE
HERE... **WHAT
DEVILMENT
IS AFOOT?**

TWISTED DENIZENS
OF THAT WORLD WHERE
ALL THAT ONCE LIVED HAS
BEEN MERCILESSLY
DESTROYED—WHERE **LIFE
ITSELF** IS A CRIME —

**THE SISTERS
OF DEATH!**



IT'S THEM!
GET OUT OF HERE,
BOY!



YOU
KNOW
USSS
NOW!

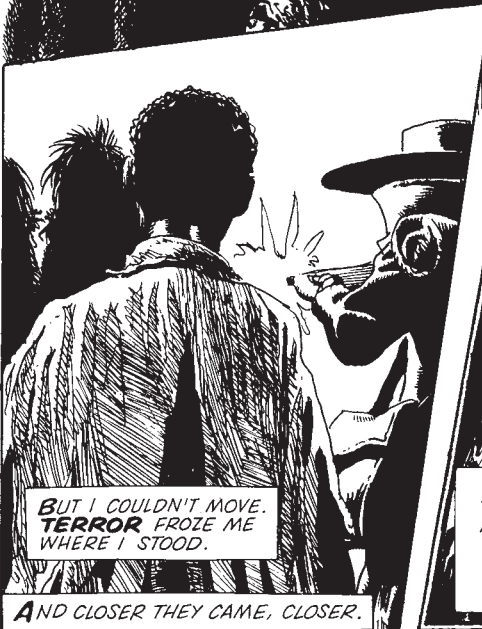
G-G-GEEZZZ!



FFFOOL!
YOU CANNOT
KILL WHAT
DOESSS NOT
LIVVE!



YOU
HEARD ME!
RUN!



BUT I COULDN'T MOVE.
TERROR FROZE ME
WHERE I STOOD.

AND CLOSER THEY CAME, CLOSER.

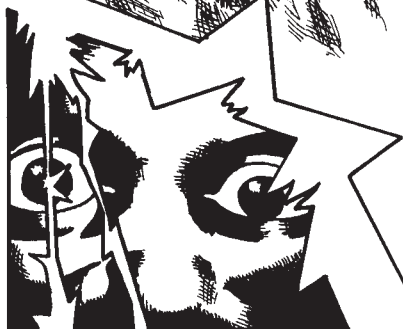


I TRIED TO
TURN MY EYES
AWAY, BUT THEY
WERE DRAWN
BACK, AGAINST
MY WILL.

TO GAZE INTO
THE HIDEOUS
FACES OF THE
SISTERS OF
DEATH!

YESSSS!
YOU KNOW
USS NOW!

AND
WE KNOW
YOUUU!





WE SSUSSPECTED
YOU HAD SSSURVIVED OUR
ATTENTIONSSS ...

BUT WE
HAD TO BE
SSSURE!

PERSSONALLY,
I AM GLAD IT ISS
TRUE ...

PHOBIA

SHANGGGG!







YESSS... BEG, CHHILD!
IT PLEASSSESS ME TO
HEAR YOUR SSPINELESS
WHIMPERINGSS!

THOUGH IT WILL
SSERVE YOU NO GOOD-
FOR YOU MUSSST DIE!

BUT FIRRSST... FOR MY
PLEASSSURE... YOU MUSSST
SSSUFFER...

AFTER ALL, ASS
THEY SSSAY-

SSSUFFER
THE LITTLE
CHHILDREN?

SUFFER THE
LITTLE CHILDREN!
HAHAHAHAHA

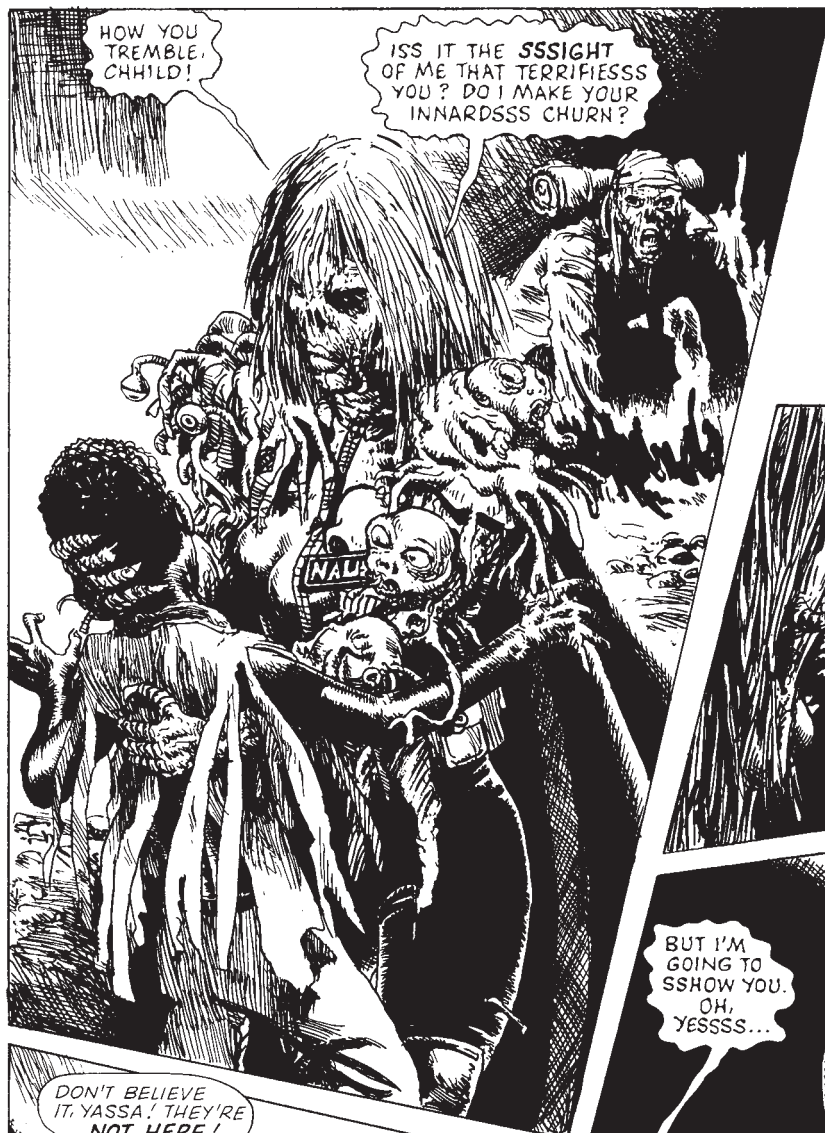
OH YES, I LEARNED
WHO THE DEAD MAN
WAS THAT DAY, BUT
THE PRICE I WAS TO
PAY WOULD BE
TERRIBLE.

Next
prog:

**BLIND
JUSTICE!**

THE DEAD M'AN

Part 13





BURN IT OUT!

AAAAHHHH!



CURSE YOU!
LEAVE THE BOY!
HE'S NOTHING
TO YOU!



ALL LIFE
ISS IMPORTANT!
ALL MUSSST BE
PUNISSHHED!

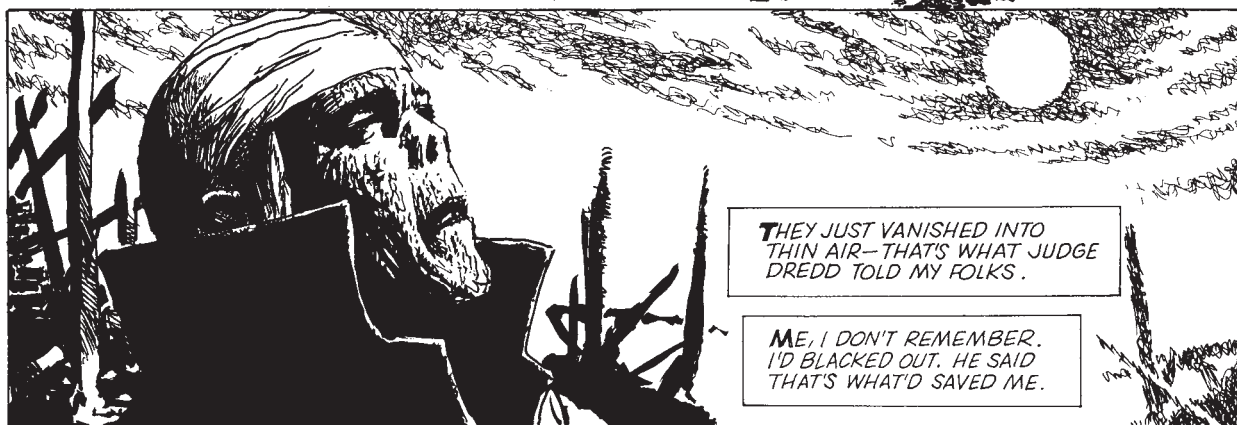


YOU COULDN'T
KILL ME THE FIRST
TIME, PHOBIAS—
WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK YOU
CAN NOW?

WHEN I TOUCHHH
YOU DO YOU NOT
BURN? WHEN I CUT
YOU DO YOU NOT
BLEEEED?

TELL HIM,
PHOBE!





THE SISTERS OF DEATH EXISTED,
ALL RIGHT. BUT NOT HERE— IN
ANOTHER PLACE, FAR AWAY.
WHAT WE SAW WUZ SOMETHING
CALLED "PSYCHIC PROJECTIONS"...



THEY WERE POWERFUL
STRONG, BUT NOT STRONG
ENOUGH TO HURT YOU—
THEY NEEDED
YOUR OWN MIND
TO WORK ON.

YASSA...



WHAT
HAVE I
DONE....!



THAT'S WHY ALL
THEM FOLK IN
CROWLEY DIED—
'COS THEY
BELIEVED
WHAT WUZ
HAPPENING
WUZ REAL.



IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THE
JUDGE COULD FIGGER HOW
HE'D SURVIVED THE FIRST
TIME. HE DIDN'T DIE 'COS HE
JUST PLAIN **REFUSED** TO.





I DON'T REMEMBER THE JOURNEY BACK TO BUBBLETOWN. I DIDN'T COME TO MY SENSES FOR FOUR DAYS. BY THEN JUDGE DREDD WUZ' GONE.

I'M SORRY...

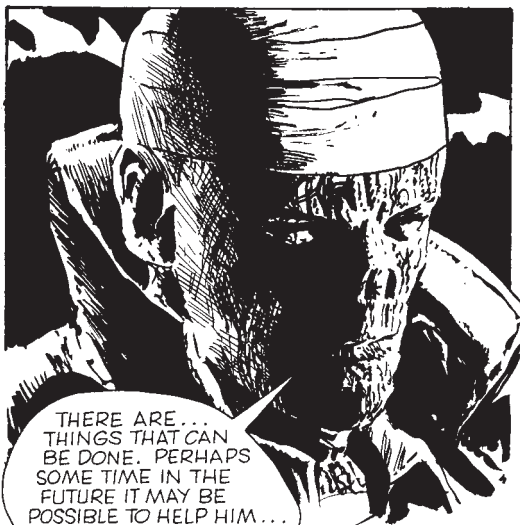


I TRIED TO STOP HIM FOLLOWING, BUT... NOT HARD ENOUGH...

SORRY WON'T HEAL HIM!



MAY GOD FORGIVE YOU, JUDGE - I CAN'T!



THERE ARE... THINGS THAT CAN BE DONE. PERHAPS SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO HELP HIM...



THE TERROR IS GONE ! IT WILL NOT RETURN - NOT UNLESS ALL GOES ILL WITH ME !



THE DANGER NOW LIES FAR TO THE EAST, IN MEGA-CITY ONE. THAT IS WHERE I MUST GO!

AND HE WUZ GONE.
LEAVING ME TO
MY NIGHTMARE.



THE BURNING IS
ALWAYS THERE
AND THE WOUNDS
REFUSE TO HEAL,
NO MATTER WHAT.



AND THOUGH I LIVE IN DARK-
NESS NO HOUR OR MINUTE
PASSES WHEN I DON'T SEE HER
NAUSEOUS FACE, OR FEEL HER
CLAWS WRITHING AND BURNING
INSIDE ME...



DEAR GOD, I WISH I COULD
FORGET— LOSE MY MEMORY
— BECOME A DEAD MAN TOO.



AND NO NIGHT PASSES WHEN I
DON'T AWAKE SCREAMING, ONCE
MORE RELIVING MY MEETING
WITH THE SISTERS OF DEATH.

BUT I DON'T
SUPPOSE IT'S
WISE TO ENVY
THE DEAD MAN.



SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, HE'S GOT
HIS OWN NIGHTMARE TO FACE.



Continued
overleaf in...
"TALE OF THE
DEAD MAN!"

BONUS PREVIEW
TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

Script: John Wagner
Art: Will Simpson
Letters: Tom Frame

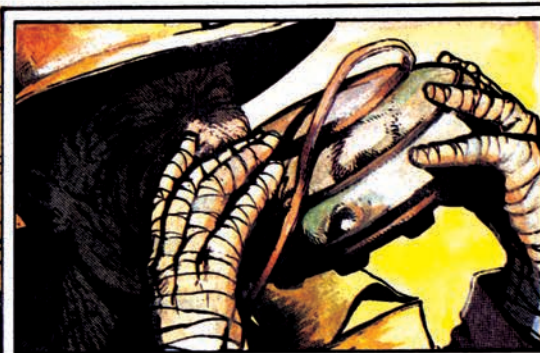
Originally printed in *2000 AD Prog 662*

JUDGE DREDD

TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

PART ONE





WHAT A CROCK!

HOW FAR TO MEGA-CITY ONE?
1300 KAYS?

HE HAD TO GET SOME
TRANSPORT.

AND WHAT WOULD HE FIND
THERE? PHOBIA-NAUSEA...?

DEATH, FEAR, FIRE, MORTIS-
THE WHOLE DAMNED CREW?

SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED
IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THAT
MUCH WAS CERTAIN.

WOULD IT HAVE HAPPENED IF HE'D STAYED,
NEVER TAKEN THE LONG WALK?

BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE STAYED.
IT WAS OVER. THE WHOLE BIG
LIE. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN IT
ANYMORE.

IT HAD BEGUN WITH
THE LETTER...

WRONG. IT HAD BEGUN MUCH
EARLIER. BUT THE LETTER
HAD BROUGHT IT TO A HEAD...



JUST A JUVIE DOING A SCHOOL PROJECT, ASKING A LOT OF QUESTIONS... *

"See "A Letter to Judge Dredd"—Last prog.

ONCE HE'D HAVE DISMISSED THEM OUT OF HAND. HE'D ALWAYS HAD A READY ANSWER. ONCE.

NOT NOW. NOT FOR A WHILE NOW.



Like how come, when you're so good at keeping our streets free of crime, MegaCity One still has the worst crime rate going? My book says Judges were given their extreme powers to "combat a tidal wave of lawlessness" but things don't seem to have got much better.

YES, THEY HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE. NO, THINGS HADN'T GOT MUCH BETTER.

SOMETIMES THEY SAID THEY HAD, SOMETIMES THAT THEY HADN'T—JUST AS IT SUITED. BUT THE TRUTH WAS—

THE TRUTH...



WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT TRUTH ANYMORE?



HE READIED HIMSELF FOR THE STREETS WITHOUT EAGERNESS. THE OLD TINGLE WASN'T THERE, THAT SENSE OF ANTICIPATION...

HE WAS SUPPOSED TO PICK UP A ROOKIE THAT DAY. HE WASN'T IN THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND.



WHAT WAS HE GOING TO TEACH THE KID? THAT IT WAS ALL A SHAM—A BIG LIE?



His dad, George Sholly, was on that Democratic March a couple of years ago. A judge hit him over the head and he's still not right yet. Does say it's brain damage. He gets fits and attacks Mrs. Sholly and Jojo. He thinks they're giant penguins from Space come to juice him. In not kidding....

Jojo says he was just peacefully protesting, but I know judges wouldn't hit an innocent citizen for nothing.

THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH... IF THE WENDERS BOY HAD KNOWN WHAT A **PERVERSION** OF JUSTICE THAT WAS--!

YOU'RE CORRUPT--EVIL! YOU'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET YOUR WAY--TO HANG ON TO YOUR PRECIOUS POWER!

WE'LL START WORKING ON THE LEADERS--PICK THEM OFF ONE BY ONE.

ASSAULT UNITS GET READY. LET'S MAKE THIS SHORT AND SWEET.

DEMOCRACY IS A CANCER EATING AT THE HEART OF OUR SOCIETY. **ANY** ACTION WE HAVE TO TAKE TO STAMP IT OUT IS JUSTIFIED.



AND THEY'D JUSTIFIED IT, ALL RIGHT. . .

YES, OUR LAWS ARE HARSH. YES, OUR FREEDOMS ARE SUBJECT TO CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS. NOT BECAUSE WE WANT IT THIS WAY--BECAUSE IT **MUST** BE THIS WAY.

THIS AFTERNOON'S EVENTS DEMONSTRATE ONLY TOO CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE RELAX OUR RIGID CONTROL.





You were in charge of the judges at the march, so I guess nobody's in a better position to know. Could you let me in on what Mr Sholley did?

BUT THE TRUTH WAS HE'D KILLED THE BOY JUST AS SURELY AS IF HE'D PUT THE KNIFE IN GEORGE SHOLLEY'S HAND.



PSYCHOLOGICAL REPORTS SHOW AN INCREASING NEGATIVE TREND.



HE'S BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE.

NOT TO THIS EXTENT, I'M AFRAID.

THERE'S ALWAYS SURGERY...



OUT OF THE QUESTION.

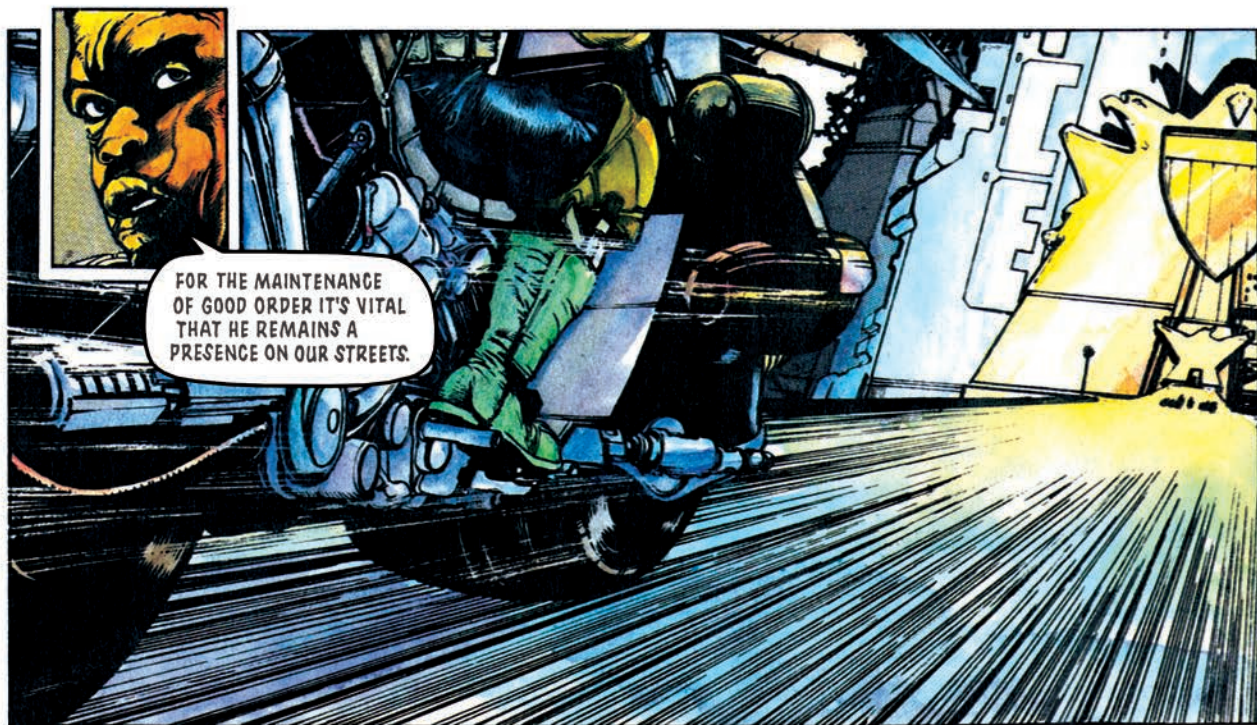
HE WON'T TEACH — OR TAKE A DESK JOB. IT'LL BE THE HIKE.

YES, THE LONG WALK...

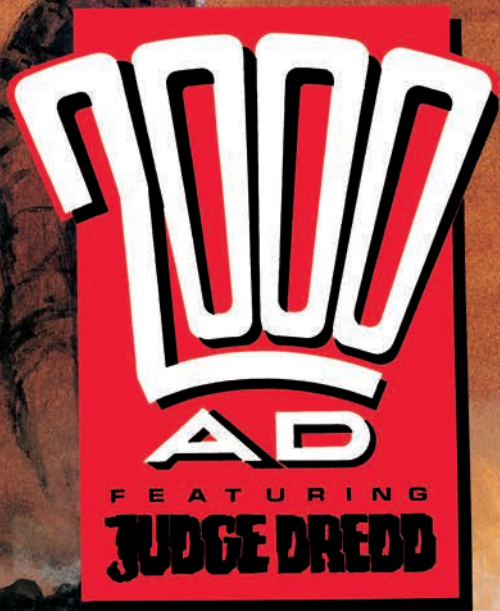
THE QUESTION IS, CAN WE AFFORD TO LOSE HIM?

NOT AT THIS TIME, NO.

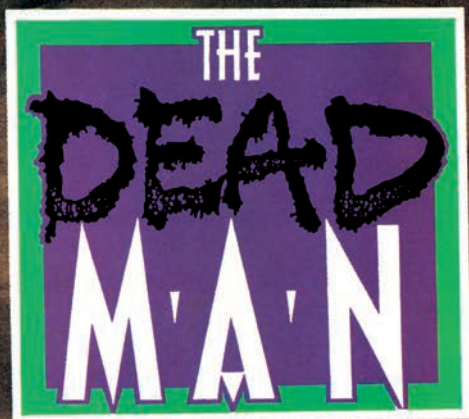
DREDD HAS BECOME A SYMBOL TO THE PEOPLE — AS MUCH A PART OF THE PUBLIC PERCEPTION OF JUSTICE AS THE BULLET OR THE DAYSTICK. HE STANDS FOR THE IRON RULE OF LAW, FOR THE CERTAINTY OF RETRIBUTION...



CONTINUES IN JUDGE DREDD
THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 14



IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 652 40p
11 NOV 1989



JOHN RIDGWAY





IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 661 40p
13 JAN 1990

**BACK
FROM THE
DEAD**



JOHN
RIDGWAY





D.O.A.

**DREDD ON
ARRIVAL**

IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

PROG 662 **40p**

20 JAN 1990



ISSN 0262-284X



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03

JOHN WAGNER

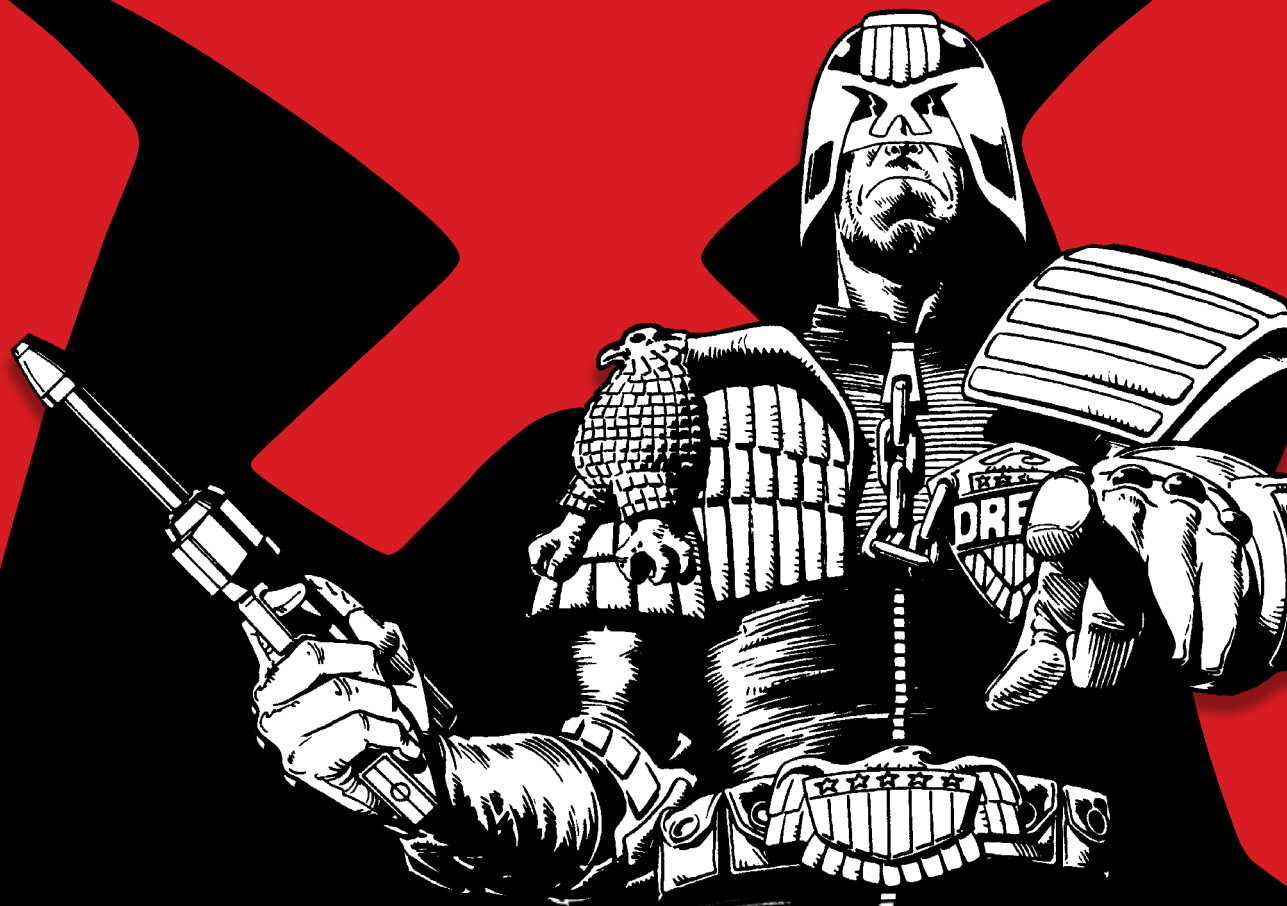
John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

JOHN RIDGWAY

John Ridgway's graceful linework has brought many *2000 AD* strips to life, not least his own co-creations *Darkness Visible*, *Journal of Luke Kirby* and *Junker*. His long career with the Galaxy's Greatest Comic has also included work on *Armitage*, *Judge Dredd*, *Missionary Man*, and *Vector 13*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Ridgway's work includes *Age of Heroes*, *Babylon 5*, *Espers*, *Hellblazer*, *The Invisibles*, *Miracleman* and *Swamp Thing*.

JUDGE DREDD

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WHO IS THE DEAD MAN?

IN THE HARSH WASTELANDS OF THE CURSED EARTH YASSA POVEY MAKES A GRUESOME DISCOVERY; THE BADLY BURNED BODY OF A DEAD MAN. But the 'dead man' lives and when Yassa takes him back to his village to help him recover, something evil follows. Soon villagers start dying and the Dead Man is sent into exile. Yassa follows, curious to know more about the stranger. However, it is a decision he will come to regret, as Yassa is plunged into a world of horror when the Dead Man discovers the shocking truth behind his identity!

Written by John Wagner (*A History of Violence*) with stunning black and white artwork by John Ridgway (*Hellblazer*) this *2000 AD* classic is sure to chill your blood!

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