

JUDGE DREDD



SATAN'S ISLAND

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SATAN'S ISLAND

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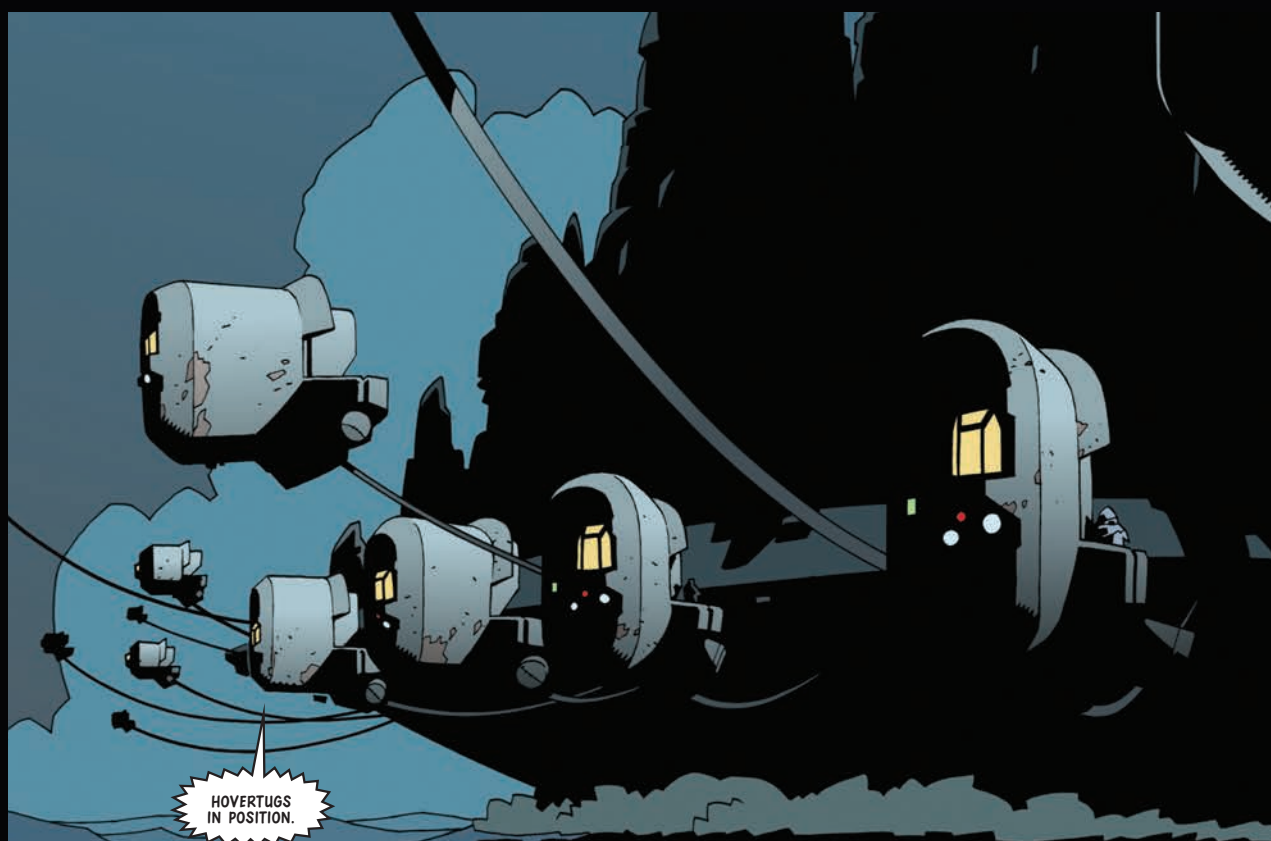
JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA



SIN CITY

Script: John Wagner
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Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1289-1299





MEGA-CITY ONE'S ATLANTIC WALL--

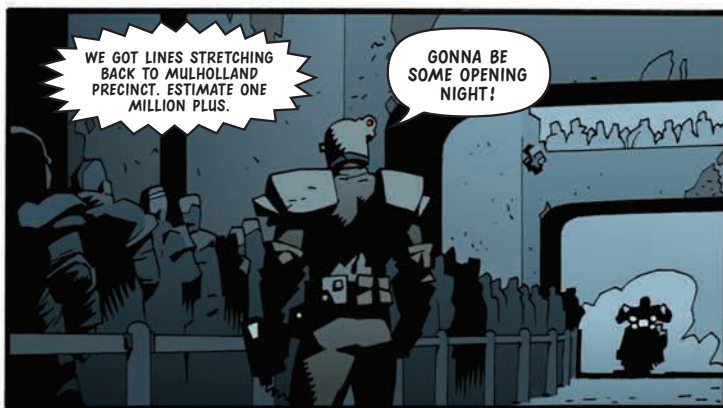
THE SIZE OF IT--!

THERE'S NOTHIN' YOU CAN'T DO ON THAT BABY!

WHAT GIVES WITH THE JUDGES, LETTIN' US HAVE FUN FOR ONCE--?

NIGHTSIGHTS! GET YOUR NIGHTSIGHTS!

RATBURGS! HOTTIES! ELTZWELTZ!

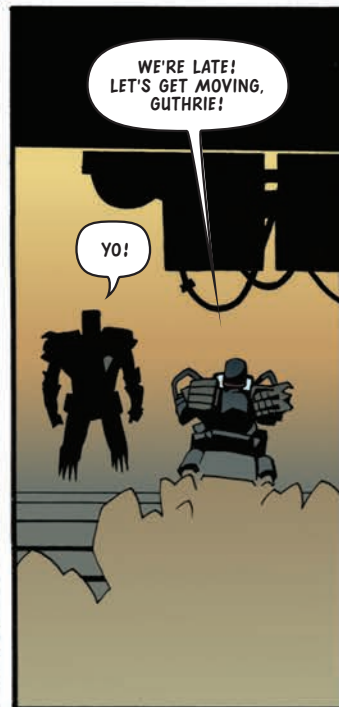


WE GOT LINES STRETCHING BACK TO MULHOLLAND PRECINCT. ESTIMATE ONE MILLION PLUS.

GONNA BE SOME OPENING NIGHT!



HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY! FIRST SHUTTLE LEAVES IN TEN MINUTES!



WE'RE LATE! LET'S GET MOVING, GUTHRIE!

YO!

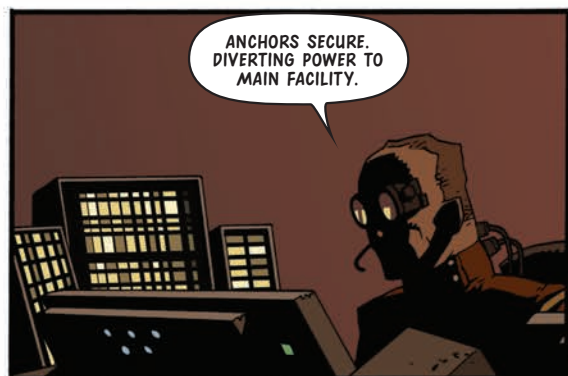


PREES, SIR. WHILE WE'RE ON S/N, REQUEST PERMISSION TO TAKE SOME PERSONAL TIME. MY BROTHER WORKS THERE. I'D LIKE TO TOUCH BASE.



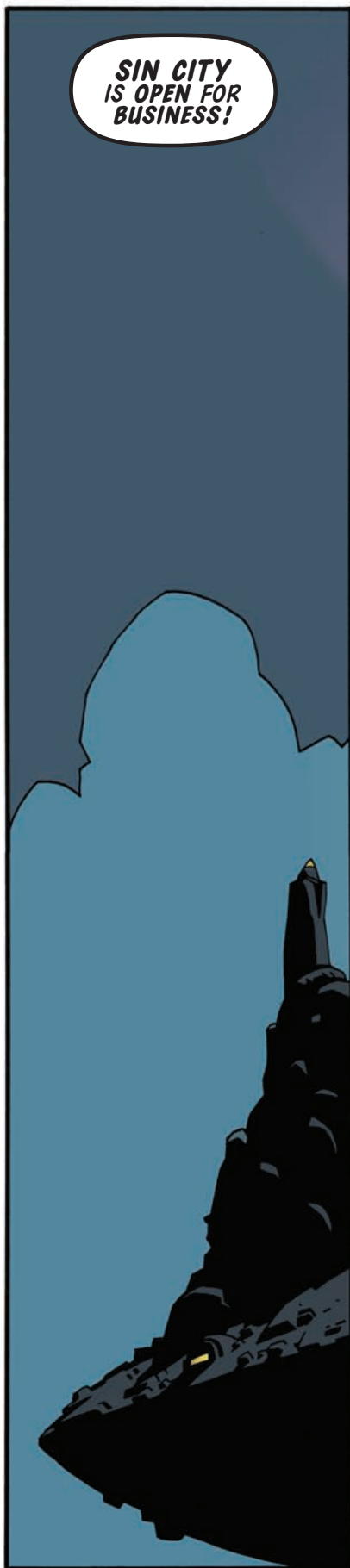
ALL RIGHT, PREES, BUT KEEP IT BRIEF. YOU'RE THERE TO DO A JOB.

YES, SIR.



**SIN CITY
IS OPEN FOR
BUSINESS!**

TWO KAYS SQUARE AND
RISING TO FOUR HUNDRED
METRES ABOVE SEA LEVEL,
IT IS THE LARGEST MOBILE
MAN-MADE STRUCTURE THE
WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN--







THE FIRST SHUTTLES
ARRIVE SHORTLY. I WANT
MAXIMUM PRESENCE AT
THE LANDING TERMINAL.



PLENTY OF EYE CONTACT.
LET THE CITIZENS KNOW
YOU'RE THERE. LET THEM
UNDERSTAND SOME STANDARDS
ARE STILL EXPECTED.

PROBABLY WON'T
DO MUCH GOOD, BUT
THAT SHOULDN'T STOP
US TRYING.



LINUS,
CHIEF OF POLICE!
WELCOME TO SIN
CITY. JUDGE
DREDD! WE'RE
HONOURED TO BE
IN YOUR WATERS!

IF I'D HAD
MY WAY
YOU'D HAVE
BEEN TURNED
ROUND AT THE
100 KAY
LIMIT.



LOT OF CREEPS USING THE ISLAND AS
A TEMPORARY HIDEOUT. YOU'VE ALL
GOT PERP METERS. USE THEM.

IDENTIFY AND
REPORT BACK. I'LL
BE CO-ORDINATING
INFORMATION.



WHAT ABOUT DEATH
GAMES AND THE REST?
ARE WE GOING TO
TURN A BLIND EYE TO
THAT, GUTH?

FOR THE
MOMENT,
YES.



WE GOT FACILITIES
ALL READY FOR YOU. IF
YOU AND YOUR BOYS
JUST FOLLOW ME--

THAT WON'T BE
NECESSARY. WE HAVE
EVERYTHING WE NEED
ABOARD OUR SHIP.



AND LET'S GET SOMETHING
STRAIGHT RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING.
LINUS-- YOU'RE IN MEGA-CITY ONE
TERRITORY. IF IT COMES TO A DISPUTE
BETWEEN MY OFFICERS AND YOURS,
THERE IS NO CONTEST.

MAKE THAT CLEAR TO
ALL YOUR PEOPLE.



DAYS BEFORE--

IN EXCHANGE FOR PERMITTING THEM TO ANCHOR WITHIN OUR TERRITORIAL WATERS, SIN CITY HAS AGREED TO A DETACHMENT OF JUDGES ON THE ISLAND, WITH FULL JUDICIAL POWERS.

IN ADDITION, DURING THE DURATION OF THEIR VISIT, MEGA-CITY ONE WILL RECEIVE TWENTY PERCENT OF ALL REVENUES TAKEN.



WE HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT THEIR OFFER.

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. CO-OPERATE WITH THAT DEN OF VICE AND YOU'RE AS GOOD AS SANCTIONING EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON THERE.



WE HAVE TO BE REALISTIC, DREDD. WE CAN'T STOP THE CITIZENS GOING THERE.

WE CAN MAKE IT DAMNED DIFFICULT!

BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE. AT LEAST THIS WAY WE EXERCISE A MEASURE OF CONTROL.

WHILE THE CITIZENS INDULGE IN ALL MANNER OF ILLEGAL PRACTICES? WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE CONTROLLING, MCTIGHE?



I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND WAYS OF EXERCISING YOUR AUTHORITY.



ME--?



I WANT YOU IN CHARGE OF THE DETACHMENT.



THINK AGAIN! I WON'T BE PART OF THIS!



AND I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN TO LIKE THAT! I AM CHIEF JUDGE AND I EXPECT TO BE OBEYED!

MY OFFICE, NOW!



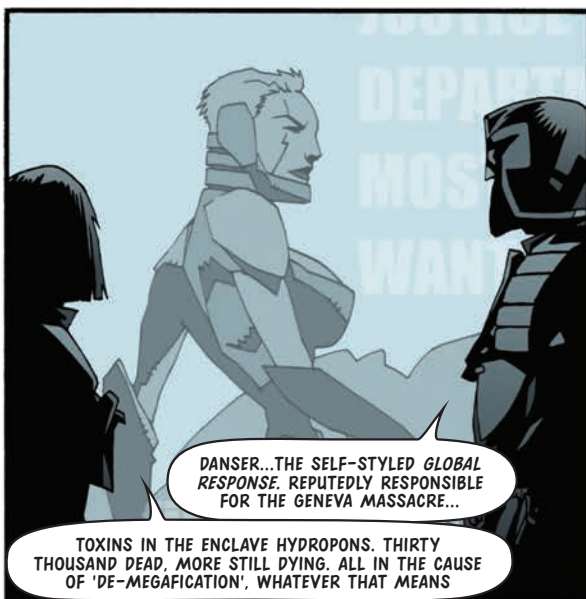
GOING TO BE FIREWORKS--



I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS, DREDD, BUT THERE ARE THINGS YOU ARE NOT AWARE OF.

WE HAVE -- OR HAD UNTIL RECENTLY -- AN UNDERCOVER AGENT STATIONED ON SIN.

SHORTLY AFTER THE ISLAND SET SAIL FOR MEGA-CITY ONE, WE RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM OUR MAN -- CODENAME YANKEE -- REPORTING THE SIGHTING OF ULA DANSER ABOARD.



DANSER...THE SELF-STYLED *GLOBAL RESPONSE*. REPUTEDLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GENEVA MASSACRE...

TOXINS IN THE ENCLAVE HYDROPONS. THIRTY THOUSAND DEAD, MORE STILL DYING. ALL IN THE CAUSE OF 'DE-MEGAFICATION', WHATEVER THAT MEANS



YANKEE WAS ORDERED TO FIND OUT MORE AND REPORT. THAT WAS THE LAST WE HEARD FROM HIM.

YOU THINK DANSER RUMBLED YANKEE -- DISPOSED OF HIM...?

THAT IS THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION.



THAT IS WHY I WANT YOU ON SIN CITY. DANSER IS A KNOWN ENEMY OF THE MEGA-CITIES. IF SHE *IS* ABOARD THEN IT IS HIGHLY PROBABLE SHE IS PLANNING A STRIKE AGAINST US.

AS YOU KNOW, SHE PLAYS FOR HIGH STAKES.



AT LEAST THIS WAY WE HAVE FORTY JUDGES ON THE SPOT READY TO TAKE WHATEVER ACTION IS NECESSARY.

I'LL SEND IN FRESH UNDERCOVER UNITS TO WORK WITH YOU. CHOOSE A JUDGE YOU CAN RELY ON TO HANDLE THE DAY TO DAY -- YOU CONCENTRATE ON THIS INVESTIGATION...



LOOK WHAT THE WIND BLEW IN--

YOU KNOW HIM?



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, CREEP USED TO BE A JUDGE.

ARENA FIGHTER NOW -- GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY KILLS TO HIS NAME.

A VERY SICK MAN.



SHUTTLES DISGORGE THE FIRST EAGER ARRIVALS--



IT'S **MR SIN!**



LET ME SING TO YOU OF SIN --
A SUBJECT THAT I'M EXPERT IN!
I KNOW EVERY FOUL AND FORBIDDEN
ACT YOU CAN COMMIT!



WANNA EAT A SLICE OF
RIN TIN TIN?



SEE NAKED MUTIES
WREST-L-IN?



OR MAKE IT WITH
AN ALIEN?



IT'S ALL IN MY
REMIT!





SIN CITY IS THE PLACE TO DO THE THINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO, BUT NEVER DARED FOR FEAR THAT YOU WOULD END UP DOING TIME!

WHAT A PERFORMER!



WIN A FORTUNE ON THE DICE, RISK YOUR HOME, YOUR CAR, YOUR LIFE -



BET YOUR HUSBAND OR YOUR WIFE-- HERE NOTHING IS A CRIME!



SO DRAG THOSE PAYCARDS FROM THE DEEP! THE PRICE OF SIN IS NOT SO CHEAP! AND WE'D LIKE YOU ALL TO SPEND A HEAP OF MONEY WHILE YOU'RE HERE!

AND IF YOU RUN A LITTLE DRY, WE'LL TAKE AN I.O.U. WHEREBY, WE GET YOUR ORGANS WHEN YOU DIE-- WE'RE NOTHING IF NOT FAIR!



SO COME, A WORLD OF SIN AWAITS! ENTER NOW TEMPTATION'S GATES! YOUR DEEPEST, DARKEST LUSTS TO SATE--

-- THE FUN BEGINS IN THERE--!

YOU BET!

SOME COME JUST TO STAND
AND STARE. THE MYRIAD
TEMPTATIONS SOON TURN
THEM INTO PARTICIPANTS.



AND SOME COME TO
PREY ON THE OTHERS.



OVER HALF A MILLION
VISITORS SO FAR AN'
THE LINES ARE STILL
BUILDIN'! YOUR PEOPLE
SURE GOT A TASTE FOR
SIN, JUDGE DREDD!

A SAD
COMMENT ON
OUR CITIZENS.



BUT DAMN
GOOD BUSINESS
FOR US!

WHAT'S
UP--?

DUNKS! HUSBAND
AND WIFE TEAM,
USUALLY WORK
THE ATLANTIC
TERMINAL.



YOU CREEPS--
RAISE 'EM!



BACK OFF,
DREDD, OR THE
GEEK GETS IT!



GOT A
WATCHMAN UP
THERE BEHIND
THEM. HE'LL
TAKE 'EM OUT
EASY.



HOLD YOUR
HORSES, SON! LET'S
JUST SEE HOW GOOD
OUR HOTSHOT JUDGE
HANDLES IT!



SIN CITY, THE MASSIVE FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND, IS VISITING MEGA-CITY ONE.

ON BOARD TO KEEP ORDER, JUDGE DREDD AND A DETACHMENT OF MEGA-CITY'S FINEST--

YOU'RE ONLY ADDING TO YOUR CRIMES, CREEP! EVEN IF YOU GET OFF THIS ISLAND, YOU'LL BE ARRESTED AS SOON AS YOU TRY TO RE-ENTER MEGA-CITY ONE!



WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES! WE'RE BACKING OFF, SEE!



HE'S FOLLOWING THEM INTO THE CREW QUARTERS!



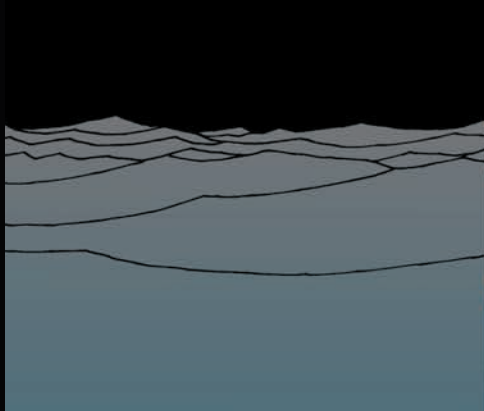
REAL SLOPPY! NOW ME, I'D'A JUST SHOT THE HOSTAGE TOO!



IN THE WARREN-LIKE CORRIDORS, THE PERPS ABANDON THEIR HOSTAGE--

WAIT HERE!

YOU SURE WONDER WHERE THEM BIG CITY JUDGES GET THEIR REPS!



HE-HE'S STILL COMIN', MAL!



IN HERE!



YOU CAN RUN
BUT YOU
CAN'T HIDE.



ALL RIGHT,
ENOUGH!
WE-WE GIVE
UP!

NOT GOING TO
BE THAT EASY,
CREEP. YOU HAD
A WARNING. YOU
CHOSE TO IGNORE
IT.



YOU NEED
A LESSON IN
OBEDIENCE.



WAIT OUT HERE.
MAKE SURE I'M
NOT INTERRUPTED.
I DON'T NEED ANY
WITNESSES.



DREDD TO BASE. WE HAVE
TWO BADLY INJURED PERPS,
POSSIBLE FATALITIES, CUBICLE
D156, DORM AREA 29. MED
ASSIST REQUIRED.



OH GRUD, NO.
P-PLEASE...

L-LOOK, WE'RE
NOT GIVING YOU
ANY TROUBLE-!



SOUNDS
LIKE HE'S
GIVIN' 'EM
ONE HELLUVA
BEATING!

HELL, I COULDA
DONE THAT!



NOT SO
DAMNED
COCKY NOW,
ARE YOU,
CREEP?



IF THIS WAS YANKEE'S ROOM,
IT ISN'T ANYMORE. THIS STUFF
BELONGS TO A NINO MYSKAAW
- A MUTANT WITH THE FREAK
SHOW.



THIS'LL PICK
UP ANY BLOOD
TRACES. IF
YANKEE IS
DEAD IT'S
UNLIKELY IT
HAPPENED
HERE, BUT YOU
NEVER KNOW...



LOOK FOR A MESSAGE --
SECRET WRITING. HE MIGHT
HAVE LEFT US A LEAD ON
DANSER.



I COULD DO WITH A
LITTLE SUPPORT HERE!

YOU'VE K-KILLED HIM!
YOU-YOU PSYCHOPATH-!
YOU'RE SICK -- SICK.
YOU HEAR ME!



YOU HAVEN'T
BEGUN TO LEARN
HOW SICK,
CREEP!



DO WE HAVE ANYONE IN OUR AUDIENCE TONIGHT FROM -- MEGA-CITY ONE?



YO!

GOTCHA!

WE'RE ALL FROM MEGA-CITY ONE, YA MUNCEHEAD!



THAT'S AMAZING! BECAUSE OUR FIRST CONTESTANT TONIGHT ON DARE TO BE RICH IS ALSO FROM MEGA-CITY ONE!

TIGER SHARPING, COME ON DOWN!



ME? OH-! OH, WOW, ME!

GET 'EM, TIGER!



SO YOU WANT TO WIN A MILLION CREDITS, HUH, TIGER? HOW FAR ARE YOU PREPARED TO GO?

I DUNNO. PRETTY FAR.

WOULD YOU...SELL YOUR SISTER?

UHH...I-I GUESS SO...IF IT WAS FOR A MILLION.

WOULD YOU...DRINK SULPHURIC ACID?

WOULDN'T THAT KILL ME? UH, NO, NO, I-I DON'T THINK I'D DRINK ACID. I COULD GET MY SISTER TO, MAYBE.



OKAY, TIME TO PICK A DARE CARD! COULD BE A GOOD 'UN, COULD BE A BAD 'UN...



IT'S A CUT ABOVE THE REST! TONIGHT, TIGER, YOU'RE GOING TO BE PLAYING SURGERY!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY



THE RULES ARE SIMPLE! I'LL ASK A SERIES OF QUESTIONS! EVERY ONE YOU GET RIGHT BOOSTS YOU TOWARDS YOUR ULTIMATE PRIZE! GET A QUESTION WRONG AND LANCE, OUR SURGEON, WILL CUT YOU OPEN!

FOR EVERY ADDITIONAL WRONG ANSWER, LANCE WILL THEN REMOVE A MAJOR ORGAN! BECOME AN ULTIMATE WINNER AND WE'LL PUT 'EM ALL RIGHT BACK AGAIN!

AT ANY TIME YOU CAN STOP THE GAME! ANY ORGANS REMOVED UP TO THAT TIME WILL BE DONATED TO A CHARITY OF YOUR CHOICE!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, TIGER, DARE TO BE RICH?



MEMBERS OF OUR AUDIENCE CAN PLAY THE GAME WITH US! JUST SWIPE YOUR PAYCARDS ON THE KEY PADS PROVIDED AND MAKE YOUR BETS!



TIGER, YOU SAID GREEN... THE CORRECT ANSWER WAS RED...AND THERE IT GOES! OUR SURGEON LANCE HAS REMOVED YOUR SMALL INTESTINE!

WE GOTTA STAND AND WATCH THIS?

THAT'S THE DAMN STORY.



HOW ARE WE FEELING NOW, TIGER -- CONFIDENT?



BY NIGHT, THE GROTESQUE GAME SHOWS PULL IN THE CROWDS. BY DAY, KILLER BOWL IS KING.





THE EXCITEMENT OF THE ROMAN
ARENA, WITH HOTTIES AND COTTON
CANDY THROWN IN --

KILL HIM,
MUERTE!

FOR GRUD'S
SAKE, WAKE UP,
CLAW!



PASSIONS IN THE
CROWD RUN HIGH --

BREAK
IT UP!



KILLER BOWL IS SYNDICATED
ACROSS THE GLOBE AND
BEYOND. THE REWARDS FOR A
SUCCESSFUL FIGHTER CAN BE
ENORMOUS.

MUERTE!
MUERTE! MUERTE!
MUERTE!
MUERTE!
MUERTE! MUERTE!

THE DRAWBACKS
ARE OBVIOUS.



TWO PUGILISTS
FOR THE CUBES. SIX
MONTHS EACH
OUGHTA DO IT.

WE WANT A
REFUND! WE PAID
GOOD CREDITS TA
GET HERE!

SHUT YOUR
MOUTHS.



YOU'VE GOT TO
WONDER WHO THE
CRIMINALS ARE. IT'S
NOT RIGHT, GUTH!

JUST DO
YOUR JOB,
KAPLIN.



TOURISTS FROM MEGA-CITY ONE ARE FLOCKING TO SIN CITY, THE FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND ANCHORED OFF THE ATLANTIC WALL. ON BOARD TO KEEP ORDER, DREDD AND A DETACHMENT OF MEGA-CITY JUDGES...

JUDGE PREES CALLS ON HIS BROTHER, A SIN CITY EMPLOYEE--

SOMEONE'S WORKED YOU OVER GOOD. WHO DID IT, GORDO?

WHO DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T KNOW. YOU TELL ME.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU ANYWAY? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE? I NEVER ASKED YOU TO COME.

YOU'RE MY BROTHER. IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED, HAVE YOU? HERE COMES GOODY-GOODY LITTLE BROTHER RIDING TO THE RESCUE!

GRUD WEEPS, I CAN STILL HEAR YOU! MOMMY, I WANT TO BE A JUDGE WHEN I GROW UP AND STOP ALL THE BAD PEOPLE HURTING ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE--

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A RELIEF IT WAS WHEN THEY SENT YOU OFF TO THE ACADEMY AND I DIDN'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU ANY MORE!

THIS IS A DEBT REMINDER... THE COMET -- THAT'S A CASINO...

YOU OWE THEM 57,000 CREDS?

IS THAT ALL? GOSH.

THEY DID THIS TO YOU?

PITY YOU COULDN'T'VE BEEN HERE. SHOULDA MET 'EM -- NICE GUYS. NOTHIN' TOO MUCH FOR THEM. YOU WANT AN EXTRA BONE BROKE... NO PROBLEM. SERVICE WITH A SMILE.

I WANT NAMES, GORDO.



NOBODY'S GOING
TO GET KILLED.

EVEN YOU CAN'T TAKE ON THE WHOLE OF SIN CITY, CLINTON! THESE ARE DANGEROUS PEOPLE! YOU START POKING YOUR NOSE IN YOU'RE GONNA GET ME DEAD FOR SURE!



YOU DO THAT. AND
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT
WHY DON'T YOU PASS
TOO -- RIGHT ON BY.

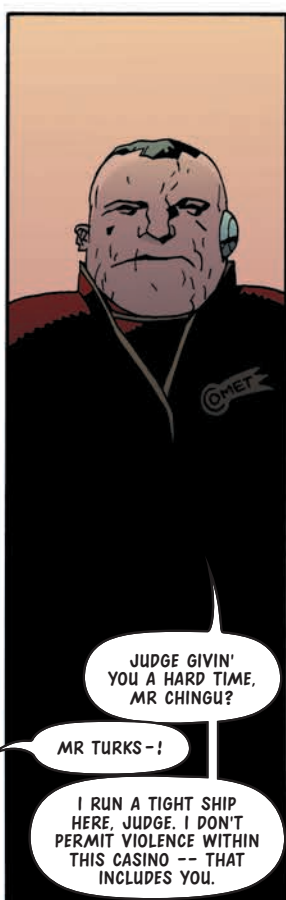
**YOU GETTING THE
MESSAGE, CLINTON? I DON'T
WANT YOUR HELP! I DIDN'T
LIKE YOU WHEN YOU WERE A
JUVEY AN' I DON'T LIKE YOU
NOW! SO GET LOST!**

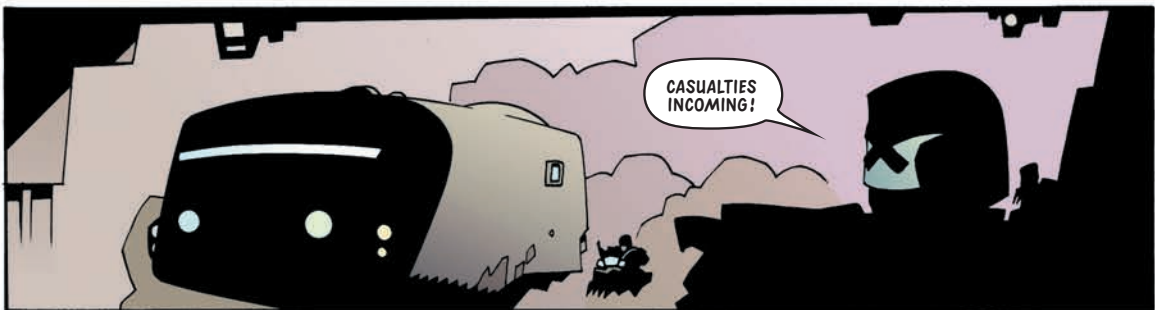
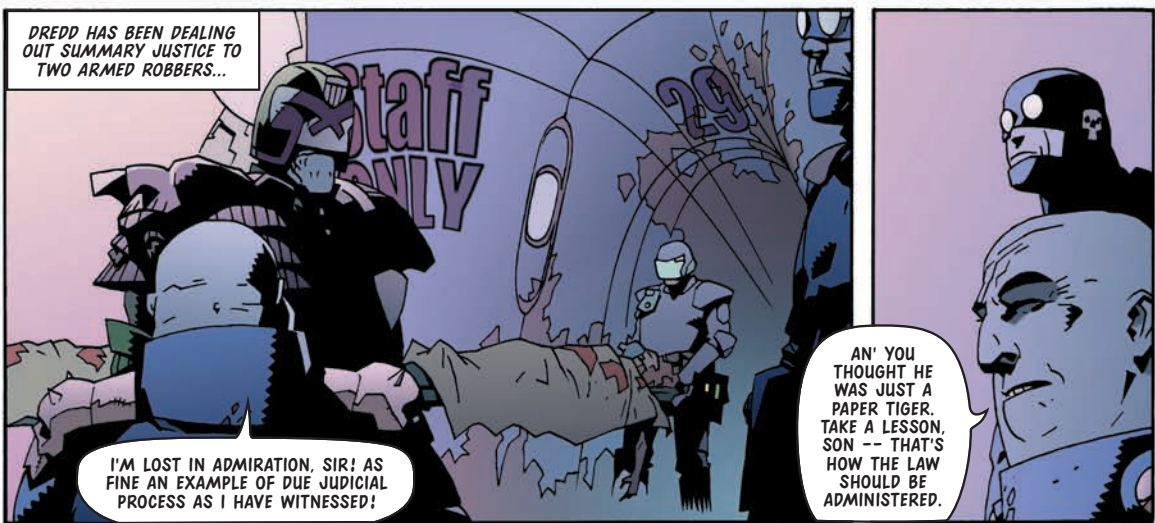


THE
COMET--







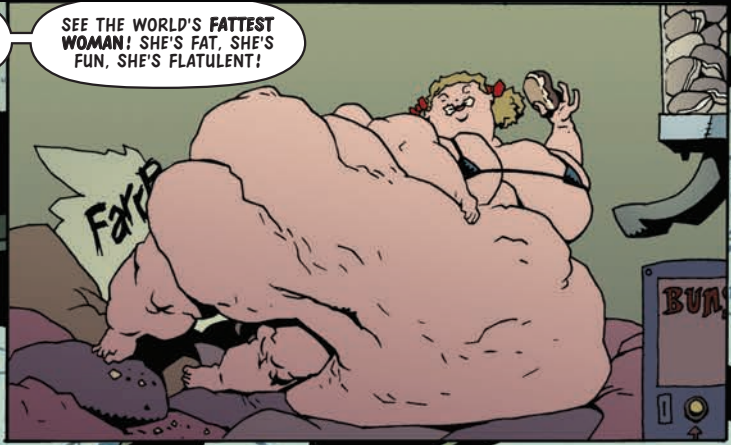




HURRY, HURRY,
STEP RIGHT UP!
FIFTY CRED\$ TO SEE
THE FREAK SHOW!

MUTIES! WEIRDOS!
SURGICAL FREAKS!
WE'VE GOT 'EM ALL!

SEE THE WORLD'S **FATTEST**
WOMAN! SHE'S FAT, SHE'S
FUN, SHE'S FLATULENT!



GASP AT THE MAN
WITH **MAGGOT EYES!**
HE'S A WALKING
CADAVER!

AMAZE AT THE
INCREDIBLE COILS OF
SNAKENECK **SADIE!**



PITY POOR
CRAZYFACE! DOCTORS
DID THIS TO HIM FOR A
LAUGH! HE'S NOT
LAUGHING!

I COULDA BEEN
A MODEL!



HOOT AT THE
HILARIOUS HAIRBALL!
SHAVE HIM BALD AND
WATCH IT GROW!

SEE 'EM -- SNAP
'EM -- TOUCH 'EM!
BUT BE POLITE!
REMEMBER, FREAKS
CAN BE SENSITIVE!

THE
FREAKS



AS SHUTTLES CONTINUE TO DISGORGE THROGS OF SIN-SEEKERS, THE FIRST NIGHT FRENZY GROWS.



MANY FAVOUR THE EXTREME GAME SHOWS --



WE'VE MADE OUR DECISION, BARRY. WE LOVE GRANNY BUT -- SOB! -- SHE'S HAD A GOOD INNINGS. WE'VE GOT TO GO FOR THE MONEY.



YES, FOLKS. BLOOD MAY BE THICKER THAN WATER, BUT A MILLION CREDITS BUYS A WHOLE LOTTA COMFORT!



REMEMBER, IF YOU'RE BRUTALLY KILLED OR INJURED TOMORROW, CHANCES ARE IT'S LIKELY TO BE BY YOUR NEAREST AND DEAREST!

TO EACH HIS OWN --



ON SIN CITY ALL TASTES ARE CATERED FOR.

I...I'VE BEEN BAD, IRON MISTRESS.

THEN YOU MUST BE PUNISHED!



FOR THE WEALTHIER THRILL-SEEKER, SIN CITY LAYS ON EXCLUSIVE SAFARI NIGHTS --

I CAME ALL THE WAY UP FROM TEXAS CITY FOR THIS! IT BETTER BE GOOD!

I ASSURE YOU IT WILL BE, MR OTIS.

RELEASE THE QUARRY!

YEEHAA! NEVER SHOT ME A FELLOW HOMO SAPIEN BEFORE!

SURE IS SOME KICK!

DON'T THESE FOLKS MIND BEIN' GUNNED DOWN?

THEY'RE CONDEMNED CRIMINALS, SIR. WE PICK THEM UP IN VARIOUS PORTS OF CALL. THEY'RE LUCKY TO HAVE SURVIVED THIS LONG.

AFTERWARDS, RELAX WITH AN EXQUISITE DINNER OF EXOTIC FOODS --

BOY? GEE, I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD EAT... PEOPLE...

DIDN'T COME HERE TO BE SQUEAMISH, DAMMIT!

TONIGHT WE START WITH A MELANGE OF ENDANGERED SPECIES IN A RICH DOLPHINOISE SAUCE.

FOR OUR ENTREE, WE WILL BE SERVING SLICES OF TENDER YOUNG BOY. THOSE WHO DO NOT WISH TO PARTAKE WILL BE OFFERED AN ALTERNATIVE.

ANYWAYS, PROBABLY BAGGED THE LITTLE CRITTER MYSELF! Y'ALL KNOW WHAT THEY SAY -- IT'S BAD ECOLOGY NOT TA EAT WHAT YA SHOOT!



AMONG THE MULTITUDE OF PLEASURE SEEKERS COME THE INEVITABLE PREDATORS --



JUDGES ARE THERE TO METE OUT INSTANT JUSTICE --



CAN I HELP YOU FREAKS?

DON'T MIND US, JUST LOOKING ROUND.



BY MORNING THE FRENZY IS DYING.

HOTEL ROOMS FILL. EXHAUSTED NIGHT-TRIPPERS FILE BACK ONTO THE SHUTTLES.



IN THE MORGUE --

TH-THAT'S HIM! POOR UNCLE!



HE WAS FOUND SHOT DEAD NEAR THE EATERIE WHERE HE WORKED. THE KILLER HAS NOT BEEN IDENTIFIED.



WE DON'T LOOK TOO HARD. STAFF COME AND GO, WE'VE GOT A BUSINESS TO RUN.

THAT'S A TERRIBLE ATTITUDE.

THAT'S SIN CITY, MA'AM.



KNOWING THAT ULA DANSER MAY BE ON THE ISLAND, SHUTTLE PASSENGERS AND CARGO ARE THOROUGHLY CHECKED BEFORE DEPARTURE --

GOT A LIVE ONE IN THE BODY BAGS!



UH...ARE WE IN MEGA-CITY ONE YET?



YOU FREAKS TRY THIS AGAIN AND YOU'LL BE IN BODY BAGS FOR REAL!



ON DREDD'S COMMAND SHIP --

THEY WERE HOLDING AGENT YANKEE'S EFFECTS IN STORAGE. I SENT THEM TO THE CITY WITH THE BODY FOR ANALYSIS.

RIGHT, HOLLISTER. WHAT'VE YOU GOT FOR US, JAEGAR?



I SLIPPED A STAFFER TEN BIGS TO RUN DANSER'S STATS THROUGH SIN CITY COMPUTERS, PROMISED HIM ANOTHER TEN IF HE CAME UP GOOD.

ZILCH. NOT A SIGHTING. NO RECORD OF ULA DANSER BEING ON BOARD -- EVER. SORRY, BOSS MAN.

YOU WILL BE. TAKE THAT TOBACCO PRODUCT OUT OF YOUR MOUTH. YOU'RE NOT UNDERCOVER NOW.



MAYBE DANSER'S NOT HERE AT ALL. WHAT IF YANKEE GOT IT WRONG -- IT WASN'T HER HE SAW. HIS DEATH MAY BE TOTALLY UNCONNECTED.

THAT WOULD BE A RELIEF. WE COULD GET SIN CITY OUT OF OUR WATERS FOR ONE THING.

I DON'T BUY THE THEORY.



THE SIGHTING FOLLOWED BY THE MURDER -- AND SIN CITY PARKED ON OUR DOORSTEP? TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE.

SHE'S HERE. SHE'S JUST TOO SMART FOR US SO FAR.

THE QUESTION IS, HOW LONG HAVE WE GOT TO FIND HER?

MEGA-CITY MEDICAL EXAMINERS
CARRY OUT AN AUTOPSY ON
MURDERED AGENT YANKEE...

FOREIGN
BODY LODGED
IN VICTIM'S
STOMACH.

PHOTO SLUG.

PRINT OUT ANY
IMAGES. SEND A COPY
TO DREDD. THAT'S
IMMEDIATE.

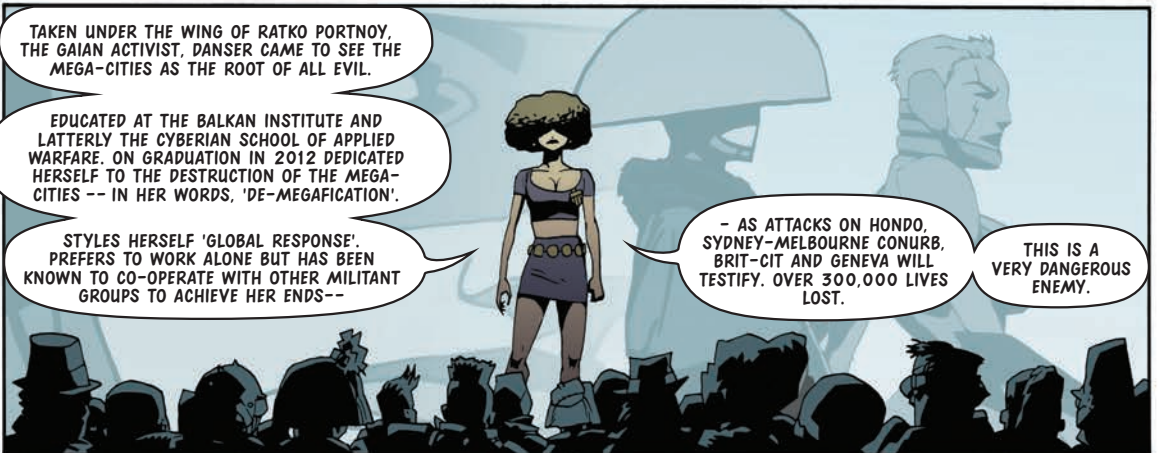
THE IMAGES CONFIRM DREDD'S WORST FEARS--

ULA DANSER.

SHE'S COVERED THE SCAR,
DISTORTED HER FEATURES WITH
PLAS-SKIN -- ENOUGH TO FOOL
SIN CITY'S CAMERAS, BUT NOT
THE HUMAN EYE.

YANKEE RECOGNISED HER.
SHE WAS SUSPICIOUS, WENT
AFTER HIM. BEFORE HE DIED HE
MANAGED TO SWALLOW
THE PHOTO SLUG.

THE ROYAL ROOST --
ROOM 555.



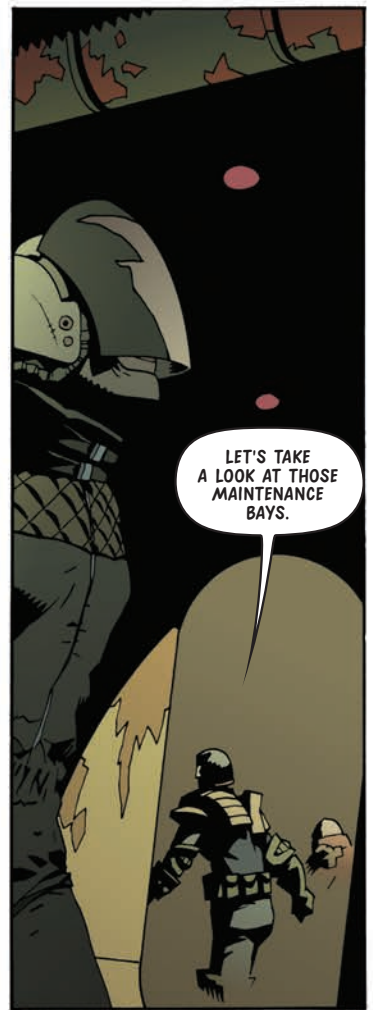


ALL VISITORS TO THE REACTOR ROOM HAVE TO PASS IRIS AND VOICE SCAN IDENTIFICATION.

BELIEVE ME, WE'RE JUST AS CONCERNED ABOUT OUR SAFETY AS YOU ARE, JUDGE DREDD.



FRANKLY I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOUR SAFETY, LINUS. IT'S OURS I'M INTERESTED IN.



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE MAINTENANCE BAYS.



BIG CROWD IN LAST NIGHT. KEEPS UP, WE'RE ALL GONNA GET A BONUS.

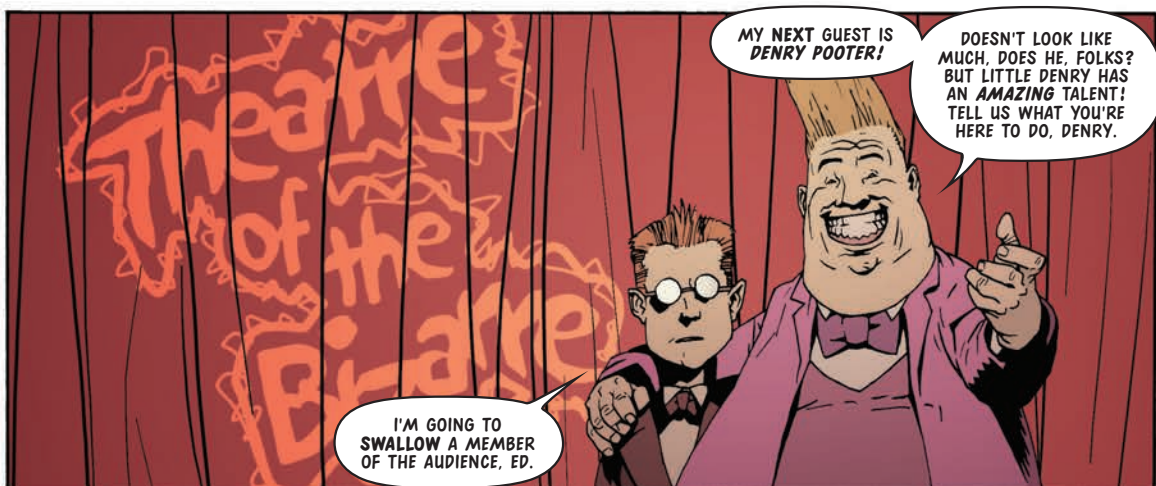
COULD USE IT.



OH!
SORRY!







MY NEXT GUEST IS
DENRY POOTER!

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
MUCH, DOES HE, FOLKS?
BUT LITTLE DENRY HAS
AN *AMAZING* TALENT!
TELL US WHAT YOU'RE
HERE TO DO, DENRY.

I'M GOING TO
SWALLOW A MEMBER
OF THE AUDIENCE, ED.



HERE WE HAVE A VOLUNTEER! EVER
BEEN EATEN BEFORE, MARSHA?

N-NOT AS
FAR AS I CAN
RECALL, ED.

ALWAYS A FIRST
TIME! YOU'VE HAD
YOUR OXYGEN PILL.
NOW HOP UP ON
THE TABLE!



DENRY IS DETACHING HIS
JAW! THAT'S THE KEY TO
HIS INCREDIBLE ABILITY!

NORMAN -- DRUMROLL
PLEASE!



MAINTENANCE
WOMAN COME
IN HERE?

THEY COME IN ALL
THE TIME, SIR. I'M
NOT PROGRAMMED
TO NOTICE.



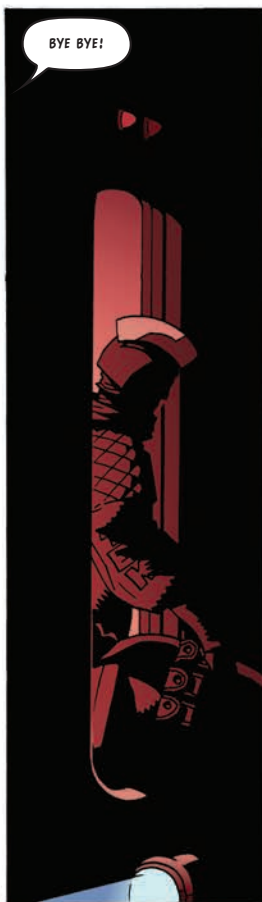
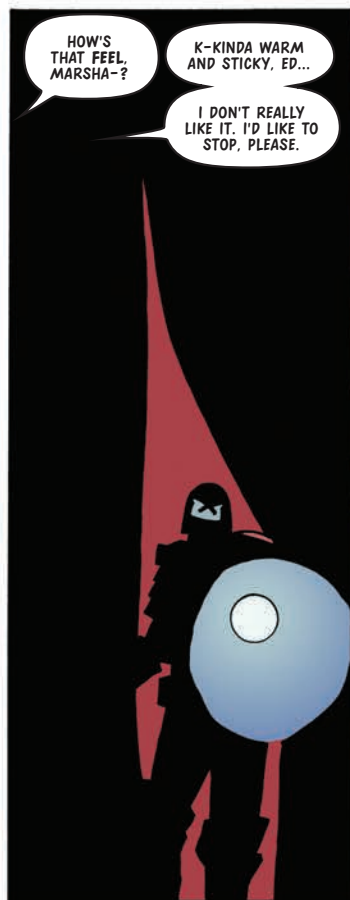
BETTER
CHECK IT.

MAHON AND SKEETS,
RUNNING A SEARCH,
THEATRE OF THE
BIZARRE.

ROG. STAY ALERT,
SHE'S SMART.



HOPЕ THOSE FEET
AREN'T TOO CHEESY,
MARSHA!



ON SIN CITY, THE HUGE FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND ANCHORED OFF MEGA-CITY ONE, WANTED ACTIVIST ULA DANSER HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN THE THEATRE OF THE BIZARRE --

DENRY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STOP REGURGITATING MARSHA!

I'M GETTING A MESSAGE IN MY EAR TELLING ME THE DRESSING ROOMS ARE ON FIRE AND WE MUST EVACUATE THE THEATRE IMMEDIATELY!

BRINGGGGGGGG

A comic book panel from "The Simpsons". In the center, Denzel Croaker, a man with a large pompadour hairstyle, is wearing a pink suit and bow tie. He is shouting and pointing his finger towards two women. To his left, Ula Danser is wearing a red headscarf with white flowers and a purple dress. To his right, another woman is wearing a blue headscarf and a brown dress. Both women are looking away from him with expressions of annoyance or indifference. The background consists of heavy red curtains. At the bottom of the frame, there is a small puddle of liquid on the floor. Three speech bubbles contain dialogue: one from Denzel Croaker telling them to stop regurgitating Marsha, and another from Ula Danser stating she received an evacuation message due to a fire in the dressing rooms. Onomatopoeic sound effects "BRINGGGGGGGG" are written across the middle of the panel.

ON SIN CITY, THE HUGE FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND ANCHORED OFF MEGA-CITY ONE, WANTED ACTIVIST ULA DANSER HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN THE THEATRE OF THE BIZARRE --

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BRINGGGGGG

ON SIN CITY, THE HUGE FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND ANCHORED OFF MEGA-CITY ONE, WANTED ACTIVIST ULA DANSER HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN THE THEATRE OF THE BIZARRE --

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BRINGGGGGGGGGGGG

A comic book panel from "The Sin City Bible". At the top, a caption reads: "ON SIN CITY, THE HUGE FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND ANCHORED OFF MEGA-CITY ONE, WANTED ACTIVIST ULA DANSER HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN THE THEATRE OF THE BIZARRE --". Below this, Denry, a man with a large, spiky blonde pompadour, wearing a pink suit and bow tie, is shouting. He has a speech bubble that says: "DENRY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STOP REGURGITATING MARSHA!". In front of him, Ula Danser, a woman with dark hair and a red floral headscarf, is cowering in fear, her mouth open as if screaming. Behind her, another person is also cowering. A large sound effect "BRINGGGGGGGGGGGG" is written across the scene. At the bottom, there is a splash of liquid or blood on the floor.

NO NEED TO PANIC!
LEAVE YOUR SEATS AND
WALK CALMLY TO THE
EXITS!

I HOPE YOU'VE
ENJOYED THE SHOW
AND LOOK FORWARD TO
SEEING YOU AGAIN
HERE AT THE *THEATRE
OF THE BIZARRE!*

NO NEED TO PANIC!
LEAVE YOUR SEATS AND
WALK CALMLY TO THE
EXITS!

I HOPE YOU'VE
ENJOYED THE SHOW
AND LOOK FORWARD TO
SEEING YOU AGAIN
HERE AT THE *THEATRE
OF THE BIZARRE!*

A comic book panel depicting a large crowd of people, likely fans, in a stadium or arena. The crowd is shown from a low angle, filling the foreground and middle ground. In the background, two figures are visible, each with a speech bubble. The figure on the left says "OUTA THE WAY!" and the figure on the right says "OH, GRUD, WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!". The scene is set against a dark background, with the crowd and the figures in the background being the primary focus.

A comic book panel depicting a large crowd of people, likely fans, in a stadium or arena. The crowd is shown from a low angle, filling the foreground and middle ground. In the background, two figures are visible, each with a speech bubble. The figure on the left says "OUTA THE WAY!" and the figure on the right says "OH, GRUD, WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!". The scene is set against a dark background, with the crowd and the figures in the background being the primary focus.

A comic book panel depicting a character in a suit and mask, identified as Skeets, running through a doorway. The character is holding a gun and appears to be in a hurry. The scene is filled with smoke and debris, suggesting a chaotic or action-packed environment. A speech bubble from the character says "SKEETS-!". In the top right corner, a text box reads "BACKSTAGE--". The background shows a doorway leading to another area, with some furniture visible on the right. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration.

A comic book panel depicting a character in a suit and mask, identified as Skeets, running through a doorway. The character is holding a gun and appears to be in a hurry. The scene is filled with smoke and debris, suggesting a chaotic or action-packed environment. A speech bubble from the character says "SKEETS-!". In the top right corner, a text box reads "BACKSTAGE--". The art style is typical of comic books, with bold lines and a limited color palette.



SHE SLIPS AWAY AMONG THE PANICKING THROG--

NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT AN EXOTIC DANCER ON THESE STREETS -- TAME BY SIN CITY STANDARDS



SHE KNOWS SHE SHOULD HAVE ABANDONED THE PROJECT AFTER KILLING THE FIRST AGENT. IT WAS TOO FRAUGHT WITH RISK, EVEN THEN.

BUT THE CHANCE OF STRIKING AT THE GREAT MEGA-SATAN HAD BEEN TOO CLOSE, TOO ENTICING--



SHE HAD TAKEN PRECAUTIONS, OF COURSE -- ABANDONING HER ROOM, SEEKING OUT A SECURE BOLT HOLE IN CASE THEY SHOULD COME LOOKING--



WHERE SAFER THAN WITH THE BOSS HIMSELF -- GERT WEISS, GENERAL MANAGER OF SIN CITY.

THIS YOUNG LADY HAS ASKED TO MEET YOU, MR WEISS.



IT WAS COMMON KNOWLEDGE 'DIRTY GERTY' HAD A BIG APPETITE FOR THE LADIES--

WHAT'S A PRETTY YOUNG THING LIKE YOU DOING IN A DEPRAVED, NASTY PLACE LIKE SIN CITY, EH? HAVING FUN, I HOPE?

OH, YES, MR WEISS, IT'S BEEN THE HOLIDAY OF MY LIFE!



FORTUNATELY, SHE ALWAYS CARRIED A SUPPLY OF THE OBEDIENCE DRUG. IT HAD BEEN USEFUL MANY TIMES BEFORE --

ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME HAVE A LITTLE LOOK BENEATH THAT VEIL...HAMMM?

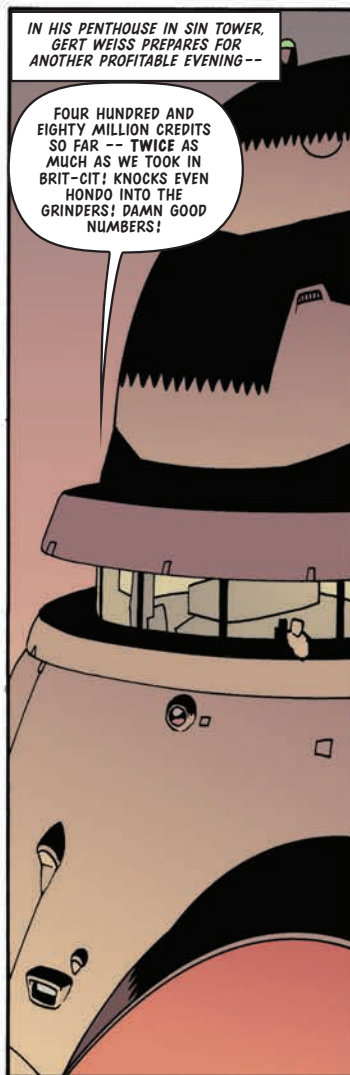


I'M SURE THAT CAN BE ARRANGED.





NIGHT FALLS, AND SHUTTLES DISGORGE A FRESH SURGE OF THRILL SEEKERS.



IN HIS PENTHOUSE IN SIN TOWER, GERT WEISS PREPARES FOR ANOTHER PROFITABLE EVENING--

FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLION CREDITS SO FAR -- TWICE AS MUCH AS WE TOOK IN BRIT-CIT! KNOCKS EVEN HONDO INTO THE GRINDERS! DAMN GOOD NUMBERS!



HAD DREDD IN TODAY. SEEMS WE GOT A TERRORIST ABOARD. EVER HEARD OF ULA DANSER...?

SHE WAS BEHIND THAT GENEVA THING.



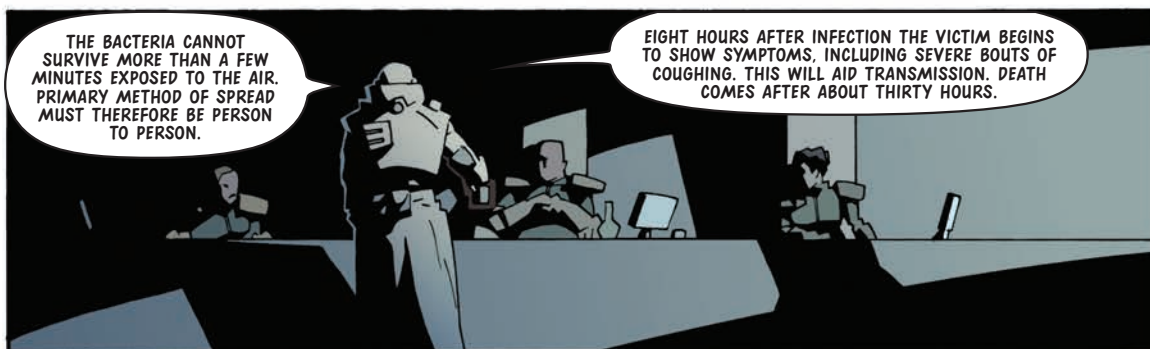
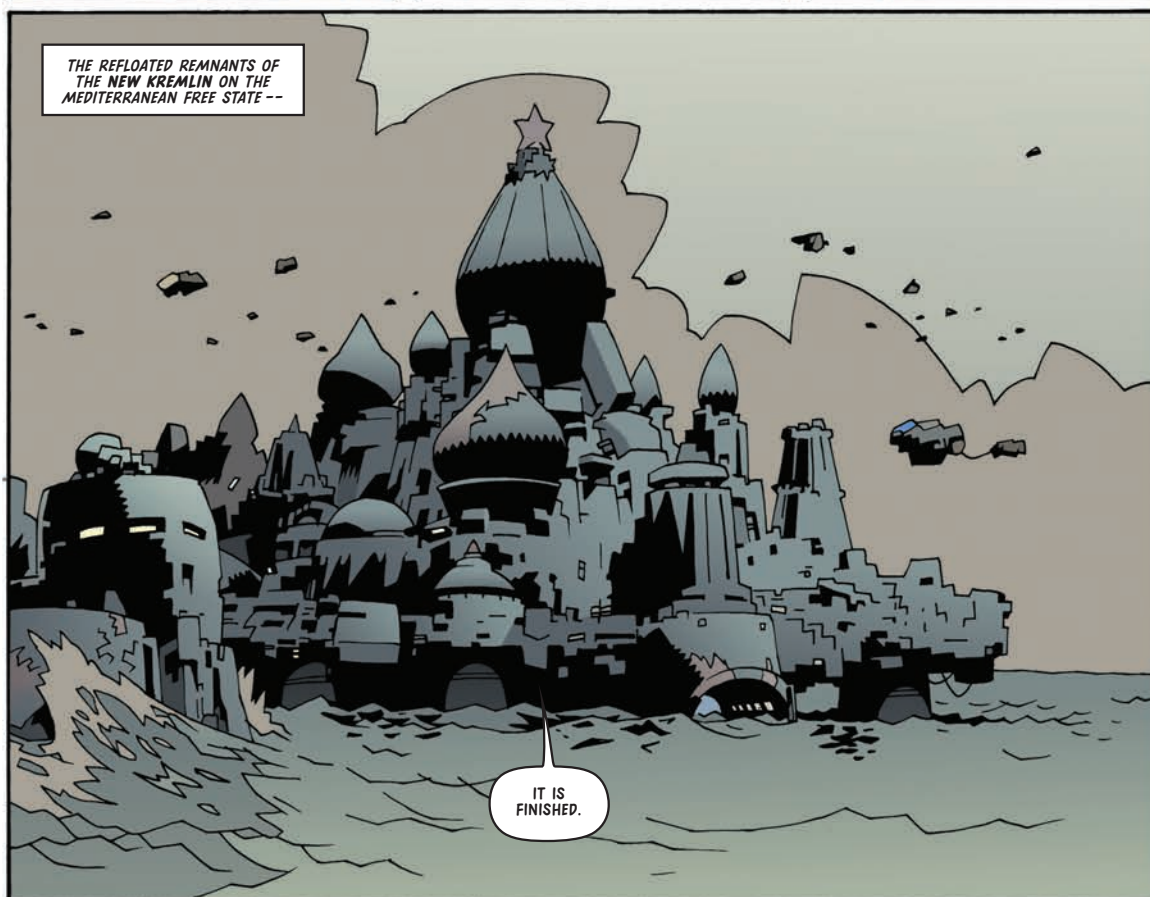
THEY HAD THIS IDEA WE MIGHT BE HIDING HER. ARE THEY OUT OF THEIR MINDS? THINK WE WANT SOMEONE LIKE THAT ABOARD?



GOOD LOOKING LITTLE LADY. COME TO THINK OF IT, SHE LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE...YOU.

YOU DIDN'T SAY THAT TO DREDD?

OF COURSE NOT, SWEET THING.





PROPERLY DELIVERED.
WE ESTIMATE IT WILL
WIPE OUT 90% OF
THEIR POPULATION.

EXCELLENT.



STEP
FORWARD.



YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT?

I HEARD.

THE TERRORIST **DANSER**
WILL HAVE DECIDED UPON THE
BEST METHOD OF DELIVERY. IN
THIS WE CAN TRUST HER. HER
HATRED IS AS GREAT AS OURS.

GUARD, REMOVE
THE MANACLES.



YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN SPARED FOR
THIS MOMENT. BE GRATEFUL YOU HAVE
BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE.

REMEMBER, IF YOU FAIL -- IF YOU'RE CAPTURED --
WE HAVE HAD NO PART IN THIS. BETTER YOU SHOULD
DIE THAN SET THEM LOOSE ON US AGAIN.

YOUR FAITH
IN ME IS
TOUCHING.



I WILL
NOT FAIL.

SEE THAT YOU
DON'T, COMRADE
ORLOK.

LADDEEES AND GENTLEMEN!
IT'S SIN CITY, IT'S KILLER
BOWL, IT'S FRIDAY! AND
FRIDAY MEANS --

LAST MAN
STANDING!

MUERTE!

MUERTE!

MUERTE!

MUERTE! MUERTE!

MUERTE!

MUERTE!

MUERTE!

LISTEN TO THEM, MUERTE.
THEY'RE CALLING FOR YOU!
THEY LOVE YOU! IF YOU'RE NOT
THE GREATEST KILLER OF ALL
TIME, WHO IS?

THAT JUDGE KNOWS IT, THAT
DREDD! STRIKE ME DEAD, YES!
YOU CHALLENGED HIM, MUERTE,
AND WHERE IS HE? AFRAID!

TO THINK THAT
YOU ONCE WORE
THAT UNIFORM!

YOU HATE THEM, DON'T YOU?
YOU'D LIKE TO KILL THEM ALL! THEY
REJECTED YOU! REJECTION'S A
TERRIBLE THING, ISN'T IT, MUERTE?

THEY DID YOU A FAVOUR, MADE
YOU WHAT YOU ARE -- A HERO!
BUT YOU STILL CAN'T FORGET!

NEVER FORGET --
NEVER FORGIVE --



USED TO BE CALLED MENDOZA. JUDGE RAY MENDOZA.



HAD A HABIT OF DELIVERING HIS PERPS ALL BROKEN UP, OR DEAD. HIS KILL-TO-CASE RATIO WENT BEYOND NORMAL JUDICIAL PROCESS.



HE WAS OUT OF CONTROL AND GETTING WORSE.



DRIVER'S REGISTERED DEAF! HE DIDN'T HEAR YOUR DAMNED SIREN, MENDOZA!

IT'S CLEARLY EXCESSIVE USE OF FORCE! I'M ARRESTING YOU ON A CHARGE OF UNLAWFUL KILLING!



LET'S JUST SETTLE THIS MAN TO MAN!



IT'D BE A FIRST FOR YOU!



YOU CAN ADD RESISTING ARREST TO THE CHARGE SHEET!



YOU GOT LUCKY, DREDD. NEXT TIME--

WON'T BE A NEXT TIME, MENDOZA. YOU'RE HISTORY.



GRAND HALL OVERTURNED MY RULING. MENDOZA HAD ACTED 'WHILE THE BALANCE OF HIS MIND WAS DISTURBED'.

HE DIDN'T RESPOND TO PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT. WAS DECLARED UNFIT FOR SERVICE AND EXILED FROM THE CITY.

WHOLE PROCESS WAS A FOUL-UP. LUNATIC SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN LET LOOSE ON ANYONE.



BULKED UP A LITTLE SINCE I KNEW HIM.

ONE BIG MEAN KILLIN' MACHINE.



NOT HALF AS TOUGH AS HE THINKS HE IS. I'LL DEAL WITH HIM WHEN THE TIME COMES...

YES, LAST MAN STANDING!
THE GREAT MUERTE, SLAYER
OF THOUSANDS, TAKES ON
ALL COMERS ARMED ONLY
WITH A LASER WHIP!

COME ONE, COME ALL!
CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS, TRY
YOUR HAND - IF YOU DARE!
DEFEAT MUERTE AND WIN A
PRIZE OF 500,000 CREDITS!



THE EVENT ALWAYS ATTRACTED A
FEW FOOLHARDY VOLUNTEERS.

GO ON,
GEORGE!

HUH?

FOOLHARDY -- OR DESPERATE...

HEY, PREES--

ISN'T
THAT YOUR
BROTHER?

ANY WEAPON YOU LIKE,
SIR! ALL PARTICIPANTS
MUST SIGN THIS DECLARATION
ABSOLVING SIN CITY FROM
RESPONSIBILITY IN THE
EVENT OF YOUR DEATH!

THE CRAZY
FOOL!



GUTHRIE'S JOB IS TO HANDLE THE RUNNING OF THE DETACHMENT ON SIN CITY AND LEAVE DREDD FREE FOR THE ULA DANCER INVESTIGATION.

HAVING SPENT SEVERAL YEARS UNDERCOVER IN THE CITY'S MOST CRIME-RIDDEN SECTOR, NOBODY'S GOT A BETTER EYE FOR A WRONG JOHN --

WHAT WE GOT HERE IS THE COMPLETE, PORTABLE TORTURE KIT.

SO WHAT? IT'S LEGAL HERE!

TROUBLE IS, YOU MUST'VE BEEN CARRYING THIS STUFF MEGSIDE, WHERE I GUARANTEE YOU IT IS A CRIME.

BASE, WE GOT ONE FOR THE CATCHERS, SIN AGAIN LANE. THAT'S A DEPORT ORDER, FOUR YEARS WITH MANDATORY PSYCHIATRIC. FULL INTERROGATION MEGSIDE.

WILCO, GUTH.

WE HAVE A JUDGE IN THE ARENA, KILLER BOWL. YOUR ATTENDANCE ADVISED.

Feed Me!

OH, HELLO, CLINTON. YOU SEE I'VE DISCHARGED MYSELF FROM HOSPITAL. COME TO WISH ME LUCK?

KIND OF HARD TO SIGN THIS THING WITH THE SPLINTS ON. BIG 'X' WILL HAVE TO DO.

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, GORDO?

THEY CAME TO SEE ME IN HOSPITAL. THEY'RE Madder THAN HELL SINCE YOU GOT ON THE CASE -- GAVE ME 48 HOURS TO PAY UP OR I'D BE FEEDING THE FISHES.

SEE, DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU DO, CLINTON. THEY'LL GET ME. THIS IS AS GOOD A WAY TO FIND THE MONEY AS ANY. 500 BIGS -- THINK I CAN TAKE HIM?

YOU THINK THERE AREN'T PEOPLE IN THE CITY LOOKING FOR ME? WHY DO YOU THINK I LEFT?

NO, IF YOU REALLY, REALLY WANT TO HELP ME, CLINTON, GIVE ME 57,000 CREDITS. THAT'S HOW MUCH I OWE THEM.

YOU KNOW WE DON'T HAVE MONEY.

THEN GO AWAY, LITTLE BROTHER, 'COS YOU'RE NO DAMNED HELP TO ME AT ALL.

GORDO--!

PREES, WE'VE GOT OUR ORDERS! WE CAN'T INTERFERE!

YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T!

LOOK, I CAN GET YOU PAPERS! YOU CAN COME BACK TO THE CITY, GET OUT FROM UNDER THESE CREEPS ONCE AND FOR ALL!



AND IT'S MUERTE
ALL THE WAY!



BUT WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE
WANTS SOME MORE!



GORDO, NO!
STAY DOWN!



AT SIN CITY'S KILLER BOWL,
MUERTE DISPATCHES A
FINAL CHALLENGER WITH
BRUTAL EFFICIENCY--



GORDO!



GET A MED!

IT'S TOO
LATE, PREES!
HE'S DEAD!



HE...HE WANTED
TO DIE!

HE WAS MY BROTHER.
I...I TRIED TO HELP HIM
AND I COULDN'T!



LADEES AND
GENTLEMEN, ONCE
AGAIN THE CONTEST
GOES TO MUERTE!

NOW I'M
GOING TO
CUT YOU
DOWN,
MUERTE!



PUT IT AWAY,
PREES!



GUTHRIE--



IT'S SIN CITY, PREES!



BUT--



BLANE.

YO.



THEY'D BROUGHT IN THE SNIFFERS AS SOON AS ULA DANSER'S PRESENCE ON SIN CITY HAD BEEN CONFIRMED.

WE EXPOSE THEM TO THE SUSPECT'S POSSESSIONS. OLFACTORY SENSORS PITTED ALONG THEIR SHELL WILL ISOLATE THE COMMON FACTOR -- DANSER'S UNIQUE SCENT.

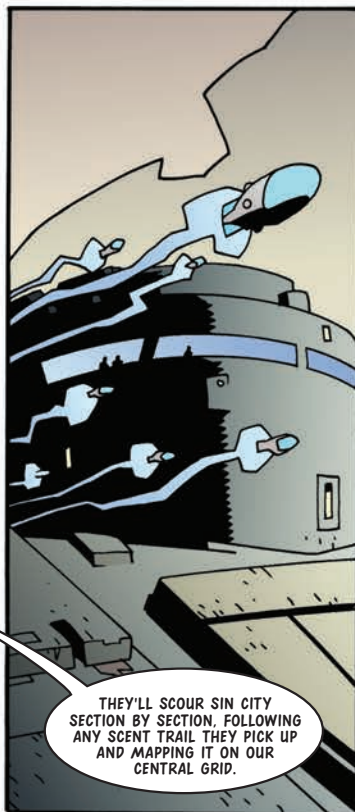


ALL THE PERFUMES OF ARABIA COULDN'T MAKE THAT ONE SMELL SWEET.

LONG AS SHE SMELLS, THAT'S ALL WE NEED.



THEY'LL SCOUR SIN CITY SECTION BY SECTION, FOLLOWING ANY SCENT TRAIL THEY PICK UP AND MAPPING IT ON OUR CENTRAL GRID.



BY EVENING A PICTURE OF DANSER'S MOVEMENTS IS BUILDING --



BLUE GOES TO RED, FAINT TO STRONG. GENERALLY THE FAINTER THE OLDER BUT IT DOESN'T ALWAYS FOLLOW. THICKNESS OF TRACE IS ALSO AN INDICATOR.

SHE'S SHOWN A LOT OF INTEREST IN THE SUBMARINE MAINTENANCE BAYS AND -- LET'S ZERO IN HERE...

YOU SEE -- WHERE SHE ENTERED AND LEFT THE THEATRE OF THE BIZARRE THE LINE IS STRONG AND CLEAR.





SHE'S GOT THAT SICK FEELING IN HER STOMACH, A PREMONITION OF DISASTER THAT'S SAVED HER BEFORE.

WHERE TO HIDE?
WHERE TO RUN TO?

THE DOOR! IT'S
ALREADY TOO LATE!

GERT-?

I...I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

END OF
THE LINE,
DANSER!



TOO MANY! NO ESCAPE!
ONLY ONE COURSE OF
ACTION LEFT TO HER-!

SHE'S
GOING FOR THE
TERRACE!

REGRETTABLY,
I NEED YOU
ALIVE!

THEN I MUST
DISAPPOINT
YOU-!

WATCH THAT
NUBONE! SHE HITS
LIKE A HAMMER!

I'LL BEAR THAT
IN MIND.



THE INTERROGATION--

I WANT TO KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING
AGAINST US.

YOU ARE TOO
LATE. THE DEED IS
ALREADY DONE.

I DOUBT IT -- OR
WHY ARE YOU STILL
AROUND? WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING FOR?

I'M ON HOLIDAY.
CAN'T YOU SEE BY
MY TAN?

IF YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT ME,
DANSER, YOU'LL KNOW
I'M A MAN WHO HATES
WASTING HIS BREATH.
SO LET'S CUT OUT ALL
THE PRELIMINARIES,
SHALL WE?

THE BLACK ATLANTIC --

TWO HUNDRED
KILOMETRES -- AS
CLOSE AS WE DARE
TAKE YOU.

MY FAMILY
DIED IN EAST-
MEG ONE.

SO DID A LOT OF
PEOPLE. YOU'RE NOT
THE ONLY ONE WHO
HATES.

GRUD SPEED YOU
TO YOUR TARGET,
COMRADE ORLOK!

IN THE END, THE CAPTURE OF INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST ULA DANSER HAD BEEN ALMOST TOO EASY. HE KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A CATCH --

TELL US ABOUT THIS BACTERIUM, ULA.

I'M... NO SCIENTIST. I ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY TELL ME.

WHO'S THEY?

I... DON'T KNOW. PEOPLE WITH REASON TO HATE YOU.

SHE'S STILL HOLDING BACK. GIVE HER ANOTHER BOOSTER.

SHE'S HAD TWO DOSES ALREADY. IF SHE SAYS SHE DOESN'T KNOW, SHE DOESN'T KNOW.

THEIR IDENTITY IS NOT KNOWN TO ME. IN MY BUSINESS IT IS BEST THAT WAY. I DEALT WITH THEM ALWAYS THROUGH A MIDDLE-MAN, GENARO.

THAT WOULD BE ALDO GENARO, KNOWN ANTI-MEGA-CITY ACTIVIST.

ALL RIGHT, GO ON. THE BACTERIUM.

SHORT LIFE OUTSIDE THE BODY, RESISTANT TO ANTIBIOTICS. SPREADS IN AEROSOL, COUGHS AND SNEEZES THAT DEVELOP EIGHT HOURS AFTER INFECTION.

OTHER SYMPTOMS TAKE LONGER -- PUSTULES, BLEEDING, LIQUIFICATION OF TISSUE. ESTIMATED MORTALITY RATE 90 - 95 %.

METHOD OF DELIVERY?

SIMPLE. INFECT THE TOURISTS, LET THEM CARRY IT BACK TO MEGA-CITY ONE. BY THE TIME YOU REALISE, IT WILL BE TOO LATE. IT WILL BE ALL OVER THE CITY.

SO THE BACTERIUM WASN'T READY. YOU CAME ON AHEAD. HOW WERE THEY GOING TO GET IT TO YOU?

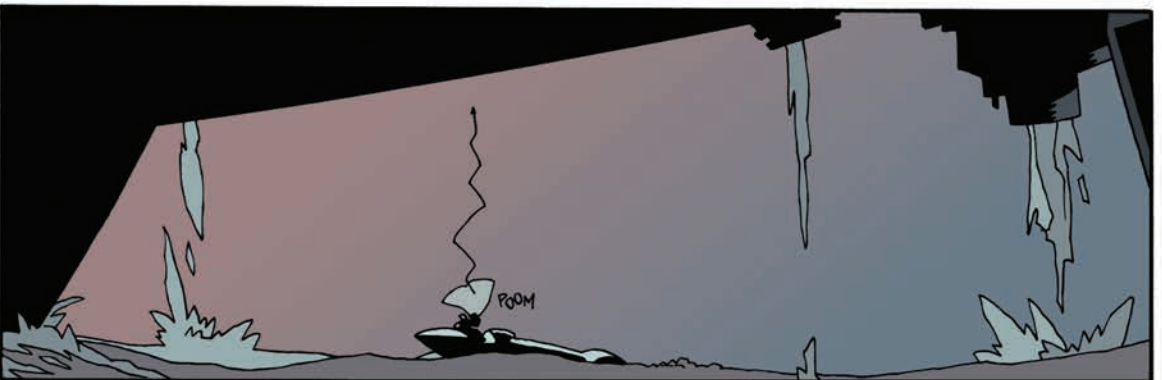
THAT WAS THEIR BUSINESS. I DID NOT INQUIRE.

THEY MUST HAVE SOME WAY OF MAKING CONTACT WITH YOU.

MY COMMUNICATOR...

THEY HAVE THE NUMBER.

GOT TO GET LUCKY SOMETIME.



WIND IN THE GRAPPLE.
SLIP OUT OF THE DRY SUIT.
LEAVE NO TRACES.



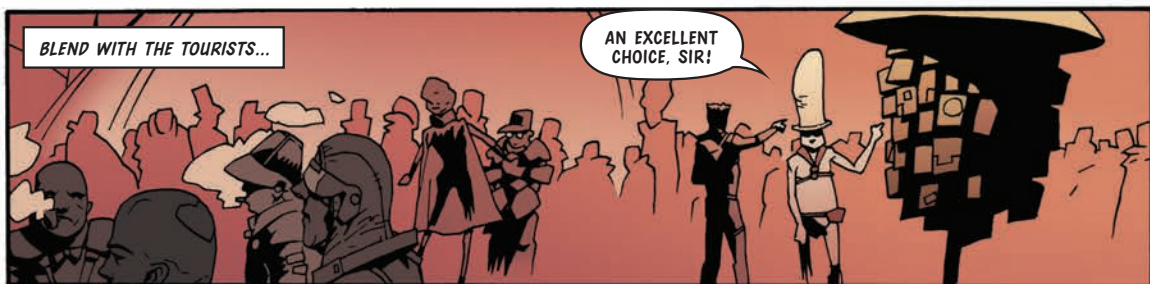
EXERCISE MAXIMUM
CAUTION. THEY MAY BE
AWARE OF HIS MISSION.



CHECK VIALS INTACT.



BLEND WITH THE TOURISTS...



AN EXCELLENT
CHOICE, SIR!

THEY ARE
SO YOU!



FROM THE DECK HE CAN
SEE THE ENEMY CITY,
WHERE ONCE HE WAS
IMPRISONED -- WHERE
LONG AGO HE HAD
RELEASED THE BLOCK
MANIA CONTAMINANT.



A SMALL VICTORY. NOT
ENOUGH TO QUENCH THAT
SMOLDERING, SULPHUROUS
HATRED SEETHING INSIDE
HIM.









ON SIN CITY, UNDERCOVER JUDGES
CORNER FORMER EAST-MEG AGENT
ORLOK, CARRYING A DEADLY BACTERIUM
TO UNLEASH ON MEGA-CITY ONE --

THE SUSPECT
IS ONTO US!







MY...MY PARENTS
WON'T LET US MARRY,
MORRIE.

WE JUST WANT TO
BE TOGETHER. THE
ONLY SOLUTION NOW
IS TO...END IT ALL!
SNIFF!

AWWW, DOESN'T
IT JUST TOUCH
YOUR HEART!



ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF YOU'RE STILL ASKING
YOUR PARENTS AT YOUR AGE, **SUICIDE'S**
PROBABLY THE BEST THING FOR YOU!

THE CROWD IS
WAITING! **ETHYL**
AND **JERRY**.
OUR LOVELORN
LOVERS, STEP
ONTO THE
PLATFORM!



IT'S TIME TO
MAKE YOUR LEAP
INTO ETERNITY!

JUMP!
JUMP!
JUMP!

LET'S GO, YOU
OLD FARTS! WE
AIN'T GOT ALL
NIGHT!

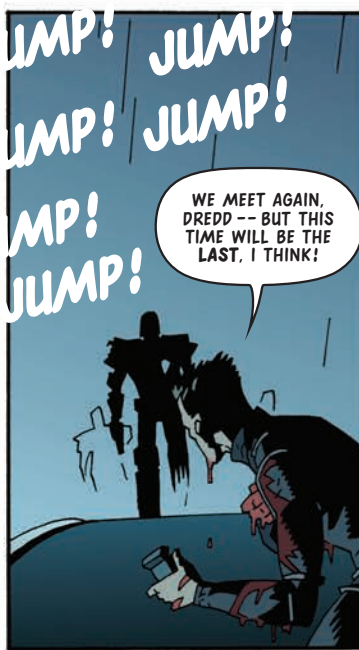


ORLOK!
STOP!





SH-SHOULD
WE JUMP
NOW?



WE MEET AGAIN,
DREDD -- BUT THIS
TIME WILL BE THE
LAST, I THINK!



HOLD IT HERE.
I'LL TRY TO REASON
WITH HIM.

RELEASE THAT
BACTERIUM AND
YOU *DIE* TOO,
ORLOK!



YOU THINK DEATH MATTERS
TO ME? BETTER TO GO OUT WITH
THE BLOOD OF MEGA-CITY ONE
ON MY HANDS THAN LIVE WITH
THE MEMORY OF WHAT YOU DID
TO MY PEOPLE!



WE WERE
AT WAR ONCE.
THAT'S OVER.



IT CAN
NEVER BE
OVER!



THAT'S A RECIPE FOR
DESPAIR. LET'S STOP
IT NOW, ORLOK.

GIVE THOSE VIALS TO
ME AND I GUARANTEE
YOU, WHATEVER YOU'VE
DONE HERE, YOU'LL BE
TREATED AND RELEASED
TO GO YOUR WAY.



YOUR WORD? WELL,
THAT'S DIFFERENT! YOU
WILL PROMISE NOT
TO PURSUE ME --

--TO LET ME LIVE
THE REST OF MY LIFE IN
PEACE, FREE FROM THE
GHOSTS OF THE ONES
YOU MURDERED - ?



TO HELL WITH
YOU, DREDD --
AND ALL YOUR
PEOPLE!



DAMN YOU!

OH BOY-!



FORMER EAST-MEG AGENT
ORLOK HAS SUCCEEDED IN
RELEASING A DEADLY
BACTERIUM ON SIN CITY --

DREDD TO MEGA-CITY CONTROL!
TURN BACK ALL INCOMING
SHUTTLES! THOSE SHUTTLES
NOW ONBOARD TO LIE OFF AND
AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS!

SIN CITY IS
QUARANTINED!



THAT MANIAC'S
KILLED US ALL!

INVISIBLE TO THE
NAKED EYE, THE
BACTERIUM IS
POTENTIALLY AS
DEADLY AS ANY
NUCLEAR STRIKE.



SHUTTLES ALREADY
ABOARD PULL AWAY.
THEIR PASSENGERS MAY
NOT YET BE INFECTED.

COME BACK! I
GOT A TICKET!

THEY CAN'T
DO THIS!

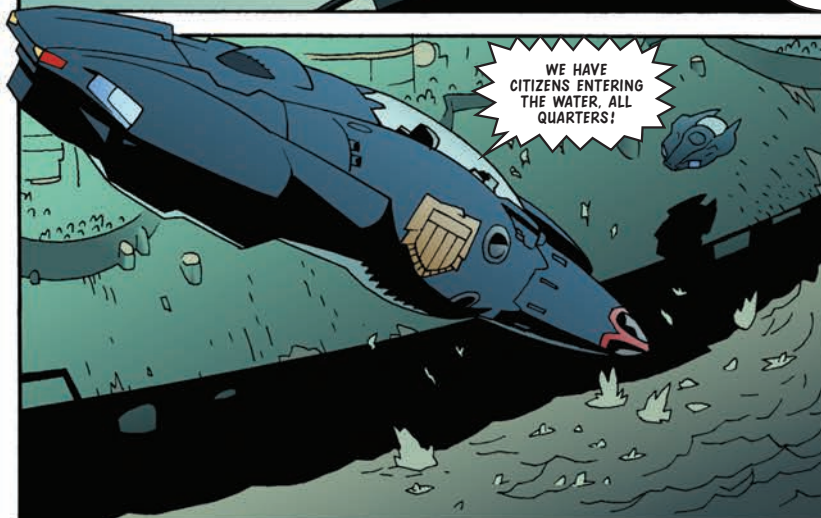
WE CAN'T BE SURE *WHAT*
ORLOK'S RELEASED YET--

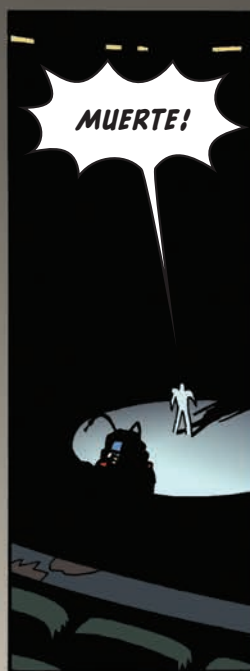
TAKE HIM TO THE
COMMAND POST. SEE THAT HIS
INJURIES ARE TREATED. KEEP
HIM UNDER STRICT GUARD.

SIN CITY'S
FLYING THE
PLAGUE FLAG!











I TOLD YOU WE'D BE HAVING A TALK, MUERTE.

I'VE MET DIRT LIKE YOU ON THE STREET. VERMIN, THROUGH AND THROUGH. NO GOOD TRYING TO SAVE THEIR SOULS, ALL YOU CAN DO IS TAKE THEM OUT.

I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT.

BIG WORDS! SEE HOW YOU TALK WITH YOUR FACE CUT OFF!

I'LL HANDLE IT FROM HERE, GUTHRIE.



I OWE THIS TO PREES, DREDD.

DOESN'T MATTER WHO MAKES THE ARREST.

I TAKE IT YOU ARE THINKING OF ARREST?

MIGHT TURN OUT THAT WAY.

LET'S MAKE SURE IT DOES.

MENDOZA'S MY RESPONSIBILITY. BEEN MINE SINCE DAY ONE. SO STEP BACK. THAT'S AN ORDER.



I'M TAKING YOU INTO CUSTODY, MENDOZA--

--GET DOWN OFF THAT MONKEY BOARD!



YOU CHEAT! ANYONE CAN WIN WITH A GUN! MUERTE SPITS ON YOU! HE DARES YOU TO TAKE HIM ON MAN TO MAN!

I INTEND TO.



SEE, MENDOZA, YOU'RE NOWHERE NEAR AS GOOD AS YOU THINK YOU ARE. YOU'VE GOT USED TO TOO MANY EASY VICTIMS.



PZZRRRRRAAAAH

BUT THAT'S HOW YOU ALWAYS LIKED THEM, EASY. WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT YOU WERE NO BIG DEAL. JUST A BULLY WHO LIKED HURTING PEOPLE.



I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU JUST WHAT A PUNK YOU ARE.

RAMMUMRRRRRR



THEN I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU AWAY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.



STOP LULLING HIM
INTO A FALSE SENSE OF
SECURITY, MUERTE!
KILL HIM!

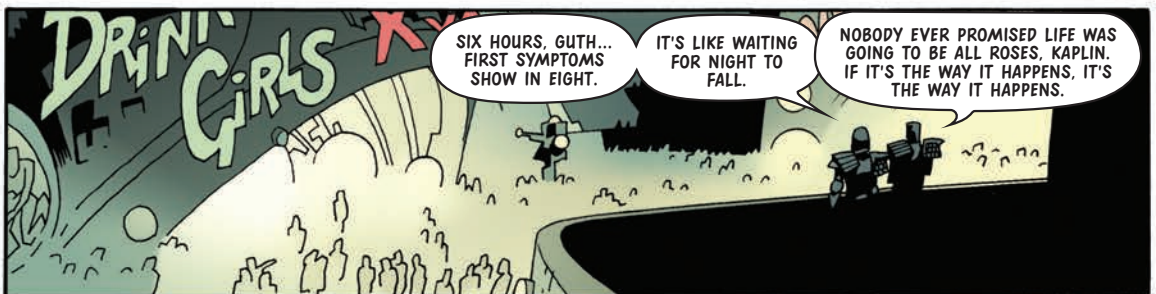
MEAN STREAK WIDE
AS THE MIDTOWN SKED,
BUT JUST A PUNK. HOW
YOU EVER MADE JUDGE
I DON'T KNOW.

WHY THE SHRINKS
DECIDED YOU WERE SAFE
TO RELEASE IS EVEN
MORE OF A MYSTERY --



-- BUT
I'M GOING TO
RECTIFY
MATTERS.







WEAKNESS AND NAUSEA DEVELOP. THE FIRST SKIN PUSTULES APPEAR AFTER ABOUT SIXTEEN HOURS. VICTIMS BECOME FEVERISH, OFTEN LAPSING INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

AT EMERGENCY TREATMENT CENTRES SET UP AMONG THE ATTRACTIONS, ROBOT MEDICS STRUGGLE TO COPE WITH THE GROWING FLOOD.



IN ALL BUT A FEW CASES SEVERE BLEEDING AND LIQUIFICATION OF INTERNAL TISSUE ENSUE. A VICTIM LITERALLY MELTS.

BODY BAGS BEGIN TO PILE UP IN MAKESHIFT MORTUARIES.



AMONG THE FIRST TO DIE IS ULA DANSER--

BIT THROUGH HER OWN WRIST.

SHE KNEW WHAT THE BACTERIA DID.



YOU'LL BE SORRY TO KNOW THAT UNDER INTERROGATION YOU REVEALED THE COMPLICITY OF THE NEW KREMLIN IN THE SUPPLY OF THE BACTERIUM. GRAND HALL IS CURRENTLY DISCUSSING PUNITIVE MEASURES AGAINST THEM.



I WANTED YOU TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO EXPERIENCE WHAT YOU'VE SET LOOSE ON US, ORLOK. SHOULD BY SOME UNLUCKY CHANCE YOU SURVIVE IT, BE AWARE THAT I'VE PUT IN A RECOMMENDATION FOR YOUR EXECUTION.

I MAY DIE, DREDD...



...BUT AT LEAST I'LL HAVE THE CONSOLATION OF TAKING YOU WITH ME!

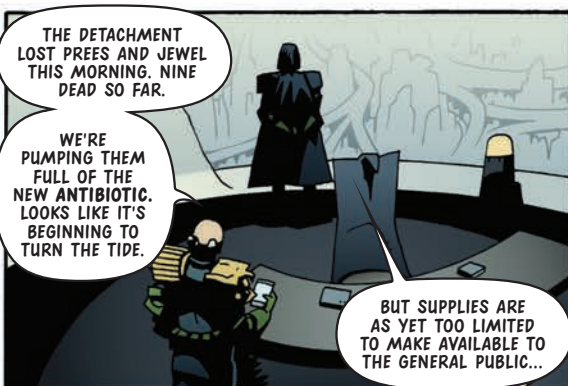


THIRTY-SIX HOURS AFTER INFECTION, THE SECOND AND THIRD WAVES HAVE FALLEN VICTIM TO THE 'SIN CITY PLAGUE'.

MORTALITY 37 PER CENT AND RISING, MA'AM.

SHUTTLES ARE REQUESTING PERMISSION TO RETURN TO THE CITY. NO CASES HAVE SO FAR TURNED UP ABOARD.

KEEP THEM THERE ANOTHER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. WE HAVE TO BE SURE.



THE DETACHMENT LOST PREES AND JEWEL THIS MORNING. NINE DEAD SO FAR.

WE'RE PUMPING THEM FULL OF THE NEW ANTIBIOTIC. LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEGINNING TO TURN THE TIDE.

BUT SUPPLIES ARE AS YET TOO LIMITED TO MAKE AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC...



DID I GET IT WRONG? IF I HADN'T ALLOWED SIN CITY INTO OUR WATERS, NONE OF THIS MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

THEY'D HAVE GOT THE BACTERIUM HERE SOMEHOW. AT LEAST THIS WAY WE KNEW WHERE THEY WERE. WE HAD A CHANCE AT THEM.



'AND THANKS TO DREDD'S PROMPT ACTION, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO LIMIT THE DAMAGE.'



BACK ON YOUR FEET, GUTHRIE.

GOT TO GET UP SOMETIME.



JUST LOST KAPLIN. GOOD KID. DIDN'T RESPOND TO ANTIBIOTICS.



I'M SORRY.

IT IS TWENTY-ONE DAYS BEFORE THE ISLAND IS DECLARED FREE OF THE SIN CITY PLAGUE, AND THE ORDER CAN BE GIVEN TO EVACUATE.

THE MUTANT FAILED TO SUCCUMB TO THE BACTERIA, SIR. WE'RE TAKING HIM BACK FOR FURTHER TESTS.

SO YOU MADE IT TO THE CITY AFTER ALL, MYSKAAW.

PITY NONE OF MY FRIENDS LIVED TO COME WITH ME.

POOR OLD CRAZYFACE... NOW HE'LL NEVER GET THAT OPERATION.

THE ISLAND'S ALL CLEAR, CASUALTIES SECURED.

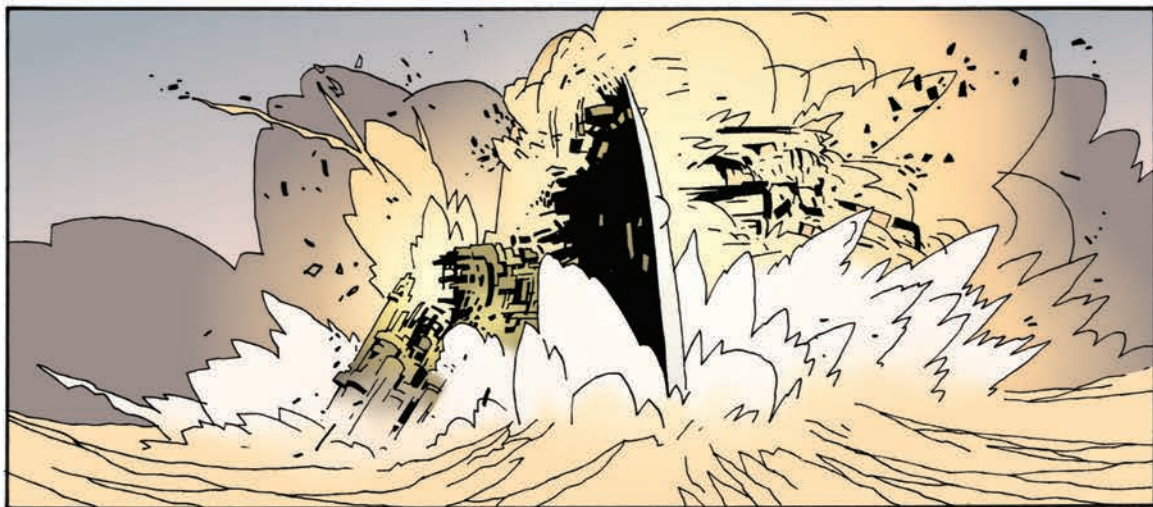
REACTOR?

FUEL RODS HAVE BEEN REMOVED. CHAMBER DECONTAMINATED AND SEALED.

ALL RIGHT, GUTHRIE. SIGNAL ALL UNITS, RETURN TO BASE.

AS DREDD'S COMMAND SHIP RISES UP AND AWAY, CHARGES EMPLACED BENEATH THE ABANDONED PLEASURE ISLAND ARE DETONATED --

LET THE OCEAN BE THEIR GRAVE!





CASE FOR THE DEFENCE

Script: John Wagner
Art: Ben Willsher
Colour: Chris Blythe
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1303



EMERY, SIR, GRAND HALL STAFF. THEY TOLD ME I'D FIND YOU HERE.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, EMERY?

CONTROL. YOU GOT TWO FOR THE CUBES, HOLDING POST ON SKED 9. TRADING WITHOUT A LICENCE, TWELVE MONTHS -- SELLING UNTAXED HOVERTOYS, EIGHTEEN. RUN 'EM CONSECUTIVELY.

IT'S ORLOK, SIR. THE TRIAL DATE'S BEEN SET.

I'VE BEEN APPOINTED TO HANDLE THE DEFENCE.

NOT YOUR LUCKY DAY, EMERY.

IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH, THAT'S FOR SURE.

WHO'S PRESIDING?

GUNTHER, WING AND SANDLER.

WON'T GET A LOT OF CHANGE OUT OF THOSE THREE.

NO SIR. PROSECUTION IS ASKING FOR THE DEATH PENALTY.

THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU -- TO ASK FOR YOUR HELP.

YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG MAN.



JUDGE DREDD! I WANNA CONFESS! I GOTTA CONFESS! I DONE BAD THINGS! I HAVE TO BE PUNISHED! PLEASE, OH PLEASE--

HANDS OFF!



OH, NO, THERE I GO AGAIN! THAT'S A CLEAR ASSAULT! OH, GRUD, IS THERE NO END TO MY EVIL!

ALL I NEED RIGHT NOW IS A SPONT!

'SPONT' - SPONTANEOUS CONFESSOR.



I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO. JUST TAKE YOURSELF OFF TO THE SECTOR HOUSE AND TURN YOURSELF IN.

THEY'RE USED TO DEALING WITH DANGEROUS GUYS LIKE YOU. THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

UH, RIGHT. COULD YOU, UH, TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE?



WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK I AM, A MOBILE DIRECTORY? GET A MAP! GET OUTA HERE!



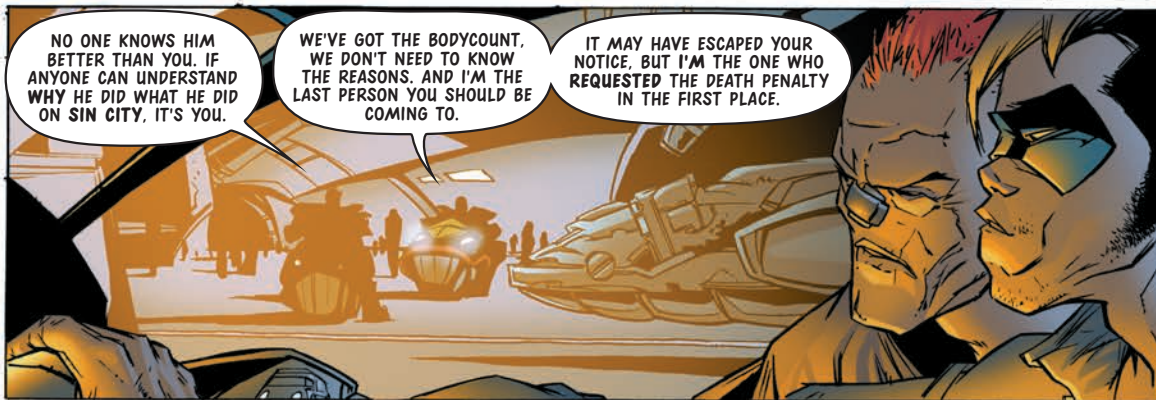
KINDA DAY I'VE BEEN HAVING. KOOK MAGNET.

YOU ANOTHER KOOK, EMERY?



I DON'T THINK SO, SIR.

THOUGHT YOU JUST ASKED ME TO HELP ORLOK?



NO ONE KNOWS HIM BETTER THAN YOU. IF ANYONE CAN UNDERSTAND WHY HE DID WHAT HE DID ON SIN CITY, IT'S YOU.

WE'VE GOT THE BODYCOUNT. WE DON'T NEED TO KNOW THE REASONS. AND I'M THE LAST PERSON YOU SHOULD BE COMING TO.

IT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOUR NOTICE, BUT I'M THE ONE WHO REQUESTED THE DEATH PENALTY IN THE FIRST PLACE.



GOTTA GO.

CONTROL! JUST SPOTTED DARK BLUE FOORDSTER HEADING SOUTH ON 9! OCCUPANTS MAGGIO, SHERMAN, AKA 'SNUFF', SUSPECT ON SOUTH SECTOR ARVs -- THREE OTHERS, UNIDENTIFIED.

Look GATE!



FOORDSTER ANSWERS
DESCRIPTION OF VEHICLE
STOLEN THIS AYEM,
HOAGLAND FLATS.

MAGGIO AND FRIENDS MAY
BE ON A JOB. CHANCE WE CAN
CATCH THEM RED-HANDED.
SHADOWING AT DISTANCE.



SEE IT
FROM ORLOK'S
PERSPECTIVE,
SIR.

YOU STILL
HERE?



YOU HAVE TO GO
BACK TO THE BEGINNING.
TO THE BLOCK MANIA
CONTAMINANT.



HE'S ALREADY BEEN
TRIED FOR THAT. AND
HOW MANY DIED
THEN?

SUSPECTS
TURNING LEFT
INTO HOMER!



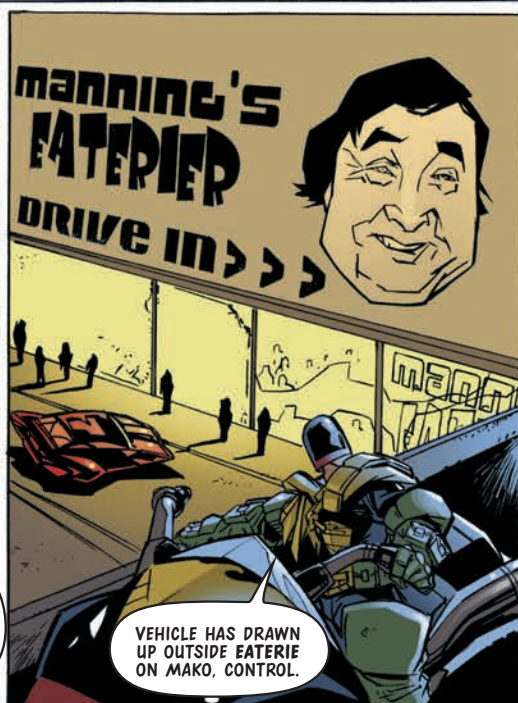
IT GOES TO MOTIVATION. SAY ORLOK
BELIEVED THAT WE PRESENTED A SERIOUS
THREAT TO EAST-MEG ONE. THAT WE
WERE PREPARING TO ATTACK THEM.

THERE WAS NO
SUCH THREAT.

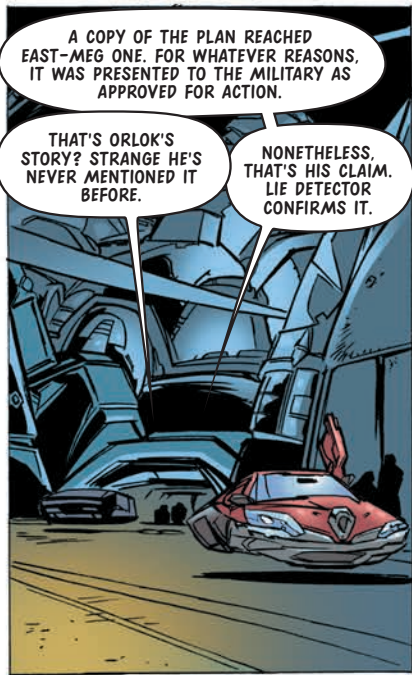
ON THE CONTRARY. A
DOCUMENT ISSUED BY THE
STRATEGIC SUPERVISORY
COMMITTEE SIX WEEKS
BEFORE THE SOV INVASION
SET OUT DETAILED PLANS
FOR A PRE-EMPTIVE
STRIKE ON EAST-MEG
ONE.



CONTINGENCY
PLAN. NOTHING MORE.
DISCUSSED IN COUNCIL
AND FILED FOR
FUTURE REFERENCE.
END OF STORY.



VEHICLE HAS DRAWN
UP OUTSIDE EATERIE
ON MAKO, CONTROL.



A COPY OF THE PLAN REACHED EAST-MEG ONE. FOR WHATEVER REASONS, IT WAS PRESENTED TO THE MILITARY AS APPROVED FOR ACTION.

THAT'S ORLOK'S STORY? STRANGE HE'S NEVER MENTIONED IT BEFORE.

NONETHELESS, THAT'S HIS CLAIM. LIE DETECTOR CONFIRMS IT.



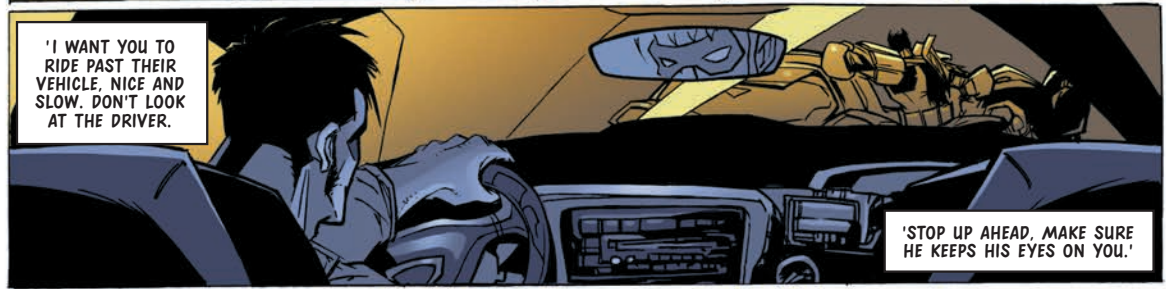
THEY'RE PULLING ON DISGUISE. THIS IS IT.



YOU DESK JOCKEYS EVER DO ANY MORE THAN WEAR THOSE GUNS?

FIRING RANGE TWICE A WEEK.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO EARN SOME STREET TIME.



'I WANT YOU TO RIDE PAST THEIR VEHICLE, NICE AND SLOW. DON'T LOOK AT THE DRIVER.

'STOP UP AHEAD, MAKE SURE HE KEEPS HIS EYES ON YOU.'



NICE AND QUIET NOW.



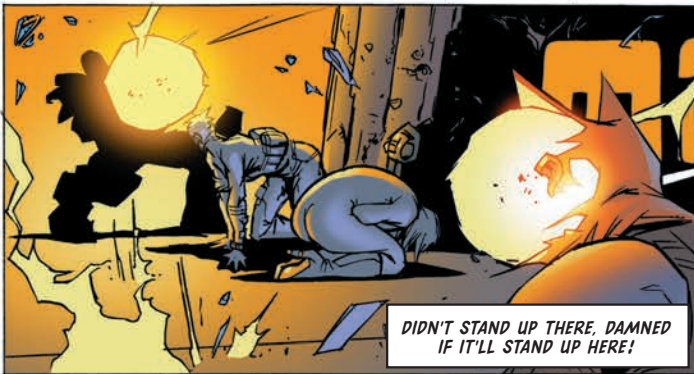
ANYONE GETS OUT PAST ME, THEY'RE YOURS.



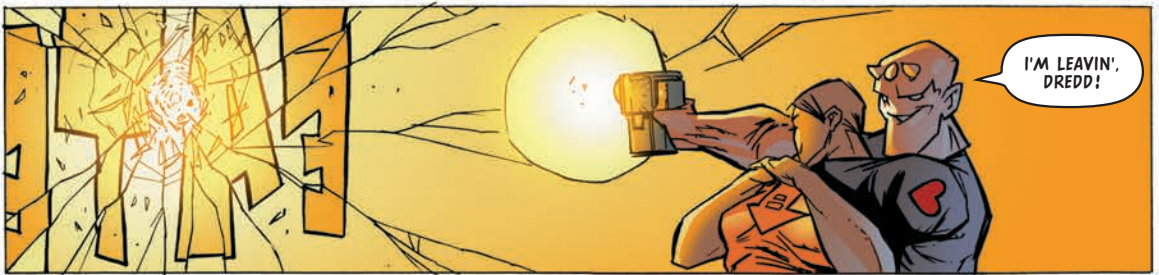
HE KNOWS WHERE EMERY IS LEADING.

PULL

ANDERSON USED THE SAME KIND OF DOUBLE
TALK AT HIS OWN TRIAL. THAT KANGAROO
COURT IN THE NEW KREMLIN.



DIDN'T STAND UP THERE, DAMNED
IF IT'LL STAND UP HERE!



I'M LEAVIN',
DREDD!



TRY TO FOLLOW
ME AND THIS
GEEK'S DEAD, SEE!

MAKE IT
STRAIGHT—



AAAHH



WHAT I'M GETTING AT, SIR, IS THAT ORLOK BELIEVED -- GENUINELY BELIEVED -- THAT THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE EAST-MEG ONE WAS TO LAUNCH THEIR OWN PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE.

YOU STILL ON THAT?

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS POSITION, THAT'S ALL I ASK. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?



NOT POISON OUR WATER SUPPLY -- TURN MILLIONS OF CITIZENS INTO RAVING LUNATICS.

NO, SIR. YOU CHOSE NUKES. OBLITERATED A WHOLE CITY. ONLY DIFFERENCE IS IN THE NUMBERS.



AND ORLOK? DIDN'T HE?

EVERYTHING THAT FOLLOWED CAME FROM THAT. THE SIN CITY PLAGUE? REVENGE. AND BE HONEST, IF SOMEONE HAD OBLITERATED EVERYTHING YOU KNEW AND CARED FOR, WOULDN'T YOU WANT REVENGE?

NO COMMENT.



I DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.



WELL, THINK ABOUT THAT ONE, SIR. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I SUBPOENA YOU TO APPEAR FOR THE DEFENCE.

THE HELL YOU WILL!

I DOUBT GUNTHER, WING AND SANDLER WILL BE WILLING TO TAKE 'NO COMMENT' FOR AN ANSWER.

SEE YOU IN COURT, SIR!



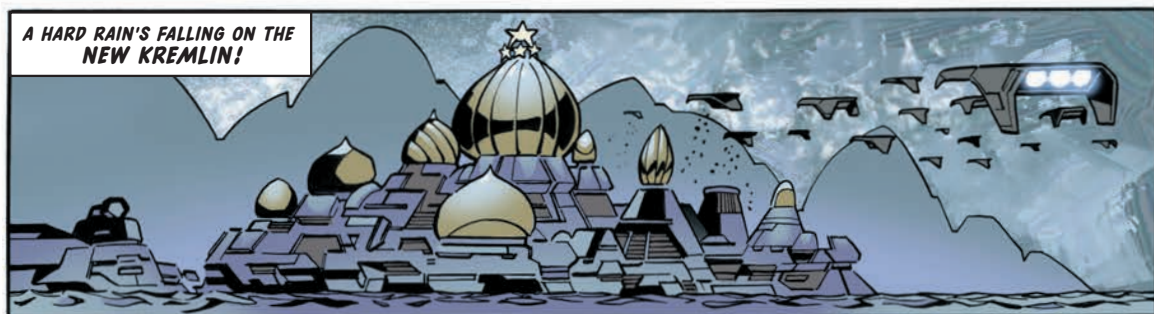


REPRISAL

Script: John Wagner
Art: Paul Marshall
Colour: Chris Blythe
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1317

A HARD RAIN'S FALLING ON THE
NEW KREMLIN!

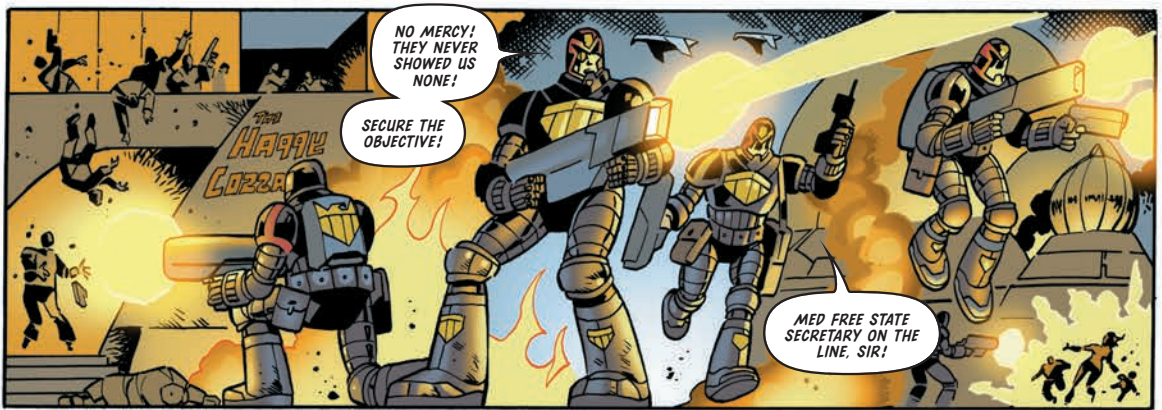


THIS IS FOR
MEGA CITY-ONE,
BOYS!

LET'S KICK SOV
BUTT SO HARD
THEY'LL BE TASTIN'
TOILET ROLL!

REMEMBER
SIN CITY!

GENETIC INFANTRY--
AHHHHH!



NO MERCY!
THEY NEVER
SHOWED US
NONE!

SECURE THE
OBJECTIVE!

MED FREE STATE
SECRETARY ON THE
LINE, SIR!

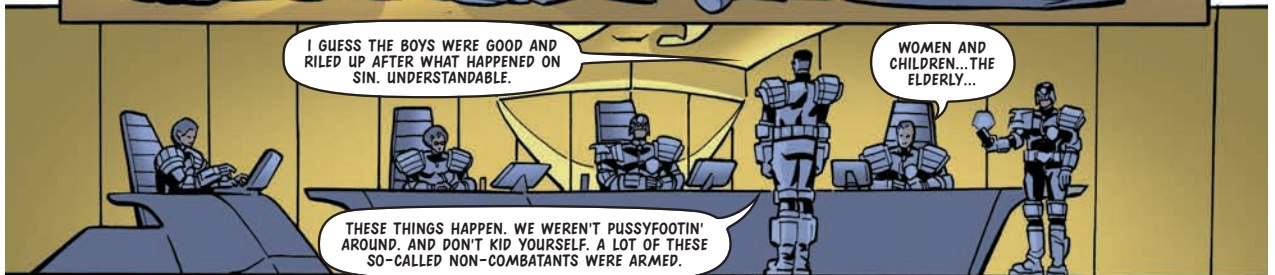


COMMANDER KREIG,
MEGA-CITY ONE 9TH
GENETIC! WE'RE
CONDUCTING A
REPRISAL FOR THE
CRIMES COMMITTED
AGAINST US ON SIN
CITY! I WARN THE
MEDITERRANEAN FREE
STATE NOT TO
INTERFERE!

LISTEN, DON'T
GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR
MEALY-MOUTHED CRAPOLA,
BUSTER! WE GOT ENOUGH
FIREPOWER UP THERE
TO REDUCE YOUR WHOLE
FEDERATION TO
SNACKERVAX!



ON THE FLOOR,
YOU SOV SCUM!



I GUESS THE BOYS WERE GOOD
AND RILED UP AFTER WHAT HAPPENED ON
SIN. UNDERSTANDABLE.

WOMEN AND
CHILDREN...THE
ELDERLY...

THESE THINGS HAPPEN. WE WEREN'T
PUSSYFOOTIN' AROUND, AND DON'T KID
YOURSELF. A LOT OF THESE
SO-CALLED NON-COMBATANTS WERE ARMED.



YOU WANT TO SHED ANY
TEARS, JUDGE. SHED 'EM
FOR THE 887,204 PEOPLE
WHO DIED ON SIN CITY.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S
MOVE ON. YOU FOUND
THEIR LABORATORIES...



'OUR CHEM BOYS TOOK THEIR SAMPLES AND ANY OTHER EVIDENCE THEY COULD FIND. THEN WE STERILISED.'

'YOU TOOK CHIEF BACTERIOLOGIST RUBIN AND HIS TWO DEPUTIES INTO CUSTODY.'

'AFFIRMATIVE. WE HAD ORDERS TO KEEP THEM ALIVE.'



THE SOV DIREKTORAT TRIED TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT BY SUBSURFACE VESSEL. I FIGURED THEY'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THAT -- HAD MY FROG PLATOON WAITING DOWN BELOW...



'THEY WERE LUCKY TO MAKE IT BACK ABOARD.'



YOU INTERROGATED THEM. THIS INCLUDED... TORTURE?

HAD TO BE SURE WE'D GOT THE RIGHT GUILTY PARTIES.



'AS IT HAPPENS, THEY WERE ONLY TOO EAGER TO CONFESS.'

LET'S TAKE IT ONE MORE TIME, DIREKTOR -- ORLOK SPREAD THE BACTERIA, ORLOK WAS YOUR MAN. WE KNOW YOU'RE IN IT UP TO YOUR VODKA-SOAKED EYEBALLS!



CURSE YOU, YES! I ORDERED THE BACTERIUM TO BE PRODUCED! THAT IT SUCCEEDED IN...KILLING SO FEW OF YOU IS...A MATTER OF DEEP REGRET!



WE'VE TRIED TO BE KIND TO YOU PEOPLE! THIS TIME WE HAVE STAYED OUR HANDS! BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR LAST DAMN WARNING!

I'M LEAVIN' A COMPANY OF GENETIC INFANTRY HERE JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU GET THE MESSAGE!

WE GET ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM YOU -- ONE AGGRESSIVE ACT -- AND MARK MY WORDS, WE WILL OBLITERATE YOU FROM THE FACE OF THIS EARTH!



THEN YOU LEFT...TAKING WITH YOU DIREKTORS BRUGAL, KALASHNIK AND KAS... ALONG WITH CHIEF BACTERIOLOGIST RUBIN AND HIS DEPUTIES, MENINSKI AND SOVAK...



I HAD ORDERS TO RETURN THE MAIN PARTICIPANTS FOR INTERROGATION AND TRIAL.



SO WHAT HAPPENED?



ME AN' SOME OF THE BOYS WAS IN THE COMMAND SHIP, CHEWIN' THE FAT, AS YOU DO...



HOW MANY DID THEM GOBSUCKERS IN THERE KILL -- NEAR ON A MILLION?

A MILLION GOOD CITIZENS, MAN! OUR CITIZENS! THEM GOOD PEOPLE WE WAS GENETICALLY MODIFIED TO SERVE!

MOMS AN' DADS AN' INNOCENT LITTLE JUVIES. COULDA BEEN MY MOM! SNIFF!

YOU AIN'T GOT A MOM, BRADLEY! YOU'RE A GENETIC FREAKIN' FREAK!

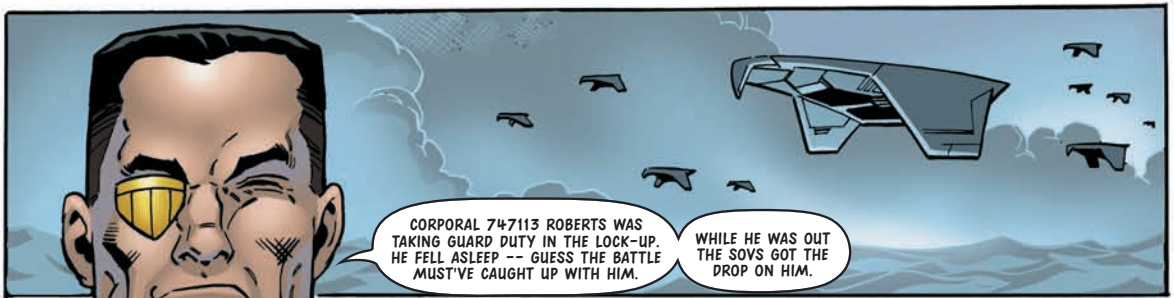


WHAT GETS ME, COMMANDER, IS THE WAY THE LAW WORKS. THEY GET SOME SMARTASS LAWYER AN' THE STINKIN' SOVS GET AWAY SCOT FREAKIN' FREE!

PROBABLY END UP PAYIN' THEM COMPENSATION!

AIN'T IT THE DAMNED TRUTH!

WELL, I'VE BEEN GIVIN' THAT MATTER SOME THOUGHT MYSELF, BOYS...



CORPORAL 747113 ROBERTS WAS TAKING GUARD DUTY IN THE LOCK-UP. HE FELL ASLEEP -- GUESS THE BATTLE MUST'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.

WHILE HE WAS OUT THE SOVS GOT THE DROP ON HIM.



OBTUSLY, THERE IS NO HOPE OF ESCAPE, COMMANDER --

--BUT WE HAVE NO INTENTION OF FACING HUMILIATION BEFORE YOUR ACCURSED JUDGES WHEN IT IS THEY WHO SHOULD BE ON TRIAL FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST US!

WE CHOOSE TO DIE NOW -- WITH HONOUR!



SO THEY JUMPED?

ALL SIX OF THEM?



UNHOOK 'EM, ROBERTS!



THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED.



WE'RE BRINGIN' THE TRIAL FORWARD, IVAN!

YOU'VE GOT THIS COMIN' AN' THEN SOME!

WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO FAIR TREATMENT! PLEASE--!

FOR ALL THE MOMS AND DADS AN' LITTLE JUVIES!



BEG, YOU SCUM!



SO THE PRISONERS SOMEHOW MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED FROM THEIR BONDS, OVERPOWERED A GUARD AND JUMPED FROM THAT HOVERSHIP --

I'M AFRAID I DON'T BUY IT, KREIG.

MEN'LL ALL TELL YOU THE SAME, SIR.

THEY HAVE.

-- SIX AT ONCE, NO DISSENTERS. NO COLD FEET, NO LAST MINUTE CHANGE OF MIND.

I DON'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND THE SOV MENTALITY.

LIE DETECTOR CONFIRMS HIS EVIDENCE, SIR.

NATURALLY, THEY'RE GENETIC INFANTRY -- THEY'RE BRED TO LIE UNDER INTERROGATION.

I BELIEVE YOU MURDERED THEM, KREIG. I BELIEVE YOU AND YOUR MEN THREW OR FORCED THEM OUT OF THAT HOVERSHIP.

GRUD KNOWS WHAT THIS WILL DO TO RELATIONS WITH THE SOVS -- NOT THAT IT MATTERS.

BUT WE'VE NO EVIDENCE--

AND WE'LL NEVER GET ANY. PUT THE COMMANDER AND HIS MEN UNDER ANY KIND OF INTERROGATION AND THEY'LL STILL SAY THE SAME. THEY'RE GM SOLDIERS.

I SHARE YOUR ANGER -- MORE SO. I WAS ON SIN CITY. PERSONALLY, I WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO SEE THOSE RESPONSIBLE EXECUTED -- BUT ACCORDING TO THE LAW.

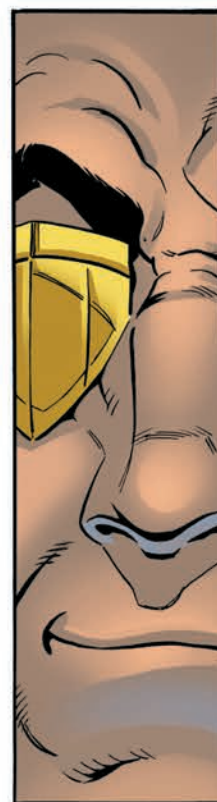
YOU TOOK THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS -- AND THAT WE CANNOT TOLERATE.

WE CAN'T LOCK YOU AWAY AS YOU DESERVE. BUT WE CAN SEE THAT YOU AND YOUR MEN SERVE OUT YOUR DAYS IN THE WORST HELLPIT THIS CITY CAN PROVIDE.

YOUR POSTING WILL BE TO METHANOS 12. YOU WILL REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE SURGEONS TO HAVE METHANE FILTERS FITTED.

I TRUST IN TIME YOU WILL COME TO SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR ACTIONS.

THANK YOU, SIR! IT'S AN HONOUR TO SERVE OUR CITY WHEREVER WE'RE SENT!

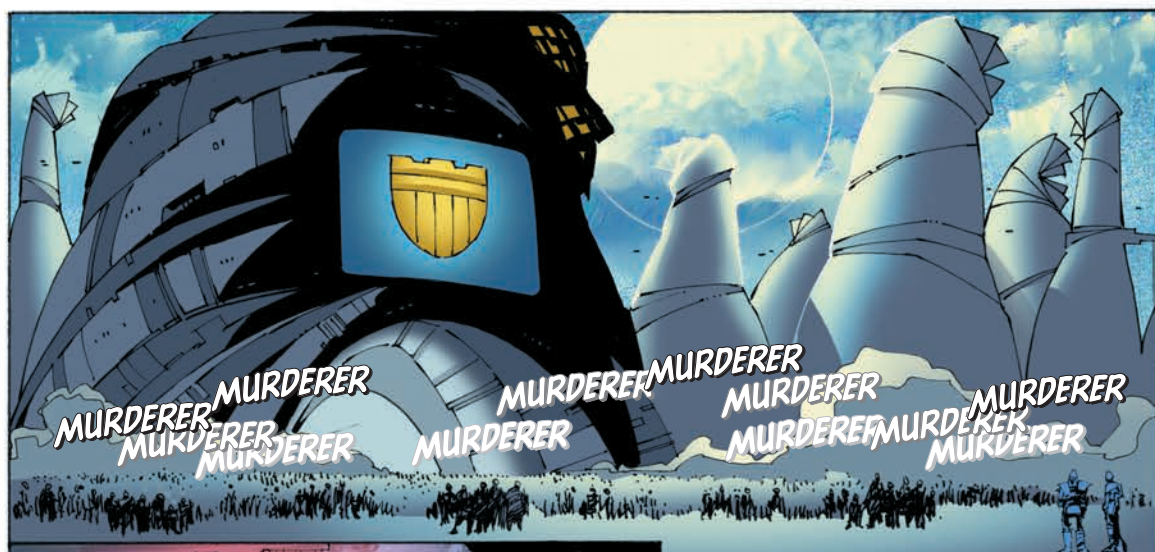


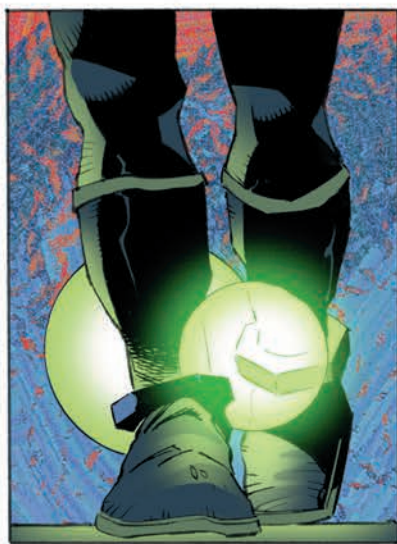


THE TRIAL OF ORLOK

Script: John Wagner
Art: Cam Kennedy
Colour: Chris Blythe
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1336-1337







THIS EXTRAORDINARY COURT OF THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE IS NOW IN SESSION.

ORLOK, THE CHARGE IS THAT WITH MURDEROUS INTENT YOU DISSEMINATED A BACTERIUM THAT TOOK THE LIVES OF OVER EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE. HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

NOT GUILTY.

WITH THE COURT'S PERMISSION --

WHAT IS IT, EMERY?



I WISH TO LODGE A PROTEST AT MY OWN APPOINTMENT AS COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.



AS A JUNIOR JUDGE WITH NO EXPERIENCE OF FORMAL COURT PROCEEDINGS, TO PIT ME AGAINST TWO OF OUR BEST LEGAL MINDS SEEMS A DELIBERATE PLOY TO PREJUDICE THE CHANCES OF THE DEFENDANT.

YOUR PROTEST IS NOTED.

SECONDLY, I ASK THAT THE DEFENDANT'S MASK AND SHACKLES BE REMOVED.

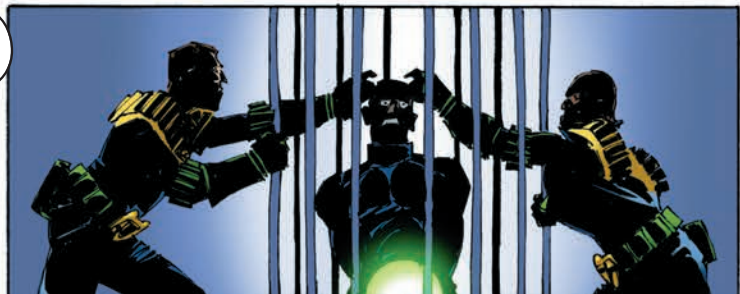


THE MASK WAS PUT ON AFTER HE ATTACKED A WARDER, RIPPING A SECTION OF HER FACE OUT WITH HIS TEETH.

IT IS HUMILIATING, DEGRADING AND UNNECESSARY. AREN'T THERE ENOUGH GUNS HERE TO COPE WITH ONE MAN IN A CAGE?



VERY WELL. REMOVE THE MASK. THE SHACKLES STAY.



NARRRRRR!



LOOK AT YOU! SO SCARED YOU HAVE TO PEN ME LIKE AN ANIMAL!

SILENCE!

I DO NOT RECOGNISE THIS COURT!
I DO NOT RECOGNISE YOUR RIGHT TO SIT IN
JUDGEMENT ON ME, YOU WHO ARE GUILTY
OF THE MOST HEINOUS CRIME OF ALL!



NEVERTHELESS
YOU WILL BE GIVEN
A FAIR TRIAL.



AS THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE GRAND HALL BAYED
FOR BLOOD, PROSECUTING JUDGE VERNON
RECONSTRUCTED EVENTS LEADING TO THE
RELEASE OF THE BACTERIUM ABOARD SIN CITY,
THE GIANT FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND --

MEGA-R4



WE ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH THE DEFENDANT. ONE
OF MY OPERATIVES POSING AS THE TERRORIST ULA
DANSER ARRANGED A MEETING IN A SIN CITY BAR.

SOMETHING WENT
WRONG. ORLOK LEFT HER
AND SEVERAL OTHER
UNDERCOVER OPERATIVES
DEAD.

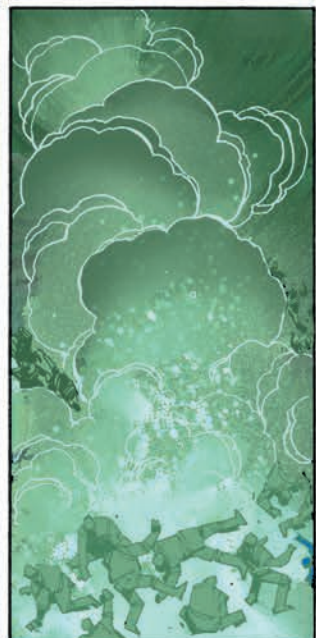


WE CORNERED HIM ON
THE BRIDGE OF TEARS. DREDD
TRIED TO REASON WITH HIM --
PROMISED HIM SAFE PASSAGE
IF HE'D HAND OVER THE
BACTERIUM...

AND ORLOK
REJECTED THE
OFFER?



TO HELL WITH
YOU, DREDD -- AND
ALL YOUR PEOPLE!







THE FACTS ARE CLEAR-- IN CONCERT WITH ULA DANSER AND THE NEW KREMLIN, THE DEFENDANT BROUGHT ABOARD SIN CITY AND DISSEMINATED A DEADLY BACTERIUM -- THEREBY COMMITTING THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF NEARLY A MILLION CITIZENS.

FACED WITH A CRIME OF THIS MAGNITUDE, WE MUST REQUEST THE DEATH PENALTY.

THE PROSECUTION RESTS ITS CASE.



COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.



THE DEFENDANT REJECTS THE AUTHORITY OF THIS COURT AND REFUSES TO ADDRESS IT --



EXCEPT TO HARANGUE US WITH HIS UNPLEASANT COMMENTS...

I THEREFORE HAVE ONLY ONE WITNESS.



I CALL JUDGE DREDD.



TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE SIN CITY PLAGUE HAPPENED, WE HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE ROOT OF THIS WHOLE, SORRY AFFAIR, TO THE EVENTS SURROUNDING THE APOCALYPSE WAR...



I FAIL TO SEE THE RELEVANCE. WE HAVE THE FACTS, WE DON'T NEED TO KNOW THE REASONS.

WE AGREE. PLEASE MOVE ON, EMERY.

B-BUT IT'S MY WHOLE CASE!

IF THE DEFENDANT IS GUILTY THEN I CAN PROVE THERE ARE OTHERS IN THIS COURT WITH JUST AS MUCH TO ANSWER FOR!



I TAKE IT COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE IS REFERRING TO ME. I'D LIKE TO ANSWER HIS QUESTIONS.

WE'VE MADE OUR RULING.

I REQUEST THAT YOU CHANGE IT. IT'S ESSENTIAL THAT BEFORE THE WORLD'S EYE THE DEFENDANT IS GIVEN EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE HIMSELF.



VERY WELL. YOU'RE ON A SHORT LEASH, EMERY.



I'VE HEARD ALL EMERY'S ARGUMENTS BEFORE. I ASSURE HIM, HE'S ONLY DIGGING ORLOK'S GRAVE.

AS FAR AS I CAN SEE IT'S ALREADY DUG. I'M TRYING TO GET HIM OUT OF IT...



JUDGE DREDD, LET ME TAKE YOU BACK TO THE LAST DAYS OF THE APOCALYPSE WAR. THINGS WERE GOING BADLY FOR MEGA-CITY ONE.

OUR ALTERNATIVES WERE SURRENDER -- OR LAUNCH AN ATTACK SO DEVASTATING THAT THE EAST-MEG ASSAULT WOULD BE HALTED IN ITS TRACKS.



YOU CHOSE THE SECOND OPTION. THE EUPHEMISM FOR THE WEAPONS WAS TADS-- TOTAL ANNIHILATION DEVICES. WHAT WAS THE RESULT?

JUST WHAT IT SAYS ON THE BOX.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.



AN ACT THAT NO DOUBT STILL GIVES YOU A WARM GLOW OF ACHIEVEMENT.

I DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE. THEY STARTED IT. I FINISHED IT. END OF STORY.



LET'S SAY YOU BELIEVED MEGA-CITY ONE TO BE UNDER IMMINENT THREAT OF SUCH AN ATTACK -- TO PREVENT IT, WOULD YOU FEEL JUSTIFIED IN WIPING OUT THE AGGRESSOR?

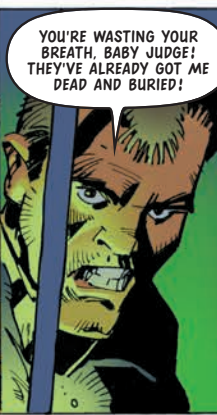
I CAN'T ANSWER A HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION.

BUT YOU WOULD FEEL JUSTIFIED IN TAKING SOME VIOLENT ACTION -- ACTION THAT RESULTED IN LOSS OF LIFE?

YES.



GOOD. SO IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF DEGREE.



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH, BABY JUDGE! THEY'VE ALREADY GOT ME DEAD AND BURIED!



ORLOK! YOU'RE ON YOUR LAST WARNING!



LET'S GO BACK A LITTLE FURTHER, TO SOME WEEKS BEFORE THE WAR BROKE OUT. DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS DOCUMENT?



I KNOW WHAT IT IS -- OUTLINE PLANS FOR A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE ON EAST-MEG ONE. A DISCUSSION DOCUMENT, NOTHING MORE.

BUT IF IT HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO YOU AS FACT? IF THE BOOT WAS ON THE OTHER FOOT --

WOULD I HAVE TAKEN ACTION BASED ON IT? POSSIBLY. IT'S IRRELEVANT -- IT DIDN'T HAPPEN.



BUT IT DID HAPPEN TO ORLOK. IF HIS ACTION IN SPREADING THE BLOCK MANIA CONTAMINANT WAS THE FIRST EXPLOSION OF THE WAR, THEN THAT DOCUMENT CAN BE SAID TO BE THE TOUCHPAPER.



THE DEFENDANT WILL TESTIFY TO THIS?

I'M AFRAID NOT. AS I'VE SAID, HE REFUSES TO RECOGNISE THE COURT.

THEN THE EVIDENCE IS INADMISSIBLE.



ATTABOY! THERE'S MEGA-CITY JUSTICE!



THE DEFENDANT HAS TRIED OUR PATIENCE TOO OFTEN! REPLACE THE MASK!



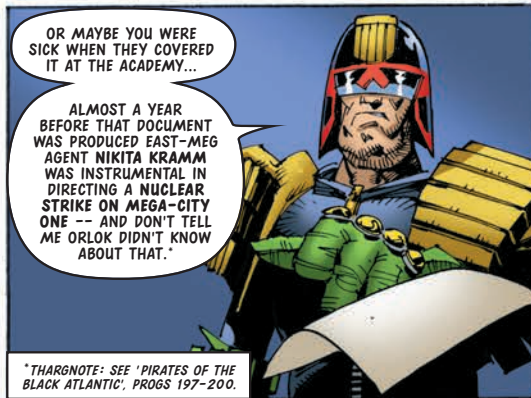
BUT THIS IS ALL I HAVE! IT GOES TO STATE OF MIND!

HOLD HIM, DAMMIT!



THE FIRST AGGRESSIVE ACT WAS OURS! EVERYTHING STEMMED FROM THAT, INCLUDING WHAT ORLOK CONSIDERS TO BE A DUTY TO SEEK RETRIBUTION.

YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, EMERY.



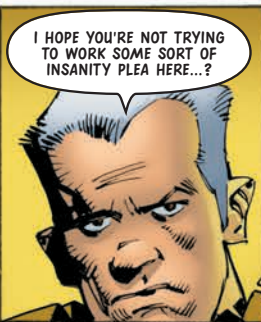
OR MAYBE YOU WERE SICK WHEN THEY COVERED IT AT THE ACADEMY...

ALMOST A YEAR BEFORE THAT DOCUMENT WAS PRODUCED EAST-MEG AGENT NIKITA KRAMM WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN DIRECTING A NUCLEAR STRIKE ON MEGA-CITY ONE -- AND DON'T TELL ME ORLOK DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

*THARGNOTE: SEE 'PIRATES OF THE BLACK ATLANTIC', PROGS 197-200.



WE'VE CUT YOU A LOT OF SLACK, EMERY, BUT WE FAIL TO SEE THE RELEVANCE OF YOUR ARGUMENT. REASONS MAY EXPLAIN THE ACT, THEY DO NOT JUSTIFY IT. REVENGE IS NOT A MITIGATING FACTOR.



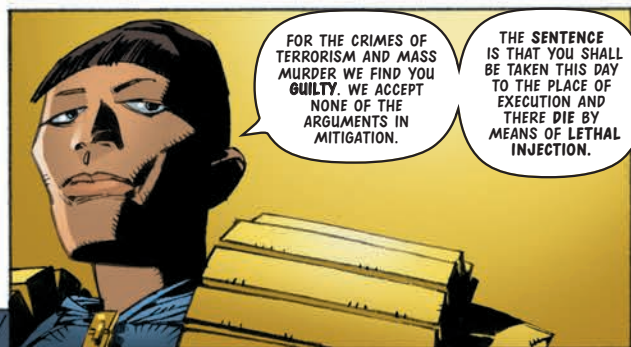
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO WORK SOME SORT OF INSANITY PLEA HERE...?



NO, SIR.



THEN IF YOU HAVE OTHER ARGUMENTS, LET'S HEAR THEM. WE'RE DONE WITH THIS.

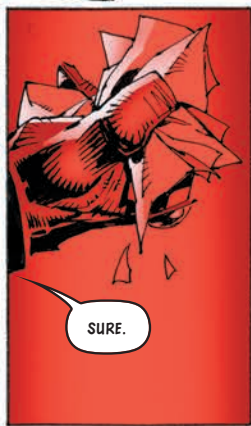




IT'S TIME,
ORLOK.



SEE THAT THIS
IS DELIVERED TO
MY PEOPLE.



SURE.



YOU DID YOUR
BEST, EMERY. YOU
WERE NEVER GOING
TO SAVE HIM.

PROBABLY
KILLED MY
CAREER.



AND NOW, AS THE
MURDERER IS LED
INTO THE EXECUTION
CHAMBER, A HUGE
CHEER RISES FROM
THIS CROWD.











2000 AD Prog 1296: Cover by **Jim Murray**



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 David Cronenberg.

KEV WALKER

Kev Walker is the co-creator of *Badlands* and *The Balls Brothers*, and has also provided artwork for *Dan Dare*, *Judge Dredd*, *Future Shocks*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Mercy Heights*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Time Twisters* and *Tor Cyan*. For the *Judge Dredd Magazine*, he wrote *The Inspectre* and has illustrated *Judge Anderson*, *Mean Machine* and *Wynter*.

Walker has recently finished an acclaimed run on DC’s *L.E.G.I.O.N.* and is currently pencilling Marvel Comics’ *The Eternal*.

BEN WILLISHER

Ben Willsher has worked on *Judge Dredd*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, and *Sinister Dexter*.

PAUL MARSHALL

Paul Marshall co-created *The Corps* and *Firekind*, and has also pencilled *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *One-Offs*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Tharg’s Future Shocks*, *Tyranny Rex* and *Vector 13*. His other work can be seen in Harris Comics’ *Avalon*.

CAM KENNEDY

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular *2000 AD* artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator *Kenny Who?* and the *Taxidermist*. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Tharg’s Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.’s*. His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton*, *Batman*, *The Light and Darkness War*, *Lobo*, *Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars: Dark Empire 1 and 2*.



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CAN HANDLE IT,
CREEP?

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It's a race against time as Dredd and his team try to find Danser before all hell breaks loose!

Written by Dredd's co-creator John Wagner (*A History of Violence*) with art by Kev Walker (*The Eternal*) this high-octane adventure is just too tempting to miss!

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