

JUDGE DREDD

A dynamic comic book cover for Judge Dredd. The central figure is Judge Dredd, shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic gold helmet with a red visor and a black uniform with a gold fringed collar. He is holding a large, futuristic green and silver weapon that is firing a bright yellow energy blast. His chest features a gold shield with the word "DREDD" on it. The background is a stylized American flag with red and white stripes and a blue field with white stars. To the left, the Statue of Liberty is depicted in a fiery, orange-red glow. The bottom of the cover is a solid red color with several red bullet holes. The title "JUDGE DREDD" is at the top in large white letters, with a gold Judge Dredd helmet icon integrated into the letter "J".

TOTAL WAR

WAGNER ★ MACNEIL ★ FLINT ★ BRASHILL



TOTAL WAR

JOHN WAGNER

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JUDGE DREDD

TOTAL WAR

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA



TERROR

Script: John Wagner
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1392-1399

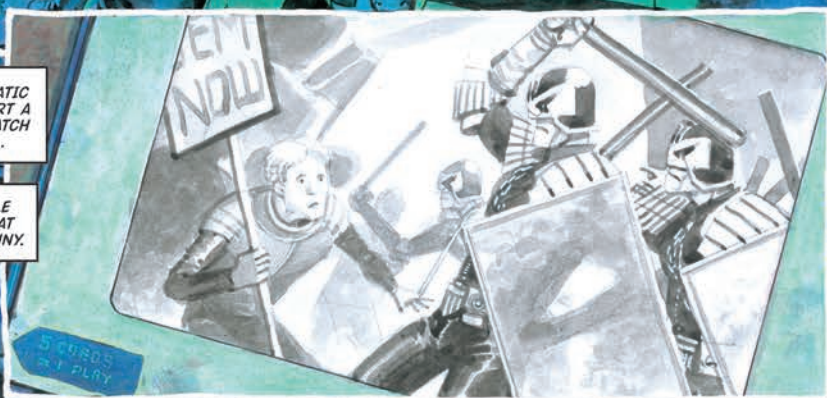
IT WAS A TIRED OLD BAR ON CITY BOTTOM, THE KIND OF PLACE YOU'D PASS WITHOUT NOTICING IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE A REASON TO BE THERE.

TIRED OLD CUSTOMER SLOWLY FOSSILISING AT A TABLE—PEELING BLACK AND WHITE VIDSTERS ON THE WALL.



THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH. INSERT A CRED AND WATCH THEM FALL.

SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT WAS REAL FUNNY.



WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

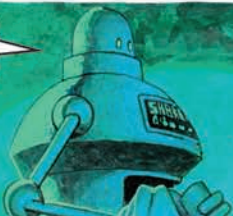


NOPE.

LOOKED LIKE YOU WERE LOOKING OUT FOR SOMEONE.

BUY YOU A DRINK?

THANKS, I'M FINE.



NEVER SEEN YOU
FOLKS IN HERE
BEFORE. LOCAL?

JUST STOPPED
IN ON THE WAY
FROM WORK.

WORK, HUH?
ONE OF THE
LUCKY ONES!



NOTICED YOU WAS READING.
FIGURED YOU FOR ONE OF
THEM EGGHEADS, UP THE TEK.
DON'T TELL ME -- SCIENCE
OR SOMETHING?

fssssss fssssss

*chakka
chakka
chinka*

POLITICS.



PRETTY CLOSE, HUH?
DON'T USUALLY GET 'EM
FAR WRONG. KNEW YOU
WASN'T A REGULAR.



WHAT ABOUT YOU?
DON'T THINK YOU'RE
ONE OF THE STUDENTS.
I'D REMEMBER YOU.

LEARNED ALL MY
POLITICS OUT ON
THE STREETS.

SHE HAD MAYBE TEN YEARS ON
HIM. KIND OF NICE IN A SLINKY
SORT OF WAY -- BRAINS, TOO.
ANOTHER TIME, MAYBE.

LOOK, I'M JUST HAVING
A QUIET DRINK, OKAY?



SORRY.
DIDN'T MEAN
TO INTRUDE.

BEATS MY BUNCH.
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF
THEY'RE JUST THERE FOR A
CONVENIENT PLACE TO SCORE
THEIR DRUGS AND SHOOT
EACH OTHER.

AND HEY,
I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE ON
THEIR SIDE.



SURE, SURE.
PERSONAL SPACE,
ALL FOR IT.

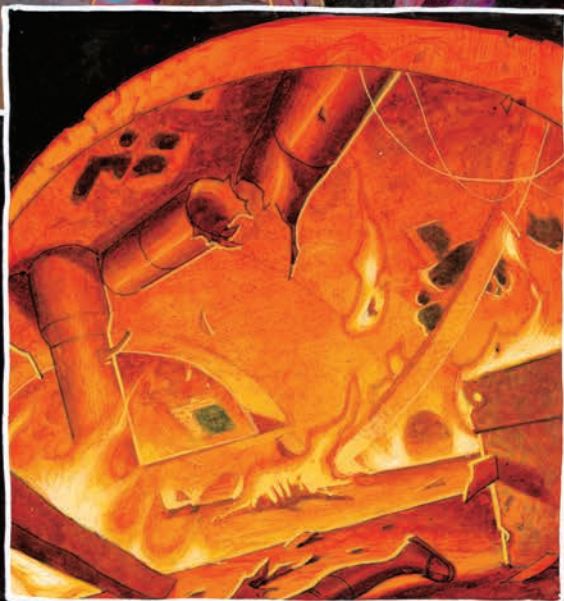


LOOK, DRINK
UP AND GO. THIS
ISN'T THE KIND
OF PLACE YOU
SHOULD BE IN.

IS SOMETHING
WRONG--?









WH-WHY
ARE WE
RUNNING?
WE HAVEN'T
DONE
ANYTHING!

TELL THAT
TO THE JUDGES!
THEY'LL PIN IT
ON US ANYWAY!



LOOKS LIKE
A **BOMB BLAST**,
CONTROL!
REQUIRE RESCUE
UNITS HERE
NOW!



W-WAIT A MINUTE --
THERE...THERE WASN'T
ANY CAB...

WAS THERE...?

YOU CAME BACK
IN AND YOU -- YOU
COULDN'T WAIT TO
GET ME OUT--



YOU...YOU
DID IT!

OH, GRUD,
YOU DID IT!



JUDGES GATHERING
LIKE RUBBERNECKERS --
A DAMN GOOD TARGET!



ALL UNITS, CLEAR
THE AREA! STRONG
POSSIBILITY OF
SECOND DEVICE!

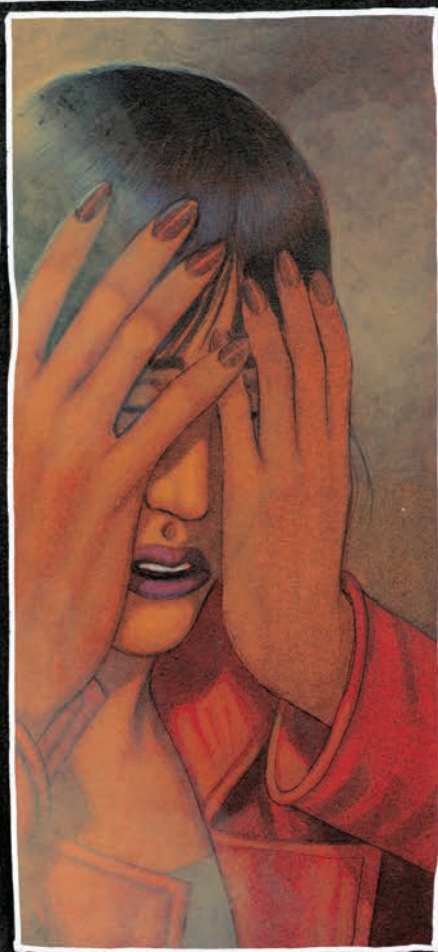
**CLEAR THE
AREA!**

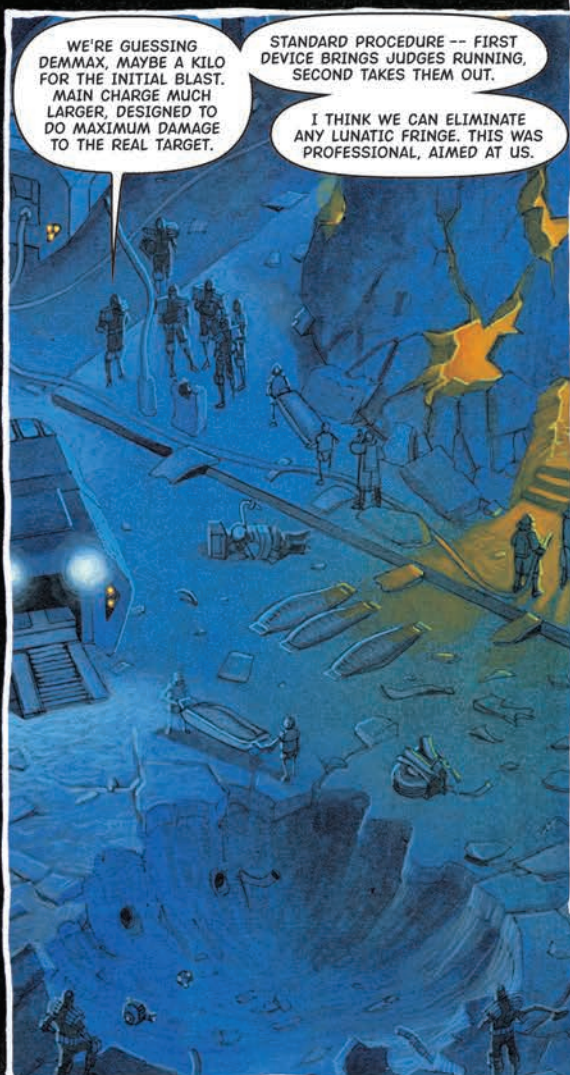
**STRONG
POSSIBILITY OF
SECOND DEVICE!**



MOOOORRV







WE'RE GUESSING
DEMMAX, MAYBE A KILO
FOR THE INITIAL BLAST.
MAIN CHARGE MUCH
LARGER, DESIGNED TO
DO MAXIMUM DAMAGE
TO THE REAL TARGET.

STANDARD PROCEDURE -- FIRST
DEVICE BRINGS JUDGES RUNNING,
SECOND TAKES THEM OUT.

I THINK WE CAN ELIMINATE
ANY LUNATIC FRINGE. THIS WAS
PROFESSIONAL, AIMED AT US.



BAR WAS FREQUENTED BY **SQUARE-
HEADS**. FORENSICS ESTIMATES FOUR
INSIDE PLUS ROBOT STAFF. NATURAL
TARGET FOR THE DEMS.

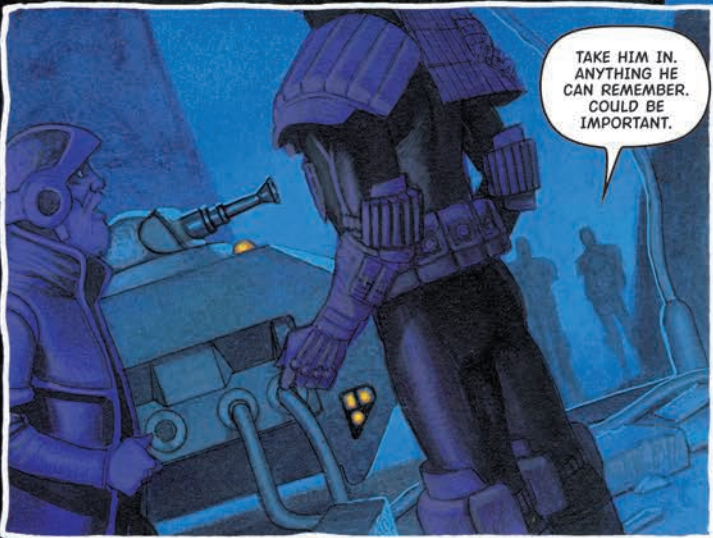
NICE BIT OF SURGERY THERE.

CHECK 'EM OUT, LOGAN.
UNLIKELY THEY'D HAVE BOMBED
THEMSELVES, BUT ANYONE WHO
COULD DO THAT TO THEIR SKULLS
MIGHT JUST BE CAPABLE.



ELDSTER OVER THERE
WAS IN THE ROCK BOTTOM
LOUNGE JUST BEFORE THE
EXPLOSION. HE DESCRIBES A
COUPLE AT THE BAR, MALE
AND FEMALE.

NO WOMAN
FOUND AMONG
THE DEAD.



TAKE HIM IN.
ANYTHING HE
CAN REMEMBER
COULD BE
IMPORTANT.



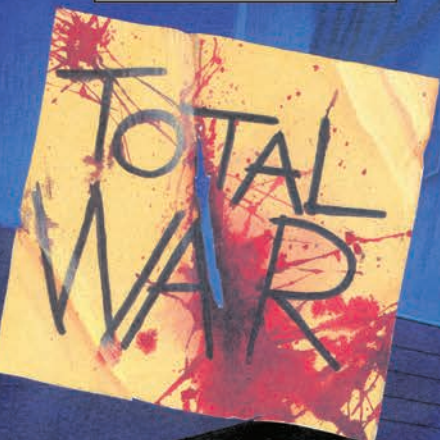
DREDD, WE HAVE RECEIVED AN
AUTOMATED CALL CLAIMING
RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE
BOMBING.

IT'S TOTAL WAR.

IT FIGURES.

TOTAL WAR -- THEY HADN'T GONE AWAY.

THE INFECTION THEY ONCE
THOUGHT CAUTERISED HAD GROWN
AND SPREAD LIKE A CANCER.



COMMITTED, CUNNING,
RUTHLESS -- 'IDEALISTS'
WHO KILLED TO MAKE
THE CITY A BETTER
PLACE TO LIVE --

-- WHO STOOD UP FOR
THE RIGHTS OF THEIR
FELLOW CITIZENS BY
BLOWING NO FEW OF
THEM TO KINGDOM COME.



IT WAS A WAR THEY
COULD NOT AFFORD
TO LOSE.



A WAR THEY WOULD
NOT LOSE.

SECTOR HOUSE 12 —



ZONDRA SMITH, A LECTURER AT CENTRAL TEK, CLAIMS SHE MET THE BOMBER IN THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE -- LEFT WITH HIM SHORTLY BEFORE THE FIRST BLAST.

THE INCIDENT TOOK PLACE AT 18.47 -- IT IS NOW 22.05. YOU WAITED OVER THREE HOURS BEFORE REPORTING THIS?

I WAS CONFUSED. I HAD TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.

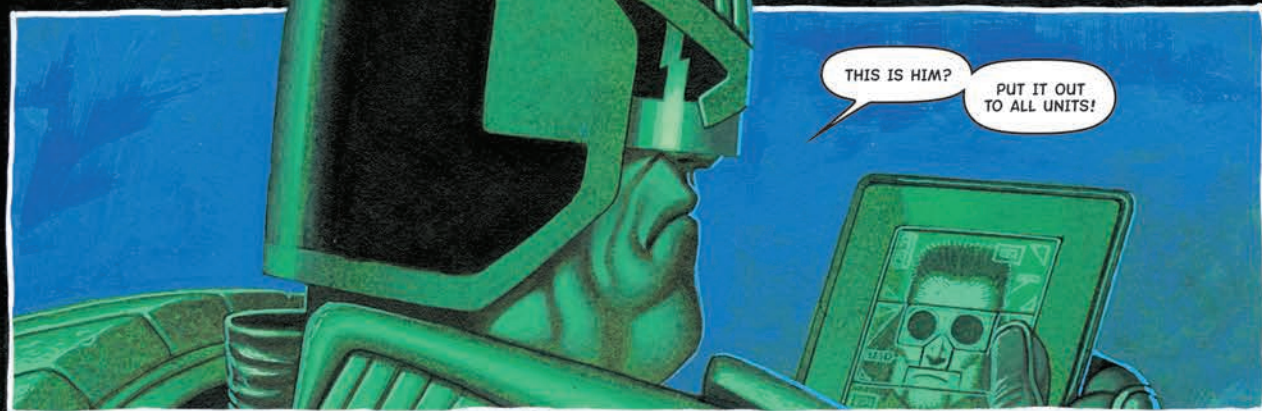


AND WHILE YOU COLLECTED THEM -- FOR THREE HOURS -- THE SO-CALLED PERPETRATOR WAS MAKING HIMSELF SCARCE! YOU REALISE YOU COULD BE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE HERE?

OH, YES. I TEACH POLITICS. I AM WELL AWARE YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE GUILTY TO DRAW DOWN THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE LAW -- OUR LAW.

YOU SOUND JUST LIKE ONE OF THEM.

BY GRUD, SMITH, YOU'D BETTER HOPE WE FIND THIS CREEP TO BACK YOUR STORY OR YOU ARE SQUARELY IN THE FRAME!



THIS IS HIM?

PUT IT OUT TO ALL UNITS!

LET'S GO BACK
TO THE ROCK BOTTOM
LOUNGE. YOU WERE
TRYING TO 'PICK UP'
OUR BOMBER —

I'VE ANSWERED
THIS TEN TIMES
ALREADY.

MAKE IT ELEVEN.
DON'T PUSH US.
SMITH, WE CAN GET
VERY UNPLEASANT.

"YOU ESTIMATE HIS AGE AT 21
OR 22 -- YOU'RE WHAT, 35?
LIKE THEM YOUNG, DO YOU?"

"IT'S A CRIME?"

"YOU IN THE HABIT OF
PICKING UP MEN IN BARS?"

"NOW AND THEN."

"WHY THIS BAR?
WHY TONIGHT?"

"JUST THE WAY IT WORKED
OUT. I'D HAD A BAD DAY, IT
WAS ON MY WAY."

"SO YOU OFFERED TO BUY
HIM A DRINK. WHAT DID
YOU TALK ABOUT?"

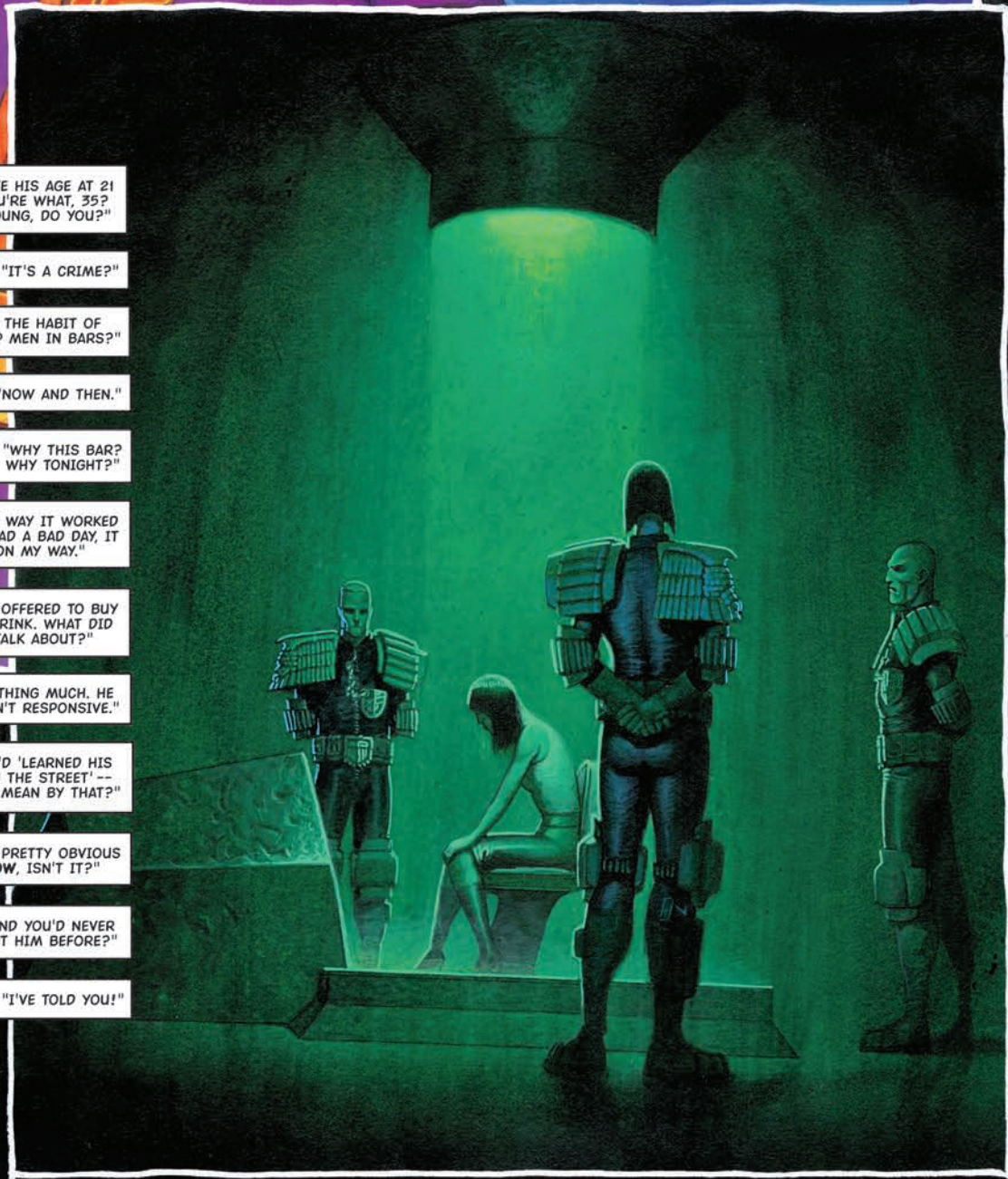
"NOTHING MUCH. HE
WASN'T RESPONSIVE."

"HE SAID HE'D 'LEARNED HIS
POLITICS ON THE STREET' --
WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?"

"IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS
NOW, ISN'T IT?"

"AND YOU'D NEVER
MET HIM BEFORE?"

"I'VE TOLD YOU!"





SO WHY SHOULD HE
SAVE YOUR LIFE? WHY
TAKE YOU OUT OF THERE
BEFORE THE BOMB WENT
OFF? **TOTAL WAR** ISN'T
KNOWN FOR ITS ACTS
OF MERCY.

I DON'T
KNOW!



WOULD YOU
SAY YOU'RE
'POLITICAL',
CITIZEN?

I TEACH
POLITICS --
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

I THINK YOU HAVE A
HISTORY OF ANTI-JUDICIAL
ACTIVITY. YOU ATTEND
DEMONSTRATIONS, WRITE
ARTICLES FOR PRO-DEM
JOURNALS.



I THINK THIS
MEETING WASN'T
JUST CHANCE.
I THINK YOU AND
BUDDY BOY WERE
IN THIS
TOGETHER.



I BELIEVE IT WAS A SORRY
DAY WHEN YOU JUDGES TOOK
CONTROL. I BELIEVE THAT YOU
SHOULD BE PUT BACK IN YOUR
PLACE AND POWER RETURNED
TO THE PEOPLE.

THAT'S BECAUSE I BELIEVE
IN THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS--
AND IMPERFECT AS IT IS THAT
DOESN'T MEAN BLOWING PEOPLE
INTO LITTLE TINY PIECES.

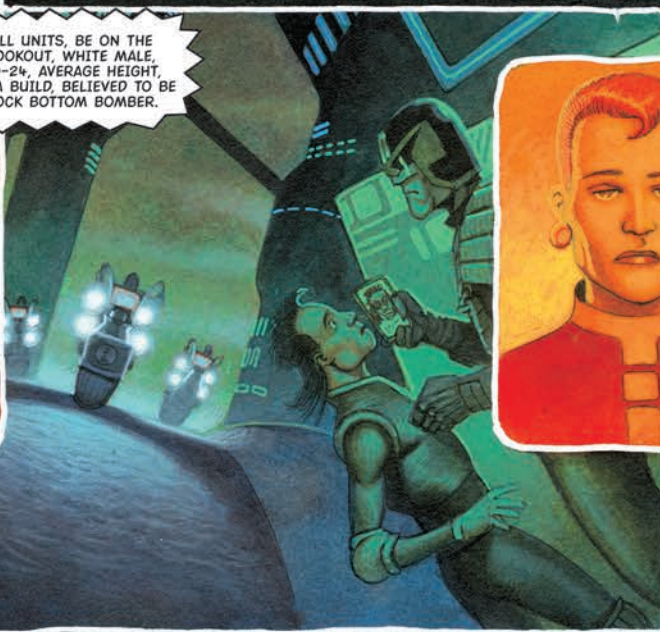


THEN CAN YOU EXPLAIN TO ME,
CITIZEN, WHY THE SWABS WE TOOK
FROM YOUR HANDS JUST CAME BACK
POSITIVE FOR EXPLOSIVE?

DEMMEX.
VERY POWERFUL,
VERY NASTY.



ALL UNITS, BE ON THE
LOOKOUT, WHITE MALE,
20-24, AVERAGE HEIGHT,
SLIM BUILD, BELIEVED TO BE
ROCK BOTTOM BOMBER.



TOTAL WAR TONIGHT CLAIMED
RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE
DOUBLE BOMBING AT THE **ROCK**
BOTTOM LOUNGE IN SECTOR 12
WHERE FOUR CUSTOMERS AND
SIX JUDGES DIED.

IT IS THE **LATEST** IN A SERIES
OF OUTRAGES THAT MARKS AN
ESCALATION IN THE ONGOING WAR
BETWEEN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
AND THE FORCES OF **CHAOS**...



HE RODE BACK TO THE FREAKFAIR THROUGH THE BACKSTREETS, DOING NOTHING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

HE'D BROKEN THE RULES TONIGHT.

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN HER OUT OF THERE. HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT HER.



THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR NIGHT OFF, SONNY.

GOT BORED. I LIKE THE LIGHTS.



IN EVERY STRUGGLE THERE HAD TO BE SACRIFICES -- HE KNEW THE MANTRA. HE'D ACCEPTED IT BEFORE. WHY NOT HER?



BECAUSE I LIKED HER, DAMMIT! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO -- LEAVE HER TO DIE?



OKAY, OKAY, WHAT CAN SHE TELL THEM? WHAT DID SHE SEE -- NOTHING. DARK-HAIR AND SHADES.

IT'S COOL. EVERYTHING'S COOL.



WITH A BIT OF LUCK EVEN SIGMUND WOULDN'T HAVE TO KNOW.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE TERRIBLE TUNNEL OF TERROR! GET YOUR SCREAMING GEAR READY, PEOPLE!



WHO CALLS?

brriinggg
brriinggg
brriinggg

THEY TELL ME SIX CROWS
WON'T BE FLYING HOME
TO ROOST. NICE WORK,
MY MAN.

WE AIM TO
PLEASE.

THEY GOT A FACE UP ON THE
VIDDO. BRANCH OFFICE WANTS TO
MAKE SURE EVERYTHING WENT
ALL RIGHT TONIGHT.

SURE, NO
PROBLEM. SILK.

THEN HOW COME
THE FACE?

I DUNNO. SOMEBODY
SAW ME. THERE WERE
OTHER CUSTOMERS.

NO WORRIES. THAT FACE
IS GONE FOR GOOD --
LIKE THE CROWS.

ALL RIGHT. TAKE A
BREAK. YOU EARNED IT.
I'LL BE IN TOUCH.

THEY INTERROGATED HER
FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS.
THEY INTERVIEWED FRIENDS,
EMPLOYERS, NEIGHBOURS,
FAMILY. THEY SEARCHED HER
APARTMENT AND OFFICE AT
THE TEK.

NOTHING INCRIMINATING EITHER IN HER
APARTMENT OR PLACE OF WORK. LIE DETECTOR
BACKS HER STORY DOWN THE LINE. ALL WE'VE
GOT'S THE TRACES OF EXPLOSIVE.

LET HER GO.

BUT THE
TRACES --

HAND CONTACT.
PERFECTLY LOGICAL
EXPLANATION. NO POINT
HOLDING HER ANY
LONGER.



WAY I SEE IT, YOUR
TERRORIST FALLS INTO
THREE GROUPS--

FIRST YOU HAVE YOUR
PSYCHOS. THEY'D BE
DANGEROUS WHEREVER
THEY TURNED UP--
TERROR IS MERELY
INCIDENTAL.

THEN THERE'S YOUR
MORONS, DUPES--
EASILY LED AND
TOTALLY EXPENDABLE.
FODDER.

FINALLY, YOUR
TRUE BELIEVERS.

WITHOUT THE **TRUE BELIEVERS** THE OTHER TWO
ARE NOTHING. THE **TRUE BELIEVERS** ARE THE
ENGINE HOUSE, AND THEIR FUEL IS **HATE**. THEY
HATE SOMETHING SO MUCH THAT THEY JUSTIFY
ANY ACT, ANY ATROCITY, TO BRING IT DOWN.

THEY FIGURE KEEP IT UP LONG ENOUGH, MAKE THINGS
BAD ENOUGH AND THE CRY'LL GO UP-- **NEGOTIATE**.

MAKE CONCESSIONS-- GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT.
HEY, DEEP DOWN, THEY'RE REASONABLE PEOPLE.

DO THAT, AND YOU'RE ON THE SLIPPERY SLOPE.

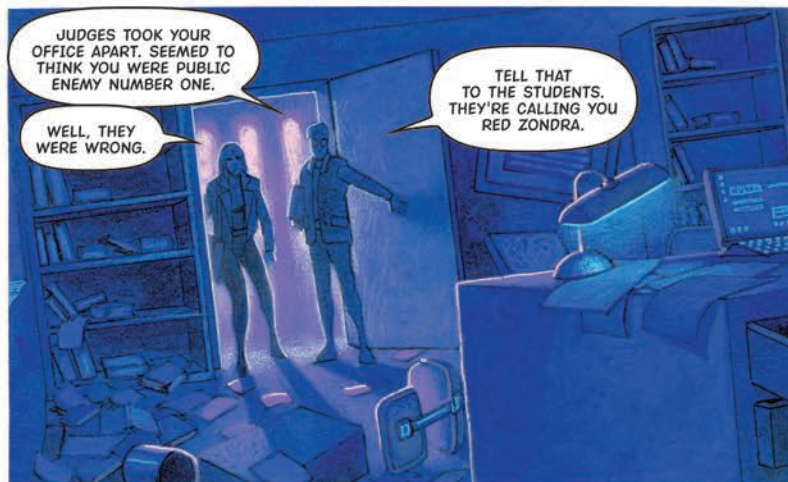
ME, I SAY NOTHING
REASONABLE ABOUT TERROR.

THIS IS WAR. I MAKE NO
CONCESSIONS. BEAT ME FAIR AND
SQUARE AND YOU CAN TAKE THE
KEYS TO THE GRAND HALL
OFF MY DEAD BODY--

-- BUT I'M DAMNED IF I'LL HAND
THEM TO YOU ON A PLATE.



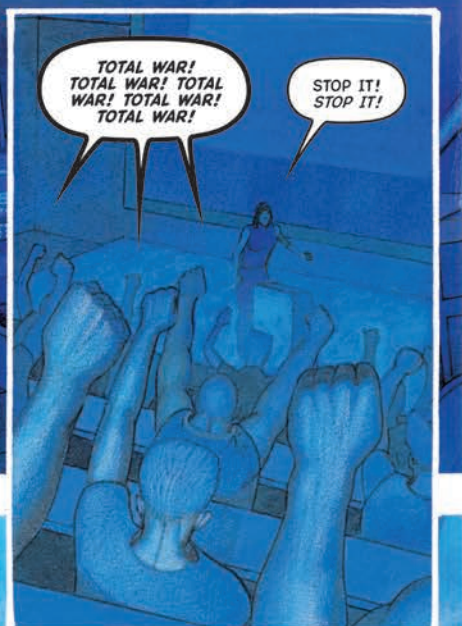
IT WAS THREE DAYS BEFORE SHE FELT STEADY ENOUGH TO RETURN TO HER DUTIES AT CENTRAL TEK. OF COURSE, WORD HAD GOT ROUND.



JUDGES TOOK YOUR OFFICE APART. SEEMED TO THINK YOU WERE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE.

WELL, THEY WERE WRONG.

TELL THAT TO THE STUDENTS. THEY'RE CALLING YOU RED ZONDRA.



TOTAL WAR!
TOTAL WAR!
TOTAL WAR!
TOTAL WAR!

STOP IT!
STOP IT!



YOU IDIOTS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? HAVE I BEEN WASTING MY BREATH ON YOU? DO YOU THINK SLAUGHTERING PEOPLE IS A JOKE?

NOBODY LIKES PEOPLE GETTING HURT, MA'AM, BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE JUDGES SOMEHOW.

I'M TAKIN' YOUR NAME, CREEP! YOU'RE ON REPORT!

TEN YEARS IN THE STUDE CUBES, MAN!



SHE WAS RELIEVED TO GET AWAY.



HI.

HOW YOU DOIN'?



YOUR VOICE...

OH MY GRUD— IT'S YOU!

SHHHH...



ZONDRA SMITH HAS BEEN UNWITTINGLY CAUGHT UP IN A BOMBING BY TERROR GROUP TOTAL WAR. NOW, OUTSIDE CENTRAL TEK, WHERE ZONDRA LECTURES...

YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND COMING HERE!

JUST WANTED TO CHECK YOU WERE ALL RIGHT.

SURE, SURE I'M ALL RIGHT! TEN PEOPLE ARE DEAD, BUT I'M FINE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



LOOKING FOR THE LAW? THEY'RE NEVER AROUND WHEN YOU WANT THEM, ARE THEY?

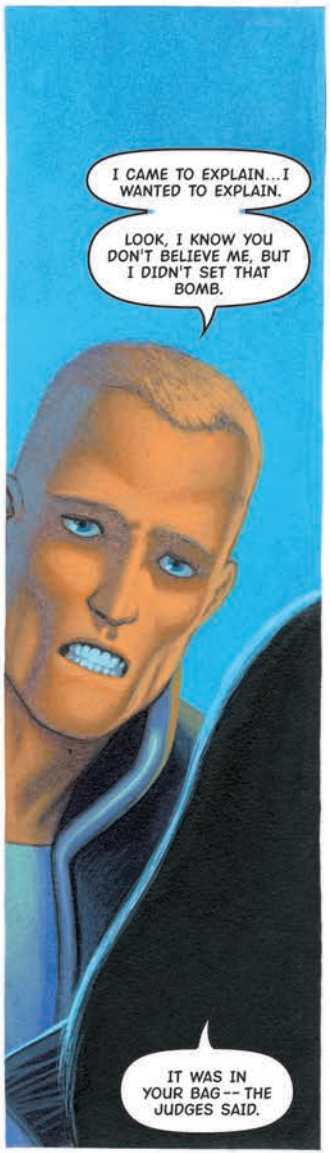
GO AWAY! GET AWAY FROM ME!

OH GRUD! YOU'VE COME TO KILL ME!



EASY, LADY, I DIDN'T HURT YOU BEFORE, WHY SHOULD I DO IT NOW?

THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I CAME TO EXPLAIN... I WANTED TO EXPLAIN.

LOOK, I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT I DIDN'T SET THAT BOMB.

IT WAS IN YOUR BAG-- THE JUDGES SAID.



YOU WENT TO THEM?

WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO DO-- FORGET IT HAPPENED?

WOULD'VE BEEN BEST ALL ROUND. NO MATTER...



LOOK, WALK WITH ME, OKAY? TRY TO ACT LIKE I'M NOT SOME KIND OF MONSTER. I'M TAKING A BIG CHANCE HERE.

YOU'RE TELLING ME!



I'M MIXED UP WITH THEM, I ADMIT IT. BUT I'VE ALWAYS REFUSED DO ANYTHING LIKE...LIKE MONDAY.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T TRUST ME...

I WAS GIVEN THE BAG. THEY SAID THERE WAS MONEY IN IT. I WAS TO TAKE IT TO THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE AND WAIT FOR MY CONTACT. I WAS THEN TO HAND IT OVER AND LEAVE.

THAT'S IT.



I SMELLED A RAT FROM THE BEGINNING. IT WASN'T THE KIND OF PLACE THEY'D CHOOSE FOR A MEET. WHEN THOSE SQUAREHEADS CAME IN I KNEW IT WAS A SET-UP.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THEY WERE KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. I'D CARRIED IN THE BOMB AND I WAS MEANT TO BE THERE WHEN IT WENT OFF.



I PANICKED, BUT AS SOON AS I GOT OUT I REALISED I COULDN'T LEAVE YOU THERE—

AND YOU CAME BACK...



THAT'S ALL. I'VE GOT NO MORE TO SAY. I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW I'M NOT WHAT YOU THINK I AM.

THANKS FOR YOUR TIME.



WAIT—!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

DUNNO. CAN'T GO HOME, THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR ME.

SPEAK TO THE JUDGES-- TELL THEM. IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THIS.

SURE, AND I'D BE PULLING DOWN EIGHT TO TEN JUST FOR BEING PART OF IT. NO THANKS.



LOOK, I'LL GET BY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

DON'T GO.



HE LIED. HOW HE LIED. WHEN
YOUR WHOLE LIFE WAS STEEPED
IN FRAUD AND DECEPTION,
LYING CAME EASILY.

AND WHAT HARM WOULD IT DO?



I DON'T EVEN
KNOW YOUR NAME.

IT'S GIL,
GIL THOMAS.

I'M ZONDRA.



AND BEFORE LONG SHE WAS
TAKING HIM TO HER LITTLE
APARTMENT IN BEENY.

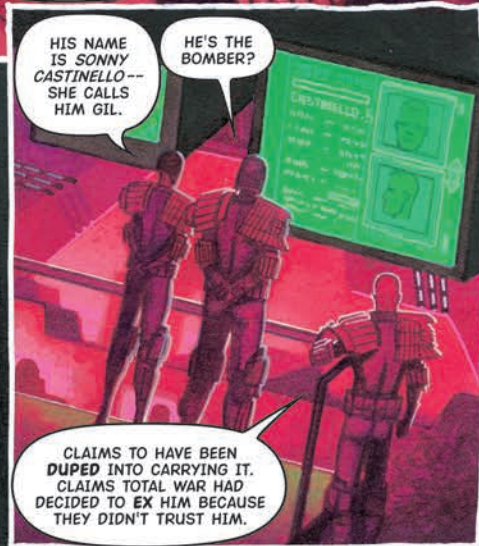
AND FROM THERE, JUST A
SHORT STEP TO THE BEDROOM.



I'VE BEEN
THINKING ABOUT
YOU SINCE THAT
NIGHT. I HAVEN'T
BEEN ABLE TO GET
YOU OUT OF MY
MIND.



AND THAT, AT LEAST,
WAS THE TRUTH.

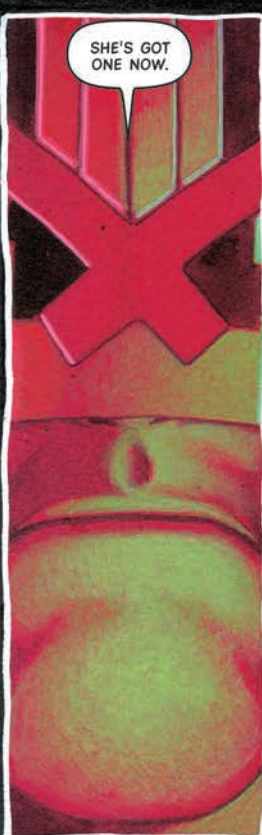




HE MENTION TOTAL
WAR BY NAME?

NEGATIVE.

FROM WHAT WE CAN
GLEAN SMITH GENUINELY HAD
NO PART IN THE BOMBING,
OR ANY CONNECTION TO ANY
TERRORIST ORGANISATION.



SHE'S GOT
ONE NOW.



"CASTINELLO HAS FORM GOING A LONG
WAY BACK. FIRST STINT IN THE JUVE CUBES
AGE 11. INCREASING RECORD OF ANTI-SOCIAL
BEHAVIOUR CULMINATING IN 18 MONTHS,
2121. HE'S BEEN QUIET SINCE THEN."

YOU CAN STAY AS
LONG AS YOU NEED
TO, GIL. JUST ONE
CONDITION.

THESE PEOPLE,
YOU'RE FINISHED
WITH THEM,
RIGHT?



IT'S NOT
THAT EASY.

I MEAN IT, GIL.

THEY KNOW WHERE
I WORK. EVEN IF I QUIT,
THEY'LL FIND ME, SOONER
OR LATER. I HAVE TO SEE
THEM, STRAIGHTEN
THINGS OUT.



THAT WILL
BE DANGEROUS,
WON'T IT?

I... I THINK I
KNOW HOW TO
SWING IT.

CASTINELLO WORKS
NIGHTS AT FUNSTER'S
FREAKFAIR, LIVES ON
SITE. I'VE SENT UNITS
ROUND.

CALL THEM BACK!
WE DO NOTHING TO
TIP OUR HAND.



IT'S OUR CHANCE
TO GET INSIDE THIS
ORGANISATION.
STUYVESANT, GET ONTO
UNDERCOVER DIVISION--
MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO
BRING SONNY
CASTINELLO IN.



IN THE MORNING AFTER SHE'D GONE
TO WORK HIS TIME WAS HIS OWN.

HE'D HAVE TO SEE OLD FUNSTER
AND EXPLAIN WHY HE'D MISSED
LAST NIGHT. NO BIG DEAL.
OTHERWISE, THINGS WERE
WORKING OUT PRETTY WELL.



A LITTLE TWINGE OF GUILT MAYBE, AT ALL
THE LIES HE'D TOLD. STILL, NO REASON
ZONDRÄ SHOULD EVER FIND OUT.



Pffft



HE JUST KEELED
OVER! I'LL CALL
THE MEDS!



ROOM 107.



WE HAVE
APPROXIMATELY
TWO HOURS BEFORE
HE COMES ROUND.

GET TO WORK!



THEY PULLED OUT SONNY'S EYE-BALLS AND FITTED A-V RECEPTORS TO THE OPTIC NERVES, LINKED TO A MICRO-TRANSMITTER.

THEY INSERTED A TRACER AND POWER UNIT DEEP IN HIS RECTAL PASSAGE, HELD THERE BY SLOW-DISSOLVING GLUE.

WHEN THEY'D FINISHED HE WAS WIRED FOR SOUND AND VISION.



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

ST AGNES GILLESPIE. YOU COLLAPSED ON THE STREET.



YOU WERE STUNG BY A SCORPION FLY. THEY CAME IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH. SOME PEOPLE REACT VERY BADLY. YOU WERE LUCKY WE GOT TO YOU IN TIME.

WOW.



DO I HAVE TO STAY IN OR WHAT?

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. ONCE THE ANTIDOTE KICKS IN THE CONDITION CLEARS UP VERY RAPIDLY.

KIND OF BLURRY.

YOU FORGOT TO SWITCH ON THE AUTOFOCUS.



YOU MIGHT NOTICE A LITTLE SORENESS BEHIND THE EYES. THAT'S NORMAL. IT WILL GO AWAY IN TIME.

THAT'S BETTER.



14.17 HOURS. SUSPECT EXITS ST AGNES GILLESPIE.

FORENSICS FOUND MINUTE TRACES OF DEMMEX ON CASTINELLO'S CLOTHES AND SKIN. THAT COULD, AS HE CLAIMS, HAVE COME FROM THE BAG HE WAS GIVEN TO DELIVER.

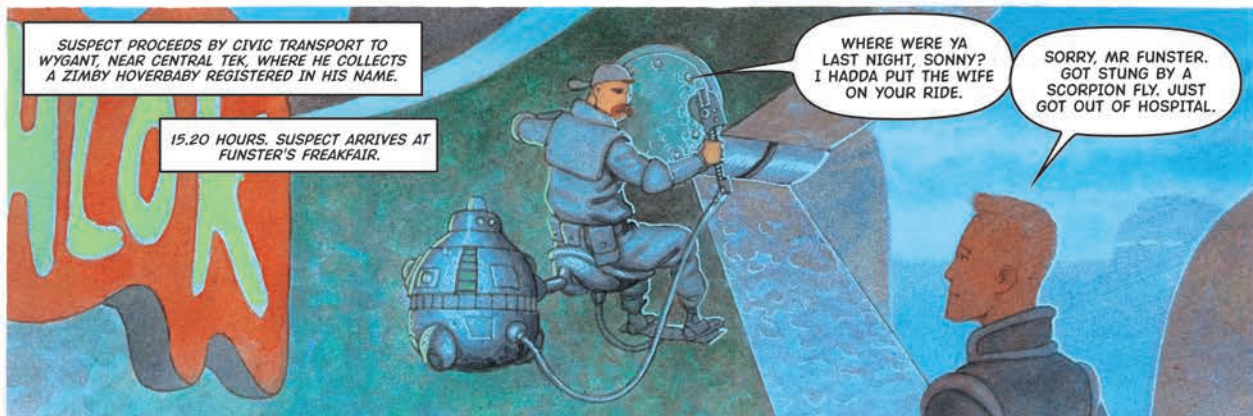
HIS PERSONAL COM SHOWS NORMAL TRAFFIC PLUS ELEVEN CALLS FROM THE SAME UNREGISTERED NUMBER OVER THE PAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS--PROBABLY HIS LINK WITH THE CELL.



EIGHT OF THE CALLS WERE ROUTED VIA THE WALLACH TRANSMITTER, ASSUMING CALLER'S LOCAL, THAT NARROWS IT DOWN TO ABOUT SIXTY THOUSAND PEOPLE.

I TOOK A RECORD OF ALL TRAFFIC TO AND FROM. WE'RE CHECKING IT OUT.

DISCREETLY, EKINS. DO NOTHING TO RISK COMPROMISING THIS OPERATION.

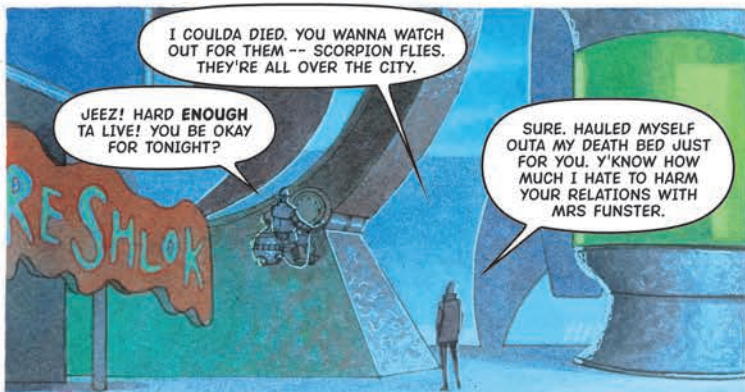


SUSPECT PROCEEDS BY CIVIC TRANSPORT TO WYGANT, NEAR CENTRAL TEK, WHERE HE COLLECTS A ZIMBY HOVERBABY REGISTERED IN HIS NAME.

15.20 HOURS. SUSPECT ARRIVES AT FUNSTER'S FREAKFAIR.

WHERE WERE YA LAST NIGHT, SONNY? I HADDA PUT THE WIFE ON YOUR RIDE.

SORRY, MR FUNSTER. GOT STUNG BY A SCORPION FLY. JUST GOT OUT OF HOSPITAL.



I COULDA DIED. YOU WANNA WATCH OUT FOR THEM -- SCORPION FLIES. THEY'RE ALL OVER THE CITY.

JEEZ! HARD ENOUGH TA LIVE! YOU BE OKAY FOR TONIGHT?

SURE. HAULED MYSELF OUTA MY DEATH BED JUST FOR YOU. Y'KNOW HOW MUCH I HATE TO HARM YOUR RELATIONS WITH MRS FUNSTER.



15.27 HOURS.

CALL ZONDRA.



STUYVESANT. I'M SENDING DOWN FOOTAGE OF SUSPECT SONNY CASTINELLO'S QUARTERS FOR ANALYSIS. THAT'S PRIORITY ONE.

HEY, PRETTY LADY.



YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME THIS MORNING. GOT STUNG BY A SCORPION FLY.

A WHAT?

SCORPION FLY. WOKE UP IN AGNES GILLESPIE. IF THEY HADN'T GOT THE ANTIDOTE IN ME, I'D'VE DIED.



SIX WEEKS PASSED AND THERE WAS NO CONTACT BETWEEN THE SUSPECT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS CELL.

COULD CASTINELLO BE WHAT HE CLAIMED— AN UNWITTING BOMBER, DUPED INTO CARRYING THE DEVICE INTO THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE?

DREDD'S INSTINCT SAID NO, YET AS THE DAYS PASSED SONNY CASTINELLO'S LIFE SEEMED MORE AND MORE A PICTURE OF BLAND NORMALITY...

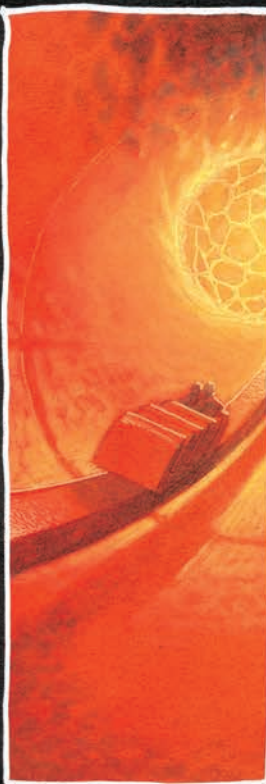
SO THIS YOUR LADY, EH? BEATS ME HOW A LUNK LIKE SONNY LANDS HISSELF SUCH A CLASSY ONE! YOU WANNA WATCH HIM, MISS!

THANKS, MR FUNSTER. REMIND ME TO COME TO YOU FOR A REFERENCE.

SONNY'S KIND OF A NICKNAME. EVERYBODY CALLS ME IT HERE.

C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU MY RIDE!

kchik!



BUT FINALLY, THE CALL CAME...

TIME TO ROCK, MY MAN. ONE THREE O, RIO'S. DON'T BE LATE.

SAME NUMBER AS THE OTHER CALLS. VOICE PRINT IDENTIFIES HIM AS **MOSTYN, ARLO BAINE**, 25-11 ELI WALLACH BLOCK.

MOSTYN IS 44, UNEMPLOYED, NO PARTICULAR RECORD OF ACTIVISM OR ANTI-JUDICIAL SENTIMENTS.

THAT SUITS TOTAL WAR.

THE TRACER PLOTTED CASTINELLO'S ROUTE TO AN APARTMENT AT 3-89 PEDERSON...

AS YOU KNOW, **ANTARCTICA** JUST HANDED THREE OF OUR PEOPLE OVER TO THE SCUM. **HEAD OFFICE** FEELS WE NEED TO SEND A STRONG MESSAGE TO THE ANTARCTIC GOVERNMENT.

ANTARCTIC SOUTHERN CROSS ARRIVE NEXT WEEK TO MEET THE METEORS IN THE **WORLD BOWL**. WE KNOW THEIR TEAM HOTEL AND ARRIVAL TIME.

WE'LL BE SUPPLIED AN APPROPRIATE VEHICLE PACKED WITH 500 KILOS OF **DEMMEK** ON A MANUAL DETONATOR. OUR JOB IS TO GET IT CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE TEAM BUS TO DO **MAXIMUM DAMAGE**.

SUICIDE RUN... I'LL DO IT.

I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, RIO, BUT I'M GONNA NEED YOU FOR ANOTHER LITTLE TASK. IN THIS CASE **HEAD OFFICE** WAS SPECIFIC.

THEY WANT MITCH.

ME?

THEY WERE PLEASED WITH YOUR WORK AT **ROCK BOTTOM**. THEY...FEEL THEY CAN RELY ON YOU TO GET THE JOB DONE.

YOU ALL RIGHT WITH THAT, MY MAN?

MITCH -- MUST BE SONNY'S CODENAME.

THEY'RE SENDING HIM ON A **SUICIDE RUN**...

SURE...

SURE, NO PROBLEM.

IT'S A HARD THING TO GIVE UP YOUR LIFE, SON. WE JUST HAVE TO KEEP IN MIND WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR.

I NEVER FORGET, SIGMUND.

I'LL BE IN TOUCH ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENTS. MEANWHILE, TAKE THE TIME TO CLEAR UP YOUR AFFAIRS. PREPARE YOURSELF. VISIT YOUR CHURCH IF THAT'S YOUR THING.

WE NEED SURVEILLANCE ON ALL THOSE CREEPS.

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT CASTINELLO?

SADLY, I'M AFRAID MITCH MAY HAVE BECOME SOMETHING OF A LIABILITY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ROCK BOTTOM WENT LIKE A DREAM.

HE'S BEEN SEEING A WOMAN. A ZONDRA SMITH, A LECTURER AT CENTRAL TEK.

STORY ROUND CENTRAL IS SHE WAS IN THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE PRIOR TO THE EXPLOSION. MITCH, FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO HIM BUT NO DOUBT NOT UNCONNECTED TO HIS PELVIS, INDUCED HER TO LEAVE WITH HIM.

NOT CONTENT WITH ONE ACT OF STUPIDITY, OUR BRIGHT BOY IS NOW LIVIN' IN THE WOMAN'S APARTMENT.

IS HE OUT OF HIS MIND?

MITCH AN' HIS DAMN HORMONES!

WHAT IF THE SCUM ARE WATCHING HER?

HEAD OFFICE ASSUMES THEY ARE NOT -- OTHERWISE MITCH WOULD BE SINGING LIKE A BIRD, AND SO WOULD WE. HOWEVER, THE SITUATION CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE.

AS THERE IS NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW MUCH MITCH HAS REVEALED TO HER, FOR EVERYONE'S PROTECTION ZONDRA SMITH WILL HAVE TO JOIN HIM IN THE HEREAFTER...



MOSTYN, ARLO BAINÉ CODENAME: SIGMUND 44 SINGLE/UNEMPLOYED 25-11 ELI WALLACH BLOCK SECTOR 17	LOOCUS, GREGORY CODENAME: IRISH 37 DIVORCED/UNEMPLOYED ROBERT STACKERS NESS STREET SECTOR 17	KIBZ, MARANTA CODENAME UNKNOWN 29 SINGLE/CARE WORKER DYSON REST HOME MIDTOWN SKED SECTOR 15	HARNABY, FRANKLIN CHE CODENAME: RIO 33 WIDOWER/UNEMPLOYED 3-89 MIKA PEDERSON SECTOR 13

WE PUT A BUG IN **LOOCUS'S** LOAFERS -- THEY HAVE TO CHECK THEM IN EACH NIGHT AT THE STACKER.

LIKEWISE, **KIBZ**. WE MANAGED TO SEARCH HER ROOM AT THE REST HOME -- QUITE A LOT OF SUBVERSIVE LITERATURE BUT NOTHING THAT LEADS US ANY HIGHER IN THE ORGANISATION.

WE'RE USING MICRO-REMOTES TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE OTHERS' PREMISES.

MOSTYN IS TOP MAN. WITH YOUR PERMISSION I'D LIKE TO BRING HIM IN. COUPLA SPYCAMS HOOKED UP TO HIS EYEBALLS COULD TELL US A LOT.

TOO RISKY, EKINS. MOSTYN AND CASTINELLO MIGHT COMPARE STORIES -- DISCOVER THEY'VE HAD SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.

WE'VE GOT CASTINELLO WIRED. LET'S NOT GET GREEDY.

WHAT ABOUT ANTARCTICA SOUTHERN CROSS -- WE WARN THE TEAM COACH THEY'RE ON TOTAL WAR'S DEATH LIST?

BETTER THEY REMAIN UNAWARE. THERE MUST BE NO HINT THAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE PLANNED ATTACK.

— THE CHARTER LINER, WITH THE COUNCIL DELEGATION ON BOARD, WAS STRUCK BY THE MISSILE AS IT TOUCHED DOWN. WITNESSES DESCRIBE A BALL OF FLAME THAT ENVELOPED THE LINER.

TERROR GROUP **TOTAL WAR** THIS EVENING CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ATTACK.

THREE NIGHTS AFTER THE MEETING AT PEDERSON SONNY MOVED OUT OF ZONDRAS' APARTMENT.

HE'D BEEN TENSE, DISTRACTED. THEY'D ARGUED -- SOMETHING THEY'D NEVER DONE BEFORE.

HARD TO BE YOUR CHEERFUL SELF WHEN YOU'RE SCHEDULED TO DRIVE 500 KILOS OF HIGH EX INTO A VISITING HOVERBALL TEAM.

Zondra -
I'm sorry, I thought it could work
but it can't.
I'm not good enough for you.
Please don't be angry with me.
This is something I have to do.

Gil

HE FELT GUILTY ABOUT THE LIES. HE HAD AN URGE TO CONFESS EVERYTHING, BUT HE HAD MADE HIS PACT WITH TOTAL WAR...

WHEN SHE SAW IT ON THE NEWS, WHEN SHE HEARD ABOUT WHAT HE'D DONE, THEN SHE'D KNOW.

HE'D ALWAYS KNOWN THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE MIGHT BE REQUIRED. FUNNY IT SHOULD BE NOW, NOW WHEN HE HAD SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR...

GIL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT IT, OKAY.

GIL...GIL,
PLEASE
CALL ME.

GIL, PLEASE,
TALK TO ME.

MR CASTINELLO, THIS IS
ACME ZIMBY SPARES.
YOUR SKINS ARE READY.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS
TO ME? I DON'T DESERVE
THIS. THE LEAST YOU OWE
ME IS AN EXPLANATION.

I LOVE
YOU, GIL.



SONNY...



THAT'S YOUR
REAL NAME,
ISN'T IT?
SONNY.

HEY, YOU GO TALK TO YOUR
LADY, SONNY! I LOOK AFTER
YOUR RIDE! SICKA YOU
MOPIN' ROUND HERE!



WHAT IS IT YOU
CAN'T TALK TO ME
ABOUT? IS IT ME--
IS IT SOMETHING
I'VE DONE?

IT CAN'T BE.
YOU WERE HAPPY.
I KNOW YOU WERE.
I MADE YOU HAPPY.

IT'S NOT
YOU.



IS IT THEM?

THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? THERE
CAN'T BE ANY OTHER REASON
TO THROW AWAY WHAT WE
HAD. YOU LIED TO ME. YOU
NEVER QUIT, DID YOU?

ZONDRA...



HOW MANY OTHER LIES HAVE YOU
TOLD? THAT BOMB -- DID YOU
PLANT THAT BOMB? DID YOU?

NO, I...

HOW CAN I BELIEVE
ANYTHING YOU SAY
ANYMORE? WHY DID I
EVER BELIEVE YOU?



ZONDRA, YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND --

DON'T TOUCH ME!

DAMN YOU, YOU'VE
GOT ME **IMPLICATED**
IN THIS WHOLE MESS!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
I'M GOING TO DO--



YOU LET ME
DOWN -- YOU LET
ME DOWN SO
BADLY.

I'M
SORRY.



I LOVED YOU.
YOU'VE KILLED
THAT TOO.



WHAT COULD HE TELL HER? HOW A MAN HAD BEEN BEATEN BY PRO-JUSTICE THUGS — BRAIN DAMAGED, PASSED FROM INSTITUTION TO INSTITUTION TILL THE JUDGES SLAPPED A MANDATORY ON HIM AND CUT HIM UP FOR SPARES.

HOW THAT MAN'S WIFE BECAME AN ACTIVIST. HOW BETWEEN PERIODS OF ENCUBEMENT SHE IMPRESSED HER VIEWS ON HER SON, UNTIL SHE TOO WAS TAKEN AWAY -- 'DIED IN CUSTODY'. MURDERED BY THE JUDGES.

HOW COULD THAT SON DO ANYTHING BUT JOIN THE FIGHT?

AND HOW DO YOU FIGHT THEM? WHEN THEY HAVE ALL THE MONEY, ALL THE POWER...WHEN EVERY ATTEMPT AT PEACEFUL CHANGE IS BEATEN DOWN OR SUBVERTED?



WHAT ARE YOU *SUPPOSED* TO FIGHT THEM WITH?



WHAT COULD HE TELL HER THAT SHE WOULD UNDERSTAND?

NOT TEARS, IS IT?

EYE'S SORE, THAT'S ALL.



SURE WE CAN RELY ON YOU, MITCH?

GET SOMEONE ELSE IF YOU'RE WORRIED.

NO, NO. YOU'LL DO, MY MAN. I KNOW YOU'RE SOLID.



THE VEHICLE WILL BE PARKED ON NORTH ADDISON AT NINE POPPA MOMMA THURSDAY-- RED PARA-MED, KEY CODE 1-4-4-O. GOT THAT?

1-4-4-O.

DRIVE THE PARA-MED TO
MIDTOWN BOULEVARD, PARK
UP AND WAIT. UNDER LIGHT
TRAFFIC YOU'RE ONE MINUTE
TWENTY FROM THE PARKWAY OF
THE FRIENDLY INN.

IRISH WILL BE AT THE
HOVERPORT, KEEPING YOU
UP ON PROGRESS. FROM
THE MOMENT THE TEAM
BUS LEAVES, IT TAKES
THREE MINUTES FIFTY TO
REACH THE FRIENDLY.

SUSPECT IS ENTERING LOWNZ.
SOUTHERN CROSS ARE JUST
CLEARING IMMIGRATION.

ALL UNITS
NOTIFIED?

AFFIRMATIVE.

HARNABY JUST
STOPPED NEAR THE
HOME. HE'S PICKING
UP KIBZ.

THEY'RE UP TO
SOMETHING. YOU
HAVE UNITS CLOSE?

NEGATIVE.
ALL AT TARGET
ZONE.

SOUND QUALITY'S POOR BUT
WE CAN JUST MAKE IT OUT.
KIBZ SAID 'I FREAKING HATE
THIS'. HARNABY REPLIED
'WAY IT HAS TO BE'.

COULD BE A
DOUBLE STRIKE!
I'M ON IT!

THEM HOVERFUX
IS JUST ABOUT ALL
ABOARD, BROTHER.

SHE FLIES LIKE A BIRD.
START COUNTING.

SUSPECT IS MOVING
OFF. REPEAT, SUSPECT
IS MOVING OFF.

LET'S DO
IT!



WHILE TERROR SUSPECT SONNY CASTINELLO HAS BEEN DISPATCHED ON A SUICIDE MISSION, KILLERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HIS FORMER LOVER'S APARTMENT —

HARNABY AND KIBZ ARE OUT OF THE VEHICLE. THEY'RE MOVING TOWARDS BEENY.



THEY'RE AFTER ZONDRA SMITH! INFORM THE BLOCK JUDGE! I WANT THEM INTERCEPTED!

BLOCK JUDGE HAS BEEN WITHDRAWN UNDER BUDGET CUTS. NEAREST UNIT IS YOU.



MIDTOWN BOULEVARD--



GONNA BE STUCK HERE FOR FREAKIN' HOURS!

DAMN! DAMN! THIS IS ALL I NEED--!





SUSPECT'S VEHICLE IS
HEMMED IN. BACK-UP
UNITS, RUN SIRENS.

ON NO ACCOUNT
APPROACH WITHIN
CASTINELLO'S VIEW.
DON'T GIVE HIM
ANY REASON TO
BE A HERO.



C'MON, C'MON!

WEEEAoooooWEEEAooooo



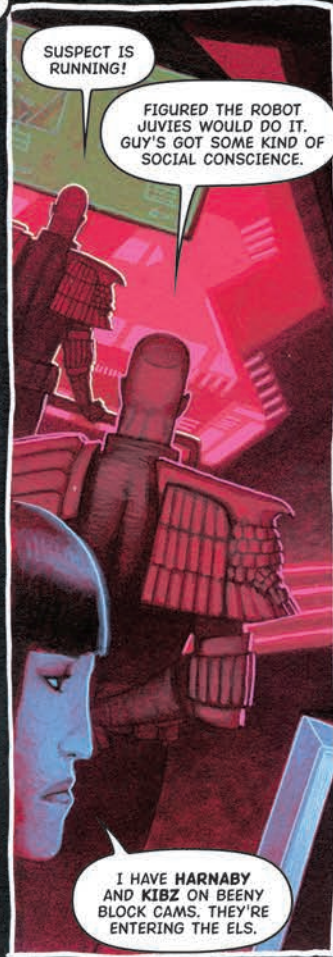
SCHOOL PARTY
MOVE IN.



STAY OFF THE STREET,
CHILDREN. JUST WAIT
HERE WITH ME.



FRAG THIS,
MAN~!



SUSPECT IS
RUNNING!

FIGURED THE ROBOT
JUVIES WOULD DO IT.
GUY'S GOT SOME KIND OF
SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

I HAVE HARNABY
AND KIBZ ON BEENY
BLOCK CAMS. THEY'RE
ENTERING THE ELS.

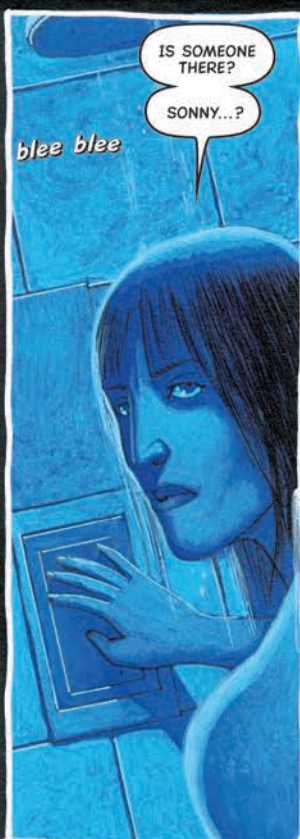


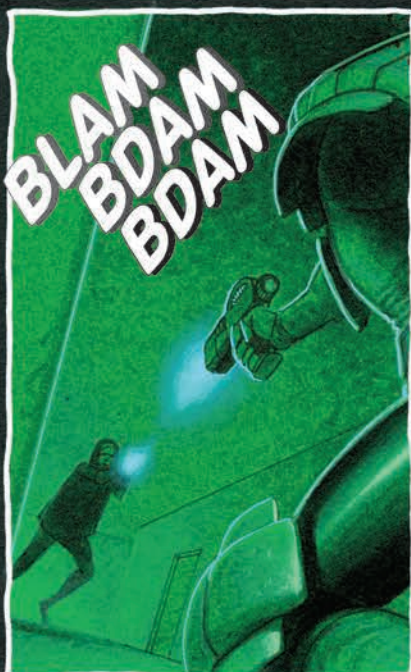
I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE
IT IN TIME! CALL ZONDRA
SMITH! TELL HER TO GET
OUT OF THERE!

IT'LL BLOW THE
WHOLE OPERATION!

THAT'S TOO DAMN
BAD! WE CAN'T STAND
BY WHILE MURDER IS
COMMITTED! CALL HER!









NEVER... NEVER AGAIN, MAN...!

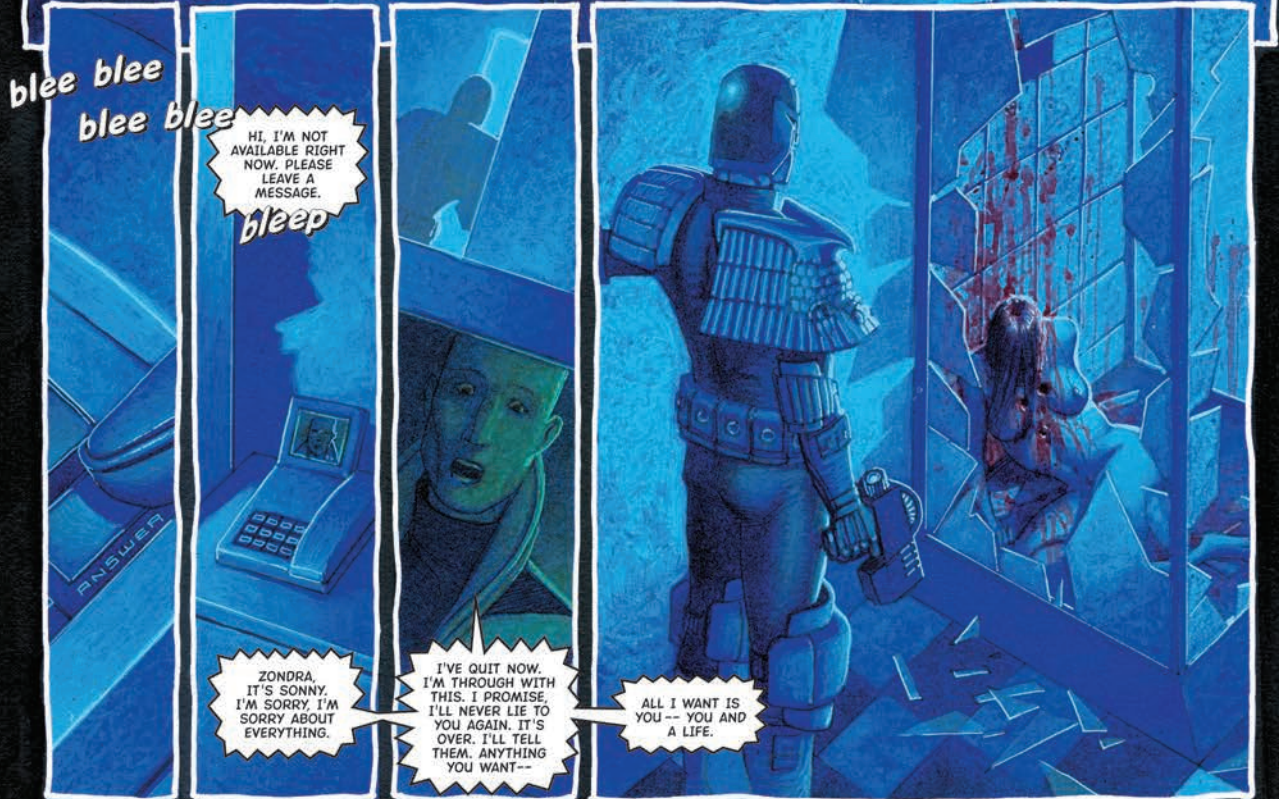
CALL ZONDRA.

CALLING ZONDRA.



THAT CALL IS CASTINELLO.

blee blee
blee blee
blee blee



blee blee
blee blee

HI, I'M NOT AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW. PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE.
bleep

ZONDRA, IT'S SORRY. I'M SORRY ABOUT EVERYTHING.

I'VE QUIT NOW. I'M THROUGH WITH THIS. I PROMISE, I'LL NEVER LIE TO YOU AGAIN. IT'S OVER. I'LL TELL THEM. ANYTHING YOU WANT--

ALL I WANT IS YOU -- YOU AND A LIFE.

TERROR SUSPECT SONNY CASTINELLO --
CODENAME 'MITCH' -- HAS
ABANDONED HIS MISSION TO BLOW UP
AN ANTARCTICAN HOVERBALL TEAM.
MEANWHILE, OTHER CELL MEMBERS
HAVE MURDERED HIS FORMER LOVER,
ZONDRA SMITH --

REPORTERS
OUTSIDE.
WHAT DO WE
TELL THEM?

COINCIDENCE. JUDGE HAPPENED
TO BE VISITING A NEIGHBOURING
APARTMENT, CAME UPON WHAT
LOOKS LIKE A ROBBERY. BOTH
PERPS DEAD AT SCENE.

STILL A CHANCE
WE CAN PRESERVE
THIS INVESTIGATION.

KIND OF
TOUGH ON OLD
SMITH, HUH?

SHE GOT MIXED
UP WITH TERROR
AND GOT HER
FINGERS BURNED.
IT'S A DANGEROUS
GAME, LOGAN.

HE COLLECTED HIS
ZIMBY AND RODE
BACK TO FUNSTER'S
FREAKFAIR.

ZONDRA DIDN'T
RETURN HIS CALL.
PROBABLY SHE
NEVER WOULD.

YOU WORKIN'
TONIGHT, SONNY,
OR WHAT?

GIMME A
MINUTE...!

HIS FAULT. HIS OWN DAMNED FAULT.

YOU SPEND YOUR WHOLE LIFE SO EATEN UP WITH HATE THAT YOU DON'T RECOGNISE SOMETHING GOOD WHEN IT COMES ALONG.

HE'D LOST HER NOW.
HIS OWN DAMN FAULT.

blee blee
blee blee

HI—!

—HERE TO FACE THE METEORS
IN SATURDAY'S **WORLD BOWL**.
GREGG SMEAGLE, CAPTAIN OF THE
ANTARCTICAN CHAMPIONS, HAD
THIS MESSAGE FOR FANS—

SO WHAT
HAPPENED?

OH.

IT'S YOU.

THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT. I
GOT JAMMED IN. I LEFT IT --
WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

THAT'S BAD, MITCH.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
RUN DOWN WITH THE
SHIP. YOU KNOW THE
REASONS WHY.

WELL YOU'RE SO FREAKIN' BRAVE,
NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO BLOW
SOMETHING UP HOW ABOUT YOU
DO IT YOURSELF, SIGMUND?
'COS I'VE HAD IT -- I'M OUT.

I DON'T THINK
YOU MEAN THAT.

YES I DO. I'VE DONE
MY BIT FOR THE CAUSE.
MAYBE I'VE DECIDED I DON'T
WANT TO DIE FOR IT.

MITCH, MITCH... I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D HEAR YOU SAY THAT.

WELL GET USED TO IT.
BETTER STILL, DON'T. I'M
OUT, Y'HEAR? DON'T BOTHER
ME AGAIN, SIGMUND.

23.29 HOURS. MOSTYN IS OBSERVED BY SPYCAMS AS HE LEAVES HIS BLOCK IN A DARK NEETRON HOVAGLIDE.

HE PICKED UP LOOCAS ON CONSTITUTION, HEADING EAST ON THE I-S PRESSWAY.



TOUGH LUCK ON WALDO AND RIO.

SCUM WERE BUSTING THE POOR S&P NEXT DOOR. IT HAPPENS. NOTHING TO TIE THEM BACK TO US.

EXCEPT MITCH.



OUR FRIEND KNOW ABOUT HIS WOMAN?

DIDN'T SOUND LIKE IT.

HOPE HE DOESN'T FIND OUT BEFORE WE GET THERE, OR HE COULD GET UNREASONABLE.



WE'RE GETTING NO SOUND FROM THE BUG ON LOOCAS. THE SHOE'S ALWAYS CHANCY—

THEY TURNED OFF ON RAMP 20. THEY'RE PARKING UP OUTSIDE THE FREAKFAIR.



WHERE'S CASTINELLO?

WORKING HIS RIDE.

HE KEPT CHECKING HIS COM, JUST IN CASE.



LET HER COOL DOWN, LET HER THINK ABOUT IT... THEN MAYBE, MAYBE SHE'D CALL...

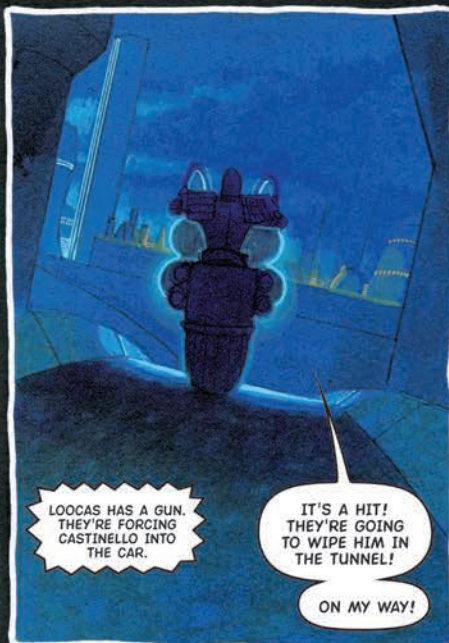
WANT A LITTLE WORD, MY MAN.

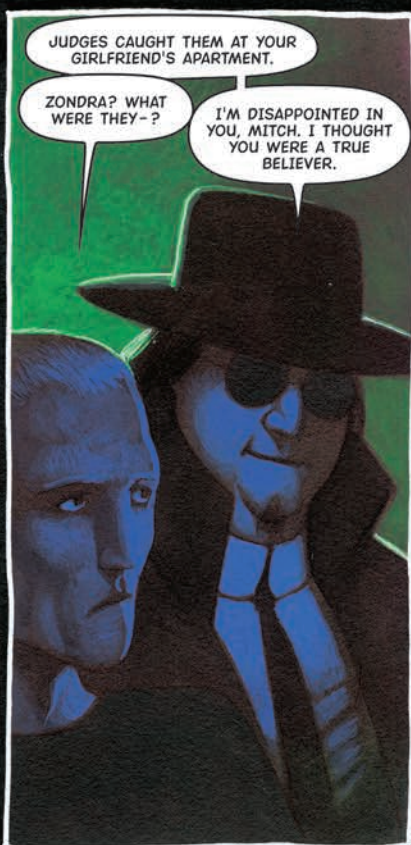


LOOCAS HAS A GUN. THEY'RE FORCING CASTINELLO INTO THE CAR.

IT'S A HIT! THEY'RE GOING TO WIPE HIM IN THE TUNNEL!

ON MY WAY!







GRAAAHHRRRRRRR



OH MY GRUD,
THAT'S REAL!

IT CAN'T BE!

DROP IT,
CASTINELLO!



I SAID
DROP IT!



BDAM

HE ASKED
FOR IT.



HE WANTED
IT.



HIS NAME IS FATHER TED ZEIGLER-- PRIEST AT THE CHURCH OF GRUD THE CONFESSOR.



THE END



TOTAL WAR

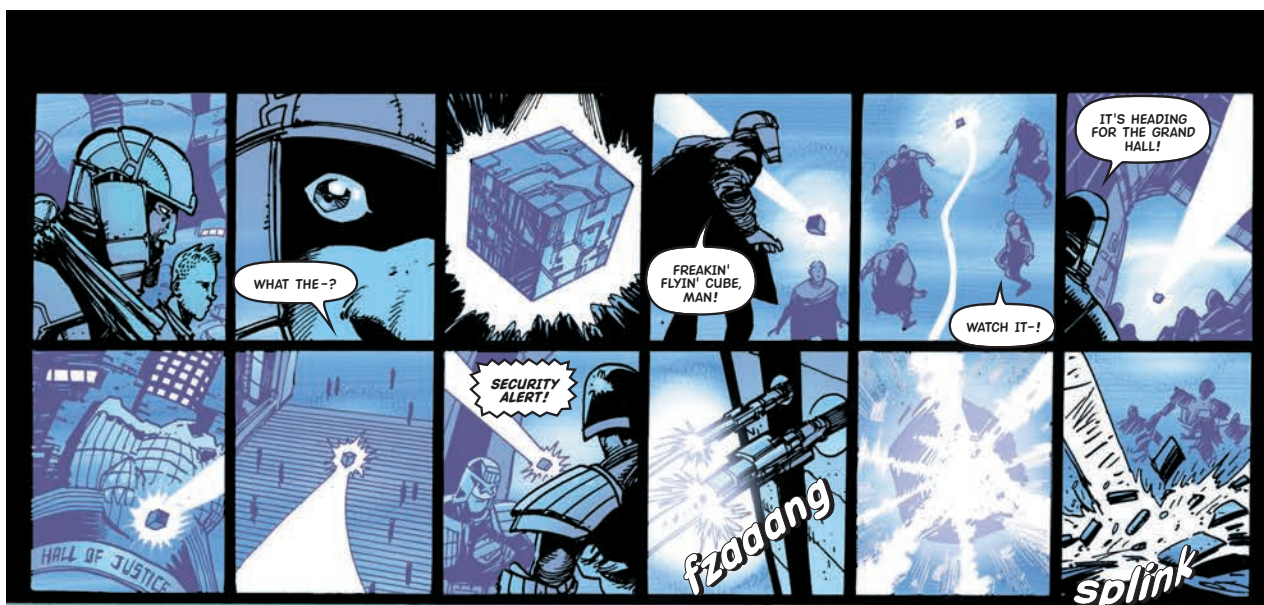
Script: John Wagner

Art: Henry Flint

Colours: Chris Blythe

Letters: Tom Frame

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JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S
APPLIED GENETICS FACILITY,
SECTOR TWO --

SORRY TO DRAG YOU IN, DREDD.
WE REQUESTED A EUTHANASIA
ORDER FROM THE CHIEF JUDGE'S
OFFICE, BUT THEY FELT THE
DECISION WAS BETTER LEFT TO
NEXT OF KIN.

NEXT OF
KIN?

YES.

YOU DO
KNOW ABOUT
NIMROD?

NEGATIVE

THAT'S UNFORTUNATE.
I ASSUMED THEY'D
HAVE TOLD YOU.

NIMROD'S FROM THE
CLONING PROGRAMME--
PART OF AN EXPERIMENT
IN MODIFIED SENSORY
CAPABILITY.

ENHANCED SIGHT, HEARING
AND OLFACTORY FUNCTION,
IN ADDITION TO SEVERAL
INTERESTING PHYSICAL
MODIFICATIONS. TRYING TO
CREATE THE SUPERJUDGE.

BUT WHAT
WE STARTED
OUT WITH WAS
BASICALLY...
GENETICALLY...
YOU.

OR FARGO.
SAME THING.

DROKK...

AT THE ACADEMY
HE PERFORMED BEYOND
EXPECTATION-- THOUGH
HIS ABNORMAL STRENGTH
COULD BE A HAZARD TO
OTHER CADETS.

HE COULD READ SMALL
PRINT FROM THIRTY PACES IN
A DARKENED ROOM. HE COULD
FOLLOW A TRAIL LIKE A
BLOODHOUND. NIMROD-- THE
HUNTER, YOU SEE...

WE LOANED HIM TO
IMMIGRATION. HE HAD THIRTY
BUSTS IN THE FIRST HOUR.
DRUGS-- WEAPONS-- YOU NAME
IT, HE COULD SNIFF IT OUT.





THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF **NEURAL DECAY** SHOWED UP AT ABOUT AGE TWELVE. THAT'S A BREAKDOWN OF **BRAIN** AND **MOTOR** FUNCTION -- A COMMON PROBLEM WITH **GM**. I'M AFRAID.

THE CONDITION IS PROGRESSIVE AND INCURABLE. NIMROD FOUGHT IT EVERY INCH OF THE WAY, AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT WITH HIS LINEAGE, BUT LATELY THE DETERIORATION HAS ACCELERATED.

HE HAS MOMENTS OF PARTIAL LUCIDITY, BUT GENERALLY IS CONFUSED AND DISORIENTED. HE'S SUBJECT TO FITS, MUSCLE SPASMS, LOSS OF CONTROL...

TWO MONTHS AGO HE SET HIMSELF ON FIRE -- DELIBERATELY OR NOT I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S WHY WE MOVED HIM TO THIS SECURE CELL.

PERHAPS HE WANTS TO DIE. PERHAPS THE MEMORY OF WHAT HE ONCE WAS HAS BECOME UNBEARABLE.

IN ANY CASE, WE FEEL THE BEST COURSE NOW IS TO ALLOW HIM TO GO, PEACEFULLY AND WITH DIGNITY. WE ONLY REQUIRE YOUR PERMISSION.

MY PERMISSION?

AS NEXT OF KIN--

HE'S A CELL TAKEN FROM A COMMON SOURCE, THAT'S ALL-- NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.

HE'S YOUR DAMNED MISTAKE, YOU CLEAR IT UP.

AND DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN.

THE GRAND HALL --

YOU'RE CONVINCED THIS COMMUNICATION IS GENUINE?

YES, MA'AM. IT SUPPLIED US WITH A CODE KNOWN AND USED ONLY BY THE TOTAL WAR TERROR GROUP.

IT CLAIMS SIMILAR WARNINGS HAVE BEEN SENT TO ALL THE MEDIA. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ACT ON THIS FAST.

PLAY IT, BOX.



SKIP THE PREAMBLE.
LET'S HEAR IT.

GOOD MORNING,
CHIEF JUDGE.

I BRING A MESSAGE
FROM TOTAL WAR
COMMAND.



I AM TO INFORM YOU THAT **TWO HUNDRED THERMONUCLEAR DEVICES** HAVE BEEN EMPLACED WITHIN THIS CITY. TOTAL WAR WILL **DETONATE** THEM AT INTERVALS OF OUR CHOOSING AS LONG AS YOU, THE **JUDGES**, REMAIN IN POWER.

ONLY **YOU** CAN STOP IT. TURN IN YOUR BADGES -- CONSIGN YOURSELVES TO **HISTORY**-- AND WE WILL HAVE NO FURTHER CAUSE FOR AGGRESSIVE ACTION.



GOT TO BE A CRANK. DUMBEST THING I EVER HEARD.

BUT THE CODE --

WHAT WOULD TOTAL WAR ACHIEVE BY DESTROYING THE CITY?

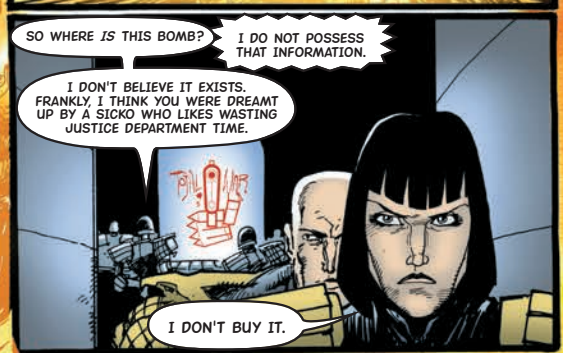
WE WILL SACRIFICE **SOME** TERRITORY, TRUE. HOW **MUCH** IS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU. **YOU** ARE THE **PROBLEM** AND YOU MUST BE **EXCISED**.

AS PROOF OF OUR INTENTIONS THE **FIRST DEVICE** WILL BE **DETONATED** AT **2300 HOURS** TONIGHT.

THE SOLUTION IS IN YOUR HANDS. BE **WARNED**, THE PEOPLE WILL NOT THANK YOU IF YOU LEAVE IT TOO LONG. THEY MAY DECIDE TO REMOVE YOU **THEMSELVES**.



THE CLOCK IS TICKING. END OF MESSAGE.



SO WHERE IS THIS BOMB?

I DO NOT POSSESS THAT INFORMATION.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT EXISTS. FRANKLY, I THINK YOU WERE DREAMT UP BY A SICKO WHO LIKES WASTING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TIME.

I DON'T BUY IT.



THERE'S NO WAY THEY COULD GET THAT MANY DEVICES PAST US.

EVEN A HANDFUL WOULD BE BAD ENOUGH.

WE HAVE HALF THE MEDIA IN THE CITY ON THE LINE, CHIEF JUDGE. THEY'VE RECEIVED DUPLICATES OF THE WARNING.

PANIC ON THE STREETS, THAT'S ALL WE NEED.

PUT A BLOCK ON ALL REPORTS. TELL THEM THEY USE IT AND THEY'RE WRONG, THEY'RE GOING TO THE CUBES -- AND I MEAN IT.

YES, MA'AM.

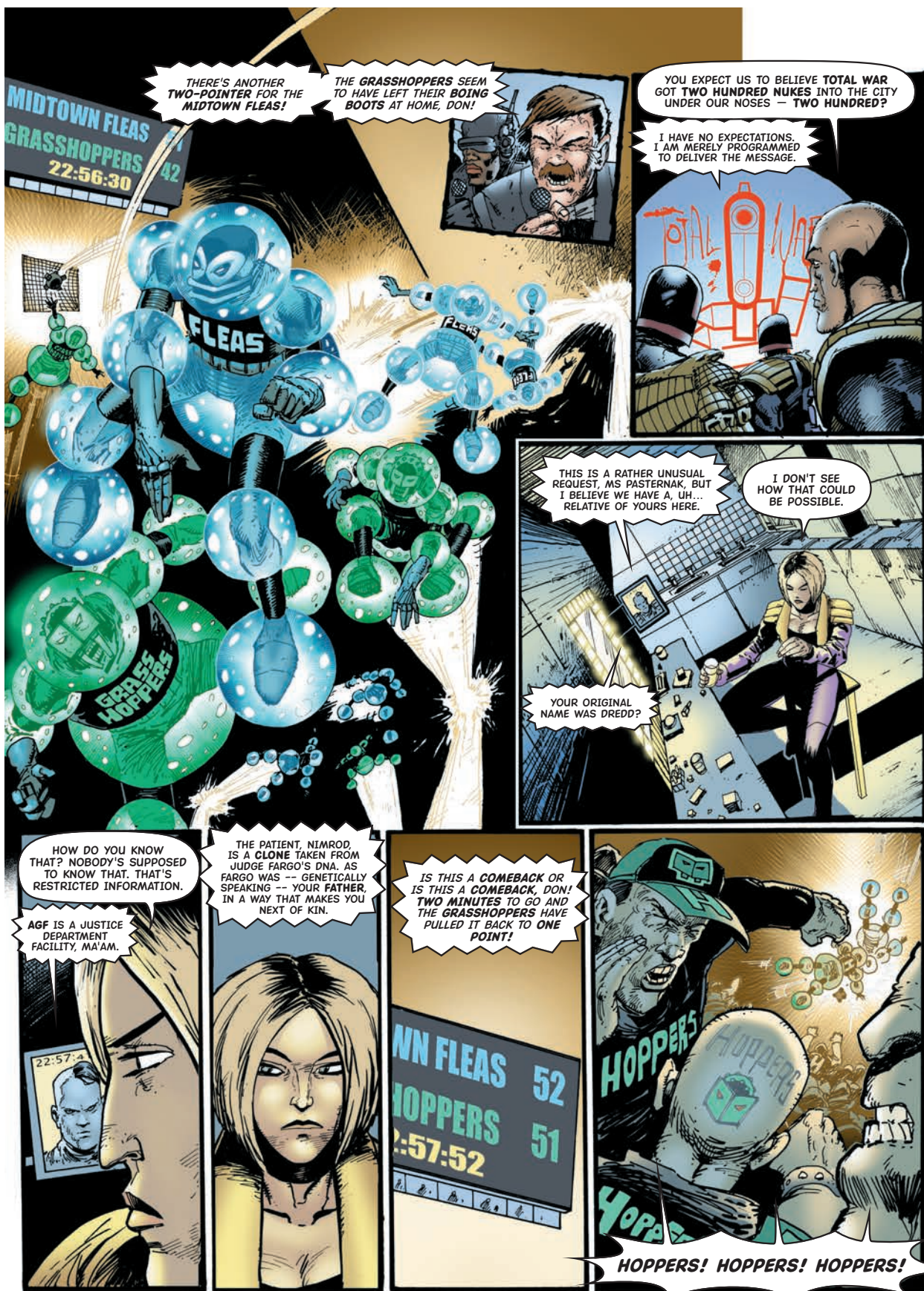
BUT IF IT'S TRUE?

THEN PANICKING THE CITIZENS WON'T HELP. KEEP QUESTIONING THE COM-SLUG. IT MIGHT LET SOMETHING SLIP.

I'LL PUT ALL UNITS ON ALERT, HAVE ALL KNOWN SYMPATHISERS QUESTIONED. SOMEONE MAY HAVE INFORMATION.

2300 HOURS. THAT DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH TIME...





THERE'S ANOTHER
TWO-POINTER FOR THE
MIDTOWN FLEAS!

THE GRASSHOPPERS SEEM
TO HAVE LEFT THEIR BOING
BOOTS AT HOME, DON!

YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE TOTAL WAR
GOT TWO HUNDRED NUKES INTO THE CITY
UNDER OUR NOSES -- TWO HUNDRED?

I HAVE NO EXPECTATIONS.
I AM MERELY PROGRAMMED
TO DELIVER THE MESSAGE.

THIS IS A RATHER UNUSUAL
REQUEST, MS PASTERNAK, BUT
I BELIEVE WE HAVE A, UH...
RELATIVE OF YOURS HERE.

I DON'T SEE
HOW THAT COULD
BE POSSIBLE.

YOUR ORIGINAL
NAME WAS DREDD?

HOW DO YOU KNOW
THAT? NOBODY'S SUPPOSED
TO KNOW THAT. THAT'S
RESTRICTED INFORMATION.

AGF IS A JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT
FACILITY, MA'AM.

THE PATIENT, NIMROD,
IS A CLONE TAKEN FROM
JUDGE FARGO'S DNA. AS
FARGO WAS -- GENETICALLY
SPEAKING -- YOUR FATHER,
IN A WAY THAT MAKES YOU
NEXT OF KIN.

IS THIS A COMEBACK OR
IS THIS A COMEBACK, DON!
TWO MINUTES TO GO AND
THE GRASSHOPPERS HAVE
PULLED IT BACK TO ONE
POINT!

HOPPERS! HOPPERS! HOPPERS!









THIS IS DREDD!
ALL UNITS KEEP THEIR
DISTANCE! ROBOTS AND
EMERGENCY SQUADS ONLY
IN PROXIMITY!



WE GOTTA GET
FORCE SHIELDS IN
PLACE TO CONTAIN
THAT RADIATION!



THERE HAD TO BE THIRTY
THOUSAND FANS IN THERE.
GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY
CASUALTIES OUTSIDE!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S
GO WITH IT.

EARLIER TODAY THIS STATION, IN COMMON
WITH MANY OTHERS ACROSS THE CITY, RECEIVED
A WARNING OF NUCLEAR DEVASTATION FROM
TERRORIST GROUP TOTAL WAR.



THAT OMINOUS
WARNING HAS COME TRUE.
TONIGHT, ARMAGEDDON HAS
BEGUN!



THERE'S A DIVERSION. MUST BE AN ACCIDENT.

NO ACCIDENT, LADY! USE YER FREAKIN' EYES! NUKE WENT OFF IN SECTOR 4!



A NUKE?

TOTAL WAR. BLEW UP THE BOINGBOWL AN' 30,000 SPECTATORS. YA MUSTA FELT IT -- WHOLE CITY SHOOK.

GONNA GET A GOOD DOSE OF RADS FROM THIS, I CAN TELL YA. AN' MORE TA COME.



HEH! THIS FREAKIN' CITY! BE GROWIN' ANOTHER ASSHOLE IF I DIDN'T LIVE IN ONE, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY.



HOUSE, PUT ON THE NEWS.



— FORCE SHIELD IS NOW IN PLACE AROUND THE CRATER. DECONTAMINATION MEASURES ARE UNDER WAY. LOCAL HOSPITALS AND MEDICAL CENTRES ARE STRUGGLING TO COPE WITH CASUALTIES.

YOU HAVE TWO CALLS.

blip

VIENNA, I THINK YOU SHOULD CONSIDER GETTING OUT OF THE CITY FOR A WHILE. THAT IS ALL.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, I CAN'T JUST RUN OFF. I'M WORKING AGAIN—

blip

'SPOSE YOU'VE SEEN THE NEWS. WE'RE ALL GOING TO FRY! WHAT A PLACE! AND FOR THIS YOU GAVE UP SUNNY BRIT-CIT? SO ARE WE STILL ON FOR TOMORROW OR WHAT? ASSUMING THERE IS A TOMORROW.

— 200 NUCLEAR DEVICES SECRETED IN THE CITY. THE QUESTION ON EVERY VIEWER'S MIND MUST BE, WHEN WILL THE NEXT BE DETONATED? THIS CHILLING STATEMENT WAS TONIGHT ISSUED BY THE TERRORISTS—

TOTAL WAR HAS NO WISH TO TAKE INNOCENT LIVES. WE ARE REASONABLE PEOPLE.

WE ARE PREPARED TO WAIT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS. LET THE JUDGES SHOW WILLING. LET THEM DISMANTLE THEIR APPARATUS OF OPPRESSION AND FURTHER DISASTER CAN BE AVERTED.

THE SOLUTION IS IN THEIR HANDS.

CHIEF JUDGE, YOU STOPPED A WARNING BEING BROADCAST -- DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS?

WHAT CREDENCE DO YOU GIVE TO FURTHER THREATS?

WILL YOU ACCEDE TO TOTAL WAR'S DEMAND? WILL THE JUDGES STAND DOWN?

WE NEED A NAME. WHO CAN STOP THIS? WHO DO WE DEAL WITH?

DEAL WITH ME.

YOU'RE JUST AN INTERACTIVE COM PROGRAM. YOU'VE GOT NO AUTHORITY TO MAKE DECISIONS. WHO DO WE NEGOTIATE WITH?

NO NEGOTIATION IS REQUIRED. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

CAN THEY HAVE
SMUGGLED ENOUGH
FISSILE MATERIAL INTO
THE CITY TO CONSTRUCT
TWO HUNDRED OF
THESE DEVICES?

WE CAN'T OVERLOOK
THE POSSIBILITY, BUT IT IS
UNLIKELY. THE FIGURE MAY HAVE
BEEN CHOSEN SIMPLY TO
HEIGHTEN THE PANIC RESPONSE.
WE FEEL TEN MAY BE A MORE
REALISTIC NUMBER.

HOWEVER
MANY, IT'S TOO
MANY.

WHERE WILL THEY
BE HIDDEN? WHAT SIZE
ARE THEY, HOW EASILY
RECOGNISABLE?

WE ESTIMATE THE FIRST
DEVICE WOULD HAVE WEIGHED
LESS THAN SIXTY KILOS. THAT'S
QUITE A SMALL PACKAGE.

AS TO WHEREABOUTS,
ANYWHERE THEY'RE UNLIKELY
TO BE UNCOVERED.

NATURALLY, THEY WILL
DISGUISE THEM IN A VARIETY
OF METHODS, DEPENDING ON
THE SITUATION. THERE'S NO
ONE SIZE FITS ALL HERE.

IS IT POSSIBLE
TO DETECT THEM
THROUGH
RADIATION?

IF THERE'S A
LEAK, YES, BUT THE
PROBABILITY IS
THEY'RE WELL-
SHIELDED.

COULDN'T WE
BLOCK THE SIGNALS
TO PREVENT THEM
BEING SET OFF?

THAT DEPENDS ON
HOW THEY'RE BEING
DETONATED. FIND ONE
FOR US AND WE'LL BE
IN A BETTER POSITION
TO ANSWER.



HE'D BEEN RUNNING AN INVESTIGATION INTO TOTAL WAR SINCE THE ROCK BOTTOM BOMBING.* HE HAD A GOOD IDEA WHY SHE'D CALLED HIM IN --

*THARGNOTE: SEE 'TERROR', PROGS 1392 - 1399

WE'VE BEEN HOLDING OFF ON ARRESTS WHILE WE WORK OUR WAY UP THE COMMAND CHAIN. TOP DOG IN CENTRAL -- THAT'S AS FAR AS WE'VE GOT -- IS ONE ODDIE RADLEY.

LONG-TERM WELFARE RECIPIENT, LIVES WITH WIFE AND SIX CHILDREN IN THE SLATER PROJECTS. A REAL WOULDN'T-HURT-A-FLY KIND OF GUY, DOES NOTHING TO DRAW ATTENTION TO HIMSELF.

AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, EVEN HIS WIFE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT HIS ACTIVITIES.

TWO LIEUTENANTS UNDER RADLEY. THE WOMAN'S INTERESTING... ANITA FREEN, THE COMPETITION SURGEON. SHE REPRESENTED THE CITY IN THE '22 PAN-AM FINALS.

BENEATH THEM FOUR LINE COMMANDERS, EACH RESPONSIBLE FOR TWO FIVE- TO EIGHT-PERSON CELLS.

IN ADDITION, RADLEY HAS CONTACT WITH ELEMENTS OF FRINGE GROUPS ANARCHY 400 AND DEM RISING. WE KNOW THEY WERE BOTH INVOLVED IN THE EDITH ZINGLE KIDNAP.



HOW HIGH RADLEY GOES I CAN'T SAY. WE HAVEN'T HIT THE INNER COUNCIL, BUT I THINK WE'RE GETTING CLOSE. WE'VE HEARD RADLEY REFER TO THEM BY THEIR CODENAMES -- RACHEL, JERICHO, DIDIER, MICHAEL.

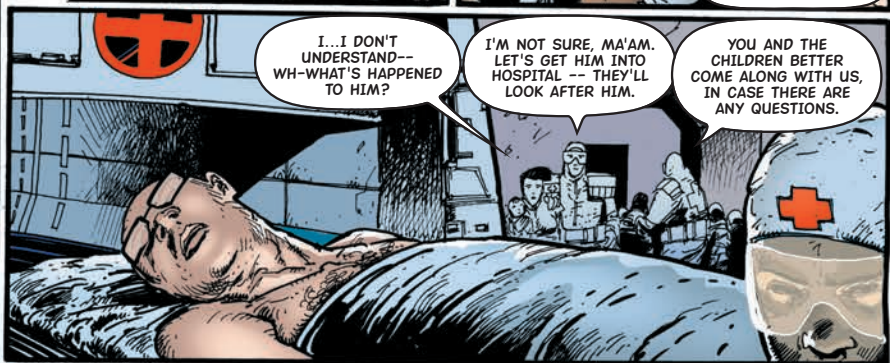
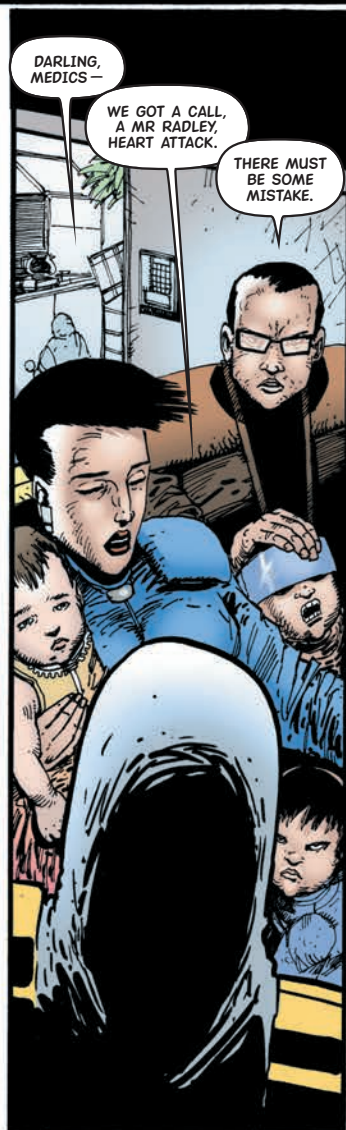
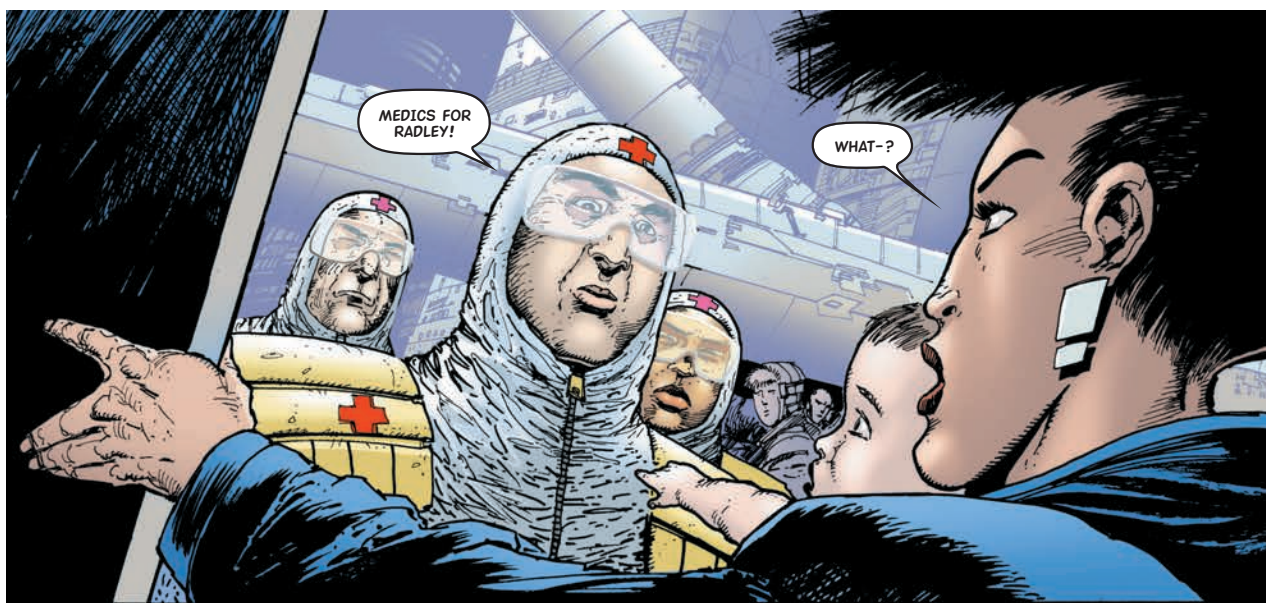
AND YOU'VE NEVER HEARD MENTION OF THIS NUCLEAR STRATEGY?

YOU WOULD KNOW IF I HAD.

I REALISE IT MAY UNDO YOUR HARD WORK, BUT WE NEED A BREAK ON THIS. I WANT RADLEY INTERROGATED.

I ANTICIPATED THE ORDER, CHIEF JUDGE. HE'S BEING BROUGHT IN NOW...

WEEEAHOOOO





THEY SUBJECTED RADLEY TO A FULL MEDICAL SEARCH --

SOMETHING HERE.



HOLLOW TOOTH.



I WANT EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BOMBERS -- I'M TALKING TOTAL WAR, RADLEY!

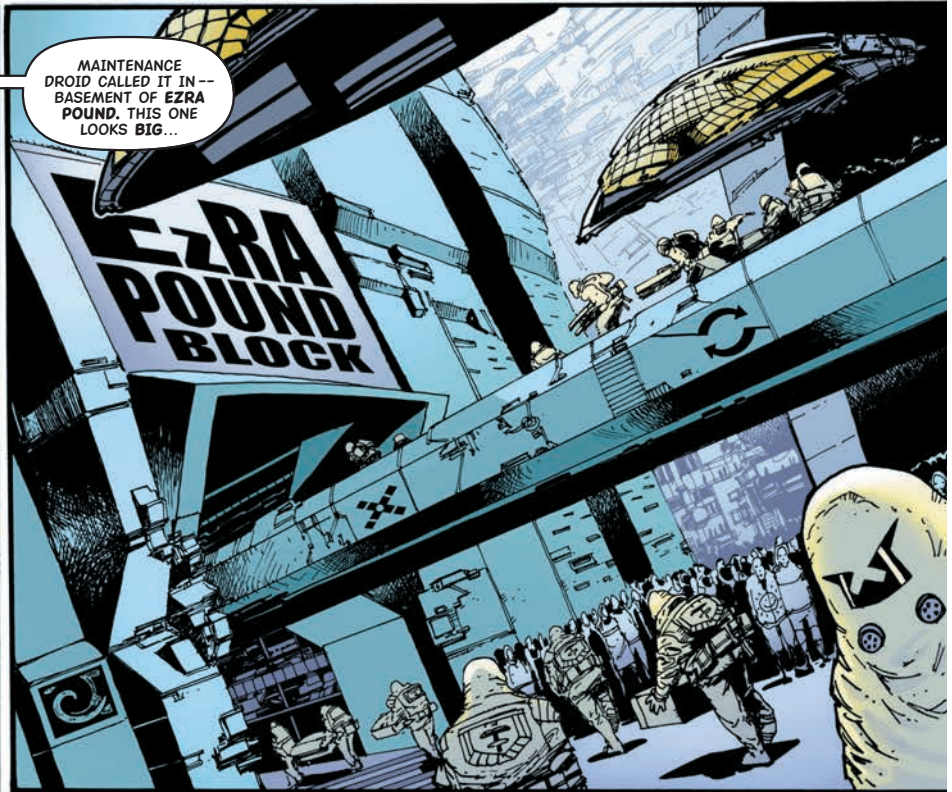
I...I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING. WHY SHOULD I? SURELY YOU CAN'T THINK I--



WE PICKED A CYANIDE CAPSULE OUT OF YOUR TOOTH! DON'T TAKE ME FOR A FOOL! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, RADLEY!



CHIEF JUDGE, THEY'VE FOUND ANOTHER DEVICE.



MAINTENANCE DROID CALLED IT IN-- BASEMENT OF EZRA POUND. THIS ONE LOOKS BIG...



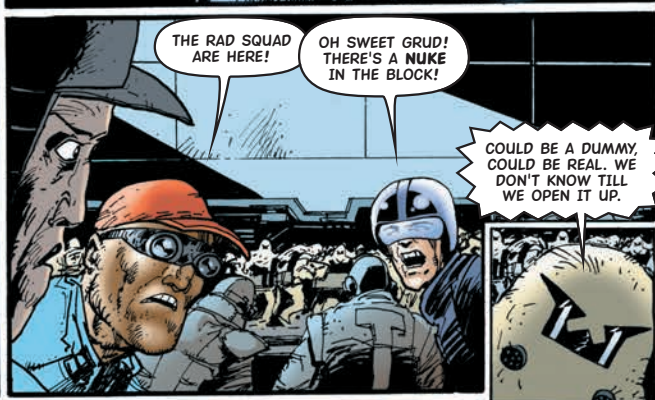
EZRA POUND BLOCK--

I WAS GIVING THE WELL
A CHECK. OPENED IT UP
AND THERE IT WAS.



I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S
A BOMB, BUT IT
SHOULDN'T BE THERE.
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH.



THE RAD SQUAD
ARE HERE!

OH SWEET GRUD!
THERE'S A NUKE
IN THE BLOCK!

COULD BE A DUMMY,
COULD BE REAL. WE
DON'T KNOW TILL
WE OPEN IT UP.

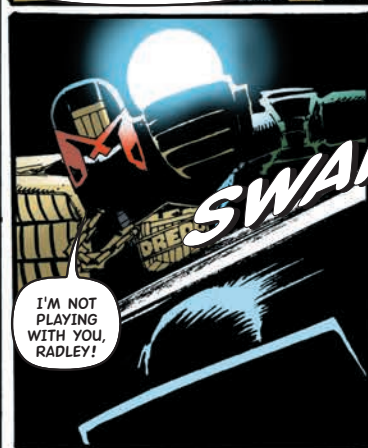


PEOPLE ARE STARTING
TO PANIC HERE. DO WE
ORDER AN EVACUATION?

WE DO.

THE BLOCK? THE
SURROUNDING AREA-- THE WHOLE
SECTOR? YOU REALISE WHAT WE'RE
TALKING, MA'AM -- HOW MANY
PEOPLE? IF IT'S NOT THE REAL
THING...

I'M NOT TAKING THAT CHANCE.
POUND AND ALL BLOCKS WITHIN
BLAST RANGE. DO IT.



I'M NOT
PLAYING
WITH YOU,
RADLEY!



YOU...YOU
HIT ME! YOU
C-CAN'T DO
THAT!

SO SUE ME!

SOMEBODY'S
BLOWING UP MY
CITY AND I WANT
ANSWERS!

**EVACUATE!
DO NOT PANIC!
EVACUATE!**



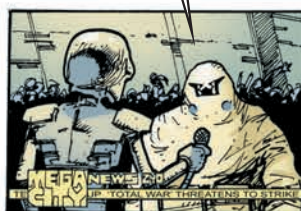
**ALL FURTHER
ZOOMS ARE CANCELLED!
MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE
MAIN EXITS! ALL
FURTHER ZOOMS ARE
CANCELLED!**



THE EVACUATION OF EZRA
POUND AND SURROUNDING
BLOCKS IS UNDER WAY.
HERE'S REPORTER ZX12 AT
THE SCENE--



THERE'S NO NEED
FOR PANIC. THE EVACUATION
IS JUST A PRECAUTION. AT
THE MOMENT ALL WE HAVE
IS A SUSPICIOUS
OBJECT.



SHE'S A LIVE
ONE!

SHOULD HAVE IMPOSED
A BLACKOUT ON IT. IF
TOTAL WAR SEE THE
COVERAGE, THEY COULD
DECIDE TO DETONATE.



I WANT ALL
NON-ESSENTIAL
PERSONNEL OUT
OF HERE.





FUG YOU...
FUGYOUUU!

GUH...GO ON,
K-KILL ME! GET
Nuh...nuTHIN'
FROM ME!



THAT'S ENOUGH.

A TRUE BELIEVER,
HUH, RADLEY?



WELL, WE'LL GET THERE.
MIGHT TAKE A LITTLE LONGER,
BUT WE'LL GET THERE.

STUYVESANT.



WATCH IT—!



ping

ping



SHEEZZ--



WHICH
WAY DO WE
GO?

JUST KEEP
WALKING.



I AM TOLD THERE IS NOT A SEAT TO BE HAD AT THIS OR ANY OTHER 'PORT. SOME HOVERLINES HAVE **CANCELLED** FLIGHTS INTO THE CITY.



A comic book illustration depicting a large crowd of protesters. Many individuals are wearing gas masks and riot gear, including helmets and shields. They are holding various protest signs. The signs include "JUDGES OUT!" repeated multiple times, "SAVE OUR CITY" in large red letters, "FOR THE LOVE OF SRUD, GO!", "TIME FOR CHANGE", "RESIGN", and "NO MORE JUDGES! NO MORE NUKES!". The background shows a cityscape with buildings and a bridge. The overall style is that of a classic comic book, with bold lines and a vibrant color palette.

IT'S NOT US--
CAN'T BE US! CAN'T
BE US! CAN'T BE US!
TOTAL WAR, IT'S NOT
TOTAL WAR! I...I TOLD
HIM, TH-THERE HAVE TO
BE LIMITS! LIMITS!

**WHO DID YOU TELL,
ODDIE? WHO KNOWS?
WHO GIVES YOU
ORDERS?**

I...I CAN'T TELL YOU!
P-P-PUH-PLEASE DON'T
MAKE ME!

YOU HAVE TO TELL
ME, ODDIE! YOU DON'T
WANT ME TO BE ANGRY
WITH YOU!

N-NO! D-DON'T
BE ANGRY!

THERE'S A
TRANSCIVER
HERE.

THIS IS 004.
AUTOMATIC WARNING. MY
POSITION IS COMPROMISED.
PROCEEDING WITH
COUNTDOWN. THIRTY --
TWENTY-NINE --

THAT'S THE
EZRA POUND
BOMB.

IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED THEY
WOULD FIND ONE OR TWO. THEY SHALL
LEARN THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

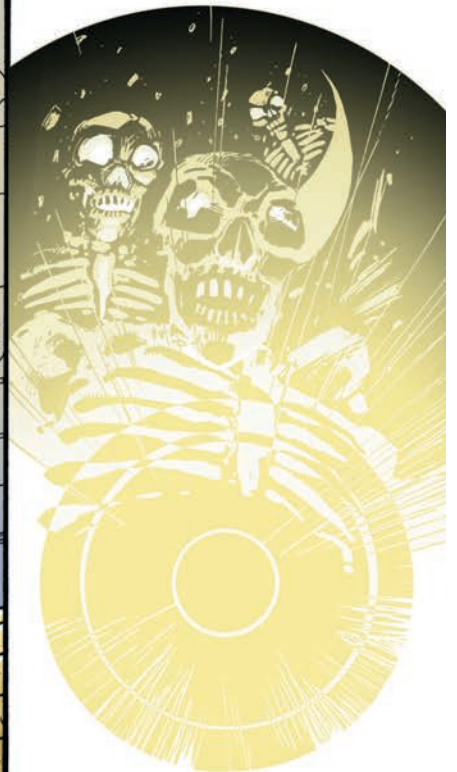
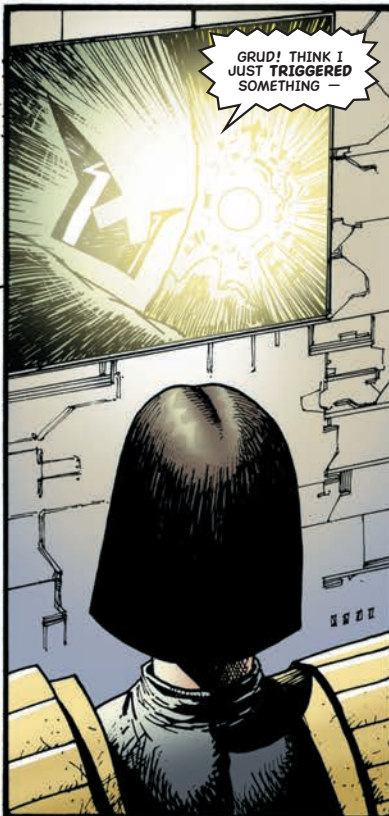
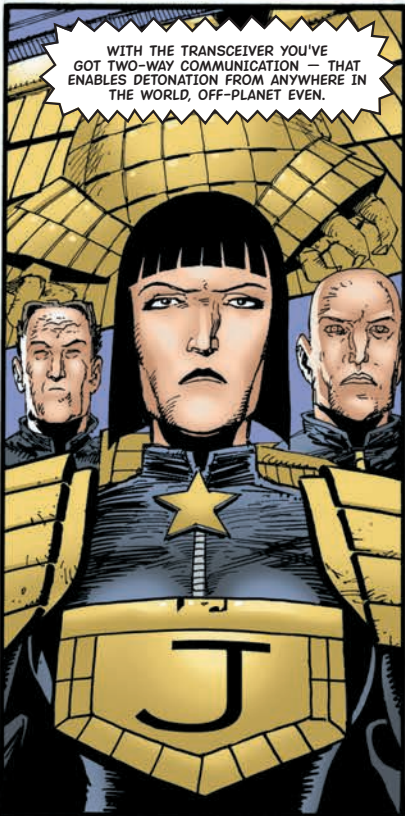
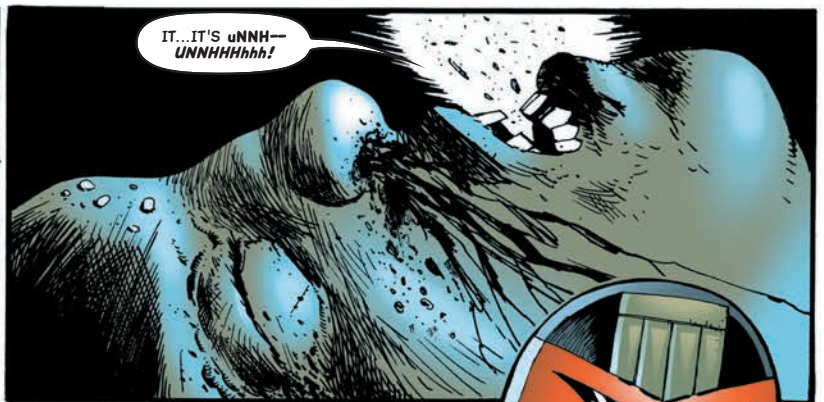
MAYBE IT'S
ON THE NEWSNET.
I WANT TO SEE IT
GO OFF.

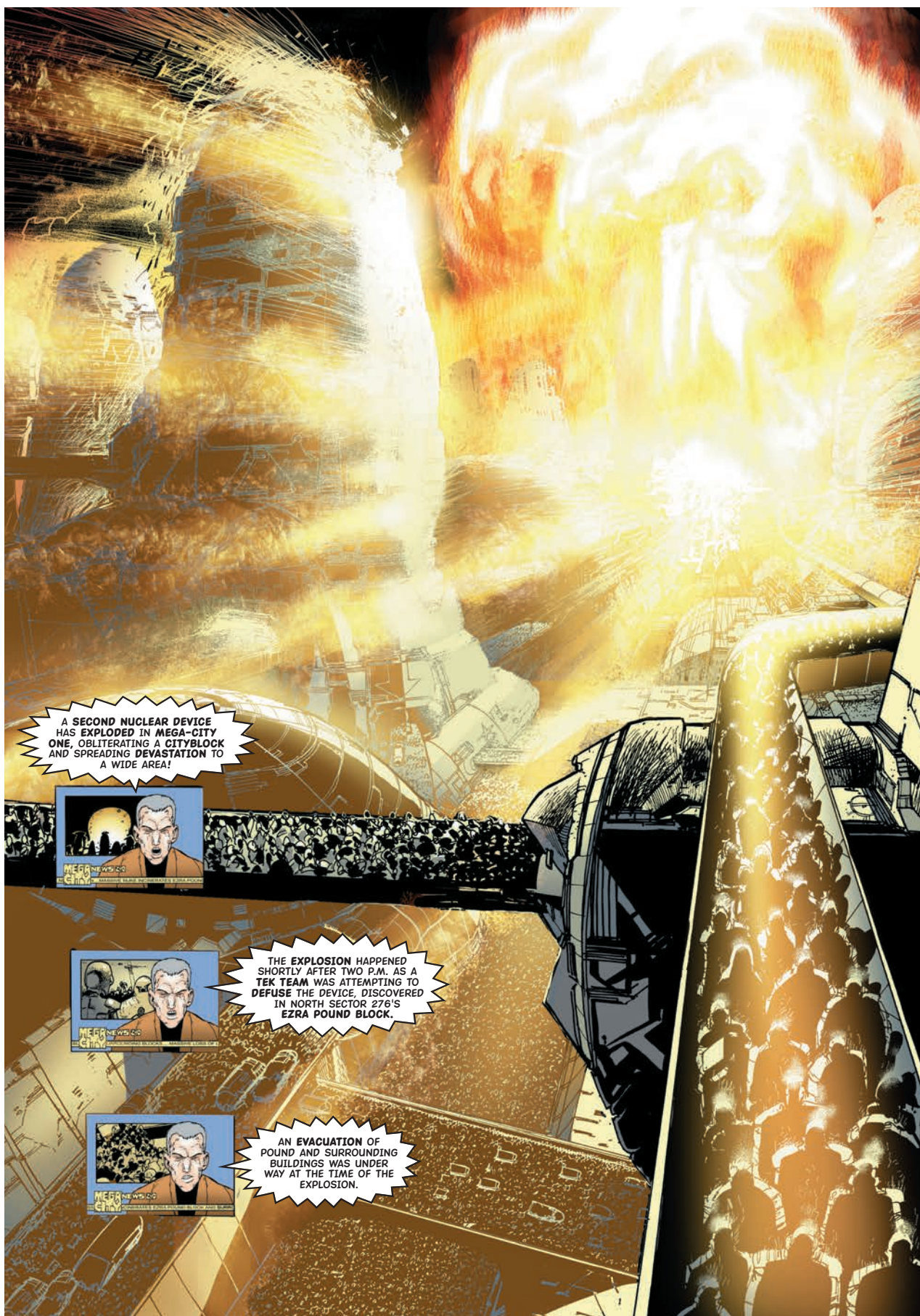
YOU'RE SICK,
YOU KNOW
THAT—?

ON THE CONTRARY, I
AGREE WITH FRANK. WE
SHOULD HAVE THE COURAGE OF
OUR CONVICTIONS, CHARLES.

AFTER ALL, THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THIS AND ANY OTHER
BOMB IS ONLY A MATTER OF
SCALE...

TWENTY-THREE --
TWENTY-TWO --
TWENTY-ONE --





A SECOND NUCLEAR DEVICE HAS EXPLODED IN MEGA-CITY ONE, OBLITERATING A CITYBLOCK AND SPREADING DEVASTATION TO A WIDE AREA!



THE EXPLOSION HAPPENED SHORTLY AFTER TWO P.M. AS A TEK TEAM WAS ATTEMPTING TO DEFUSE THE DEVICE, DISCOVERED IN NORTH SECTOR 276'S EZRA POUND BLOCK.



AN EVACUATION OF POUND AND SURROUNDING BUILDINGS WAS UNDER WAY AT THE TIME OF THE EXPLOSION.





AS WELL AS **POUND**, MANY **NEIGHBOURING BLOCKS** WERE **DESTROYED** IN THE **BLAST**, BELIEVED TO BE **TEN TIMES** AS **POWERFUL** AS THE **BOMB** THAT **DEVASTATED** THE **BOINGBOWL** **YESTERDAY**.

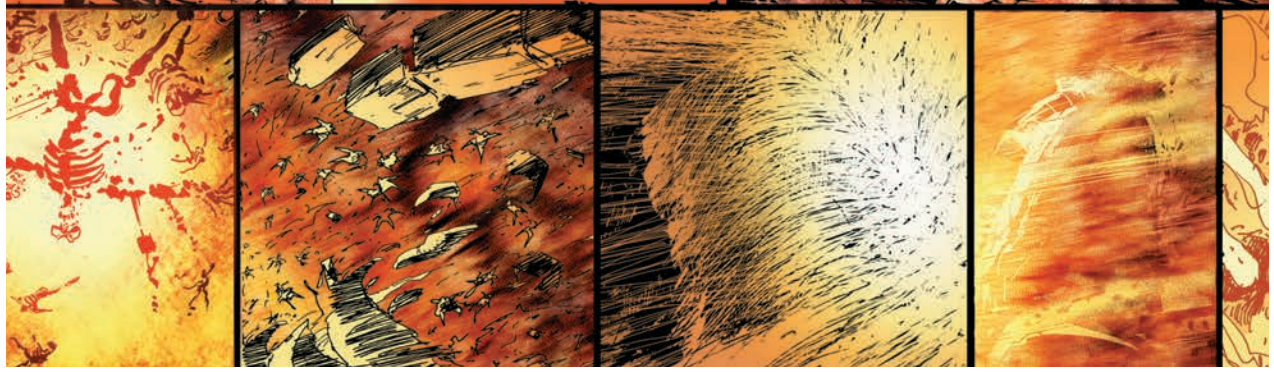
THE **DEATH TOLL** MUST CERTAINLY RUN INTO **HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS**, IF NOT **MILLIONS**. **JUSTICE DEPARTMENT** HAS SET UP **INFORMATION LINES** FOR THOSE WITH **FRIENDS AND RELATIVES** IN **SECTOR 276**, OR MERELY FOR THE **MORBIDLY CURIOUS**.

FOR THE **SURVIVORS**--INDEED FOR THE **WHOLE CITY**--THE **LONG-TERM CONSEQUENCES** OF **EXPOSURE TO RADIATION** ARE **INCALCULABLE**.

I'M HERE AT ONE OF THE **EMERGENCY TREATMENT STATIONS** AROUND THE **BLAST CORDON** WHERE **MED STAFF** ARE **STRUGGLING TO COPE** WITH THE **INJURED AND DYING**. **DISPOSAL OF BODIES** IS BECOMING AN **URGENT PROBLEM**--

--SURROUNDING **BLOCKS** HELPED TO **CONTAIN** THE **BLAST**. WE'RE GETTING A **FORCE SHIELD** UP TO **MINIMISE SPREAD** OF **RADIATION**. THAT'S THE **GOOD NEWS**.

THERE IS STILL **SEVERE DANGER** FROM **FALLOUT**. WHILE **DECONTAMINATION MEASURES** ARE **TAKEN** WE **CAUTION ALL** **CITIZENS** TO **REMAIN** IN THEIR **HOUSES** AND **KEEP TAKING** THEIR **ANTI-RAD PILLS**.





THOUGH NO DIRECT
CLAIM HAS YET BEEN RECEIVED,
THERE CAN BE LITTLE DOUBT
THAT TERROR GROUP **TOTAL
WAR** IS RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE OUTRAGE.



AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE SECOND EXPLOSION DREDD LOST ODDIE RADLEY, HIS MAIN LINK TO THE TERRORISTS...

IRONIC -- BROUGHT HIM IN HERE WITH A FAKE HEART ATTACK, HE DIES OF THE REAL THING.

REACTION TO THE TRUTH DRUG. IT HAPPENS.

DAMNED BAD LUCK.



CAN'T BE US! TOTAL WAR, IT'S NOT TOTAL WAR! I...I TOLD HIM, TH-THERE HAVE TO BE LIMITS! LIMITS!

WHO DID YOU TELL, ODDIE?

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE -- OR HE DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE. TOO LOW DOWN IN THE ORGANISATION TO KNOW FOR SURE.



YUGENE. HE'S A BIG GUY WUH-WITH LOTSA HAIR. HE CALLS ME ON MY SPECIAL COM.

WHAT SPECIAL COM?

EKINS, GO BACK TO THE RADLEY APARTMENT. TAKE AS MANY HELMETS AS YOU NEED. FIND THAT COM.

CHECK.

STUYVESANT, BETTER BREAK THE NEWS TO THE WIDOW. SEE WHAT YOU CAN GET OUT OF HER.



HOW DO I EXPLAIN THIS?

TELL HER WE GOT AN ANONYMOUS TIP-OFF. IT MAY HAVE COME FROM THE PERSON OR PERSONS WHO ADMINISTERED POISON TO HER HUSBAND. THAT GIVES YOU AN EXCUSE TO ASK THE RIGHT QUESTIONS.

MURDER...RIGHT. GOOD THINKING.



SOMETIMES WE MEET.

WHERE? WHERE DO YOU MEET?

YOU TWO WORK WITH ME. WE'RE GOING TO TRACE RADLEY'S MOVEMENTS -- WHERE HE'S BEEN AND WHO HE'S SPOKEN TO. WE HAVE TO FIND HIS CONTACT.

CONTROL, PUT ME THROUGH TO ROFFMAN AT PSU.



HE'D NEVER CARED FOR ROFFMAN, BUT HE'D COME TO RESPECT THE MAN'S WORK AT THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT...

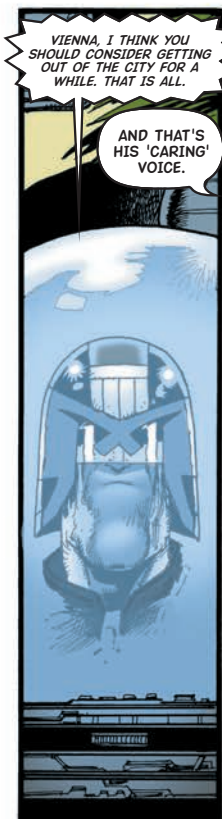
SURVEILLANCE CAMS IN SLATER ARE BANG UP TO SPEC. I CAN PRETTY MUCH RETRACE SUBJECT'S MOVEMENTS ANYWHERE IN THE BUILDING, ANYTIME.

IT'S UNLIKELY THE MEETINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN ON HOME TERRITORY. DISREGARD THAT FOR NOW.



OUTSIDE STUFF IS MORE DIFFICULT. CAMS'LL HAVE LOGGED EVERY TIME HE LEFT THE BUILDING, BUT TRACING HIS MOVEMENTS FROM THERE COULD TAKE A LOT LONGER.

TIME'S WHAT WE DON'T HAVE. ROFFMAN. GRAB FIVE IN THE SLEEP MACHINE IF YOU HAVE TO. YOU'RE ON THIS TILL WE CRACK IT.



VIENNA, I THINK YOU SHOULD CONSIDER GETTING OUT OF THE CITY FOR A WHILE. THAT IS ALL.

AND THAT'S HIS 'CARING' VOICE.



THE DELIVERY MAY BE A LITTLE ABRUPT, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A SMART IDEA TO ME.

I'VE ONLY JUST STARTED WORK AGAIN, RENEE, I CAN'T QUIT ALREADY. BESIDES, WHO CAN GET A FLIGHT?

RIGHT.



STILL, THIS IS BAD. THIS IS DEFINITELY WORSE THAN USUAL. MAYBE YOU SHOULD PULL SOME STRINGS -- IF ANYONE CAN GET YOU A TICKET, UNCLE JOE DREDD CAN.

AND WHILE HE'S AT IT, SEE IF HE CAN GET ONE FOR ME.

I'D NEVER DREAM OF ASKING. SURELY THIS CAN'T GO ON -- SURELY THEY'LL CATCH THEM.



WISH I SHARED YOUR FAITH...

HERE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN HIGHWAY CITIZENS ARE STILL FLOODING OUT OF THE CITY. TRAFFIC IS AT A STANDSTILL, AND I UNDERSTAND THE AUTHORITIES IN CANADA HAVE NOW CLOSED THE ROAD.



AT THE WEST WALL THOUSANDS ARE CHOOSING TO RISK THE CURSED EARTH RATHER THAN STAY IN THE CITY. RADWAGON PRICES HAVE REACHED ASTRONOMICAL PROPORTIONS, BUT BO MUTTLY OF HELLTREK HO -- YOU'RE NOT SELLING. WHY?

YOU THINK PRICES ARE HIGH NOW, ROD, WAIT'LL THE NEXT BOMB GOES OFF!



SPEAKING OF UNCLE JOE, IT SEEMS I HAVE ANOTHER RELATIVE.

YOU'RE KIDDING.

THIS ONE...THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM. YOU KNOW HOW THEY MESS ABOUT WITH THEM -- INSECT GENES AND THAT SORT OF THING...

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW!

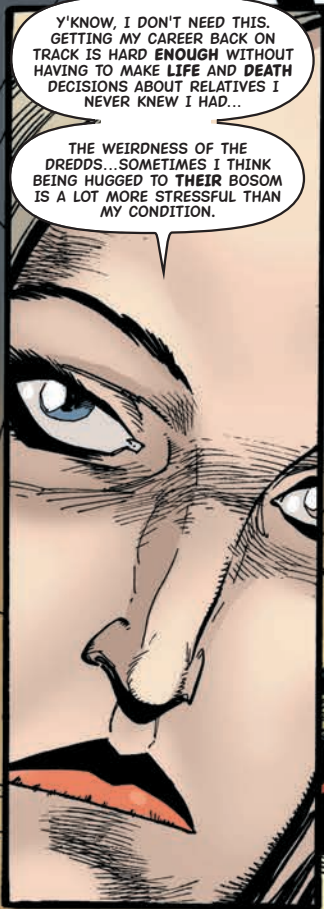


THEY...WANT ME TO SIGN A EUTHANASIA ORDER, AS NEXT OF KIN.

JEEZ, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I...I DON'T KNOW. I CAN'T JUST SIGN SOMEBODY'S LIFE AWAY LIKE THAT. I SAID I'D GO IN AND SEE THEM TOMORROW.

ATIVE HOT LINE CALL : JUS



Y'KNOW, I DON'T NEED THIS. GETTING MY CAREER BACK ON TRACK IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT HAVING TO MAKE LIFE AND DEATH DECISIONS ABOUT RELATIVES I NEVER KNEW I HAD...

THE WEIRDNESS OF THE DREDDs...SOMETIMES I THINK BEING HUGGED TO THEIR BOSOM IS A LOT MORE STRESSFUL THAN MY CONDITION.



WE'VE FOUND THE COM, DREDD -- CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RADLEY'S APARTMENT, HIDDEN IN A UTILITY DUCT.

IT SHOWS TWENTY-THREE CALLS OVER SIX MONTHS, ALL TO AND FROM THE SAME NUMBER -- REGISTERED TO AN ENID ALLARDYCE, WAYNE ROONEY STACKERS.



THAT NAME'S PROBABLY FALSE. CHECK IT ANYWAY, EKINS.

THE CALLS GIVE US DATE AND TIME, ROFFMAN. ASSUMING THEIR PURPOSE WAS TO SET UP MEETINGS, CONCENTRATE ON RADLEY'S MOVEMENTS AFTER EACH CALL.

OKAY, SEPTEMBER 9 LAST, RADLEY TAKES A CALL AT 18.47. HE LEAVES THE BLOCK AT -- NO, WAIT, FALSE ALARM THERE.



GO BACK TO AUGUST 25. 13.18 INCOMING CALL UNANSWERED, NUMBER LOGGED. 16.04 RADLEY CALLS BACK, DURATION SEVEN SECONDS ONLY. THAT'S SIGNIFICANT.

16.13 RADLEY LEAVES APARTMENT CARRYING PLASTI-BAG.



FAST FORWARD -- OKAY, 16.21 I GOT HIM AT THE BLOCK ZOOM STOP. HE'S BOARDING THE EASTBOUND 404.

CALL UP INTERNAL ZOOM CAMS FOR THAT DAY AND --



WELL, WELL, MR RADLEY IS SPROUTING A HAT AND SHADES. THIS IS LOOKING VERY POSSIBLE!

GO GET HIM, ROFFMAN!



THEY HIT A WALL WITH ROFFMAN'S FIRST THREE TRACES.

IN EACH CASE SUBJECT **ODDIE RADLEY** RODE THE ZOOM TO SECTOR 110, GETTING OFF AT THE MUNCE STREET STOP, WALKING EAST.

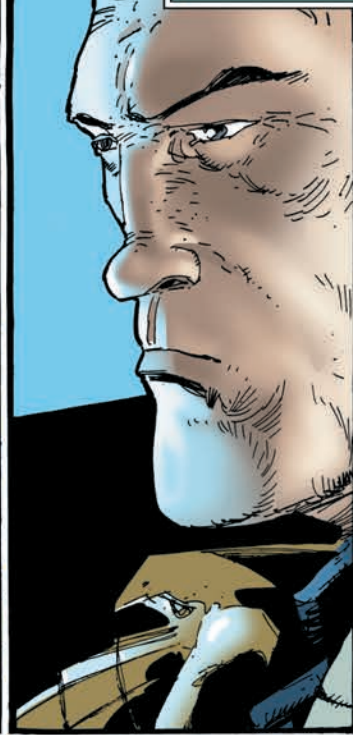
IN EACH CASE LAST SIGHTING WAS FROM THE SUR-CAM AT **YANSI'S USED POD PALACE**, 520 SOUTH MUNCE, HEADING TOWARDS THE UNDERSKEDS BELOW THE ONE-TEN TANGLE.



RADLEY SPENT PERIODS OF 27 MINUTES, 16 MINUTES AND 45 MINUTES THERE BEFORE EMERGING.

THERE WERE NO CAMERAS IN THE 'U-SKEDS'. ANY THAT HAD BEEN EMPLACED SOON FOUND THEMSELVES ON SALE ON ONE OF THE STALLS IN THE QUASI-LEGAL MARKET THAT OPERATED THERE.

AND WHO'D REMEMBER ONE NOT VERY MEMORABLE FACE?





THIS HAD TO BE WHERE RADLEY MET HIS CONTACT. ZERO SURVEILLANCE -- IT'S WHY THEY PICKED IT.

LOOKS LIKE A DEAD END, ROFFMAN. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO THINK AGAIN.

WAIT A MINUTE -- WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT!



THAT'S A BOB N' BUB VAN. IT'S FOLLOWING RADLEY INTO THE UNDERSKEDS.

SO WHAT?

BOB N' BUB VIDS ALL ITS CUSTOMERS SINCE THAT PUKE-BURGER CASE LAST YEAR. ALL THE BIG CHAINS DO NOW.



RECORDS'LL BE STORED AT HQ. LET'S SEE...VAN I.D. IS 43.

LOCATE BOB N' BUB 43 FOR THE 25TH, BYPASS SECURITY--

THE BEAUTY OF THIS SYSTEM IS YOU JUST FEED IN THE FACE YOU WANT AND IT'LL SCAN A WHOLE DAY IN THREE SECONDS AND FIND IT FOR YOU.



NO. SORRY. NOTHING. JUST A LONGSHOT. THOUGHT WE MIGHT HAVE PICKED THE SUBJECT UP IN THE BACKGROUND.

I SEE A McFATTY'S HERE -- AND THERE'S A SHAPIRO'S.

RIGHT. GOOD THINKING. I'LL CHECK OUT MONELLA'S AND PLANET DOUGHBALL TOO, ALL THREE DATES. NEVER KNOW, WORTH A TRY...



YOU BEAUTY! GOT HIM!

McFATTY'S ON THE 19TH JUNE! HE'S PASSING -- HE'S GONE PAST! DAMN --

WAIT, NO -- THERE HE IS AGAIN!



HE'S HEADING INTO A DINER, THE 'SKEDVIEW'.

I SEE IT, UNDER THE ARCH.



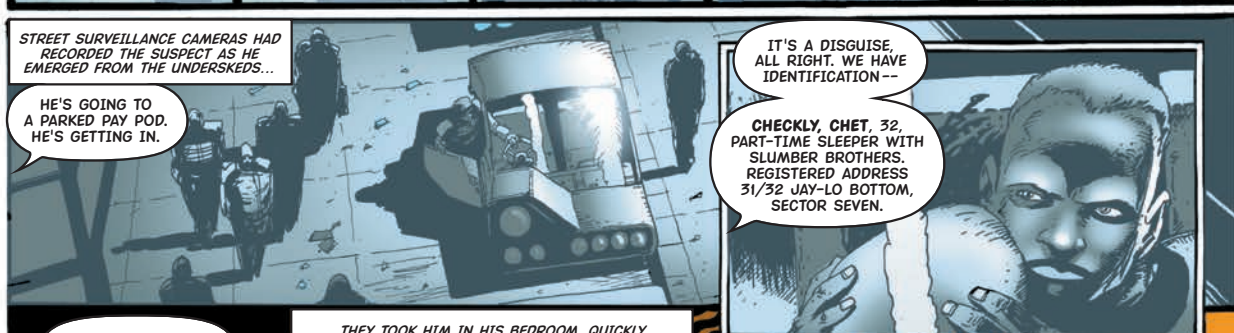
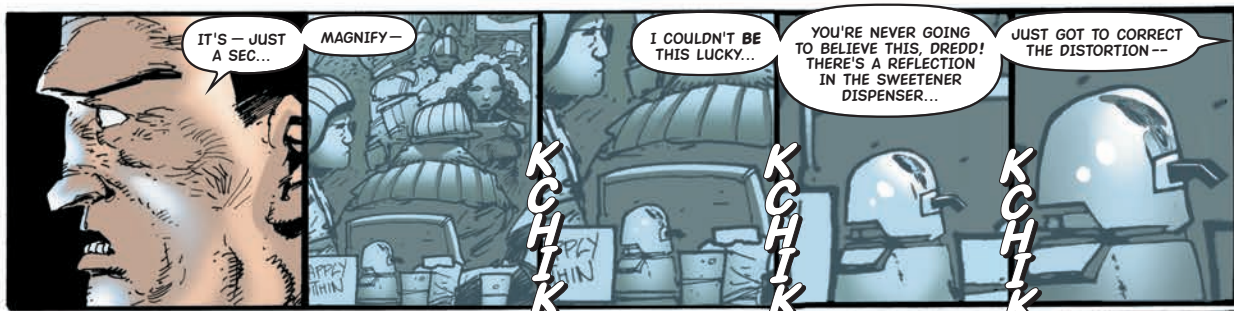
HE'S SITTING DOWN. HE'S MEETING SOMEONE.

I CAN'T MAKE HIM OUT, HE'S HIDDEN BY THE POSTER--



HELL! THE McFATTY'S IS MOVING ON! THE DINER'S OUT OF SIGHT -- IT'S ANOTHER DEAD END!

CHECK THE SKED VIEW! HE WAS THERE!



THERE WAS NO HIDDEN CYANIDE CAPSULE ON CHET CHECKLY. THEY WEREN'T MANDATORY.

WHEN HE CAME ROUND HE WAS SWEATING PROFUSELY, OBVIOUSLY TERRIFIED.

JUST KEEP HIM SCARED AND HE WOULD BE AN EASY NUT TO CRACK. FEAR WAS THE KEY—

—AND NOBODY KNEW HOW TO TURN IT BETTER THAN DREDD.

RECOGNISE HIM? SURE YOU DO. YOUR OLD FRIEND.

I'M AFRAID I HAD TO HURT HIM. I HAD TO HURT RATHER A LOT. IN THE END HE COULDN'T TAKE IT. BUT I STILL FOUND YOU.

YOU KEEP **ONE** THING BACK FROM ME--**ONE** THING--AND I WILL KNOW IT! AND THAT'S WHEN THE PAIN STARTS, CHECKLY! AND IN THE END, I WILL GET WHAT I WANT!

AND WHEN I GET WHAT I WANT--AFTER ALL THE PAIN I'VE INFLICTED ON YOU--IF YOU GIVE ME A **HARD TIME**, CHECKLY, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO?

WHUH-WHUH-WHAT?

I'M GOING TO SEND YOU TO RESYK...
...ALIVE.

THINK ABOUT IT. LYING ON THAT CONVEYOR, WATCHING THE BLADES COME CLOSER AND CLOSER. YOU KNOW I'LL DO IT--YOU KNOW WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF.

SO WHY DON'T YOU SAVE YOURSELF ALL THAT PAIN? JUST TELL ME, WHO'S BOMBING MY CITY?

I...I DON'T KNOW!

MUH-MICHAEL! HIS LOT!

WHO'S MICHAEL?

I DON'T KNOW!

WE HAVE CODENAMES-- JERICO - RACHEL - DIDIER - MICHAEL-- THAT'S TOTAL WAR'S INNER COUNCIL, ISN'T IT? WHO ARE THEY, CHET?

CODENAMES -- THAT'S ALL I **KNOW**, MAN, JUST CODENAMES! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME! THEY DON'T BRING ME IN ON THE BIG DECISIONS. ANYTHING I KNOW I GET FROM **ARNOLD** --

ARNOLD'S YOUR IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR?

THAT'S IT! ARNOLD SAID THERE WAS A...A BIG BUST-UP AT HEAD OFFICE. **NUKES**-- THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN A POSSIBILITY, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? BUT NOBODY EVER WANTED TO TAKE THAT STEP.

IT WAS MICHAEL-- HE SPRUNG IT ON THE OTHERS. HIS DIVISION HAD SNUCK IN A LOAD OF PLUTONIUM. HE WAS SICK OF PUSSYFOOTING AROUND.

IT GOT ANGRY. JERICO AND MICHAEL HAD TO BE PULLED APART. THAT'S HOW IT ENDED. AFTER THAT MICHAEL AND HIS DIVISION BROKE OFF CONTACT.

THE REST... YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO!



I THINK YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON US, CHET. I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO START HURTING YOU...

PLEASE, MAN! I-I TOLD YOU, I DON'T GET INVITED TO THE TABLE! **ARNOLD**-- HE KNOWS, HE WAS THERE! HE TOLD ME!



AND WHO'S **ARNOLD**? JUST A DAMNED CODENAME TOO?

N-NO!



KEELER, **BENSON KEELER**! THAT'S HIS NAME!

I KNEW HIS FACE, SEE! HE COULDN'T HIDE THAT! HE'S AN ACTOR -- EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM!



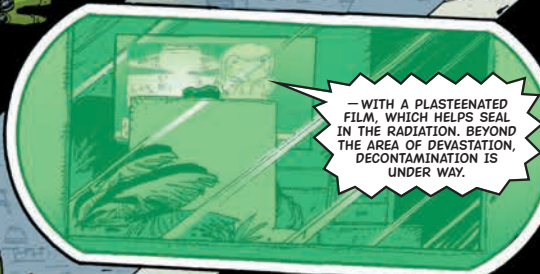
AS **MORRY**, THE LOVABLE TOUGH NUT P.I. IN **MEGA-CITY VICE**, **BENSON KEELER**'S FACE WAS FAMILIAR EVEN TO THE JUDGES. NOT THE KIND OF CIT THEY'D HAVE FIGURED FOR 'POLITICAL'...



THE ADDRESS THEY HAD WAS **B444B CLIFF RICHARD**, A FADED LUXI-BLOCK ON **BACHELOR STREET**...

I GOT A CLEAR VIEW, WHAT LOOKS LIKE THE LOUNGE. THAT'S ROOM 'C' ON YOUR PLAN. **KEELER** IS THERE. HE'S WATCHING THE VID.

MOTION DETECTOR INDICATES HE IS ALONE IN THE APARTMENT. SEND IN YOUR COURIER NOW.



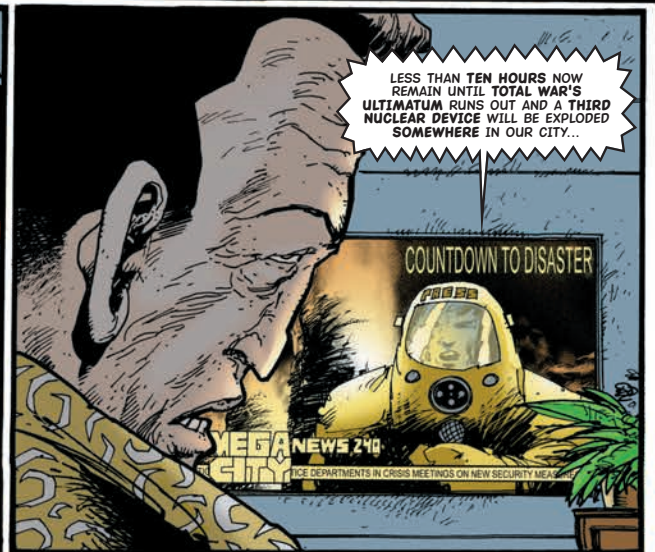
-- WITH A PLASTEATED FILM, WHICH HELPS SEAL IN THE RADIATION. BEYOND THE AREA OF DEVASTATION, DECONTAMINATION IS UNDER WAY.



bing bong



SHAS



NOW HEAR THIS!

IN AN EFFORT TO
PRESERVE OUR CITY—

—IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DEMANDS
OF TERROR GROUP TOTAL WAR—

—THE JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY ONE
DO THIS DAY WITH IMMEDIATE
EFFECT RESIGN THEIR OFFICE AND
CEDE POWER TO THE CIVILIAN
AUTHORITY!

IT'S THE END OF
THE JUDGES!

THEY'RE GONE!

WE WON!

DEMIGARD
NOW

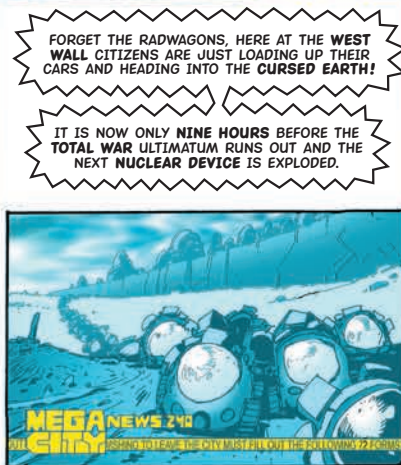
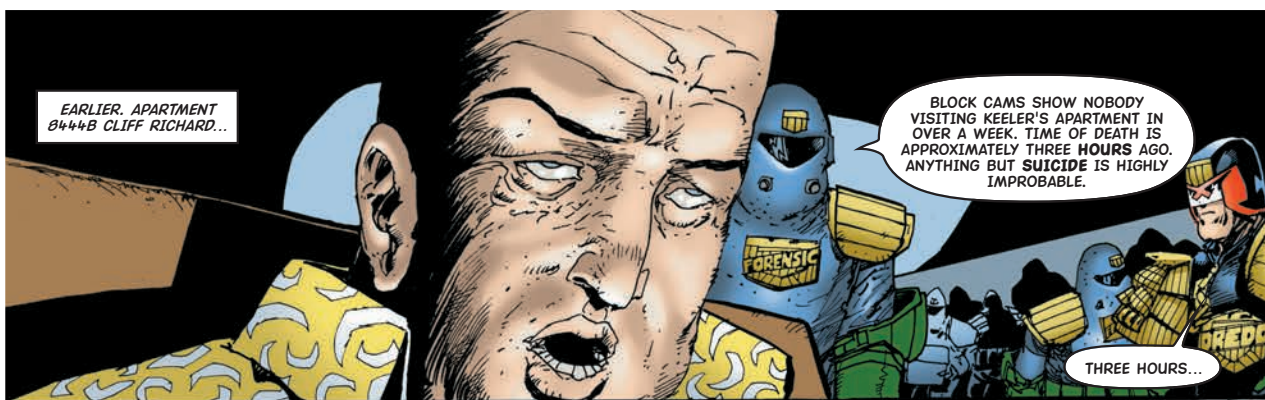
♪ ♪ HAPPY DAYS
ARE HERE AGAIN—!
♪ ♪

JUDGES
OUT

NO MORE
MURDER

GO







ROUTE ONE TO TOTAL WAR COMMAND JUST WASHED OUT. BENSON KEELER KILLED HIMSELF.

THAT'S BAD.

WE KNOW THERE'S BEEN A SPLIT IN THE ORGANISATION--A LOT OF ACTIVISTS ARE STRONGLY OPPOSED TO WHAT'S GOING ON. GUESS KEELER JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT, TOO MANY DEATHS ON HIS CONSCIENCE.



WE'RE SEARCHING HIS APARTMENT BUT SO FAR NO LEADS. TRACING HIS MOVEMENTS WON'T BE EASY. I'VE GOT PSU ON THE CASE, BUT KEELER'S FACE IS KNOWN, HE'D HAVE TAKEN ADDED PRECAUTIONS.

ALL RIGHT, WE'LL TRY TO BUY YOU SOME TIME.



RAMOS, YOUR OBJECTIONS ARE NOTED, BUT IF I JUDGE THE MOOD WE'RE FOUR TO ONE HERE. BUELL?

FIVE, I GUESS. IF NOTHING ELSE, IT PUTS THE BALL BACK IN THEIR COURT. LET'S SEE WHAT THEY DO NOW.

THEN OUR DECISION IS MADE.



THE JUDGES ARE NO MORE!



COURTS -- THE RIGHT TO TRIAL BY JURY -- THE PRESUMPTION OF INNOCENCE -- ALL WILL BE REINSTATED.

WE WILL, IF REQUESTED BY THE CIVILIAN AUTHORITY AND *ONLY* IF REQUESTED, ASSUME THE DUTIES OF A POLICE FORCE DURING THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

OH, YEAH, I CAN JUST SEE YOUR UNCLE DREDD GOING ALONG WITH THAT!



IN ADDITION, A SPECIAL COMMISSION WILL BE SET UP TO INVESTIGATE COMPLAINTS AGAINST JUDGES.

NOW I KNOW I'M DREAMING!

THE THING IS, RENEE, EVEN IF IT'S NOT TRUE, THEY'RE CALLING TOTAL WAR'S BLUFF.



AS LONG AS IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT WHAT THEY ASKED FOR, THE TERRORISTS CAN'T JUST DISMISS IT. THEY'VE GOT TO HALT THE BOMBING--

--HAVEN'T THEY?



THE APPLIED GENETICS FACILITY--

HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A DREDD.

NO, EVEN BEFORE THE BURN THERE WAS NO STRONG RESEMBLANCE. GENETIC MODIFICATION CAN HAVE KNOCK-ON EFFECTS FOR THE WHOLE ORGANISM.



NIMROD WAS THE MOST PHYSICALLY GIFTED CADET EVER TO ATTEND THE ACADEMY. THE GENETIC MODIFICATIONS GAVE HIM QUITE EXTRAORDINARY CAPABILITIES.

HE COULD, FOR INSTANCE, SMELL CHEMICAL CHANGES IN HUMAN SWEAT -- HE COULD TELL IF YOU WERE LYING OR TELLING THE TRUTH.

THEN NEURAL DECAY SET IN.

AND THERE'S NO POSSIBLE CURE?



NONE. IRREVERSIBLE, UNSTOPPABLE. A COMMON SIDE EFFECT OF GM.

I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM NOW. WHEN YOU SEE HIM YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY WE WANT TO LET HIM GO.



I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T ASK MY UNCLE -- OR JUDGE RICO. SURELY THEY'RE CLOSER TO NEXT OF KIN?

I, UH, DID ASK DREDD. HE DECLINED -- RATHER FORCEFULLY, IN FACT. I FELT I MIGHT GET THE SAME REACTION FROM RICO.

CLONES CAN BE... SOMEWHAT TOUCHY. I BELIEVE THEY RESENT WHAT WE DO HERE.

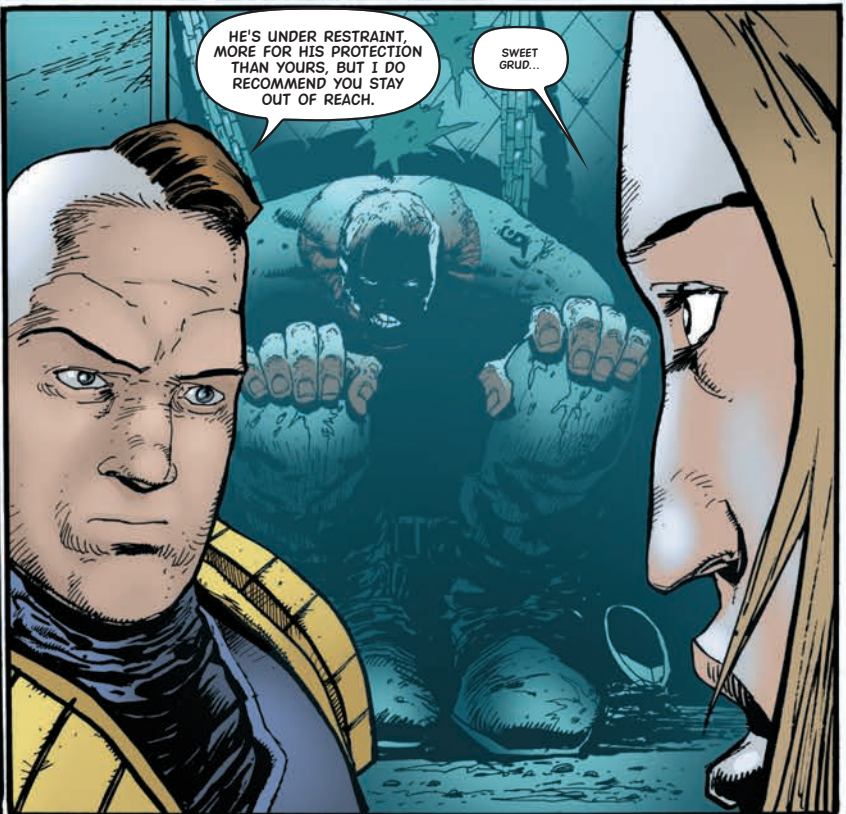
ASTONISHING, WHEN YOU CONSIDER THEY WOULD HARDLY BE HERE IF IT WASN'T FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME.



SO I'M MUGGINS.

IT'S JUST A FORMALITY, MS. PASTERNAK. YOU UNDERSTAND, I NEED SOMEONE TO SIGN THE EUTHANASIA CONSENT. IT'S FOR THE BEST.

OPEN SEVEN!



HE'S UNDER RESTRAINT, MORE FOR HIS PROTECTION THAN YOURS, BUT I DO RECOMMEND YOU STAY OUT OF REACH.

SWEET GRUD...



UH...
HELLO, NIMROD.
I'M VIENNA.

I...SUPPOSE
YOU COULD SAY
I'M, WELL, LIKE
A COUSIN.

EXAGGERATE!
OHMM, YES! BIG BIG!
I AM! I AM THE LAW!
THE LAW THE LAW THE
LAW THE LAW!

I'M VERY PLEAZED TO MEET
YOU, VIENNA. I WOULD GET UP
BUT I WOULD GET UP BUT I AM
AFRAID I AM NOT FEELING FEEL-
ING QUITE MYSELF LADELY--

HUUUHHNNNNNNNNNN!

THIS IS VERY TYPICAL.
MOMENTS OF SURPRISING
LUCIDITY INTERSPERSED
WITH GIBBERISH -- FITS --
MUSCLE SPASM --
BEWILDERMENT.

SO MANY
MISCONNECTIONS.
HIS WHOLE NEURAL
SYSTEM IS FALLING
APART.

SO SORRY. SSSCUSE
MANNERS. HAS YOU...
YOU CUH-CUH-CUHM
HELP ME?

I...DON'T
KNOW.

I...I WANT
TO, NIMROD.

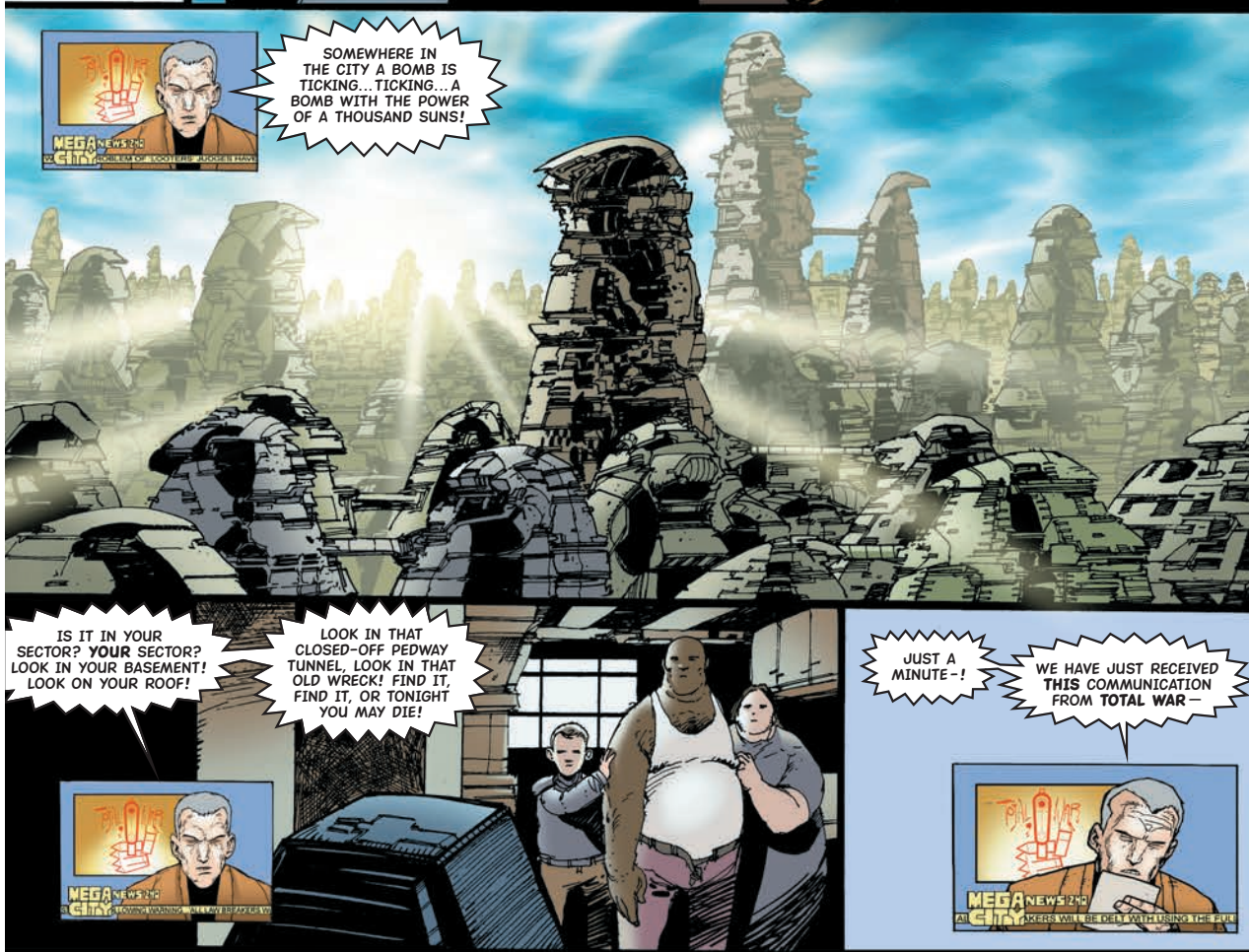
IT CAN ONLY GET
WORSE. IF YOU REALLY
WANT TO HELP HIM, MS
PASTERNAK, SIGN THE
FORM -- PLEASE.

IT'S TOO
BIG A DECISION.
I'LL...HAVE TO
THINK ABOUT IT...

SHE NEEDED TIME -- IF THERE
WAS ANY TIME LEFT FOR ANY OF
THEM IN THIS CRAZY CITY...

JUDGE DREDD IS
CURRENTLY TIED UP,
MS PASTERNAK. IS IT AN
EMERGENCY?

I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK
TO HIM. IT'S IMPORTANT.
PLEASE PASS ON THE
MESSAGE.





IT IS NOW **ONE HOUR** BEFORE THE TOTAL WAR **ULTIMATUM** RUNS OUT. WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED **THIS MESSAGE** FROM THE TERRORISTS.

THERE ARE NO PICTURES, JUST THESE STARK AND OMINOUS WORDS. THE VOICE HAS BEEN ELECTRONICALLY DISTORTED. IT SEEMS SOMEHOW APT — THE COLD, INHUMAN TONES OF THE FANATIC.

TOTAL WAR AGREES TO DELAY DETONATION OF THE THIRD NUCLEAR DEVICE BY TWELVE HOURS. THIS IS **CONDITIONAL** UPON THE JUDGES COMPLYING WITH OUR DEMANDS AND REMOVING THEMSELVES FROM THE CITY.



THE NEW DEADLINE IS NOON TOMORROW. WE SAY **GO NOW**. FAIL TO COMPLY AND THE THIRD DEVICE WILL BE DETONATED. THAT IS ALL

HOW DID THE MESSAGE COME IN?

ON A REMOTE LIKE THE FIRST. NO CHANCE OF A TRACE.

I WARNED YOU! THIS IS WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU GIVE IN TO THEM! THEY DON'T STOP THERE!

IT WAS PREDICTABLE.



FOR THE MOMENT OUR BEST COURSE IS TO CONTINUE THE PRETENCE. I WILL ANNOUNCE THAT ALL JUDGES HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO LEAVE THE CITY BY NOON TOMORROW.

THERE'LL BE ANARCHY!

CITIDEF UNITS WILL TAKE OVER POLICING. THAT'S DANGEROUS IN ITSELF, I SUPPOSE. BUT YES, THERE WILL BE DISRUPTION. THAT CAN'T BE HELPED.



HOLLISTER, YOUR UNDERCOVER DIVISION WILL OF COURSE REMAIN TO ASSIST DREDD IN HIS INVESTIGATION. DRAFT IN AS MANY STREET UNITS AS YOU NEED, PREFERABLY THOSE WITH PLAIN-CLOTHES EXPERIENCE.

WILL DO.



CHIEF JUDGE, JUST IN FROM SECTOR HOUSE 40 — THEY'VE FOUND ANOTHER DEVICE!





THE OWNER OF A BREAKERS' YARD HAD CALLED IT IN --

LOOKS IDENTICAL TO THE ONE IN EZRA POUND.

ATTEMPTING TO DEFUSE THE PREVIOUS BOMB MAY HAVE SET IT OFF. IT WAS FELT THAT THE SAFEST OPTION WAS TO MOVE IT TO A LOCATION IN THE CURSED EARTH.

ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO TEST THE THEORY.

SH-SHOULDN'T I BE GETTING OUT OF HERE?

CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, CITIZEN. WE'VE GOT A NEWS BLACK-OUT ON THIS.

HOLY SHUGG!

SHE'S MOVING. IF IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN --

SHE'S AIRBORNE. NOTIFY WEST WALL, SHIP PROCEEDING TO DUMP ZONE.

OH MAN...!

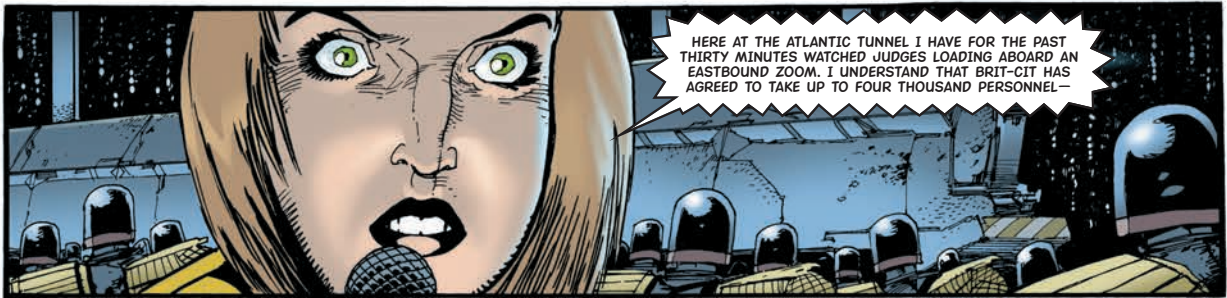
GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP, CITIZEN. THEN WE'LL WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR SECURITY SCANS.

HEY, DON'T BE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF. FELT MY OWN SPHINCTER GETTING A LITTLE TWITCHY THERE...

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DEMANDS OF TERROR GROUP TOTAL WAR-- IN A EFFORT TO SAVE MY CITY FROM FURTHER DEVASTATION -- I HAVE TONIGHT ISSUED AN ORDER FOR ALL JUDGES TO BEGIN EVACUATING MEGA-CITY ONE.

LET THIS NOT BE TAKEN AS AN EXCUSE FOR LAWLESSNESS. UNTIL PROPER GOVERNANCE CAN BE ESTABLISHED, I AM INSTRUCTING CITI-DEF GROUPS TO MAINTAIN ORDER.

HE'S ONE OF THEM! HANG 'IM!



HERE AT THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL I HAVE FOR THE PAST THIRTY MINUTES WATCHED JUDGES LOADING ABOARD AN EASTBOUND ZOOM. I UNDERSTAND THAT BRIT-CIT HAS AGREED TO TAKE UP TO FOUR THOUSAND PERSONNEL--



IN SECTOR 112 AN UNEMPLOYED EMPLOYMENT COUNSELLOR WAS LYNCHED AFTER APPARENTLY BEING MISTAKEN FOR A BOMBER, PROMPTING RENEWED CALLS TO TACKLE THE SECTOR'S SERIOUS LITERACY PROBLEM--

VIENNA, YOU LEFT A MESSAGE, IT'S LATE, SORRY, BAD TIME, RUNNING ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE HERE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, I WAS SITTING UP ANYWAY, COULDN'T SLEEP.

DON'T BLAME YOU, WITH ALL THIS GOING ON, THOUGHT I TOLD YOU YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IN BRIT-CIT?



DIDN'T GET ROUND TO IT, ANYWAY, THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.

I NEED SOME ADVICE, I...WENT TO SEE NIMROD TODAY.

THEY DRAGGED YOU INTO IT, DID THEY? I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH THEM.

NO, DON'T.



I WANT TO HELP. I WANT TO DO SOMETHING, IT'S JUST... I'VE NEVER HAD THE POWER OF LIFE OR DEATH OVER SOMEONE.

I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S BEST BUT... IT'S HARD, IT'S HARD TO SAY TO ANOTHER HUMAN BEING, THIS IS WHERE YOUR LIFE ENDS.



I'VE HAD PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE AND TAKE IT FROM ME, IT'S NOT THAT HARD.

BUT NIMROD ISN'T YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, VIENNA, AND DON'T LET THEM TELL YOU DIFFERENT. HE'S JUST A CELL TAKEN FROM FARGO'S CLONE-STOCK, THAT'S ALL.



SO ARE YOU, THAT MAKES YOU FAMILY-- DOESN'T IT?

HMMPH.



YOU HAVE MY OPINION, GOT TO GO. IF YOU WANT TO DO WHAT'S BEST, DO WHAT I SAID AND GET OVER TO BRIT-CIT. YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU WE'RE LIVING IN DANGEROUS TIMES.



THANKS A LOT, UNCLE JOE!



SUCK ON THIS, BUCKETHEAD!

ping!

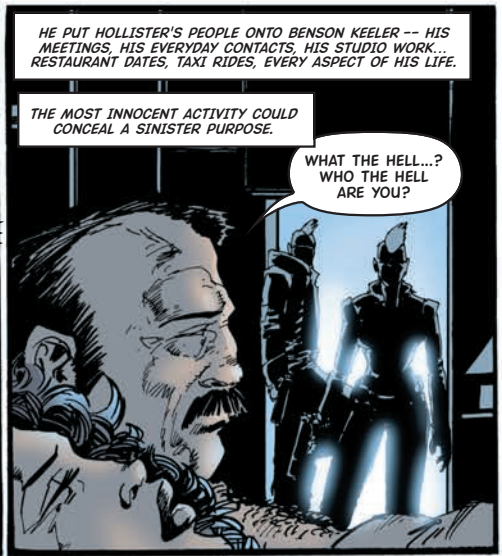


LAWLESSNESS WAS SPREADING.

HE DIDN'T STOP. HE HAD MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS IN HAND TONIGHT. BUT HE WASN'T A MAN TO FORGET.

CONTROL, WE GOT A STONE-THROWING INCIDENT, GENTRY AVENUE AT NINETY. CHECK WITH PSU FOR SECURI-CAM SHOTS, HOLD FOR FURTHER REFERENCE.

THAT'S A ROJ.



HE PUT HOLLISTER'S PEOPLE ONTO BENSON KEELER -- HIS MEETINGS, HIS EVERYDAY CONTACTS, HIS STUDIO WORK... RESTAURANT DATES, TAXI RIDES, EVERY ASPECT OF HIS LIFE.

THE MOST INNOCENT ACTIVITY COULD CONCEAL A SINISTER PURPOSE.

WHAT THE HELL...? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?



YOUR HOUSE SYSTEM WOULDN'T WAKE YOU. WE NEEDED TO TALK.



WH-WHO IS IT, HOOPY?

I-I DON'T KNOW!



GOT A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT BENSON KEELER.



I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU! GET OUT OF HERE!



ZZIZ. I'D SAY ABOUT FIFTY G. THAT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD, HOOP.

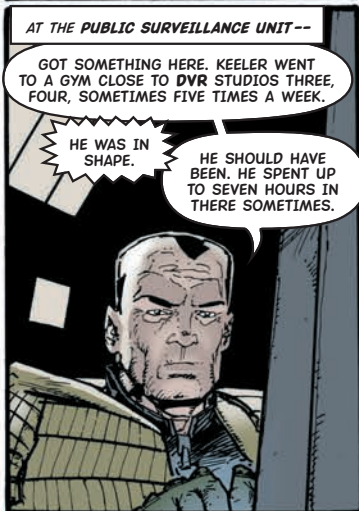


WH-WH-WHAT ARE YOU -- THE LAW?



SAY WE CUT YOU A DEAL. SAY WE FORGET WE SAW THE ZZIZ -- YOU GONNA TALK TO US LIKE AN UPRIGHT CITIZEN?

HEY, WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO MENTION YOUR FRIEND HERE TO YOUR WIFE.



AT THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT--

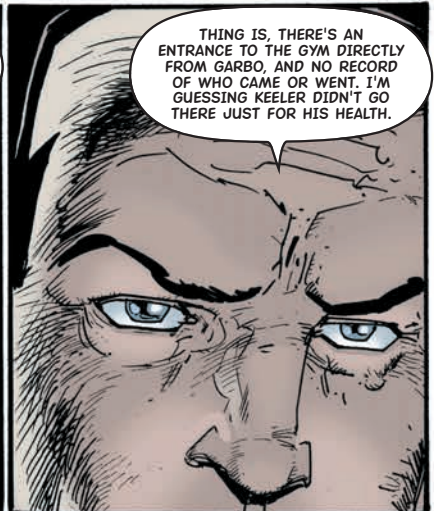
GOT SOMETHING HERE. KEELER WENT TO A GYM CLOSE TO DVR STUDIOS THREE, FOUR, SOMETIMES FIVE TIMES A WEEK.

HE WAS IN SHAPE.

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN. HE SPENT UP TO SEVEN HOURS IN THERE SOMETIMES.



THE CLUB'S IN NEW GARBO. THAT'S A HERMITAGE BLOCK-- MAKE A BIG POINT OF NOT SNOOPING ON RESIDENTS, NO SURVEILLANCE ANYWHERE IN THE BUILDING.



THING IS, THERE'S AN ENTRANCE TO THE GYM DIRECTLY FROM GARBO, AND NO RECORD OF WHO CAME OR WENT. I'M GUESSING KEELER DIDN'T GO THERE JUST FOR HIS HEALTH.



WE KNOW KEELER REPORTED DIRECTLY TO JERICO--WE KNOW JERICO IS ONE OF TOTAL WAR'S INNER COUNCIL. FIND JERICO AND WE HAVE THE REST OF THEM.

HE MAY BE A RESIDENT--HE MAY JUST HAVE BEEN A VISITOR LIKE KEELER. BUT WE BELIEVE KEELER WAS MEETING SOMEONE IN THERE.

HOW DO YOU WANT US TO APPROACH THIS--DISCREETLY?



WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR DISCREETLY.

WAKE THEM UP. DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER. USE YOUR LIE DETECTOR.

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, CITIZEN! OPEN THE DOOR!



THAT'S MORRY-- MORRY FROM MEGA-CITY VICE!

I'D REMEMBER IF WE'D SEEN HIM HERE!

WE'D HELP YOU IF WE COULD, BELIEVE ME. WE WANT THIS DREADFUL NUKING TO STOP, IF ONLY FOR IGGY'S SAKE.



OH! OH, YES! OH, DEAR ME, YES, I'VE SEEN HIM! HAVEN'T WE, WENDELL?

WHAT? WHAT?



I'VE SEEN HIM GOING INTO NEXT DOOR -- YOU KNOW, 1399. MR. DEVINE. HE TRIED TO COVER HIS FACE, BUT I SAW HIM...



SKRASH



WH-WH-WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

YOU!



HOOGER, SELECT
CLIENTELE, ALL THEIR
NAMES AND ADDRESSES
HERE.

IF HE'S **TOTAL
WAR** I'M BISHOP
DESMOND
SNODGRASS.



DREDD?
THIS IS SECTOR
HOUSE 30. STILL
SOME OF US ON
DUTY. DON'T HAVE
TO GET OUT TILL
1200.



ANYWAY, LISTEN, CITIZEN
WALKS IN, SAYS HE NEEDS TO
SPEAK TO YOU PERSONAL. NAME'S
RUSKIN--P.G. RUSKIN.

DIDN'T FIGURE IT'D MEAN
ANYTHING. CITIZEN SAYS IT'S
IMPORTANT THOUGH--SAID
YOU'D KNOW WHO HE WAS.



NAME **JERICHO**
MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?



MY NAME IS
PAUL GEE RUSKIN.
I LIVE AT 2909
CLIFF RICHARD.

UNTIL SIX YEARS AGO
I WAS PROFESSOR OF
EXTREME PHILOSOPHY AT
CNU, RETIRED ON FULL
PAY AFTER AN ATTACK BY
STUDENTS.

SINCE THEN I HAVE BECOME
MORE DEEPLY INVOLVED IN
THE ACTIVITIES OF TOTAL
WAR. YOU WOULD KNOW
ME AS JERICHO.



YOU LIVE IN THE
SAME BLOCK AS
BENSON KEELER, YOUR
NEXT-IN-COMMAND?
UNWISE, ISN'T IT?

ON THE CONTRARY.
YOU NEVER SUSPECTED.
IN FACT, IF YOU'RE HONEST,
IT'S THE LAST PLACE YOU'D
THINK OF.

YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO KEELER?



YES. POOR BEN. HE TOLD ME
WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO.
HE SAW NO OTHER WAY OUT. HE
COULDN'T LIVE WITH WHAT THEY
WERE DOING, BUT HE COULDN'T
BETRAY THE MOVEMENT.
SADLY, I MUST.

MY OWN FATE IS OF
NO CONSEQUENCE. I WON'T
LAST MUCH LONGER IN ANY
CASE. I HAVE A CANCER.
YOU CAN CHECK THAT ON
MY MEDICAL RECORDS.

WE DID.



I WON'T TOLERATE WHAT THEY'RE
DOING! I NEVER AGREED TO IT--
I WON'T ALLOW IT TO CONTINUE!
I'LL GIVE YOU NAMES, DETAILS,
EVERYTHING I KNOW.



BUT JUST THE
GUILTY ONES. NO
ONE ELSE -- JUST
THEM, THAT'S ALL.
I WON'T GIVE YOU
ANYONE ELSE.

WE CAN'T MAKE
YOU TALK, RUSKIN.
AT THE MOMENT ALL
I'M CONCERNED
ABOUT IS STOPPING
THESE MANIACS.



BIERCE...HE'S THE ONE.
ODWIN BIERCE -- CODENAME
MICHAEL. THE NEPHEW OF
OPTIMAN BIERCE.

NEVER TRUSTED HIM.
THE RICH...THEY'RE NOT LIKE
NORMAL PEOPLE. THEY LIVE
BY DIFFERENT RULES.

YOU JUST GO FOR
KILLING ON A SMALL
SCALE, HUH?

LET'S NOT GET
INTO THAT, EKINS.
LET THE MAN SPEAK.



THE **DEVICES** WERE PUT TOGETHER BY BIERCE'S NUMBER TWO, **MIAH DALLER** -- CODENAME '**FRANK**'. A VERY BRIGHT GIRL, ACCORDING TO JERICHO. LEARNED HER TRADE WITH THE HLF.

DO WE KNOW HOW MANY DEVICES WERE CONSTRUCTED?

THEY TALKED BIG, BUT JERICHO HAD IT FROM A RELIABLE SOURCE THAT THEY ONLY HAD **FISSILE** MATERIAL ENOUGH FOR TWELVE.

THAT CONFIRMS OUR SUSPICIONS.



THAT STILL LEAVES NINE. DO PLENTY OF DAMAGE WITH NINE BIG FAT NUKES.

AGREED. IT'S ESSENTIAL WE FIND THEM.

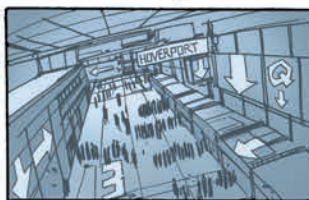


THE DEVICES WERE PUT IN PLACE BY A CELL ULTIMATELY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF **HUBE MANTO**, CODENAME '**CHARLES**' -- ALSO ONE OF BIERCE'S INNER CIRCLE.

UNSURPRISINGLY, MANTO, DALLER AND BIERCE ARE NOT AT ANY OF THEIR ADDRESSES. **PSU** ARE RUNNING A TRACE.

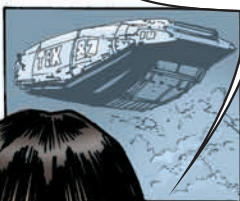


--FROM ALL, THAT IS, BUT THE PROBING FINGERS OF THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT...



ALL THREE SUSPECTS HAD LEFT THE CITY TWO DAYS PRIOR TO THE TOTAL WAR ULTIMATUM -- MANTO TO THE **MONGOLIAN FREE STATE**, DALLER AND BIERCE TOGETHER TO **CUIDAD BARRANQUILLA**. THERE THEY DISAPPEARED --

ON THE **FLIGHT OUT** BIERCE AND DALLER REQUESTED NO **TREEMAT**. DALLER ALSO HAS A **GLUTEN** ALLERGY. ADD TO THAT BIERCE DRINKS **VIVALDI DINGERS** -- WE CONFIRMED THAT WITH HOME PURCHASE DATA.



RECORDS FOR LATER DEPARTURES FROM **CB** SHOW ONLY ONE FLIGHT WITH THAT COMBO -- A SAME-DAY CONNECTION TO THE **ANDEAN CONURB**, PASSENGERS TRAVELLING SEPARATELY UNDER THE NAMES **BISHTON** AND **DE GOYTE**.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING WE GOT ONE **NO-TREE NON-GLUTE** AND ONE **NO-TREE WITH DINGERS** ON THE 11:47 TO **TEXAS CITY** UNDER THE NAMES **ARONDO SAZ** AND **EVILLINA URIS**.



AS GOOD AS FOOTPRINTS.

WHEN A SIMILAR TRACE ALSO TRACKED **HUBE MANTO** TO **TEXAS CITY**, A REQUEST FOR IMMEDIATE AND URGENT ASSISTANCE WAS PASSED TO **TC JUSTICE DEPARTMENT**.





IT WAS **ROFFMAN** WHO MADE THE SECOND BREAK --

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE CREEPS WHO **PUT** THE BOMBS IN PLACE, RIGHT? WELL, SOMEONE HAD TO BE AROUND TO SEND IN THE **COM-SLUGS** AND IT'S PROBABLY ONE OF THEM -- RIGHT?

COULD BE.



IT HIT ME THIS MORNING -- WHY **SEND COM-SLUGS** ANYWAY? EASY ENOUGH TO TRANSMIT ELECTRONICALLY AND STILL DISGUISE THE SOURCE -- A LOT LESS RISKY TOO.

RIGHT. DOESN'T MAKE A LOT OF SENSE.

UNLESS WE'RE DEALING WITH A **TEK-NERD**.



THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD FIGURE IT. THIS CREEP'S A **TEK-NERD** -- HE'S LIKES GADGETS. I'VE RUN INTO THEM BEFORE.

HE USED REMOTES 'COS IT PROBABLY NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM TO DO IT THE SIMPLE WAY. I FIGURE HE HELPED BUILD THE **NUKES** TOO -- **DALLER** COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ALL ON HER OWN. SHE'D NEED SOMEONE LIKE HIM.

THIS IS STARTING TO SOUND A LITTLE TENUOUS, **ROFFMAN**.

BEAR WITH ME.



I TRAWLED INVENTORS' CLUBS, GADGET SHOWS, NEWS REPORTS, INDIVIDUALS REGISTERING PATENTS WITHIN THE LAST TEN YEARS. I RAN OBVIOUS ELIMINATORS ON ALL CONCERNED, CAME UP WITH ABOUT **FOUR HUNDRED** POSSIBLES.

OKAY, SO I'M THINKING OUR SUSPECT'S **OBSESSIVE**, A LITTLE RECKLESS. HE'S LIKELY TO HAVE COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE LAW IN THE PAST -- ADMITTEDLY **MOST** OF THEM HAD, SO THAT DIDN'T NARROW IT DOWN MUCH.

STILL, WHEN I TOOK INTO ACCOUNT BACKGROUND, POLITICS, MOTIVE AND OPPORTUNITY --

GET TO THE POINT!



YOU'RE VERY IMPATIENT. I WONDER WHY I WORK WITH YOU SOMETIMES.

BECAUSE WE BOTH LIKE CATCHING BAD GUYS, **ROFFMAN**. I'M TRYING TO SAVE THE CITY HERE -- JUST CUT OUT THE INESSENTIAL DETAIL, OKAY?



ALL RIGHT. I NARROWED IT DOWN TO SIXTEEN PRIME SUSPECTS

WHAT REALLY CLINCHED IT WAS WHEN I RAN THE AUTO-SPOTTER OVER AVAILABLE SURVEILLANCE ON THEM. IT JUST HAPPENED TO NOTICE AN UNUSED BOMB CASING.

WHAAT?

I KID YOU NOT. SITTING RIGHT THERE IN THIS GENIUS'S YARD.



GO TO **ROY'LL** FIX IT. 8809 SKED ROW, SECTOR 228 'DUST ZONE. INTERVIEW PROPRIETOR, **ROY QUINT**.



HE LEFT THE ARREST TO **HOLLISTER**. A UNIFORM AT THIS STAGE WOULD SPOOK **QUINT** FOR SURE.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU FOLKS?



PROBABLY A BAD TIME TO BRING IT IN WHEN WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS ANYWAY, BUT SOMEONE TOLD ME YOU CAN REPAIR ANYTHING --



EXCEPT A BROKEN HEART, LADY.

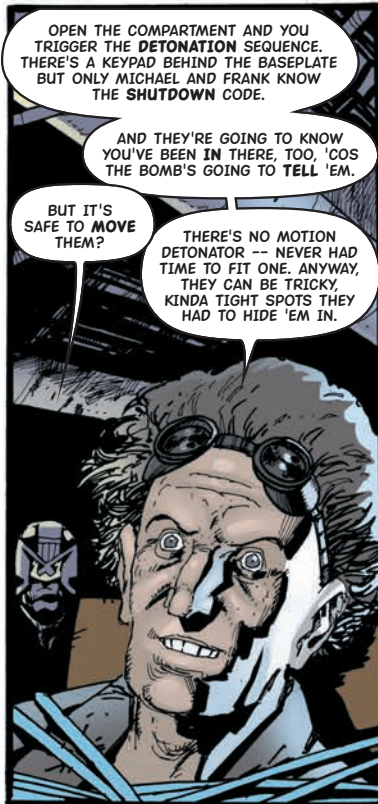


THIS IS GOING TO BREAK YOURS --

CATCH HIM!



HE'S TALKING. YOU WANNA HEAR THIS?



OPEN THE COMPARTMENT AND YOU TRIGGER THE **DETONATION** SEQUENCE. THERE'S A KEYPAD BEHIND THE BASEPLATE BUT ONLY MICHAEL AND FRANK KNOW THE **SHUTDOWN** CODE.

AND THEY'RE GOING TO KNOW YOU'VE BEEN IN THERE, TOO, 'COS THE BOMB'S GOING TO TELL 'EM.

BUT IT'S SAFE TO MOVE THEM?

THERE'S NO MOTION DETONATOR -- NEVER HAD TIME TO FIT ONE. ANYWAY, THEY CAN BE TRICKY, KINDA TIGHT SPOTS THEY HAD TO HIDE 'EM IN.



ROFFMAN'S GUESS WAS PRETTY ACCURATE. QUINT PUT THE DEVICES TOGETHER HERE WITH DALLER. HE CONFIRMS ONLY TWELVE WERE COMPLETED.

ANY LEADS ON 'MICHAEL' AND THE OTHERS?

QUINT DOESN'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE. THEIR COMMUNICATIONS ARE ROUTED VIA THE **MONGOLIAN FREE STATE** -- THAT'S AS GOOD AS UNTRACEABLE.

THE GOOD NEWS IS WE HAVE LOCATIONS OF FOUR MORE OF THE DEVICES. QUINT WASN'T PART OF THE TEAM THAT PLACED THE OTHERS, BUT WE HAVE NAMES.



WE'RE PICKING THEM UP NOW.

BARR'DRILL



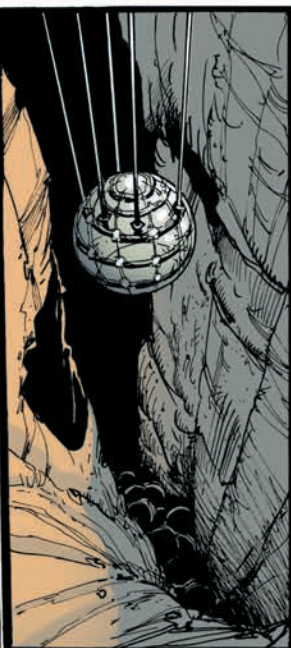
ONE BY ONE, FROM INFORMATION PROVIDED BY THEIR CAPTIVES, THE JUDGES BEGAN TO LOCATE AND REMOVE EACH HIDDEN DEVICE --



DEEP IN THE CURSED EARTH, THE NUCLEAR DUMP BEGAN TO ACCUMULATE--

NOW, WHADDA THEY UP TO?

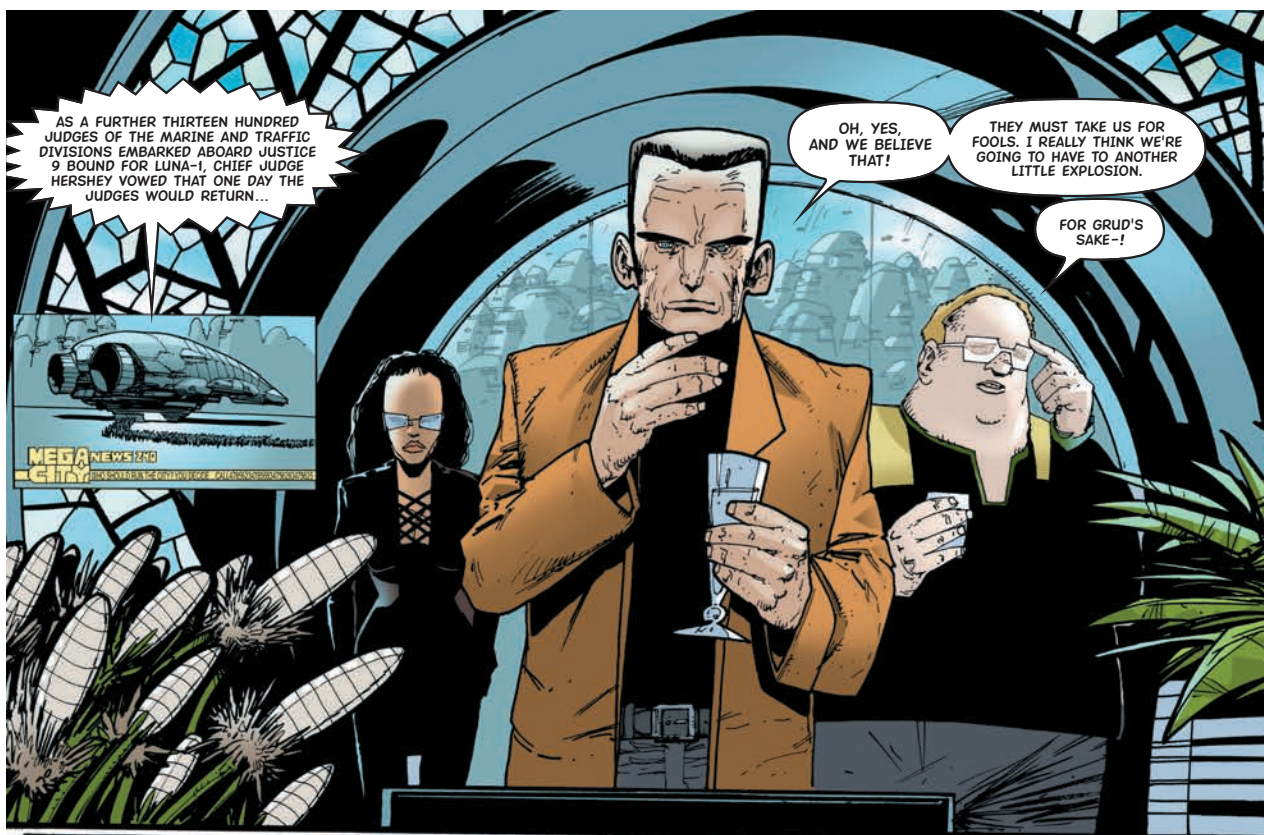
THEY'RE HIDIN' SOMETHIN', MA! COULD BE TREASURE!



WORD FROM TEXAS CITY. THEY'VE TRACED MICHAEL AND THE OTHERS TO A LEISURE COMPLEX JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY. THEY'RE PUTTING THEIR PEOPLE IN PLACE NOW.



TELL TC TO HOLD OFF! WE STILL HAVE TWO DEVICES OUTSTANDING -- WE DON'T WANT TO SPOOK THEM INTO USING THEM!



AS A FURTHER THIRTEEN HUNDRED JUDGES OF THE MARINE AND TRAFFIC DIVISIONS EMBARKED ABOARD JUSTICE 9 BOUND FOR LUNA-1, CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY VOWED THAT ONE DAY THE JUDGES WOULD RETURN...

OH, YES, AND WE BELIEVE THAT!

THEY MUST TAKE US FOR FOOLS. I REALLY THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ANOTHER LITTLE EXPLOSION.

FOR GRUD'S SAKE--!



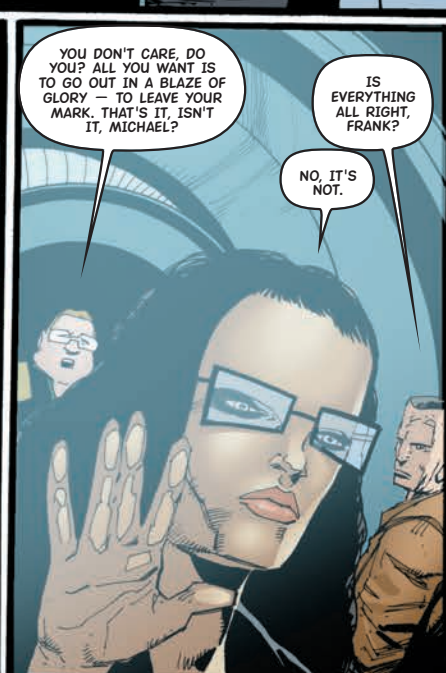
THERE HE GOES AGAIN! I'M GETTING REALLY BORED WITH HIS WHINING, MICHAEL!

QUITE RIGHT. DO TRY TO ENTER INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS, CHARLES. WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THAT REVOLUTIONARY FERVOUR?



THE BOMBS HAPPENED! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO! ONE WAS BAD ENOUGH -- TWO IF WE ABSOLUTELY HAD TO...

WE MUST HAVE THE COURAGE OF OUR CONVICTIONS. DAMN THE CASUALTIES, WE'RE CHANGING HISTORY HERE!



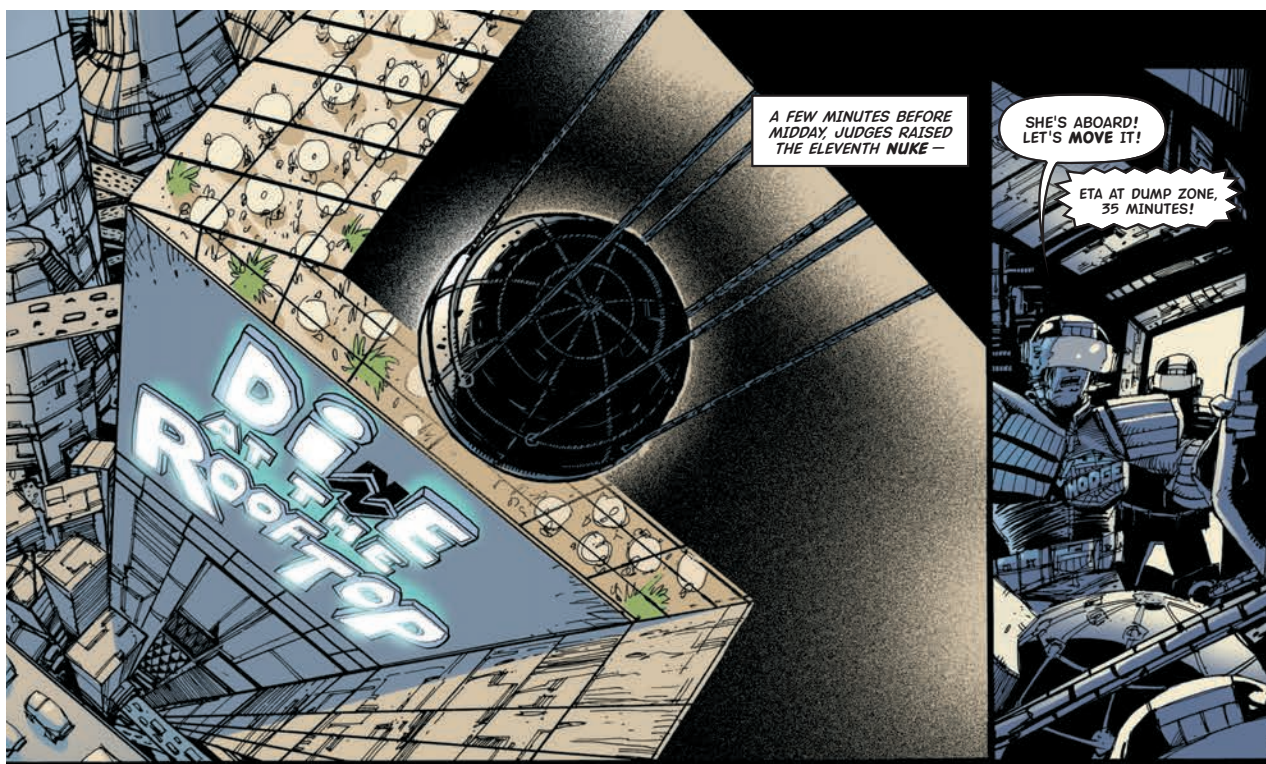
YOU DON'T CARE, DO YOU? ALL YOU WANT IS TO GO OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY -- TO LEAVE YOUR MARK. THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT, MICHAEL?

IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, FRANK?

NO, IT'S NOT.



SOMEBODY'S OUT THERE...



A FEW MINUTES BEFORE MIDDAY, JUDGES RAISED THE ELEVENTH NUKE —

SHE'S ABOARD! LET'S MOVE IT!

ETA AT DUMP ZONE, 35 MINUTES!



THE FINAL DEVICE WAS PLACED ON A MOPAD SET TO TOUR SECTOR TWO ON AUTOMATIC. THE BOMBERS CAME UP SHORT ON DETAILS. THERE'S A LOT OF MOPADS OUT THERE.



AND YOU DIDN'T TAKE ANY RECORD OF THE NUMBER?

WHAT DID THE NUMBER MATTER? WE WERE JUST GOING TO BLOW THE FREAKER UP!



IT WAS A GREEN SPLIT-LEVEL JOB — MIGHTA BEEN BLUE, I SUPPOSE. IT WAS DARK.

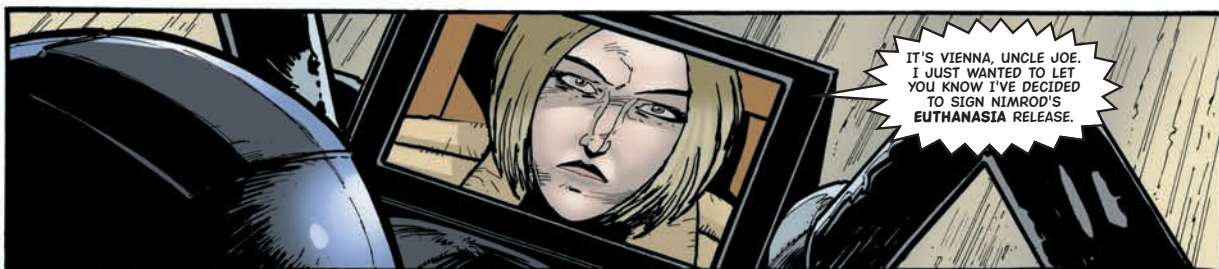


ACROSS THE SECTOR UNIFORMED AND PLAINCLOTHES UNITS RACED TO SEARCH EVERY MOPAD — THE HOMES ON WHEELS THAT ENDLESSLY TOURED MEGA-CITY ONE'S HIGHWAYS...



WH-WHO ARE YOU?

APOLOGIES, CITIZEN! JUST CHECKING!



IT'S VIENNA, UNCLE JOE. I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW I'VE DECIDED TO SIGN NIAROD'S EUTHANASIA RELEASE.



I'M GOING OVER TO AGF NOW. I DON'T KNOW IF IT WILL MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, BUT... I WANT TO BE WITH HIM WHEN THEY DO IT. I FELT A CONNECTION THERE. I THINK HE TRUSTS ME.

AGF? VIENNA, WHERE ARE YOU NOW?



I DON'T HONESTLY KNOW. RENEE LOANED ME HER SLABSTER -- YOU JUST TELL IT WHERE YOU WANT TO GO. SOMEWHERE IN SECTOR TWO, I THINK--



GET OUT OF THERE! TURN ROUND AND GO! INSTRUCT YOUR VEHICLE, QUICKEST ROUTE OUT OF THE SECTOR!



MS PASTERNAK? THIS IS JAMES AT THE APPLIED GENETICS FACILITY.



SORRY TO CANCEL AT SUCH A LATE HOUR BUT WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO EVACUATE. WE'LL HAVE TO REARRANGE. I HOPE WE HAVEN'T PUT YOU TO ANY TROUBLE.

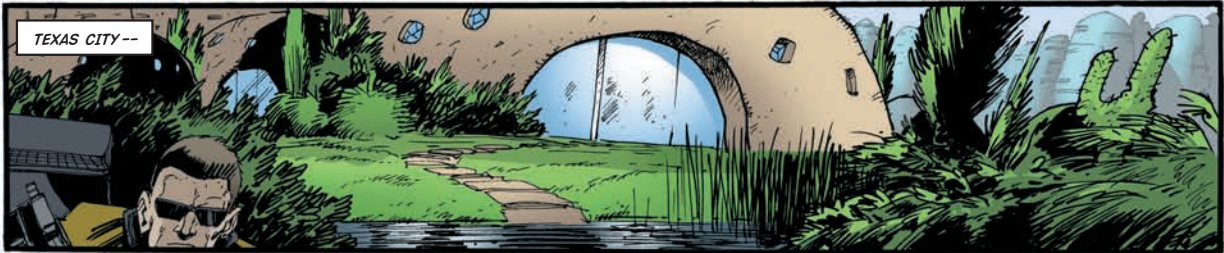
I...NO, I...I THINK THAT'S BEST.

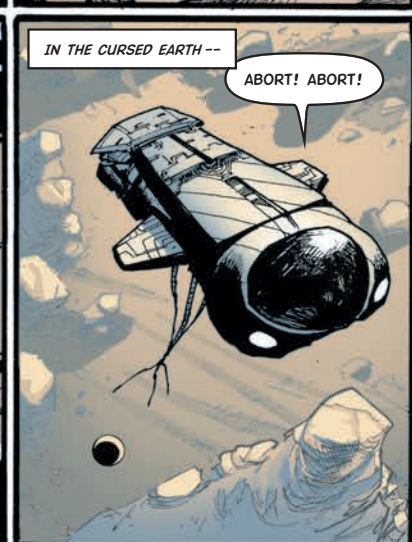


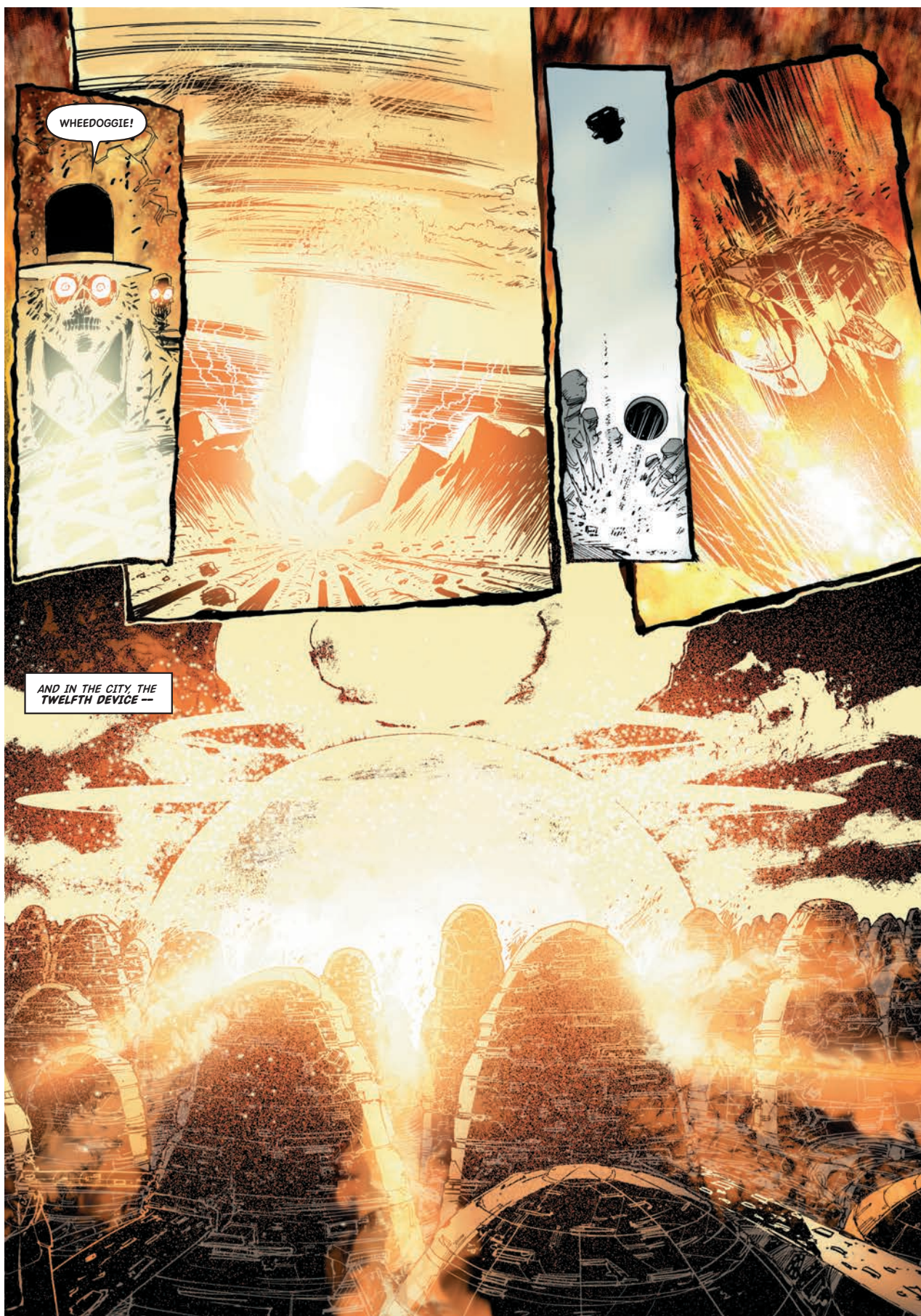
THIS IS ROYCE AND CLINGER! WE'RE ON A MOPAD NOW STOPPED ON LISTON SKED, SECTOR TWO!



WE'VE FOUND THE TWELFTH DEVICE! I WANT A HOVERPORTER HERE NOW, AND I MEAN NOW!







WHEEDOGGIE!

AND IN THE CITY, THE
TWELFTH DEVICE --



OH GRUD, THE
BRIDGE-!



VIENNA!



ANOTHER NUCLEAR DEVICE
HAS EXPLODED IN THE CITY!

THE BOMB, IN DOWNTOWN
SECTOR TWO, IS THE THIRD
TO DEVASTATE THE CITY
SINCE TERRORIST GROUP
TOTAL WAR ISSUED THEIR
ULTIMATUM.

IT WAS SET OFF DESPITE
THE JUDGES' COMPLIANCE
WITH THEIR DEMANDS.

THE JUDGES ARE GONE, AND THIS
PROGRAMME -- INDEED THE WHOLE
CITY -- IS ENTITLED TO ASK: WHO
WILL PROTECT US NOW?



BAAAAAAAAAAD



NAARRHHHHHH



KOF KOF



DEAR GRUD—



HUUURNNNN



HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD.

ONLY HIS DISINTEGRATED NERVOUS SYSTEM PREVENTED THE FULL MEASURE OF HIS PAIN REACHING HIS BRAIN AND PROSTRATING HIM ON THE SPOT.

FSSSHHHHHHH



AFRAID, CONFUSED, LOST IN THE SMOKE -- BUT NOT LOST...

HIS ONCE-KEEN SENSES CAUGHT A WAFT--A MOLECULE DRIFTING ON THE WIND, SOMETHING FAMILIAR...

SOMEONE...



VEEENAAHHHH



CONTROL!
PATCH ME THROUGH
TO MY NIECE!



HE'D LET HER DOWN BEFORE.
HAD HE DONE IT AGAIN? SHE
COULD ALREADY BE DEAD --

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN
FIRMER -- HE SHOULD
HAVE ORDERED HER TO
LEAVE THE CITY.

NO RESPONSE,
DREDD.

TRY AGAIN,
DAMMIT!



≧KOF!≦
MY GOD...IT'S
LIKE HELL...



WHERE AM I...?
WHERE AM I
GOING?



MY BABY! THEY
KILLED MY BABY!



LET'S DO IT,
SUGAR! NO POINT
HOLDIN' BACK
NOW!

GET AWAY
FROM ME!



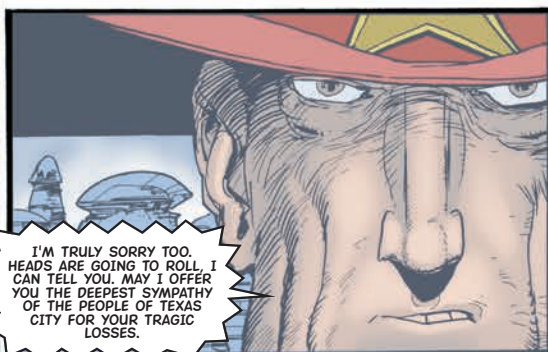
IT'S OUT OF
CONTROL-!



WOOMPH



COMIN'
DOWN-!





NNN!



PUH...PUH...PARDON ME,
OLD BUDDY, BUT...NUUUHH...
I SEEM TO HAVE FUH-FUH-
FORGOT MY MARACAS—



SPATTTTT



VEEEENUHHH!

NUH...
NIMROD!

NIMROD—!

NAARUUHNGHH

THUNCE



DREDD, SIGNAL'S COMING
FROM THE OLD
OPPENHEIMER FLYOVER!

GET HOVER UNITS
UP THERE! I'M ON
MY WAY!



GODDDJU,
VEENAA!

IT HURTS!
MY RIBS—
UNNNHHH!

PUT ME
DOWN—!



VEENA HURDDD...
NIMROD... UNHH
UNHH... HELBBBB!

OH GRIEF!
THE EDGE!
STOP!



WE SEE HER,
DREDD!

WHAT
THE HELL IS
THAT—?



NUH-NNUHHH-NUHHH

HE'S HAVING A FIT!

NIMMMRODDDDDD!

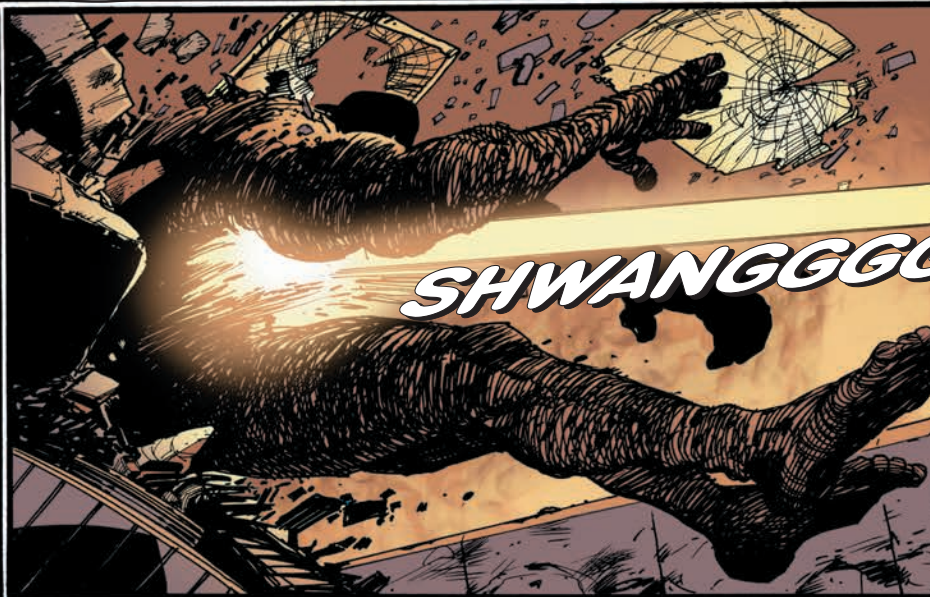
RESCUED FROM A NUCLEAR
BLAST BY THE DEMENTED CLONE
NIMROD, NOW VIENNA STANDS
ON THE LIP OF ETERNITY—

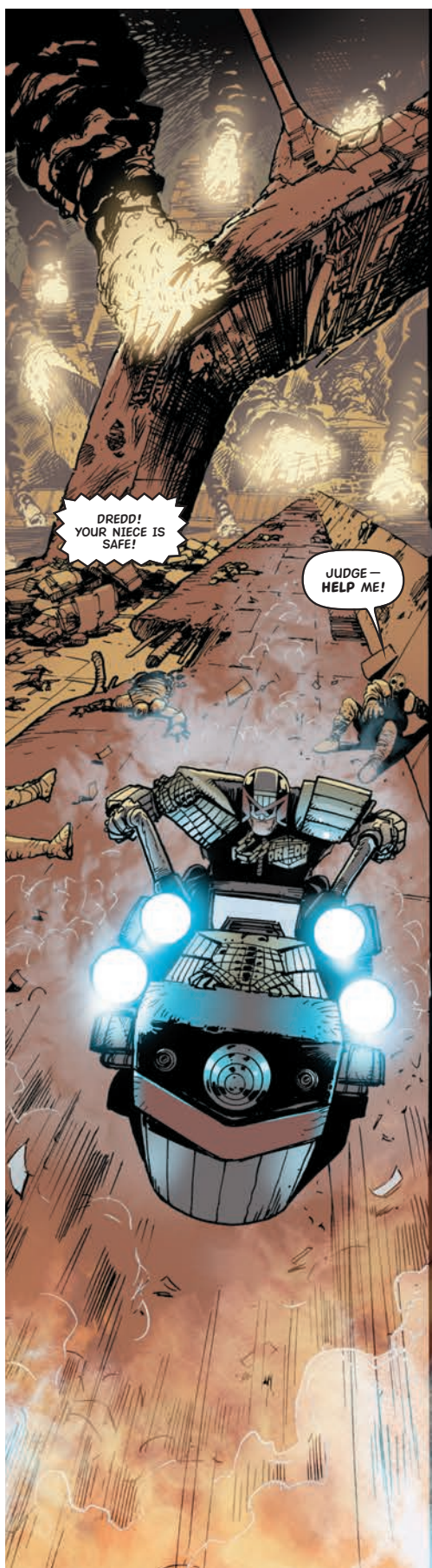
HE'S HAVING
A FIT - !

UNHH HUR-UNGG

THAT THING'S
GOING TO DROP
HER!

GOT TO
RISK IT! TAKE
IT OUT!





DREDD!
YOUR NIECE IS
SAFE!

JUDGE—
HELP ME!



SHE HAS INJURIES TO THE
CHEST AND BACK PLUS SOME
RADIATION POISONING —
NOTHING WE CAN'T TREAT.

WITH YOU
IN SIX-O!



THIS FREAKER'S STILL
ALIVE! PUMPED IT FULLA
HOLES AND IT'S STILL
KICKING!



DON'T HURT HIM!
HELP HIM! D-DO
SOMETHING...!

NOT MY JOB, LADY.
I'M STRICTLY
HUMANS.



DAMN YOU, HE
IS HUMAN!



HE WAS ONE
OF YOU ONCE!



THE THREAT FROM
TOTAL WAR IS OVER.

ALL NUCLEAR DEVICES
PLANTED IN THE CITY
HAVE NOW BEEN
ACCOUNTED FOR.

EMERGENCY PROCEDURES
ARE IN PLACE TO DEAL
WITH THE EFFECTS OF
THIS FINAL OUTRAGE.

I CAN NOW REVEAL THAT FAR FROM ABANDONING
OUR DUTIES, MANY JUDGES REMAINED, AND HAVE
BEEN WORKING COVERTLY TO DEFEAT THE FANATICS
AND PRESERVE THE LIVES OF EVERY ONE OF YOU.

ALL JUDGES ARE NOW RETURNING TO THEIR
DUTIES. TO ASSIST THEM IN RESTORING
THE CITY TO NORMALITY, A LEVEL TWO CURFEW
WILL BE IN EFFECT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

I KNOW WE CAN EXPECT
YOUR FULL CO-OPERATION.



THOSE DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE OUTRAGES HAVE BEEN
FOUND AND EXECUTED.

THE FORCES OF TERROR
DECLARED TOTAL WAR ON THIS
CITY, AND NOW I CAN ASSURE YOU
WE WILL NOT REST UNTIL WE
HAVE UTTERLY DESTROYED THEM.



HE...HE
SAVED ME.

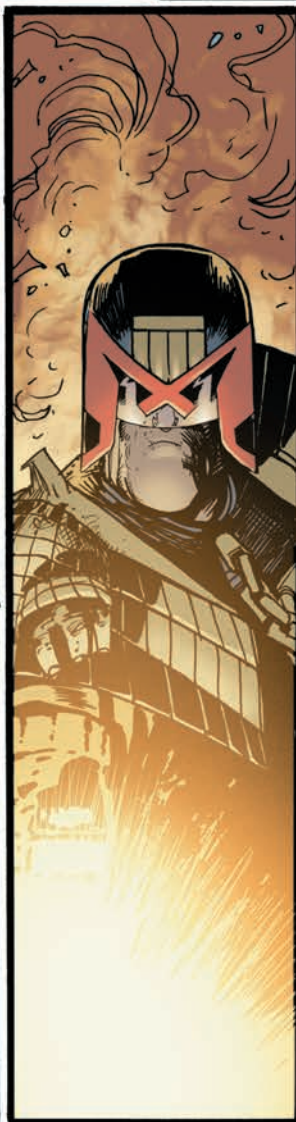
I WAS...I WAS
GOING TO DIE AND...HE
WAS THERE. I DON'T
KNOW HOW, BUT HE
FOUND ME...

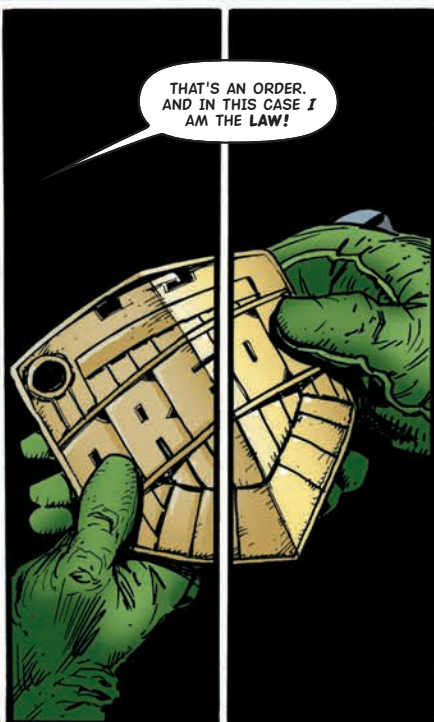
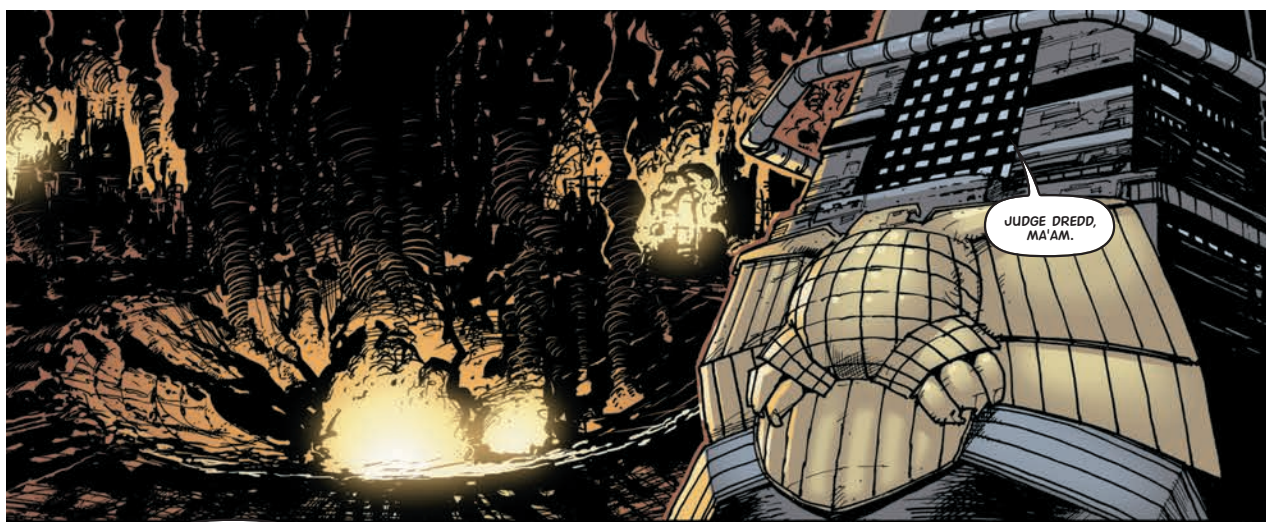


COINCIDENCE,
THAT'S ALL.

NO, UNCLE JOE, IT
WAS MORE THAN THAT.
YOU SEE, HE REALLY
WAS FAMILY...

HRMM.







AFTER THE BOMBS

Script: John Wagner

Art: Jason Brashill

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1420-1422



IT WAS THE BIG BLAST IN
SECTOR TWO THAT DID IT.

AT FIRST SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER
ANYTHING ABOUT IT. NOT THE
FLASH, OR THE SHOCKWAVE, OR
THE SEARING HEAT, OR THE
SCREAMS AND PEOPLE BURNING
ALIVE, OR ANY OF THE HORRIFIC
PICTURES OF NUCLEAR HELL
STORED IN HER IMAGINATION.

SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER ABOUT
THE BOMB AT ALL, OR THE
ULTIMATUM, OR EVEN THAT THE
TERRORIST GROUP CALLED
TOTAL WAR EXISTED.

WHEN SHE CAME ROUND SHE
WAS IN A CASUALTY STATION.

YOU COULD RUN
A POWER PLANT
OFF THIS GUY!

BUT -

YOU'RE NOT
CONTAMINATING THE
REST OF THESE
PATIENTS! GET HIM
OUT OF HERE!

WE'RE LOSING
THIS ONE!

tik tik tik tik



DON'T GET UP.



YOU'VE GOT A PIECE OF METAL EMBEDDED IN YOUR SKULL. DO YOU REMEMBER HOW IT HAPPENED?

N-NO.

HOW MANY FINGERS?

TWO...



DO YOU REMEMBER WHY YOU WERE CARRYING THIS?

A GUN? NO...

I'M SURE THERE'S AN EXPLANATION. WE HAVE TO REPORT IT TO THE JUDGES, THAT'S ALL.

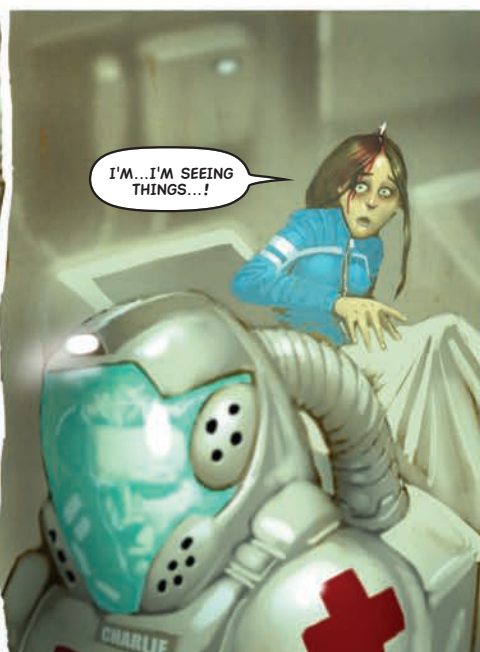
I... I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING. I DON'T REMEMBER MY NAME. I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM...

THAT'S NOT UNUSUAL WITH HEAD WOUNDS. DON'T WORRY, YOUR MEMORY SHOULD GRADUALLY RETURN.

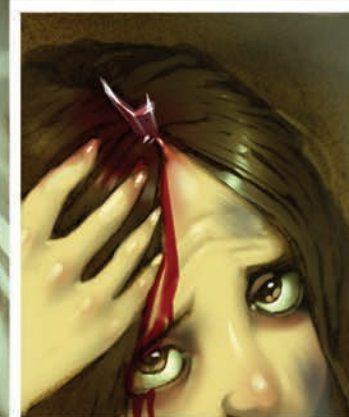
DESPITE THE SHRAPNEL YOU DON'T SEEM IN IMMEDIATE DANGER. WE'LL GET TO YOU AS SOON AS WE CAN. MEANTIME, TRY NOT TO MOVE.

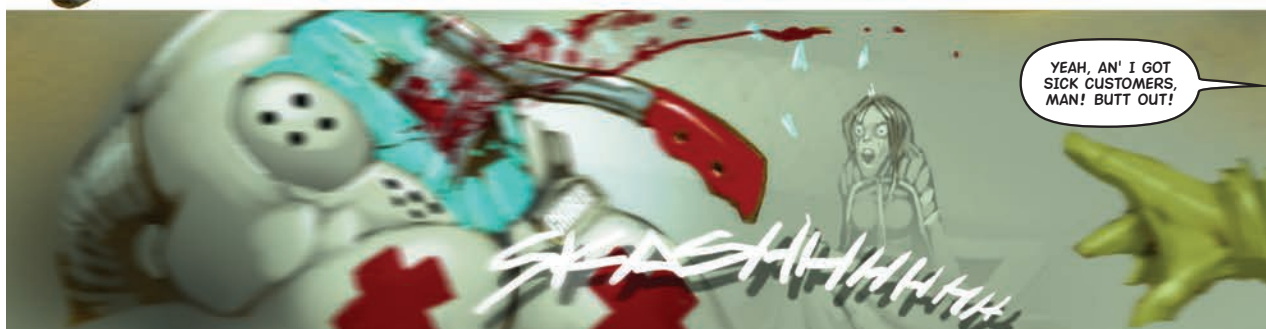
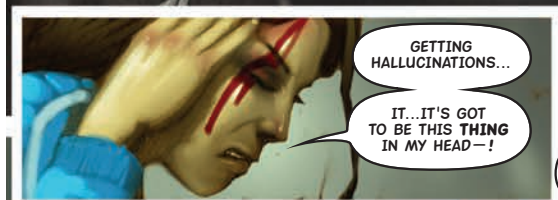


WHUH—?



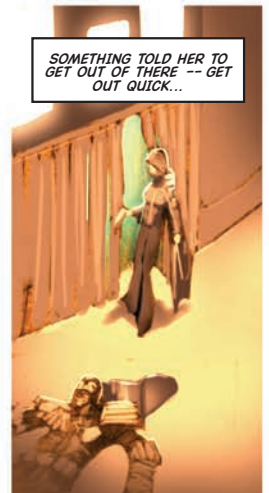
I'M... I'M SEEING THINGS...!







THE ACTION WAS AUTOMATIC--- REFLEX.



EVERYWHERE WAS CHAOS. SMOKE AND THE STENCH OF BURNING. MED-WAGONS SCREAMING BY, PEOPLE LOOKING LIKE THEY'D WALKED THROUGH HELL.

SOMETHING **BIG** HAD GONE DOWN.

WAR...TOTAL WAR...
THE BOMBS...

TH-THAT'S IT!
THEY **DID** IT!

AS FAR AS THE PUBLIC IS
CONCERNED, YOU'RE ALREADY
DEAD, BIERCE. ANYTHING WE
DO TO YOU NOW, THAT'S ON
THE HOUSE.

UHHHH-!

YOU'RE IN
SAFE HANDS.

NOTHING CAN
HURT YOU.

WH-WHY DO
I KEEP SEEING
THINGS?

AND SOME OF
THEM... SOME OF
THEM CAME TRUE.

WEIRD. WHAT
DOES IT MEAN?
THAT THEY'LL ALL
COME TRUE...?





ONE DAY AFTER THE TOTAL WAR NUCLEAR BLITZ ENDED AND MEGA-CITY ONE IS COUNTING THE COST.

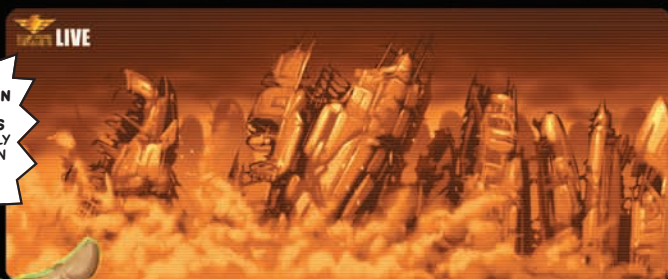
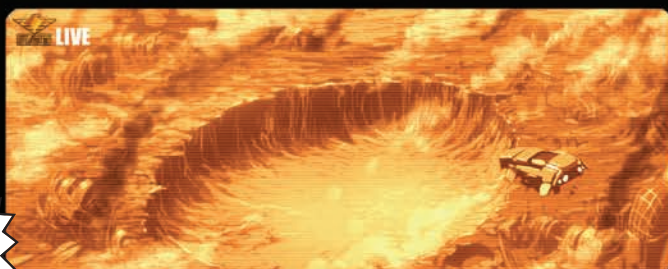
THE DEATH TOLL IS UNKNOWN BUT ASTRONOMICAL. CASUALTIES ARE STILL BEING BROUGHT IN.

EMERGENCY DUCTING IS BEING LAID TO CARRY VITAL UTILITIES TO AREAS CUT OFF SINCE THE BLASTS. SEVERED ZOOM AND ROAD LINKS ARE ADDING TO THE CHAOS. IT WILL TAKE MONTHS IF NOT YEARS TO REPAIR THE DAMAGED INFRASTRUCTURE.

MEANWHILE AN INTENSIVE DECONTAMINATION OPERATION IS ONGOING, INVOLVING DISASTER TEAMS FROM SEVERAL CITIES. HEAVILY IRRADIATED AREAS HAVE BEEN EVACUATED, UNSAFE STRUCTURES ARE BEING DEMOLISHED.

THIS DRAMATIC FOOTAGE WAS TAKEN WHEN TEXAS CITY SPECIAL UNITS CONFRONTED THE MURDEROUS MINDS BEHIND THE NUCLEAR TERROR PLOT.

MAH DALLER, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE DEVICES THAT KILLED MILLIONS, DIED IN A HAIL OF FIRE...

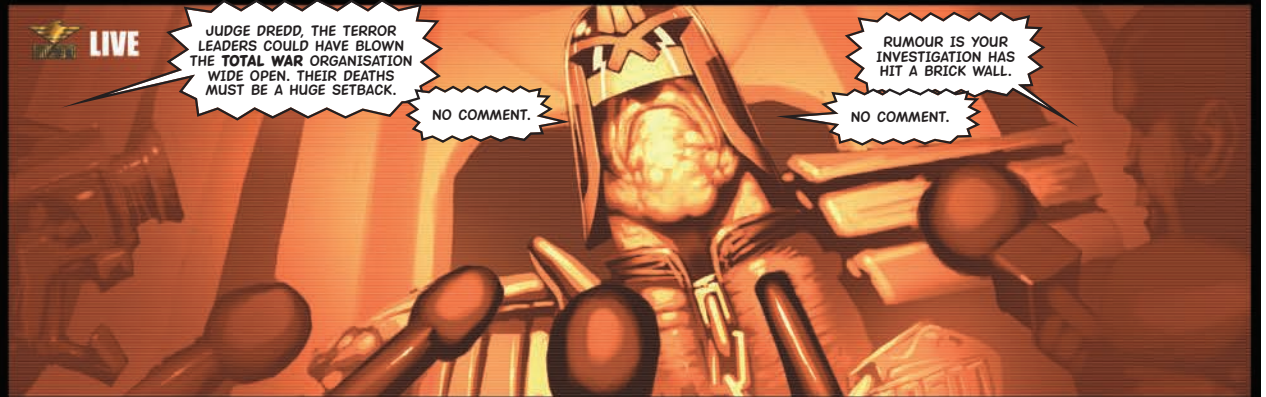




PLOT MASTERMIND **ODWIN BIERCE** — CODENAME **MICHAEL** — CHOSE TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE RATHER THAN SUBMIT TO CAPTURE AND INTERROGATION.



ALSO DEAD AT THE SCENE HUBE MANTO, A CLOSE ASSOCIATE OF BIERCE, BELIEVED TO CONTROL TOTAL WAR'S NORTHERN DIVISION.



LIVE

JUDGE DREDD, THE TERROR LEADERS COULD HAVE BLOWN THE TOTAL WAR ORGANISATION WIDE OPEN. THEIR DEATHS MUST BE A HUGE SETBACK.

NO COMMENT.

RUMOUR IS YOUR INVESTIGATION HAS HIT A BRICK WALL.

NO COMMENT.



BIERCE, THE NEPHEW OF MEGA-CITY MAGNATE **OPTIMAN BIERCE**, IS NOW REVEALED AS ONE OF THE TERROR GROUP'S SUPREME COMMANDERS...

YOU SEE, AS FAR AS THE PUBLIC IS CONCERNED, YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD, BIERCE. ANYTHING WE DO TO YOU NOW, THAT'S ON THE HOUSE.

AND WE WILL DO ANYTHING.



Y-YOU PROMISED-- NO MORE INTERROGATION!

I SAID I COULDN'T MAKE YOU TALK, RUSKIN.



THAT WAS A LIE. I CAN AND I WILL.

YOUR SICK FRIENDS JUST WIPED OUT **FOUR MILLION CITIZENS**! I INTEND TO BRING YOU AND THEM AND THE REST OF YOUR TWISTED TERROR GANG TO JUSTICE!

BIERCE BROKE QUICKLY. RUSKIN HELD OUT LONGER, BUT NOT MUCH. THEY HAD WAYS.

THEY BROUGHT IN THE REMAINING LEADERS FIRST, AND SWIFTLY, CAREFUL NEVER TO TIP THEIR HAND, THEY BEGAN TO WORK DOWN THROUGH THE ECHELONS OF TERROR.

YURLT'S DISAPPEARANCE WILL BE NOTICED. STORY WILL BE TRAFFIC ACCIDENT, INTENSIVE CARE, NO VISITORS.

TIME WAS OF THE ESSENCE, YET THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKES. THEY WOULD NEVER HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO CRUSH TOTAL WAR TOTALLY.

FIFTH MEMBER OF THE CELL IS INNOCENTI, GAIA LOUISE. LIVES IN A QUIET SINGLES BLOCK ON RAFTER. GOES BY THE CODENAME BERNI.

INNOCENT SHE'S NOT. YOU DON'T GET IN TOTAL WAR'S PRIME ASSASSINATION SQUAD UNLESS YOU'RE GOOD AT IT. WE HAVE HER DOWN FOR NINETEEN MURDERS, INCLUDING THE LIMBERG CHILDREN. SHE IS A COLD, CALCULATING KILLER.

INNOCENTI IS ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHOOTING OF NORMAN SPILLER, PSI-DIVISION'S BEST CIVILIAN PREDICTOR.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW IF SPILLER MIGHT HAVE FORSEEN THE NUCLEAR PLOT, BUT WITHOUT HIM PSI-DIVISION'S PERFORMANCE WAS, TO SAY THE LEAST, UNIMPRESSIVE.





SHE FELT NAUSEOUS. SHE
EMPTIED HER STOMACH AND
COULDN'T STOP RETCHING,
RECHING TILL IT HURT.

THE MEMORIES WERE
COMING BACK FASTER NOW.

IN HER AMNESIAC STATE HER
LIFE HAD BEEN JUST A BLANK,
A BLISSFUL NOTHINGNESS--

TO BE SUDDENLY CONFRONTED WITH
THE TRUTH -- THE **HIDEOUS** CRIMES
SHE'D COMMITTED -- FILLED HER
WITH A COLD HORROR.

WHAT KIND
OF **MONSTER**
AM I...?

THEY ARE ARMED --
THEY ARE DANGEROUS.
IF NECESSARY, DO NOT
HESITATE TO SHOOT
TO KILL.



SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO — EXCEPT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE THERE.

HER HEAD HURT. WAVES OF PAIN FROM THE SHARD OF METAL IN HER SKULL.

THEY'D TOLD HER NOT TO MOVE.

THEY'RE...THEY'RE COMING-!



GAIA INNOCENTI, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER.

YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS.

WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU NOW.



HEY, KID!

WE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU. WE WERE GETTING WORRIED.



HEY, YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

WHERE YOU BEEN?

GOT CAUGHT IN A BLAST...I WOKE UP IN A CASUALTY STATION. I GOT A LUMP OF METAL IN MY HEAD. STILL THERE, SEE --

IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN SEEING THINGS.

YOU NEED A DOC.



NO, I MEAN, I SEE THINGS AND...AND THEN THEY HAPPEN.

LOOK, I SAW SOME GEEKS RAID THE CASUALTY STATION, THEN THEY SHOWED UP. I SAW A MED GET AN AXE STUCK IN HIS HEAD-- AND HE DID.

I SAW THE JUDGES! THEY... THEY KNOW ABOUT US-- THEY'RE COMING FOR US!

HEY, WE GOT US A PRE-COG!

I'M NOT KIDDING!

YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY NOW.

SKASHH



THIS IS EKINS! NO SIGN OF INNOCENT AT HER APARTMENT!

YOU MISSED HER. REST OF THE HIT SQUAD JUST PICKED HER UP OUTSIDE THE BLOCK.

LET ME OUT OF HERE! I WANT TO GO!

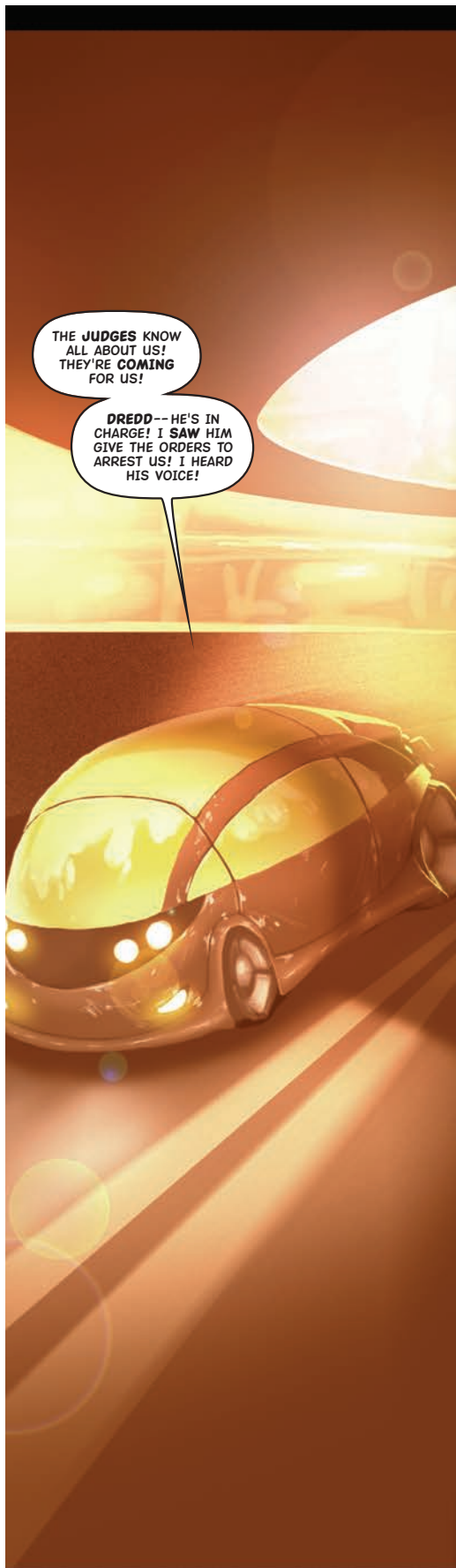
TAKE IT EASY!

YOU'RE NOT THINKING STRAIGHT!

WE HAVE THE WHOLE CELL NOW, HEADING SOUTH TOWARDS THE INTERSKED.

WE'LL TAKE THEM ON THE UP-RAMP!

DREDD



THE JUDGES KNOW
ALL ABOUT US!
THEY'RE COMING
FOR US!

DREDD--HE'S IN
CHARGE! I SAW HIM
GIVE THE ORDERS TO
ARREST US! I HEARD
HIS VOICE!



YOU SAW THIS
IN YOUR HEAD--
LIKE A VISION?

THAT LUMP OF METAL IN
YOUR SKULL SCRAMBLED
YOUR BRAINS, GIRL!

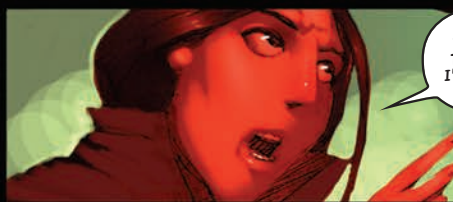


THEY'RE JUST
HALLUCINATIONS,
OKAY? THEY'RE
NOT REAL.

THEY ARE! I SEE
SOMETHING AND IT
HAPPENS! IT'S
HAPPENED THREE OR
FOUR TIMES!



SO YOU SUDDENLY
DEVELOPED THE ABILITY
TO SEE THE FUTURE
MAYBE WE SHOULD PUT
YOU ON STAGE.



LOOK, I DON'T CARE IF
YOU BELIEVE ME OR NOT! I'M
THROUGH WITH THIS ANYWAY!
I'M THROUGH WITH TOTAL WAR!
I JUST WANT OUT OF HERE!



SHE'S RAMBLING
NOW. WE BETTER GET
HER THAT DOC...







B-BERNI KNEW...
KNEW YOU WERE
COMING...

SHOULDA LISTENED...
F-FREAKIN' PRE-COG...
WHO...WHO'D A'
THOUGHT IT...

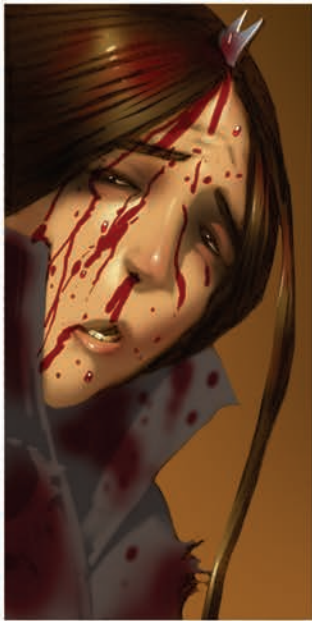


THIS ONE'S
STILL ALIVE.

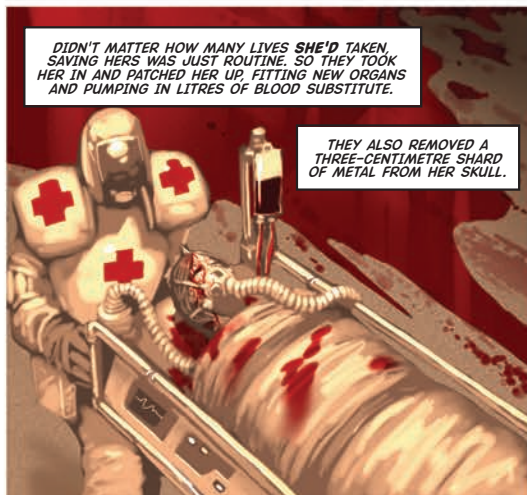


YOU'RE IN
SAFE HANDS.

WE'LL LOOK
AFTER YOU NOW.

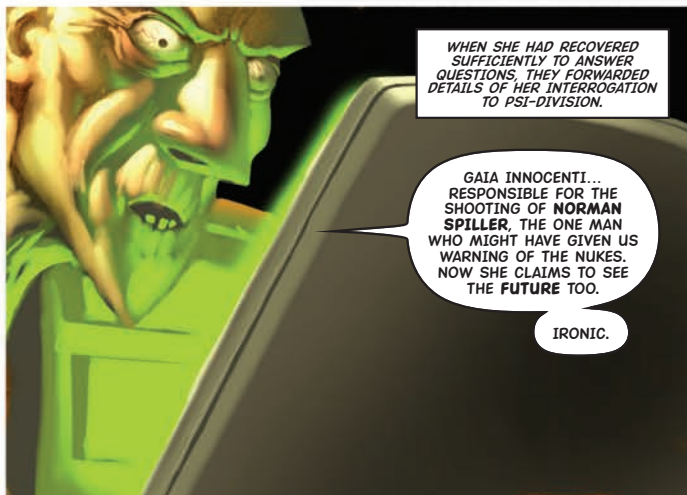


GAIA INNOCENTI,
I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR
THE CRIME OF MURDER.



DIDN'T MATTER HOW MANY LIVES SHE'D TAKEN, SAVING HER WAS JUST ROUTINE, SO THEY TOOK HER IN AND PATCHED HER UP, FITTING NEW ORGANS AND PUMPING IN LITRES OF BLOOD SUBSTITUTE.

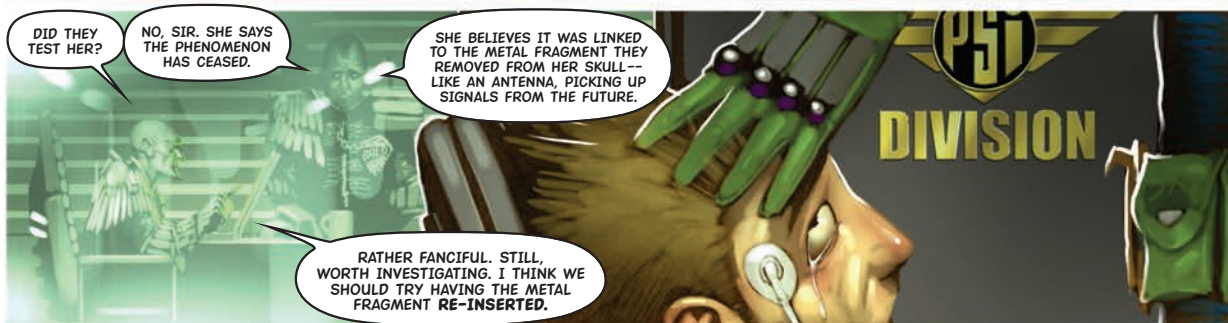
THEY ALSO REMOVED A THREE-CENTIMETRE SHARD OF METAL FROM HER SKULL.



WHEN SHE HAD RECOVERED SUFFICIENTLY TO ANSWER QUESTIONS, THEY FORWARDED DETAILS OF HER INTERROGATION TO PSI-DIVISION.

GAIA INNOCENTI... RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHOOTING OF **NORMAN SPILLER**, THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE GIVEN US WARNING OF THE NUKES. NOW SHE CLAIMS TO SEE THE **FUTURE** TOO.

IRONIC.

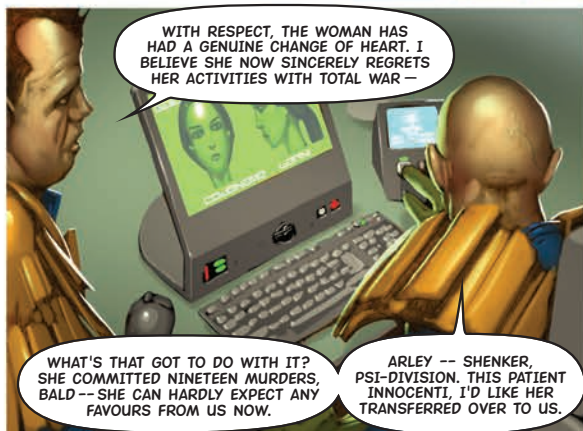


DID THEY TEST HER?

NO, SIR. SHE SAYS THE PHENOMENON HAS CEASED.

SHE BELIEVES IT WAS LINKED TO THE METAL FRAGMENT THEY REMOVED FROM HER SKULL-- LIKE AN ANTENNA, PICKING UP SIGNALS FROM THE FUTURE.

RATHER FANCIFUL. STILL, WORTH INVESTIGATING. I THINK WE SHOULD TRY HAVING THE METAL FRAGMENT RE-INSERTED.



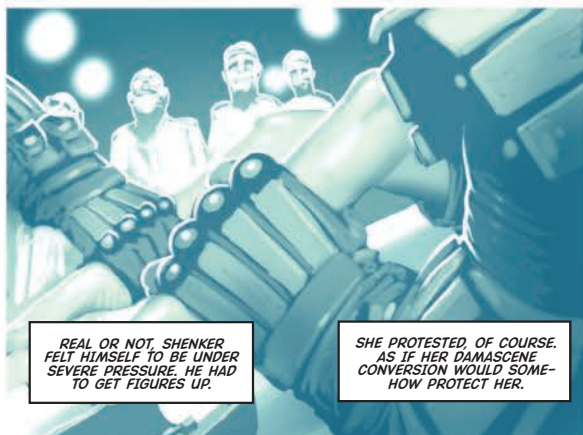
WITH RESPECT, THE WOMAN HAS HAD A GENUINE CHANGE OF HEART. I BELIEVE SHE NOW SINCERELY REGRETS HER ACTIVITIES WITH TOTAL WAR --

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT? SHE COMMITTED NINETEEN MURDERS, BALD-- SHE CAN HARDLY EXPECT ANY FAVOURS FROM US NOW.

ARLEY -- SHENKER, PSI-DIVISION. THIS PATIENT INNOCENTI, I'D LIKE HER TRANSFERRED OVER TO US.

PSI DIVISION HAD HARDLY COVERED ITSELF WITH GLORY DURING THE TOTAL WAR FIASCO. INDEED, OVER THE PAST YEARS ITS PERFORMANCE IN GENERAL HAD DROPPED AWAY TO THE POINT WHERE IT WAS BECOMING A RUNNING JOKE IN THE DEPARTMENT.

THE TRUTH WAS, IT HAD ALWAYS RELIED TOO MUCH ON A FEW GIFTED INDIVIDUALS. LOSE THEM AND ITS EFFECTIVENESS TOO WAS SWIFTLY LOST.

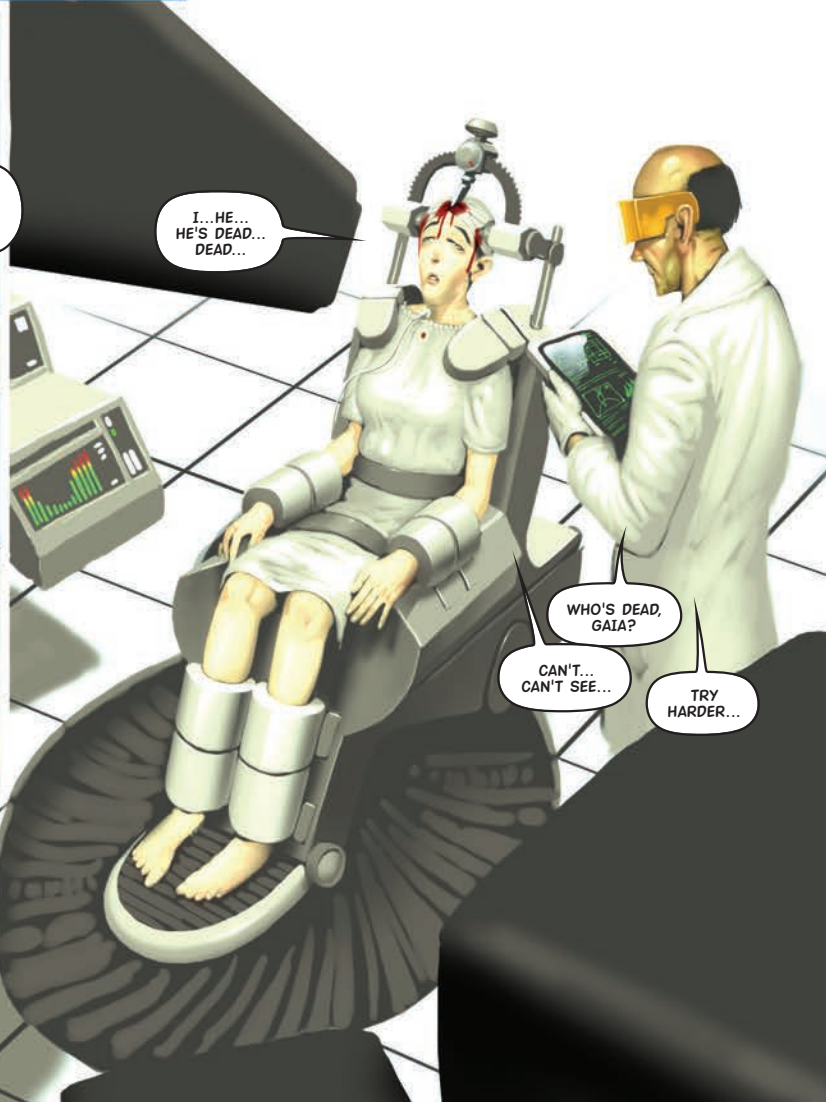


REAL OR NOT, SHENKER FELT HIMSELF TO BE UNDER SEVERE PRESSURE. HE HAD TO GET FIGURES UP.

SHE PROTESTED, OF COURSE. AS IF HER DAMASCENE CONVERSION WOULD SOMEHOW PROTECT HER.



CAN YOU HEAR ME, GAIA?



JOHN WAGNER

John Wagner is, to many fans, the very heart of *2000 AD*. Involved from the earliest days of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he co-created *Judge Dredd*, as well as *Strontium Dog*, *Robo-Hunter* and a host of other *2000 AD* mainstays, including the critically-acclaimed *Button Man*.

Incredibly prolific throughout his career, and writing under a diversity of pen names — often in concert with Alan Grant, with whom he devised and developed *2000 AD*'s sister comic, the *Judge Dredd Magazine* — Wagner has worked extensively beyond the Thargian universe, originating and editing a number of British periodicals as well as writing many American standards, including *Batman*, *The Punisher*, *Lobo* and *Star Wars* bounty hunter *Boba Fett*. His Paradox Press graphic novel *A History of Violence* is now a major film from director David Cronenberg.

COLIN MACNEIL

Colin MacNeil's masterly painted art has graced many *2000 AD* strips, including his co-created *Mechanismo*, *Ulysses*, *Sweet and Vanguard*, as well as the classic, adult-oriented *America*.

He has also illustrated *Calhab Justice*, *Chopper*, *The Corps*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Maelstrom*, *Mega-City Mania*, *Missionary Man*, *Satanus*, *Shimura*, *Strontium Dog*, *Tales of the Doghouse*, *Tales of Mega-City One* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*

HENRY FLINT

Henry Flint is one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's rising superstars. Co-creator of *Sancho Panzer* and *Shakara*, his incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Dredd/Aliens*, *Bill Savage*, *Deadlock*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Missionary Man*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Nikolai Dante*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *The V.C.'s*, *Vector 13* and *Venus Bluegenes*. He has even written a *Tharg's Alien Invasions* strip!

He has also begun to establish himself in American comics.

JASON BRASHILL

Jason Brashill is a real fan-favourite artist, whose mix of pencils and paints have enlivened both his co-created series *Outlaw* and *The Space Girls* and his other work for *2000 AD*, which includes *Harlem Heroes*, *Judge Dredd*, and *Batman/Judge Dredd*. He has also contributed to the television series *Spaced*, where his artwork stands in for that "created" by the show's lead male character.

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