

JUDGE DREDD®



NOBODY APES THE LAW!

WAGNER ★ MCMAHON ★ GRANT ★ GIBSON ★ RANSON ★ WYATT

ARTHUR WYATT, JOHN WAGNER, ALAN GRANT

Writers

**JAKE LYNCH, JASON BRASHILL, ARTHUR RANSON, IAN GIBSON,
BRETT EWINS, MICK MCMAHON**

Artists

JAKE LYNCH

Cover Artist



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

Head of Books & Comics: Ben Smith

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Senior Graphic Novel Editor: Keith Richardson

Junior Graphic Novel Editor: Oliver Ball

Graphic Design: Oz Osborne, Sam Gretton & Maz Smith

Reprographics: Joseph Morgan

PR: Michael Molcher

Publishing Assistant: Owen Johnson

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JUDGE DREDD®

NOBODY APES THE LAW!

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA



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Letters: Tony Jacob

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Script: Arthur Wyatt **Artist:** Jake Lynch

Colours: Gary Caldwell **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse

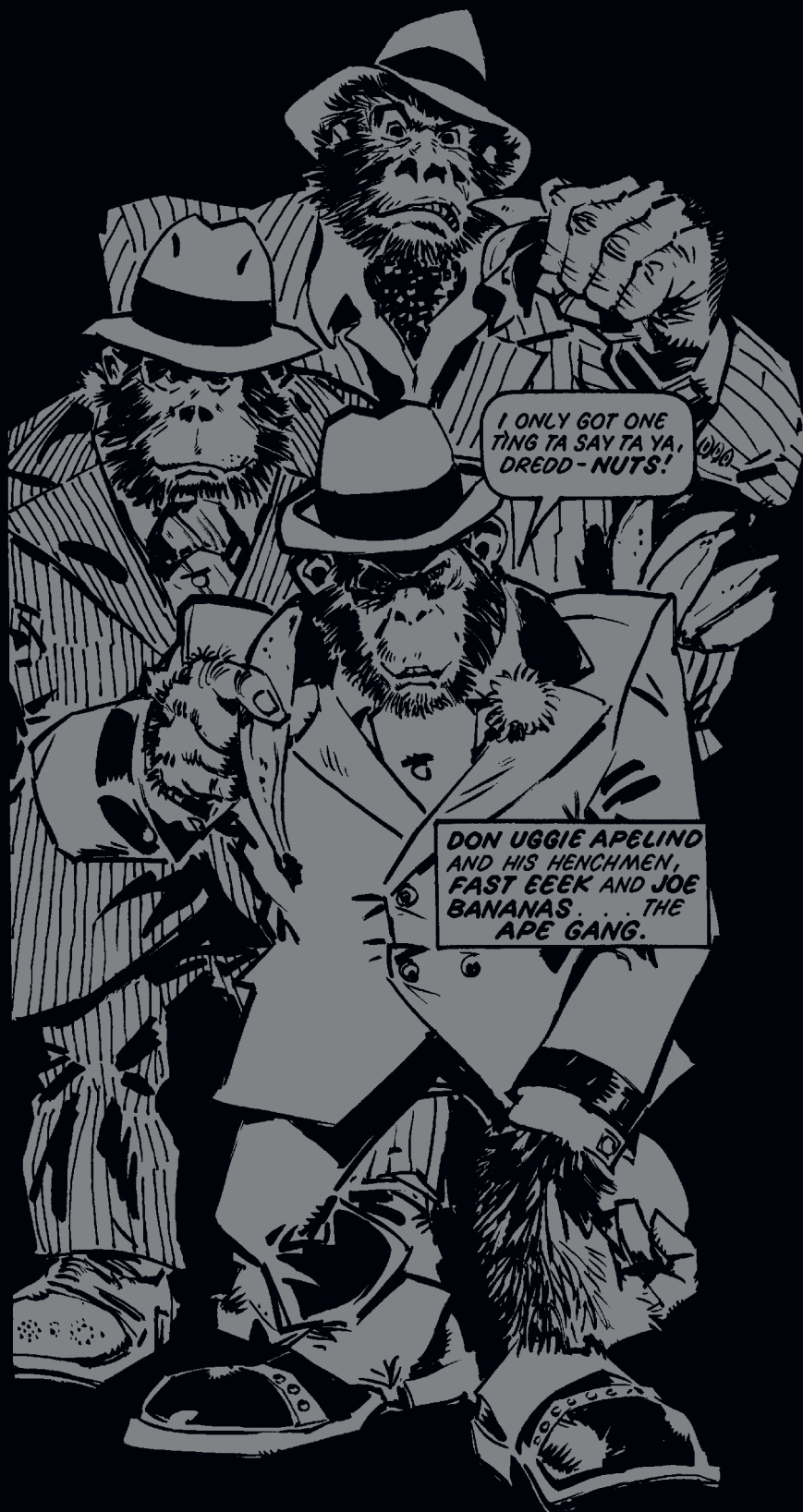
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Script: Arthur Wyatt **Artist:** Jake Lynch

Colours: John Charles **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse

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THE APE GANG

Script: John Wagner

Art: Mick McMahon

Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD prog 39

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2099. AT JUSTICE CENTRAL TOP LAWMAN JUDGE DREDD IS CATCHING UP WITH A BACKLOG OF CASE REPORTS...

I'M SORRY, SIR, YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE. THAT'S JUDGE DREDD'S PRIVATE OFFICE!

PUT A SOCK IN IT, SKINFACE! DON UGGIE DON'T TAKE NO ORDERS FROM NOBODY!

JUDGE DREDD

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JOHN WAGNER
ART ROBOT
MIKE McMAHON
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e



I ONLY GOT ONE TING TA SAY TA YA, DREDD-NUTS!

DON UGGIE APELIND AND HIS HENCHMEN, FAST EEEK AND JOE BANANAS... THE APE GANG.

UGGIE LEPT UP ONTO DREDD'S DESK.

DA EAST SIDE MOB IS MUSCLIN' IN ON OUR TERRITORY AN' YOU'RE TURNIN' A BLIND EYE. WELL, I WANNIT STOPPED OR DERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE, SEE!

YOU TELL 'IM, DON UGGIE! DESE SKINFACE CREEPS MUST T'INK WE JUS' COME DOWN FROM DA TREES OR SOMETHIN'!



AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU AND THE EAST SIDE MOB ARE JUST THE SAME-CHEAP HYPER-HOODS. ONE STEP OUT OF LINE AND I'LL COME DOWN ON YOU HARD.



WHEN THE APE-HOODS HAD GONE, DREDD PONDERED THE PROBLEM. AFTER THE GREAT HOLOCAUST ONLY ZOO ANIMALS SURVIVED. AS TIME PASSED IT BECAME POSSIBLE TO ALTER THE BRAIN-CELLS OF APES, AND GIVE THEM THE ABILITY TO SPEAK.

THEN ONE BY ONE THEY WERE ALLOWED FREEDOM...

APES ARE GREAT MIMICS. IT WAS ONLY TO BE EXPECTED THAT SOME OF THEM WOULD IMITATE CRIMINALS.

SO DAT'S DA WAY IT IS, EH? WELL, YOU MARK MY WOIDS-DEM EAST SIDE PUNKS MESS WIT' DON UGGIE AN' DEY GET A ONE-WAY RIDE TO DA MORGUE!

YEAH! DA STREETS IS GONNA BE RUNNIN' RED-AN' IT AIN'T GONNA BE WIT' KETCHUP!

ZDD

KEEPER 172



DAYS LATER MEGA-CITY WAS ROCKED BY A GANG WAR, WHICH BEGAN WHEN DON UGGIE'S HOODLUMS RAIDED AN EAST SIDE MOB NIGHT CLUB.

GIVE IT DA WOIKS, BOYS!

TRY DA REFRESHIN' TASTE OF A HAIR 'N' KNUCKLE SANDWICH, SKINFACE!



THERE FOLLOWED AN ATTACK ON AN APE GANG GARAGE. THE GRUNT BROTHERS' SWINGING DAYS WERE OVER...

GRUNT!

GRUNT!

GUS'S GARAGE



THE APE GANG STRUCK BACK HARD. SONNY COSMO, NUMBER TWO IN THE EAST SIDE MOB, GOT A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS...

DAT'S A REAL NICE FIT, SONNY. AN' CONCRETE TAKES A GOOD SHINE, TOO!

NO, NO!

PITY NO ONE'S GONNA SEE THEM WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'! EEEK! EEEK!

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF THE GANGLAND WAR, DREDD
DROVE INTO THE DISTRICT WHERE ALL THE FREED
HAD SETTLED: **THE JUNGLE!**

**RUN-DOWN
HOUSES, GARBAGE
EVERYWHERE.
APES HAVE FILTHY
HABITS.**

**NOTHING WILL EVER
CLEAN UP THE JUNGLE-
BUT CLEANING UP
DON UGGIE'S HOODLUMS
WOULD SURE MAKE THE
PLACE SMELL A LOT
SWEETER.**

**BANANA
BRUNCH!**

WITH DIFFICULTY, DREDD
CLIMBED THE APE STAIRCASE.

**EVERYONE'S AFRAID
TO GIVE EVIDENCE
AGAINST THE GANGS,
BUT WE'VE GOT TO
CATCH THEM RED-
HANDED... AND
THE ONE APE THAT
CAN HELP US LIVES
UP THERE.**

**MAMA APELINO-
DON UGGIE'S
MOTHER.**

AND SO...

**WHAT YOU TALKIN' ABOUT,
JUDGE? MY UGGIE, HE A
GOOD APE. HE NO DO
THE BAD THINGS YOU
SAY.**

**YOU KNOW UGGIE'S
A VICIOUS HOODLUM,
MAMA - AND YOU'RE
GOING TO GIVE ME
SOME INFORMATION
ON HIM...**

ACTING ON MAMA APELINO'S
INFORMATION THE JUDGES
INTERCEPT AN EAST SIDE MOB
CONVOY CARRYING ILLEGAL
TOBACCO INTO THE CITY...

JUDGES!

IT'S A HEIST, DROKK IT!

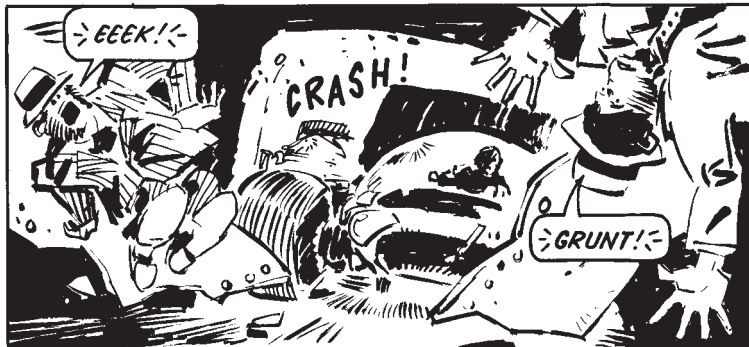
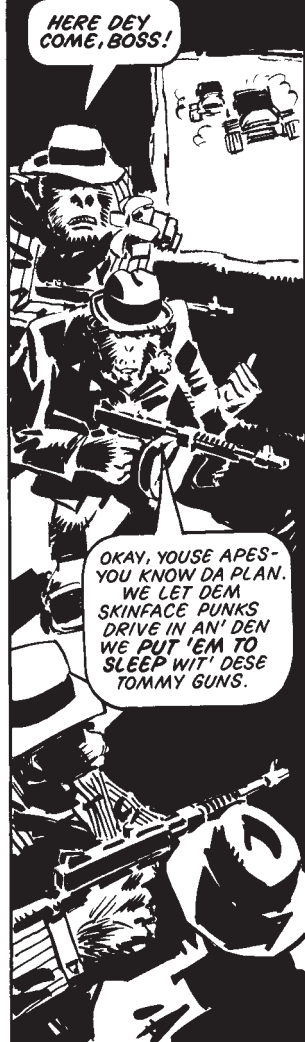
PULL OVER, LAWBREAKER!

AAAGH!

**TEN FOUR
GOOD BUDDY**



SOON, IN AN EMPTY WAREHOUSE ON THE EAST SIDE. . .





THE ANIMAL NUISANCE ACT, 1987, STATES THAT ANY ANIMAL CREATING DANGER TO HUMAN LIFE MUST BE KEPT IN A SECURE PLACE. AND THERE WAS NO MORE SECURE A PLACE THAN DON UGGIE'S ANCESTRAL HOME...

THE MEGA-CITY ZOO.

HA, HA! THAT ONE'S DRESSED JUST LIKE A STUPID OLD GANGSTER.

LISTEN, PUNK, STOP MAKIN' WIT' DA WISECRACKS AN' GIMME DAT STINKIN' BANANA!

HAVE SOME MORE TEA, FAST EEEK!

HEY, WATCH WHAT YA DOIN', YA BIG APE!

SEEEESH! A COUPLA YEARS OF DIS IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY APE GO STRAIGHT!

NEW ADVENTURE
NEXT PROG.

ONE PLANET
ONE COMIC





THE BILLION CREDIT CAPER

Script: Alan Grant
Art: Brett Ewins
Letters: Thom

Originally published in *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1979

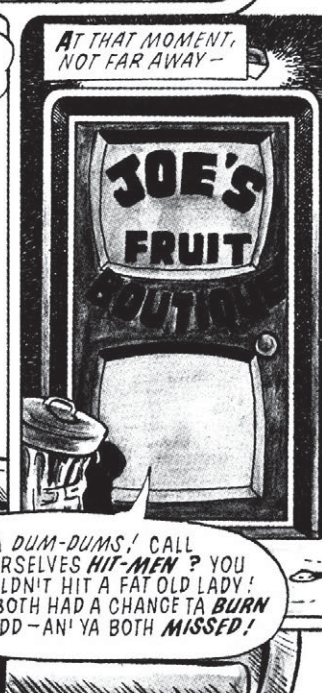
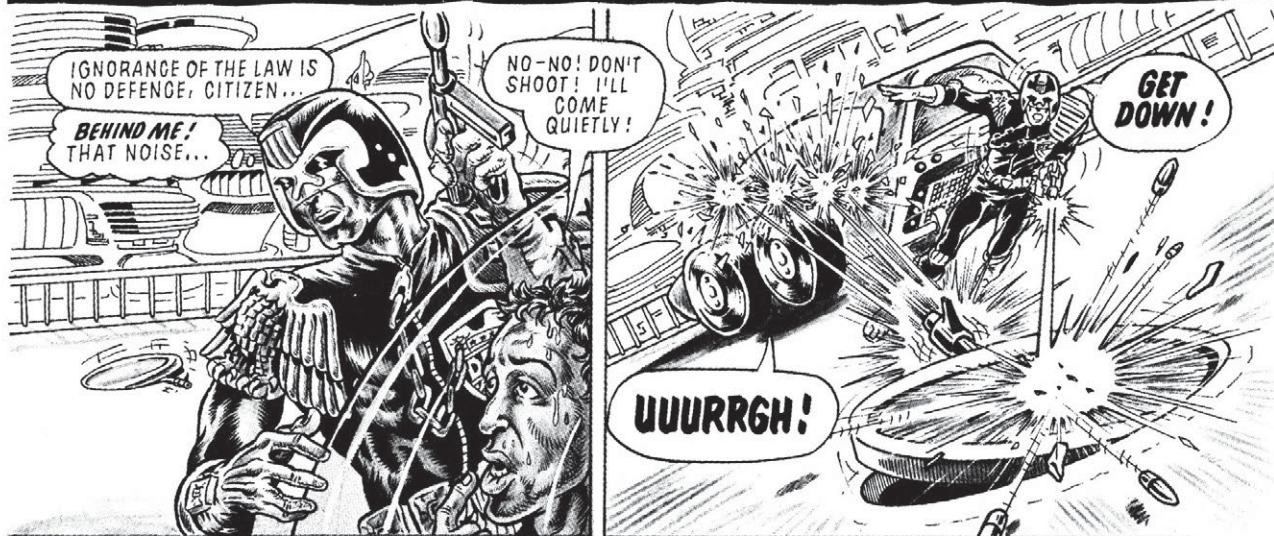
+++THE FUTURE'S TOP COP – TARGET FOR A SNIPER'S BULLET!+++



+++++ NO MAN COULD HAVE MADE THAT JUMP! +++++



+++++++ ASSASSIN'S TOMMY-GUN SPITS LEADEN DEATH! +++++++



++A BILLION CREDITS FOR DA MAN WHO SNUFFS JUDGE DREDD!++

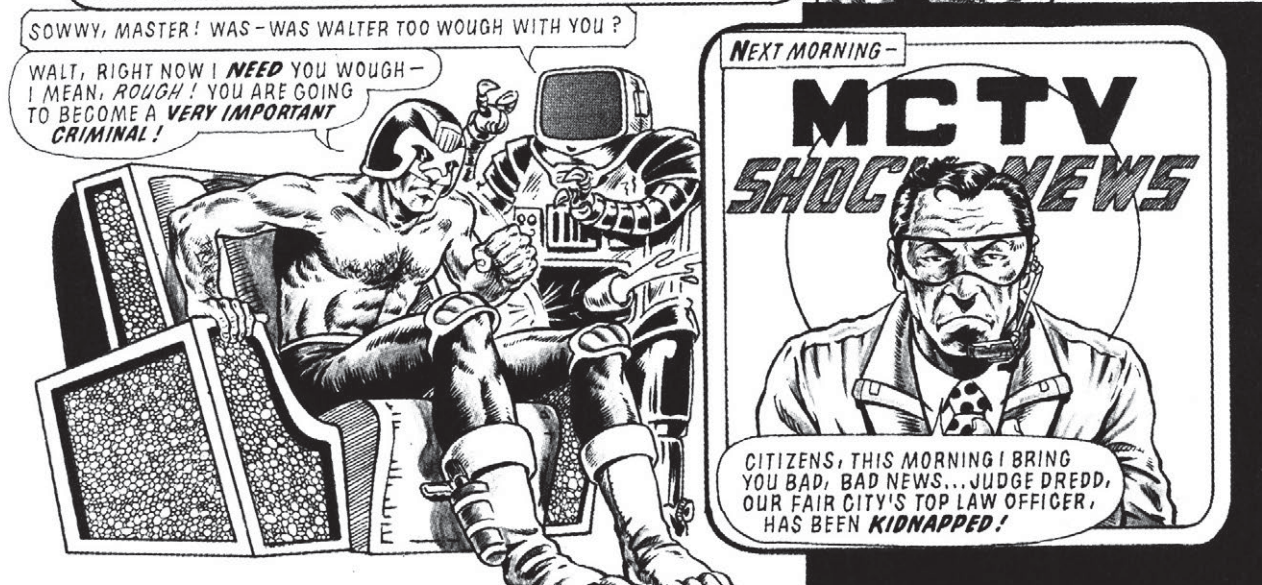
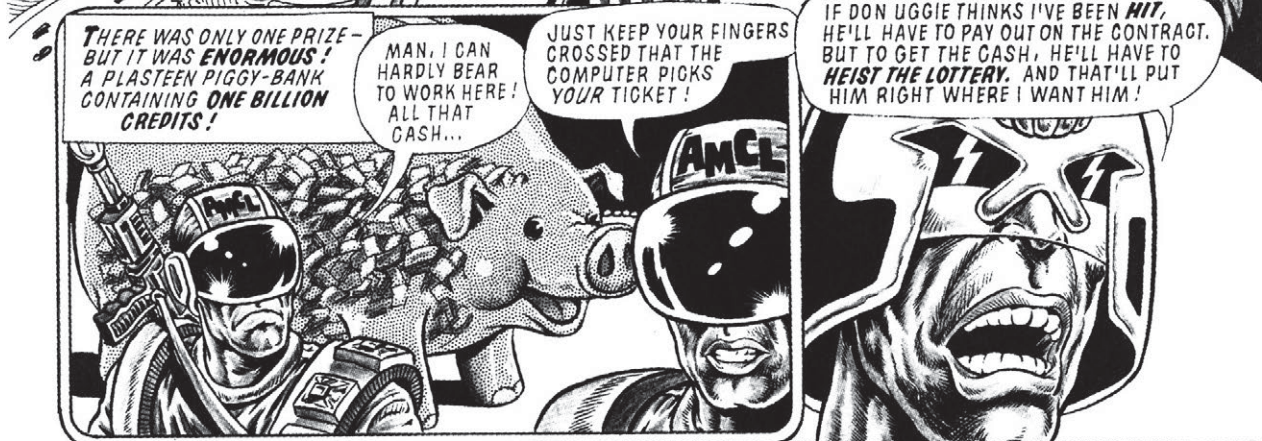


DREDD ENTERS THE APE GANG'S STRONGHOLD . . . THE JUNGLE!



+++ MAX NORMAL — THE MAN WHO'S SO NORMAL. HE'S WEIRD! +++





+++ 'CALL ME AT MIDNIGHT - AND DON'T LET DREDD ESCAPE!' +++



I ONLY HOPE WHOEVER KIDNAPPED DREDD DON'T ERASE DA BUM - DAT PLEASURE IS RESERVED FER ME!

YER BLEEP-PHONE'S RINGING, BOSS.



DON UGGIE APELINO? I BELIEVE YOU OWE ME ONE BILLION CREDITS...

THEY DON'T CALL ME 'WICKED WALT' FOR NOTHING, APELINO! I'M VEY WOUGH INDEED! AND AS FOR PWOF-DWEDD, SPEAK TO THE MAN!

THAT'S DREDD'S VOICE ALL RIGHT, BOSS!

OKAY - YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY! CALL ME BACK AT MIDNIGHT - AN' DON'T LET DREDD ESCAPE!

OH WOE! I WEALLY AM A WICKED WALTER! I LIED, AND I SPOKE WOUGHLY TO MY DEAR, SWEET MASTER...

FASTEN IT, WALTER! YOU DID IT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

YEAH? YA GOT DREDD? SAY...THIS COULD BE A LOUSY RIP-OFF! YA DON'T SOUND LIKE YER TOUGH ENOUGH TO KIDNAP A JUDGE!

I'M NOT SAYING A WORD, YOU STINKIN' CROOK!

DON'T WOWWY - HE'S TIED UP WITH STWONG WOPES!



THAT NIGHT, THE CROWDS AWAITING THE RESULT OF THE LOTTERY WERE IN PARTY MOOD...

THAT WAS BEE-YOO-TIFUL, GIRLS!

BUT NOW...THE MOMENT ALL MEGA-CITY CRAVES! TONIGHT, ONE LUCKY CITIZEN WILL LEAVE HERE A BILLIONAIRE...

IT COULD MAKE YOU RICH, IT'S A HEAP OF FUN! THERE'S A BILLION CRED PRIZE - IT'S THE REAL BIG ONE. ♪ M.C.A.L... OH, BABY, IT'S THE M...C...A...L...



'HERE IS THE LOTTERY RESULT – DON'T MOVE! THIS IS A HEIST!'



+++++++ 'NOBODY MAKES A MONKEY OUTTA ME, DREDD!' +++++++

DREDD'S DISCOVERY WAS THE SIGNAL FOR A SQUAD OF CONCEALED JUDGES —

IT'S A TRAP! DREDD,
YA TWO-FACED SNAKE...

SMOTHER THEM WITH THE RIOT FOAM, MEN!
WE DON'T WANT ANY CITIZENS INJURED!

...YA MADE A MONKEY
OUTTA ME, DREDD!
TAKE DAT — IN DA
KISSER!

UGGGH!

MUGS LIKE YOU NEVER
LEARN, DON UGGIE...

YOU CAN'T BEAT ME! BECAUSE
I AM JUDGE DREDD...

I AM THE LAW!

WINNING NUMBER
554387677XX

DREDD CAUTIONED AND SEARCHED
THE SIMIAN GANG-LEADER...

BANANAS... GUNS... NUTS...
YOU CERTAINLY KNOW WHAT
YOU LIKE! BUT — WHAT'S
THIS?

WHADDYA THINK — MY
MEMOIRS? IT'S MY LOTTERY
TICKET, STOOPID!

HEY, WHADDYA
KNOW? MY
TICKET'S NUMERO
UNO — I'VE WON
THE BIG ONE!
I'M A
BILLIONAIRE!

YOU'RE A LOSER, UGGIE!
THE LAW CLEARLY STATES
THE PRIZE CAN'T BE PAID
WITHOUT A TICKET —
AND YOURS JUST
GOT BURNED!

SHEESH! MAYBE I
SHOULDA STUCK TA
SELLIN' FRUIT!

THE
END.



MONKEY BUSINESS AT THE CHARLES DARWIN BLOCK

Script: John Wagner & Alan Grant

Art: Mick McMahon

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 184-185

MEGA-CITY ONE HAD
SEEN SOME STRANGE
DISASTERS, BUT
NONE SO BIZARRE AS
THE DAY EVOLUTION
RAN WILD - AND A
WHOLE CITY BLOCK
BECAME... **THE
NAKED JUNGLE!**

**CHARLES
DARWIN
BLOCK**

NO-ONE GOES IN!
NO-ONE COMES
OUT!

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T. B. GROVER
ART ROBOT
MIKE McMAHON
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73c





JUDGE DREDD

IN

MONKEY BUSINESS

AT THE

**CHARLES
DARWIN
BLOCK**

PROFESSOR F. NORTHCOTE FRIBB LIVED IN APARTMENT 666, CHARLES DARWIN BLOCK. IT WAS EARLIER THAT DAY HE HAD MADE HIS MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY -



WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF EVOLUTIONARY CHANGE WERE DROPPING AWAY!



THE FRIBB ENZYME (AS IT CAME TO BE CALLED) WAS A TRUE MIRACLE OF 22ND CENTURY SCIENCE -



THE GREATEST BREAKTHROUGH SINCE INFLATABLE KNEECAPS!

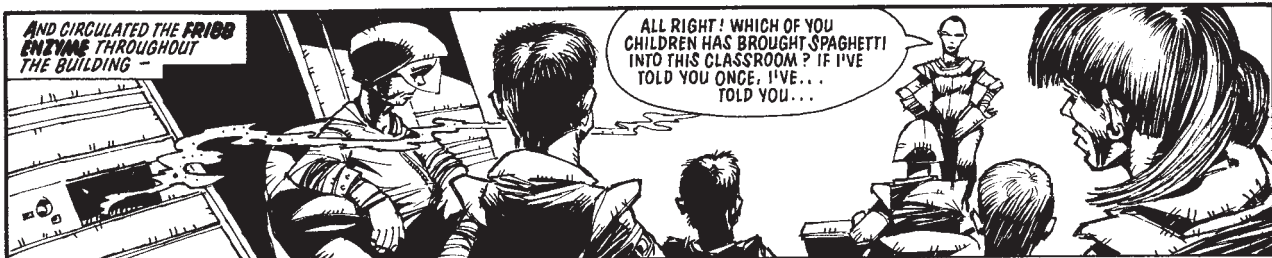


SADLY, PROFESSOR F. NORTHCOTE FRIBB NO LONGER CARED -



THE POWERFUL ENZYME WAS SUCKED INTO THE BLOCK VENTILATION DUCTS -





AN HOUR LATER, JUDGES HAD CORDONED OFF THE WHOLE BLOCK -

AS FAR AS WE CAN MAKE OUT THE WHOLE BLOCK IS AFFECTED, DREDD. WE TRIED SENDING JUDGES IN -



THAT'S THEM ON THE FOURTH FLOOR!

CHANCES ARE THE CONTAMINATION IS AIR-SPREAD! RESPIRATOR DOWN!



IN APARTMENT 74K, UNEMPLOYED EXECUTIVE THEODORE WAINWRIGHT HAD DISCOVERED HIS ANTIQUE HUNTING GUN -



IN THE DIM RECESSES OF HIS MIND, THEODORE KNEW THIS STRANGE CONTRAPTION HAD SOME PURPOSE...



THEODORE'S DISCOVERY GOES NO FURTHER. BUT NEXT DOOR IN 74L, UNEMPLOYED SYNTHETIC FOOD TASTER BOB KEMPINSKI HAD MADE ANOTHER IMPORTANT DISCOVERY -

FIRE!



ALWAYS QUICK ON THE LIPTAKE, BOB LOST NO TIME EXPERIMENTING WITH HIS DANGEROUS DISCOVERY -

UHH! UHHH!



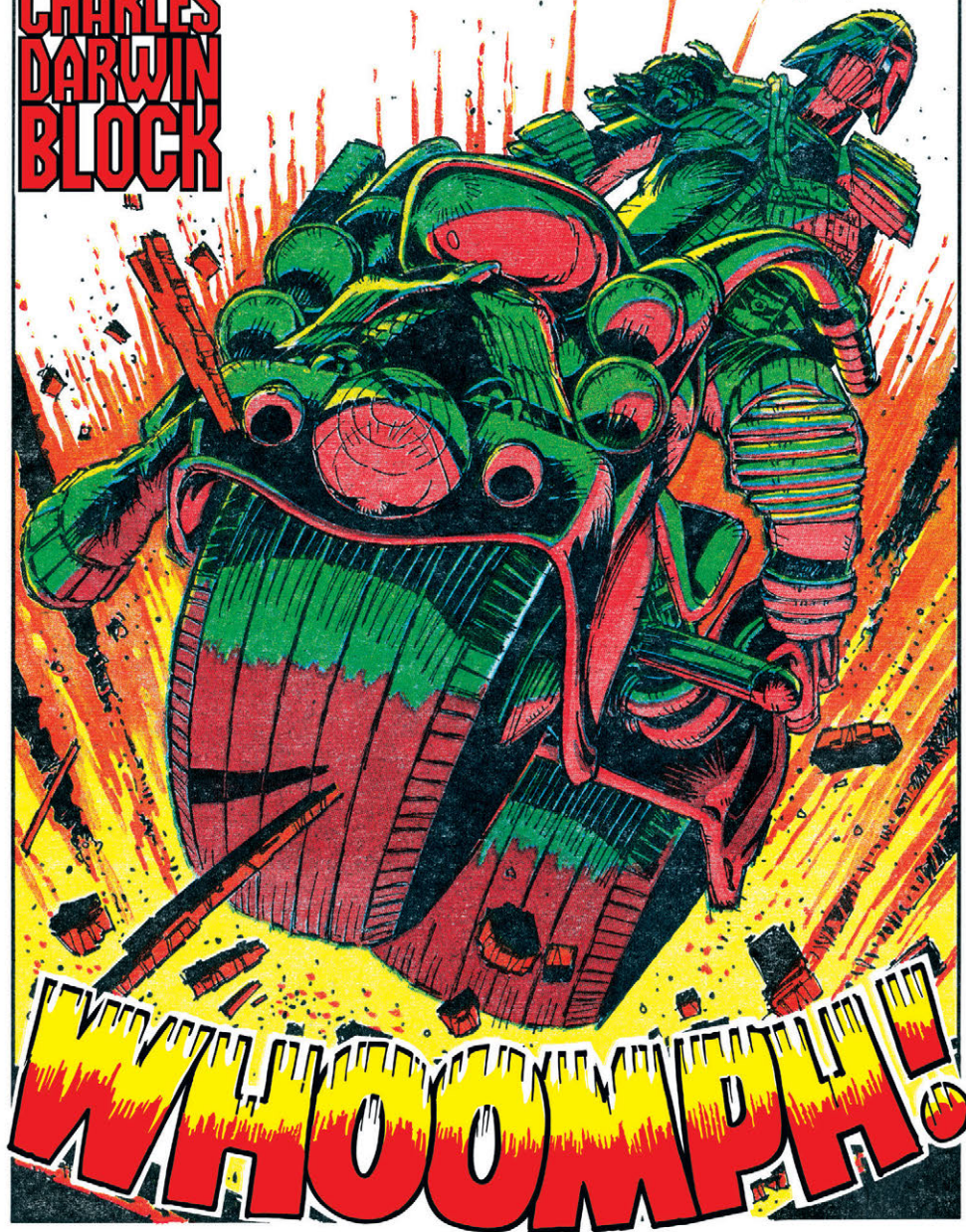


JUDGE DREDD

IN
MONKEY BUSINESS
AT THE

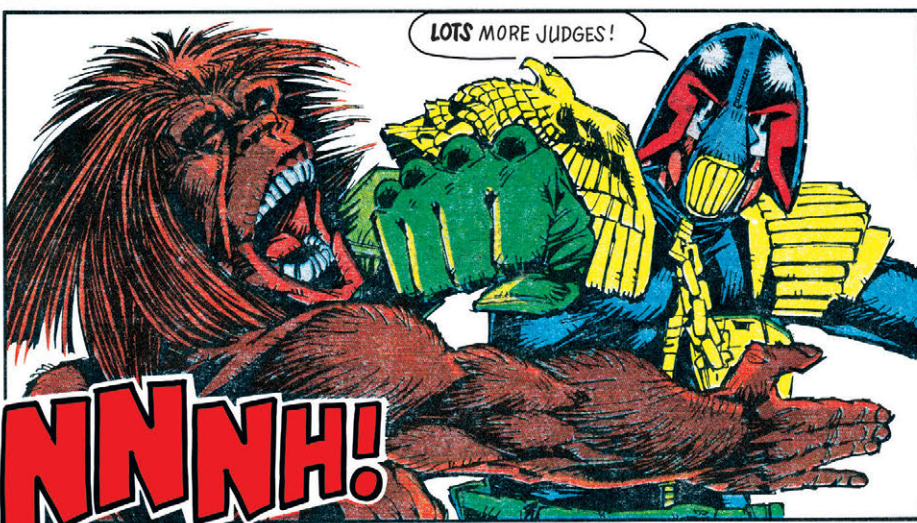
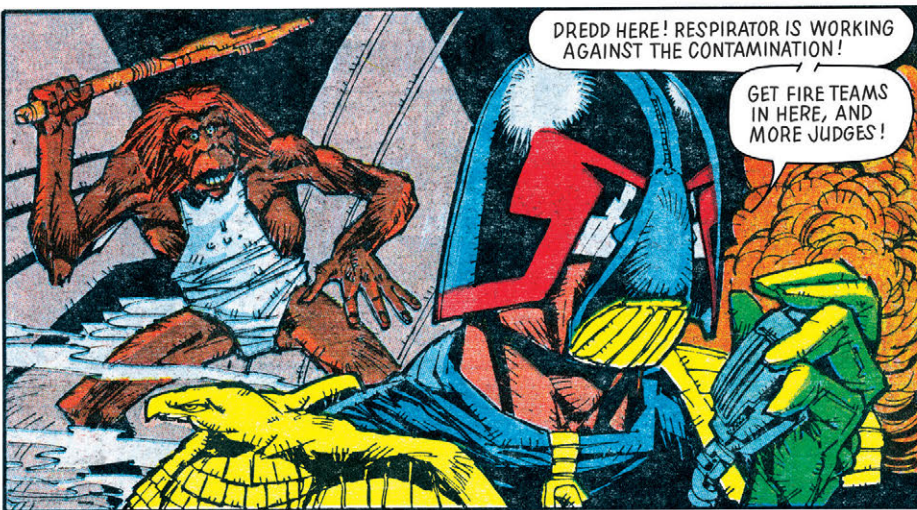
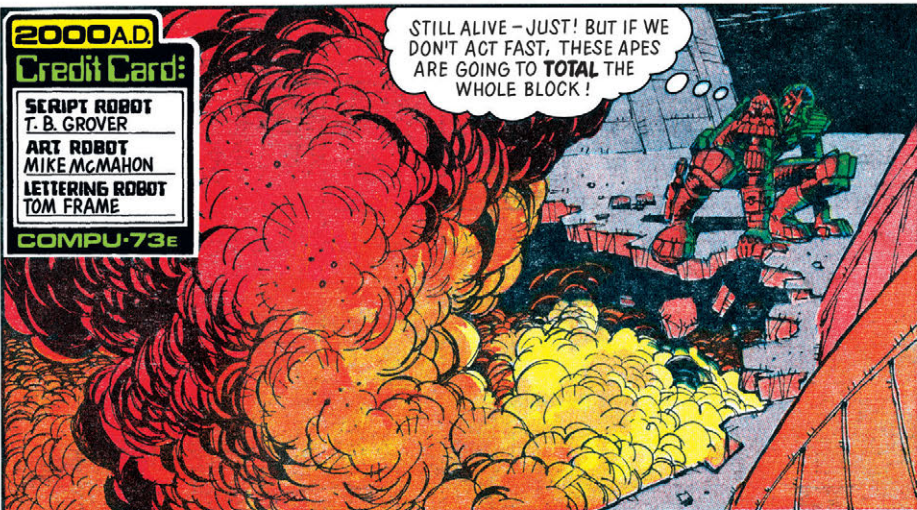
CHARLES
DARWIN
BLOCK

EVOLUTION HAS TURNED BACKWARDS AT THE CHARLES DARWIN BLOCK, AND THE OCCUPANTS HAVE REVERTED TO THE APE STATE. DREDD GOES TO INVESTIGATE, WHEN—





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T. B. GROVER
ART ROBOT
MIKE McMAHON
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73e



AS THE FIRE TEAMS MOVED IN, UNEMPLOYED PLASTEEN WORKER JUDITH DOBBLE IN APARTMENT 6R HAD A CLEVER IDEA —



LOOK OUT!
THEY'RE THROWING
STUFF!

JUDITH WAS WELL-KNOWN FOR HER SHARP SENSE OF HUMOUR. SOME VESTIGE OF IT STILL REMAINED IN HER NOW-BESTIAL BRAIN —



UHH! UHH!
UHHHH!

UPSTAIRS IN 7R, THE BOLSOVER FAMILY EAGERLY FOLLOWED JUDITH'S LEAD —



ALL EXCEPT GRANNY BOLSOVER, WHO HAD ACCIDENTALLY STUCK HER HEAD THROUGH THE VIDSET —



ON THE 4TH FLOOR, JUDGES NESTOR, MARTIN AND CARSONOVITZ, WHO HAD INADVERTENTLY ENTERED WITHOUT RESPIRATORS, PLAYED IT COOL —



THEY'RE ALL AT IT!
WE'LL BE CRUSHED
TO DEATH!

TRAIN YOUR FIRE HOSES
ON THEM! NO SHOOTING
UNLESS YOU HAVE TO!



IN 66A, UNEMPLOYED ACROBATIC
TROUPE THE FLYING HENDERSONS
HEARD DREDD'S APPROACH -



A HAPPY FAMILY, EARLIER THAT
DAY THEY HAD BEEN PREPARING
FOR A PLEASANT PICNIC IN
CHARLES DARWIN BLOCK PARK -

THINGS HAD RADICALLY
CHANGED FOR THE
FLYING HENDERSONS -



NOW ALL THEY
CRAVED WAS
FLESH!

SEVERE
REGRESSION!



THERE'S NO SAVING
THESE POOR DEVILS!



MORE OF THEM - AND WORSE!
HATE TO THINK WHAT I'LL
FIND IN 66C!

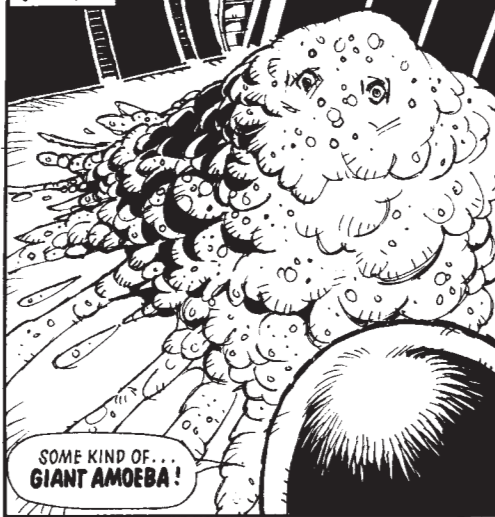


DROKK!

ON THE WORKBENCH, PROFESSOR E. NORTHCOTE FRIBB'S APPARATUS BUBBLED ON, DRIPPING OUT THE ENZYME WHICH HAD TURNED CHARLES DARWIN BLOCK INTO A NAKED JUNGLE.



ON THE FLOOR LAY PROFESSOR FRIBB. HIS SEARCH FOR THE **ORIGIN OF SPECIES** HAD BEEN A **COMPLETE SUCCESS!**



SOME KIND OF...
GIANT AMOeba!

DREDD HERE! I WANT THIS BUILDING EVACUATED -
REPEAT -
EVACUATED!



WITHIN AN HOUR, THE LAST RECOGNISABLY HUMAN OCCUPANTS WERE BEING HERDED FROM THE CHARLES DARWIN BLOCK -



I KNOW THE
FRIBB ENZYME
WAS DANGEROUS -
BUT BURNING THE
WHOLE BLOCK.
DREDD...?

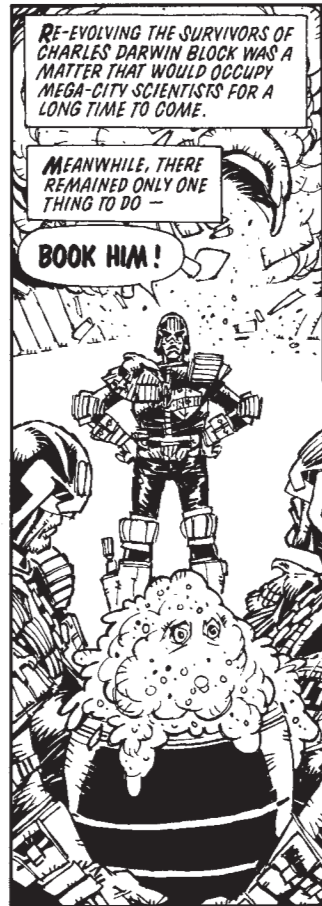
YOU SAW
WHAT IT DID.
BETTER
SAFE THAN
SORRY!



RE-EVOLVING THE SURVIVORS OF CHARLES DARWIN BLOCK WAS A MATTER THAT WOULD OCCUPY MEGA-CITY SCIENTISTS FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.

MEANWHILE, THERE
REMAINED ONLY ONE
THING TO DO -

BOOK HIM!



THE END



LAW OF THE JUNGLE

Script: Alan Grant
Art: Ian Gibson
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Annual 1983

JUDGE DREDD

IN LAW OF THE JUNGLE

ONCE **MEGA-CITY ONE** WAS A GIANT THRIVING METROPOLIS. NOW, MUCH OF IT LIES IN **RUINS**, A CITY POCKMARKED WITH **POISONOUS PITS** AND **NUCLEAR WASTELANDS** !

ACROSS ONE OF THESE WASTES, A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS MAKES ITS HESITANT WAY —

THIS USED TO BE **SECTOR 301** —
NOW IT'S JUST A STINKIN' NUCLEAR HOLE !

QUICKER WE'RE OUT
OF IT. THE BETTER !
THIS PLACE GIVES ME
THE CREEPS !

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
STACCATO
ART ROBOT
EMBERTON
LETTERING ROBOT
FRAME

COMPU-73E

I COULD
SWEAR
WE'RE
BEIN'...
WATCHED!

PLACE LIKE THIS
PLAYS **HAVOC** WITH
THE IMAGINATION,
FERD ! YOU'RE JUST
SPOOKY —

WHY WOULD ANYBODY
IN THEIR RIGHT MIND
HANG AROUND **THIS**
DEATH-PIT ?

AAAGH!



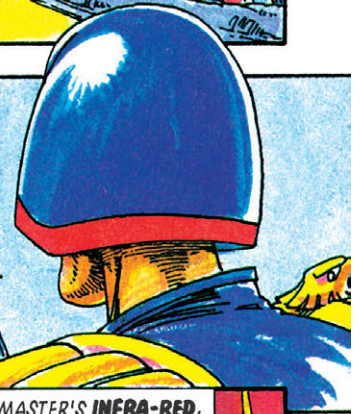


BY THE TIME **JUDGE DREDD** ARRIVES, THE ATTACKERS HAVE MELTED BACK INTO THE DEVASTATION —

THANK GOODNESS YOU CAME, JUDGE!

THEY'D HAVE KILLED US ALL — BUT THEY RAN OFF WHEN THEY HEARD YOUR SIREN! TH-THEY WERE **BEASTLY!**

HALF HUMAN, HALF MAD **BEAST!** I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM!



USING HIS LAWMASTER'S **INFRA-RED**, DREDD FOLLOWS THE LINGERING HEAT OF THE MARAUDER'S FOOTPRINTS —

STAY HERE. TEND TO YOUR WOUNDED. I'LL DEAL WITH THE PERPS!



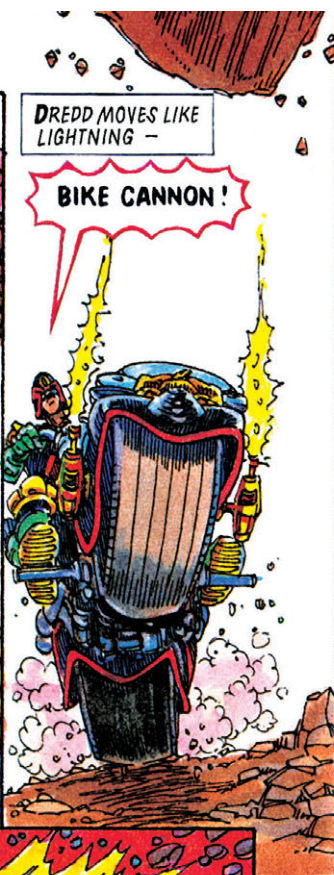
TRAVELLING ON ALL FOURS. CERTAINLY NOT HUMAN!



THESE RADIATION PITS
SPOUT UP A NEW DANGER
EVERY DAY! WHATEVER
THESE CREATURES ARE,
THEY MUST BE DEALT
WITH!



DROKK!



DREDD MOVES LIKE
LIGHTNING -

BIKE CANNON!



BADDAAAM!



STOMM!

DREDD COMES UP
SHOOTING -

NICE
TRY,
CREEPS!



AAAAH!

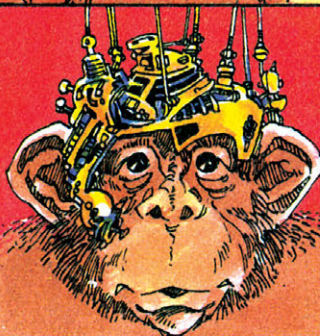
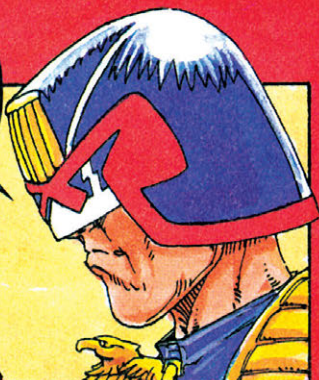


UNK! UNK!

YOU BET YOU
SURRENDER,
BUDDY!

MOMENTS LATER —

DROKK! I **RECOGNISE** YOU!
GETTING A LITTLE LONG IN THE
TOOTH BUT YOU'RE **FAST EEK**,
ONE OF DON UGGIE APELINO'S
GANG! SO IT'S THE APES, EH?

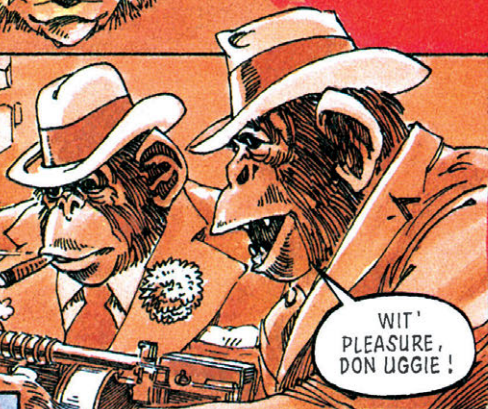


22ND CENTURY SCIENCE
HAD SPEEDED UP THE APES'
EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS,
ENABLING THEM TO SPEAK,
AND, IN MANY CASES,
OBTAIN FULL CITIZEN'S
RIGHTS —

LIKE HUMANS, THERE WERE GOOD AND BAD AMONGST THEM —
AND DREDD HAD HAD MANY ENCOUNTERS WITH **DON UGGIE**
APELINO AND HIS GANGSTERS —



WHACK 'IM OUT,
FAST EEK!



WIT'
PLEASURE,
DON UGGIE!

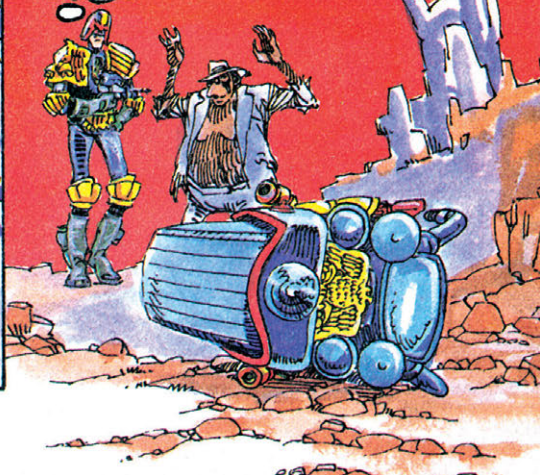


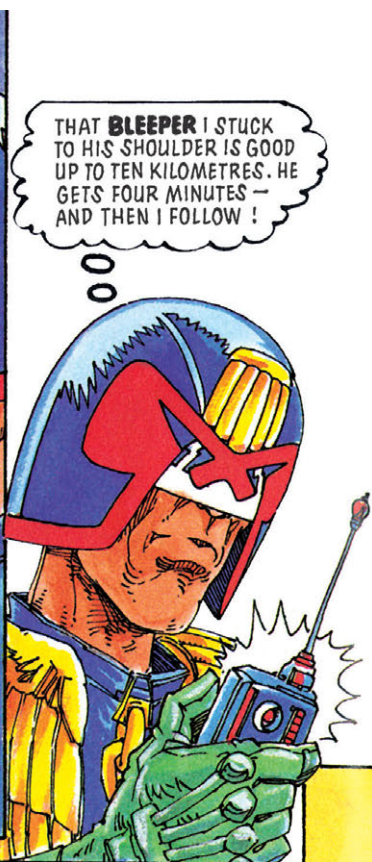
NO HURR EE!
NO HURR!

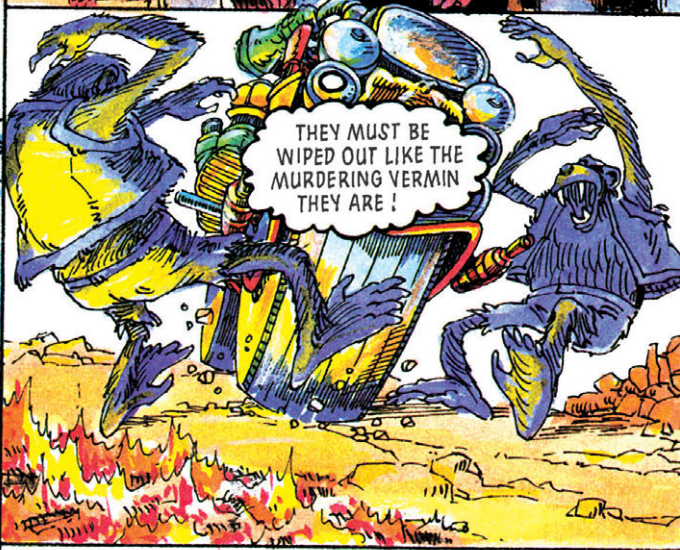
"DON'T HURT EEK" — THAT'S WHAT
HE'S TRYING TO SAY! SEEMS LIKE
THEY'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO TOO MUCH
RADIATION — IT'S **REGRESSED** THEM
INTO A SAVAGE STATE!

THE **LAWMASTER'S** INFRA-RED
HAD BEEN SMASHED IN THE CRASH —

NO WAY OF TRAILING
THEM NOW.
UNLESS —







AGAINST DREDD'S
OVERWHELMING
FIREPOWER, THE
BLOODTHIRSTY
THROWBACKS CAN
PUT UP LITTLE
RESISTANCE —



NONE MUST
ESCAPE!

AAA!
AAA!

AT LAST, THERE IS ONLY
DON UGGIE. HE TURNS,
LIKE A BEAST AT BAY —



GAAAAA!

AND DIES —

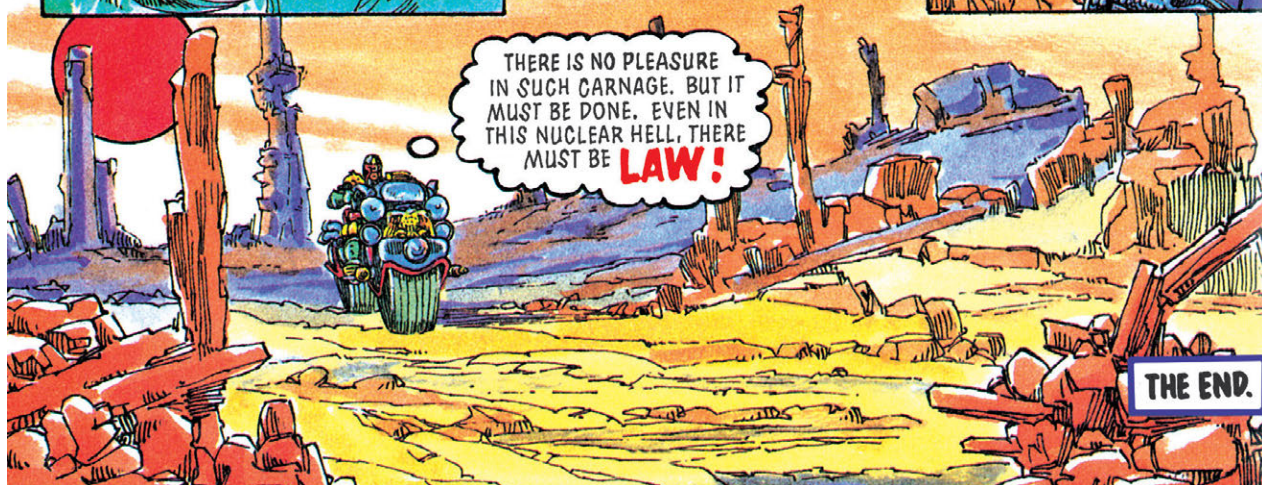


KEE JAAA-
AAAAAA!

DEAD — EVERY
ONE OF THEM!



THERE IS NO PLEASURE
IN SUCH CARNAGE. BUT IT
MUST BE DONE. EVEN IN
THIS NUCLEAR HELL, THERE
MUST BE **LAW!**



THE END.



APETOWN

Script: Alan Grant

Art: Jason Brashill

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 3.47

THE JUNGLE
DRUMS ARE
BEATING IN
APETOWN
TONIGHT

JUDGE DREDD APETOWN

BOM BOM BOM

BIG PARTY. LOTSA BOOZE.
ILLEGAL BOOZE.

APES CAN'T TAKE A
DRINK. EVERYBODY
KNOWS THAT.
ALWAYS LEADS TO
TROUBLE--

THE
ZIMMER
CLUB

YUNG YU
REJUVENATION

MIND YER
BUTTS,
WRINKLIES!

COMIN'
THROUGH,
PINKOS!

OVER
60'S
ONLY
★★★

QUEENMUN
STREET

YE
OLDE
BINGO
HALL

MOVE OVER,
FLESH FACE!

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT,
VICINITY QUEENMUM
STREET! ELDSTER-APE
CLASH IN PROGRESS!

DREDD
RESPONDING!

AIN'T NO APES
MAKIN' MONKEYS
OUT OF US!

FIGHT BACK,
YOU ELDSTERS!

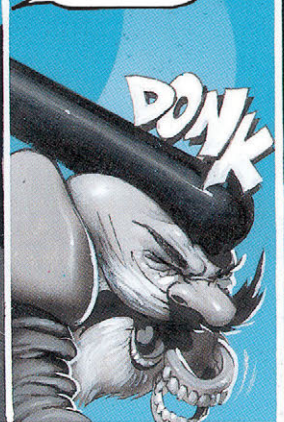
GRUD!
FULL-SCALE
CONFRONT!

**YOU'RE ALL UNDER
ARREST!**

GNN!

ABOUT TIME YOU
GOT HERE, JUDGE!
WE NEED HELP!

YOU'LL GET IT,
GRANDAD— IN
A MED-BAY!





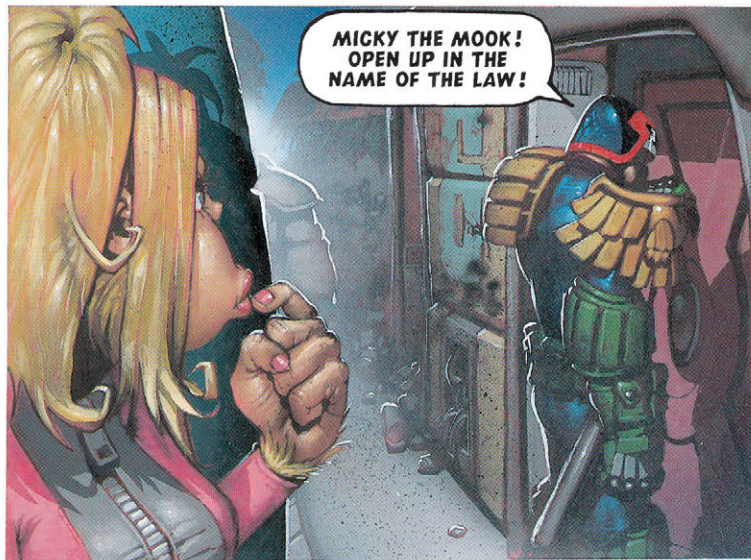


IN THE DISTANT PAST, APES HAD BEEN GENETICALLY ALTERED TO ENHANCE THEIR INTELLIGENCE AND ALLOW THEM TO TALK.



NO LONGER OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST, THEY WERE HERDED INTO THE SLUMS OF APETOWN AND LEFT TO FESTER.

MICKY THE MOOK!
OPEN UP IN THE
NAME OF THE LAW!



WH-WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?

I'LL ASK THE
QUESTIONS,
MICKY!





UP
AGAINST
THE WALL,
CREEP!

OKAY, OKAY,
DREDD— YOU
CAN DROP THE
ACT NOW! THEY
CAN'T HEAR
YOU!



THERE WAS
A RIOT OUT
THERE
TONIGHT!

I...I
DIDN'T KNOW
ANYTHIN'
ABOUT IT TILL
IT WAS TOO
LATE!

IT'S YOUR
JOB TO KNOW,
MICKY!

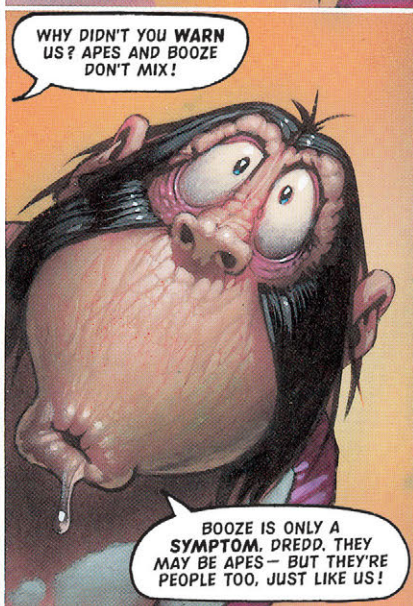


ONCE, MICKY THE MOOK HAD BEEN JUDGE
MARTIN MICHAELS. GENETIC REGRESSION
OF SELECTED BODY PARTS HAD GIVEN HIM A
STOOPED GAIT, UNNATURAL HAIRINESS
AND SIMIAN SENSIBILITIES—

TURNING HIM
INTO THE
ULTIMATE
WALLY...

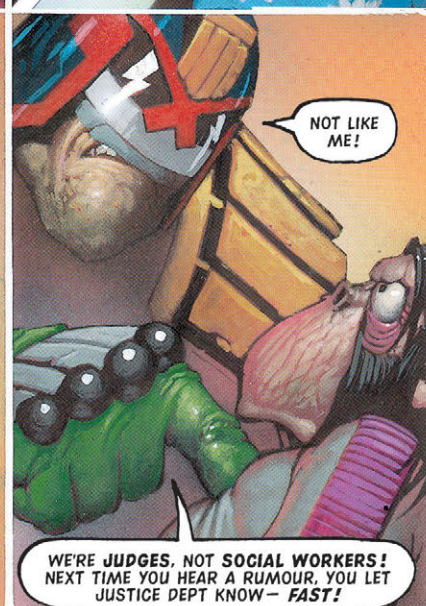


LOOK, I HEARD A
RUMOUR— DON
GIBBONE AND HIS
HENCHIES, SPIDERMON
AN' SIMIAN BIZLEY,
WERE SUPPOSED TO
BE BRINGIN' IN A
SHIPMENT.



WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN
US? APES AND BOOZE
DON'T MIX!

BOOZE IS ONLY A
SYMPTOM, DREDD. THEY
MAY BE APES— BUT THEY'RE
PEOPLE TOO, JUST LIKE US!



NOT LIKE
ME!

WE'RE JUDGES, NOT SOCIAL WORKERS!
NEXT TIME YOU HEAR A RUMOUR, YOU LET
JUSTICE DEPT KNOW— FAST!

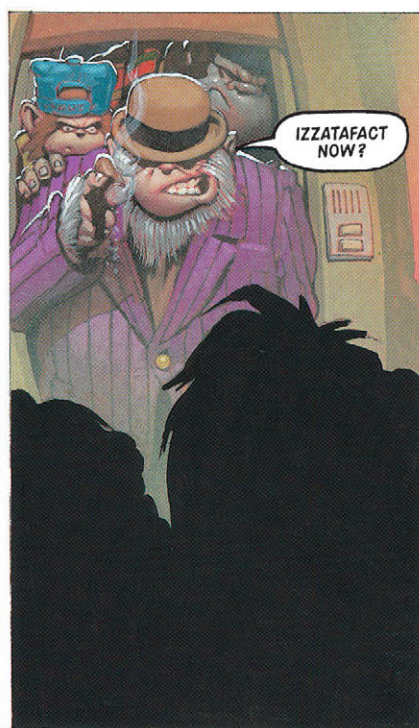
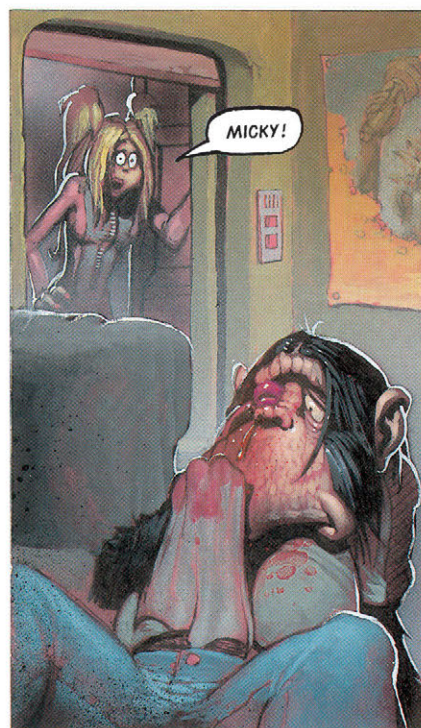


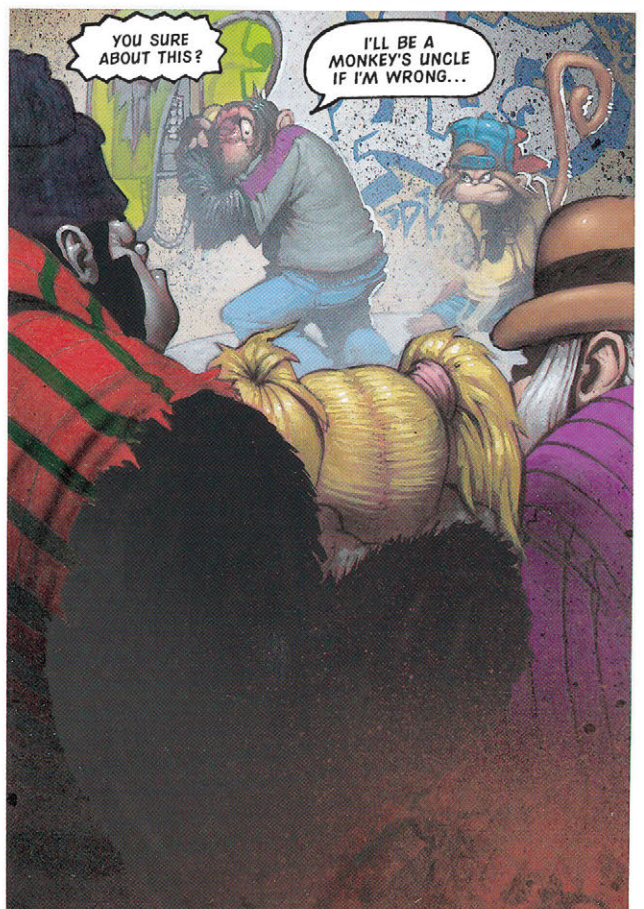
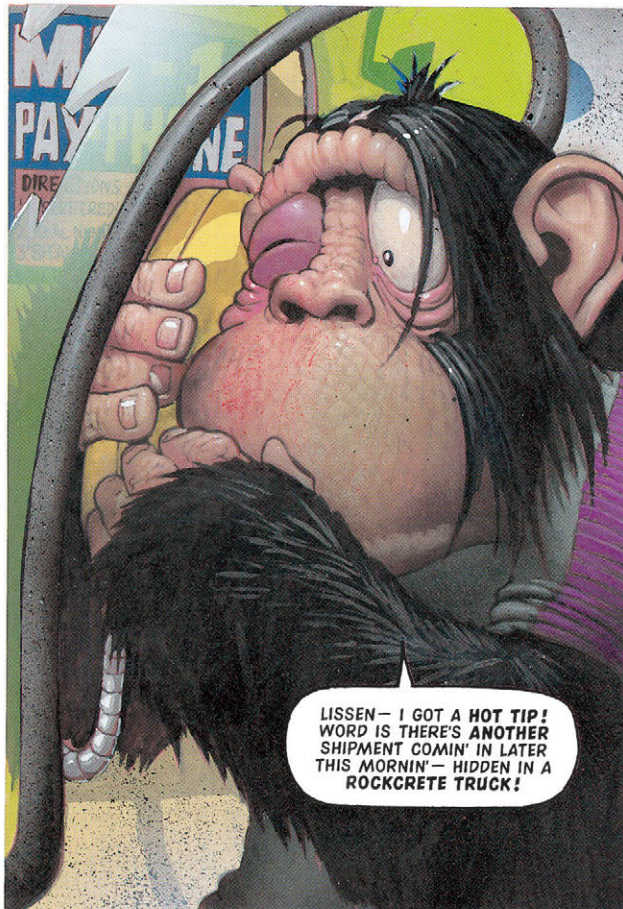
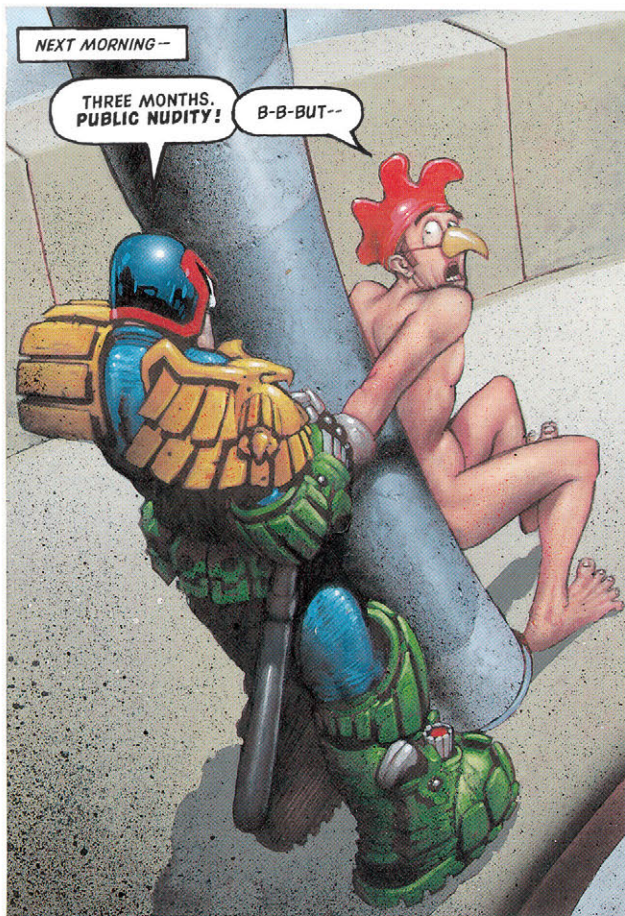
I'M LEAVING
NOW. YOU
UNDERSTAND I
HAVE TO MAKE
THIS LOOK
GOOD?

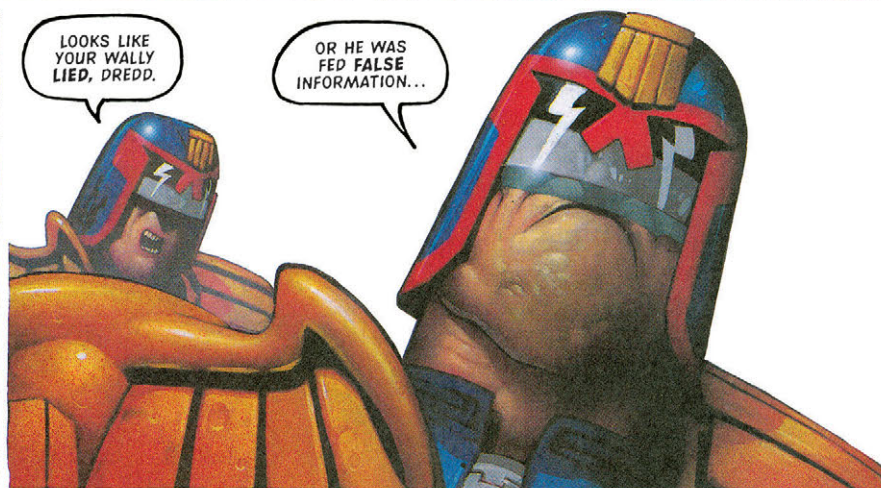
YEAH.

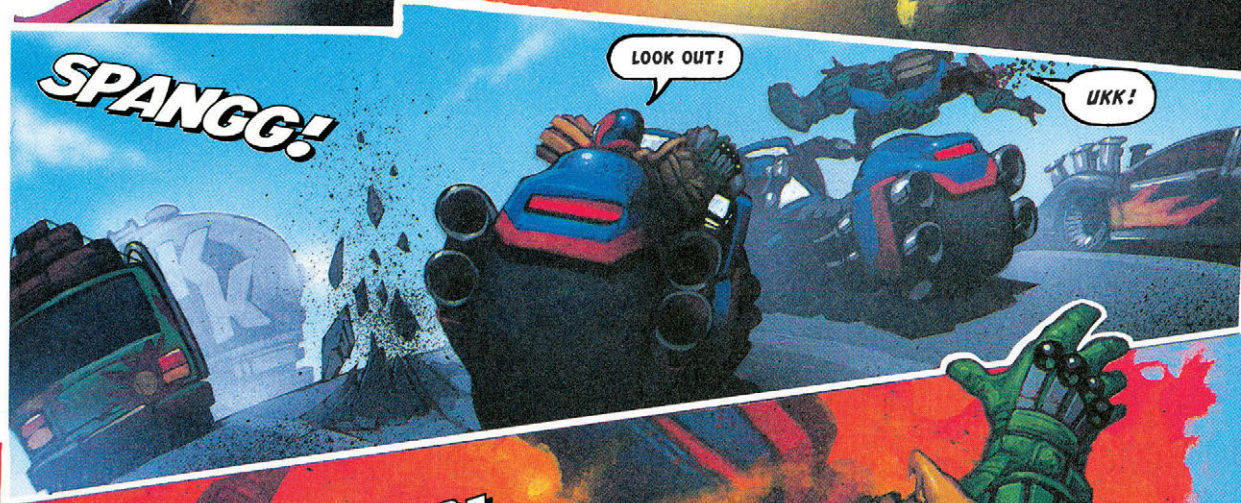
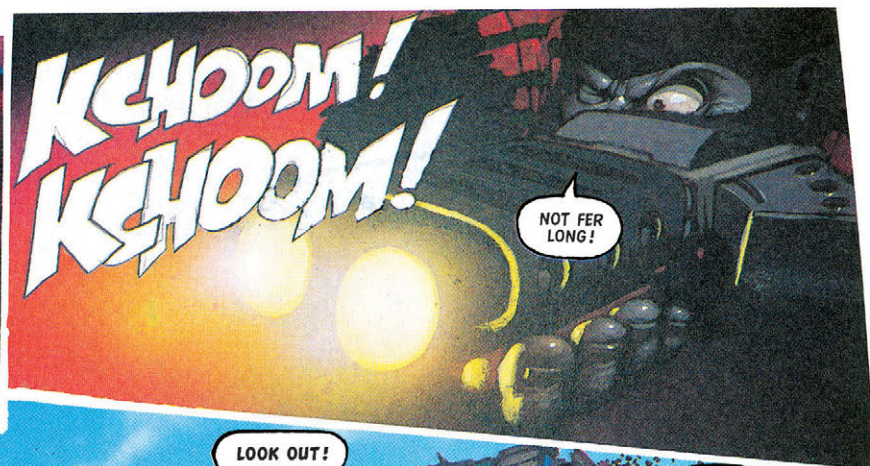


WAKK

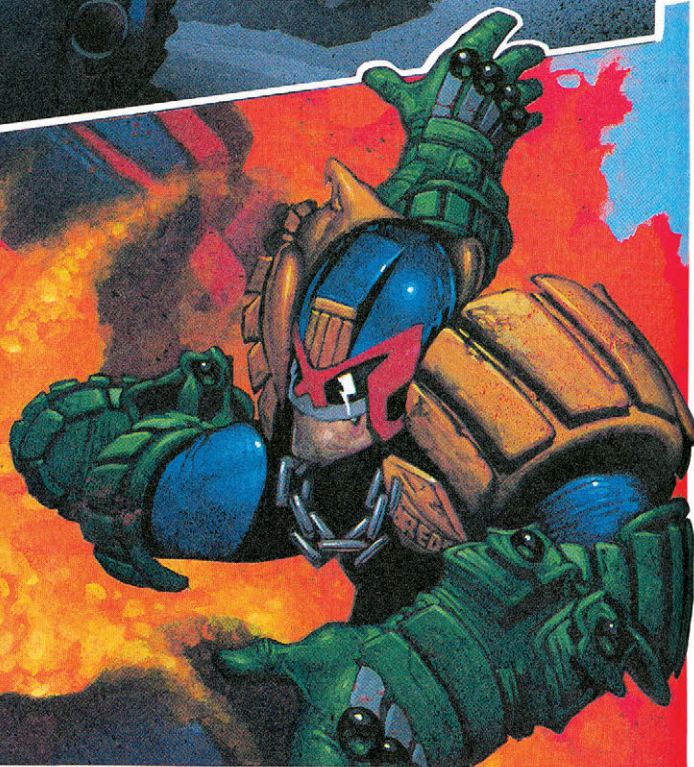


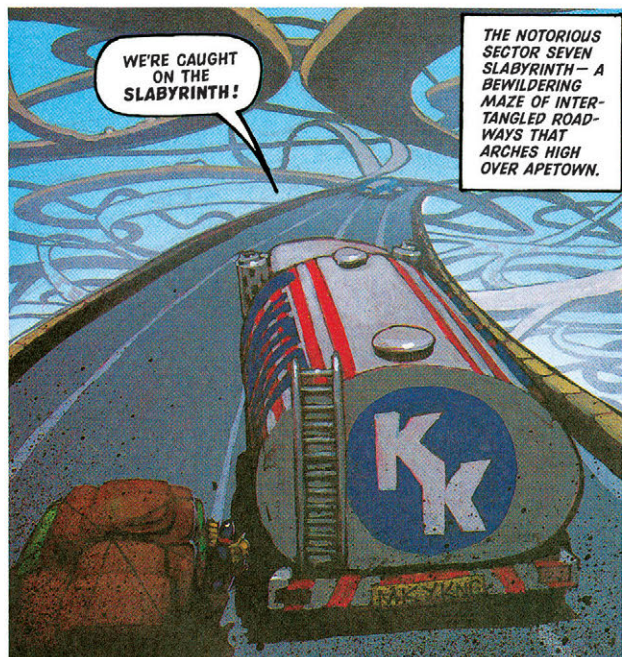




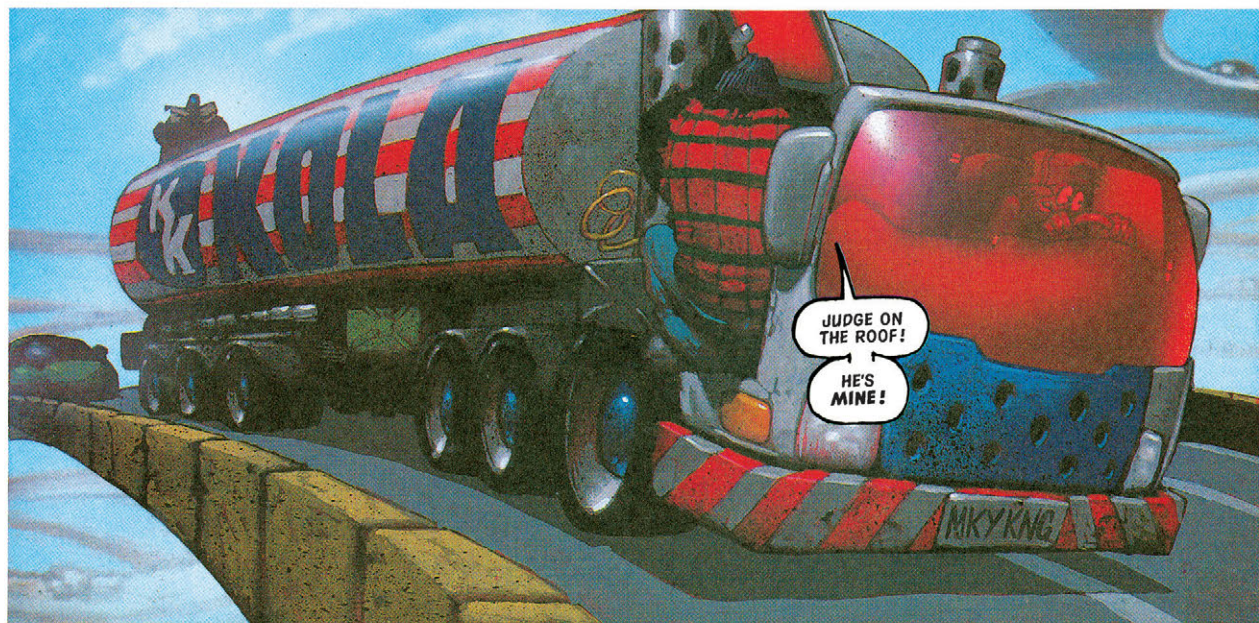


VADOOOM!





THE NOTORIOUS
SECTOR SEVEN
SLABYRINTH - A
BEWILDERING
MAZE OF INTER-
TANGLED ROAD-
WAYS THAT
ARCHES HIGH
OVER APETOWN.





GIVE
IT UP,
CREEP!

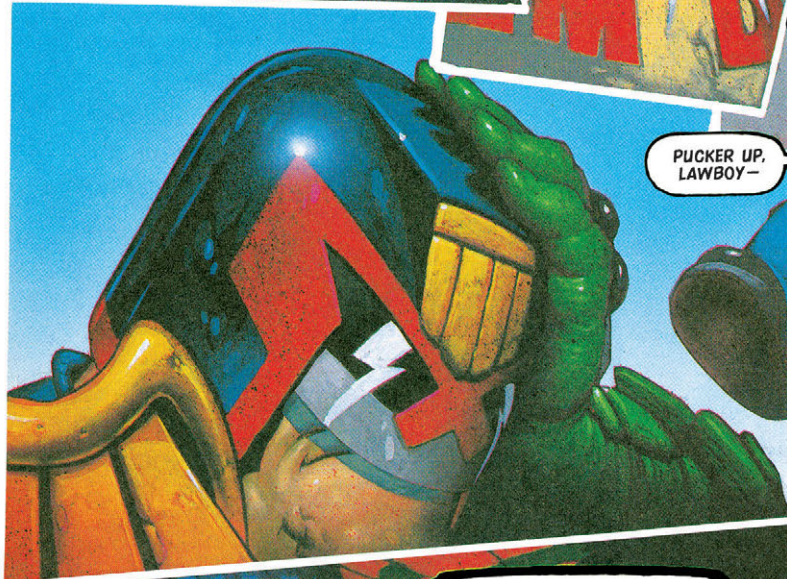


YA THINK THAT
BABY-TAP'LL
STOP ME?

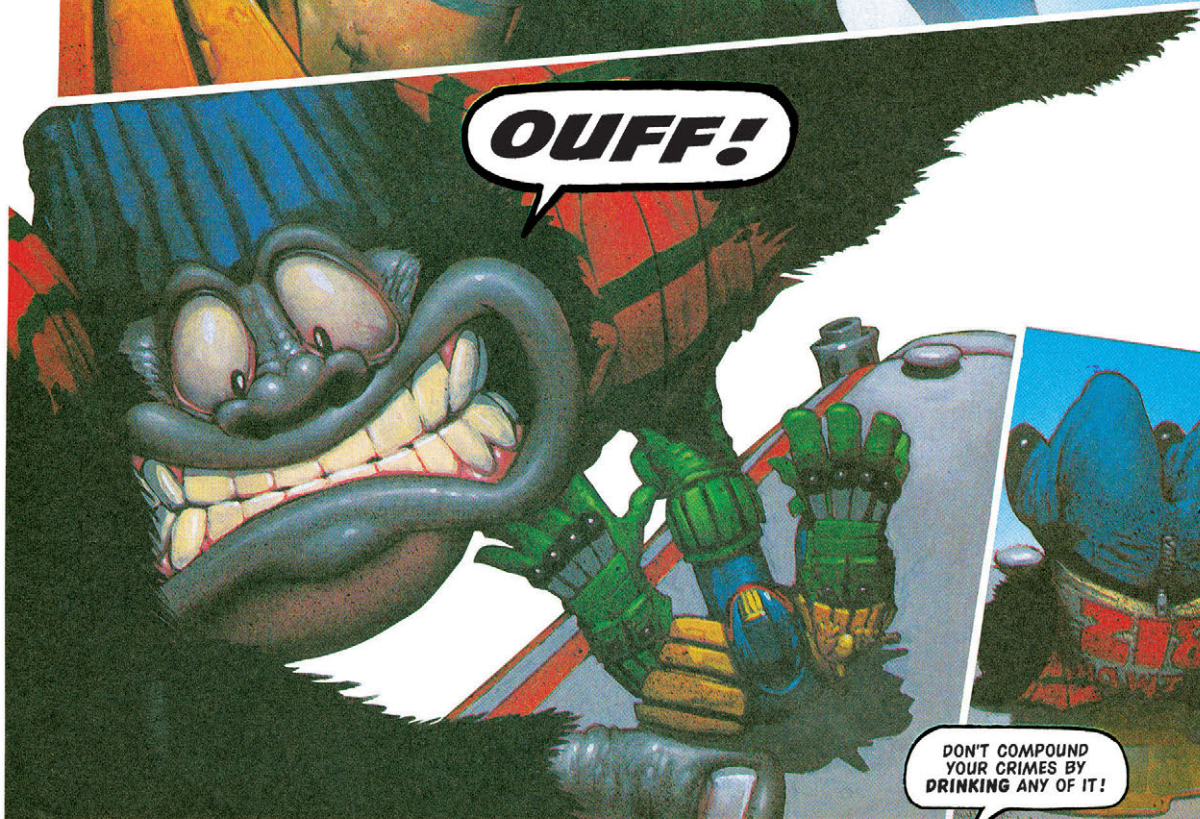


WHUNK!

GET REAL!



PUCKER UP,
LAWBOY-

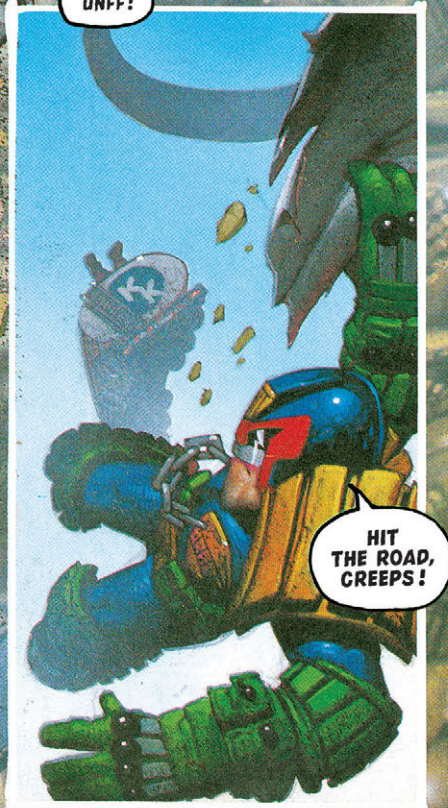
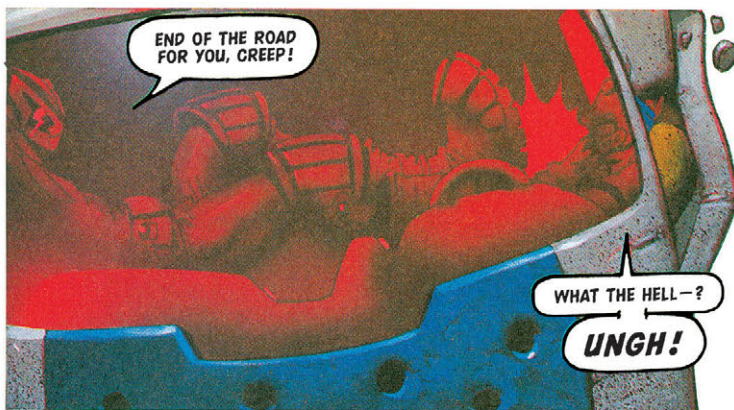


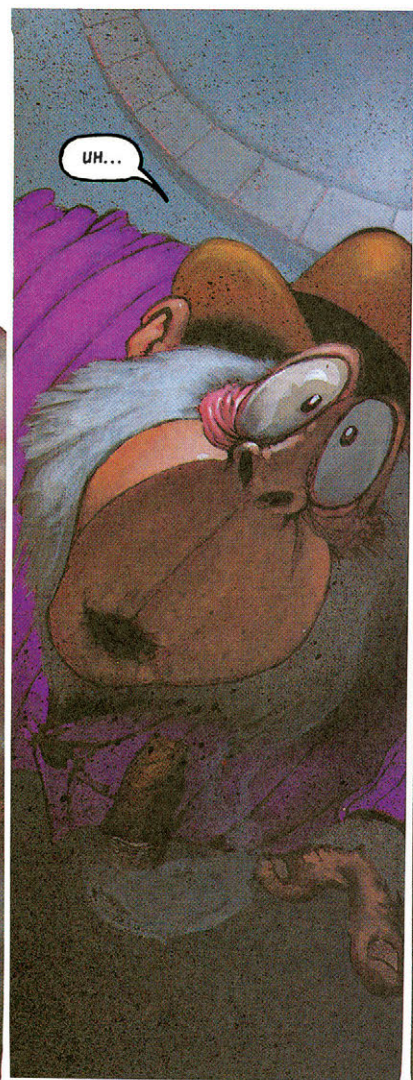
OUFF!



DON'T COMPOUND
YOUR CRIMES BY
DRINKING ANY OF IT!

**BR
UN
CH!**





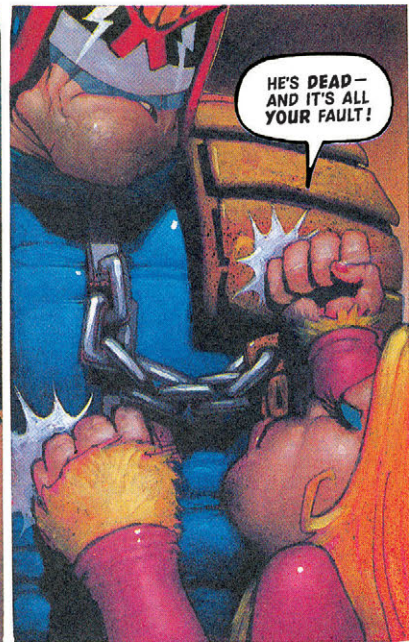
IT TAKES DREDD TWENTY MINUTES TO WORK HIS WAY DOWN. BY THEN, HALF OF APETOWN IS SLOSHED OUT OF ITS COLLECTIVE HEAD--



MICKY
THE
MOOK...?



HE'S DEAD --
AND IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT!



HE
COMMITTED
SUICIDE?
WHY?



HE KNEW YOU
WERE THREATENING
TO PULL HIM OUT
BECAUSE OF POOR
RESULTS, BUT DON
GIBBONE'S GANG
THREATENED TO
KILL ME UNLESS HE
DID WHAT THEY
TOLD HIM!

WHATEVER HE DID,
HE COULDN'T WIN!

HE WASN'T A MAN -- HE
WASN'T AN APE -- BUT WE
LOVED EACH OTHER ANYWAY!

NOW GO AWAY! LEAVE ME
ALONE WITH MY GRIEF!



I SYMPATHIZE
WITH YOUR LOSS,
LADY, BUT YOU'LL DO
YOUR GRIEVING IN A
CUBE--

YOU'RE DOING TIME
FOR ASSAULT!



THE END



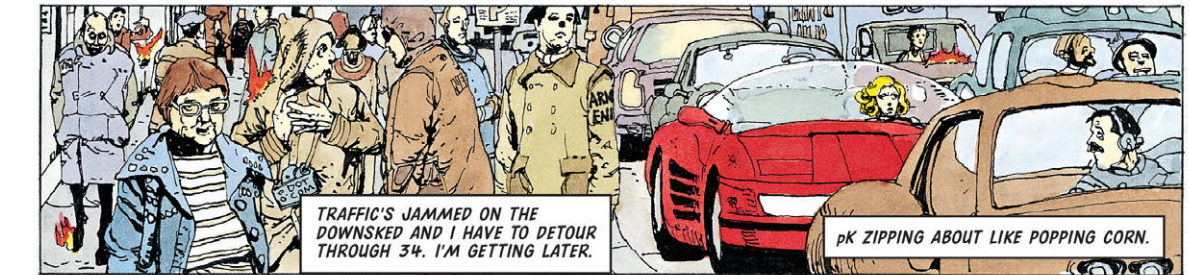
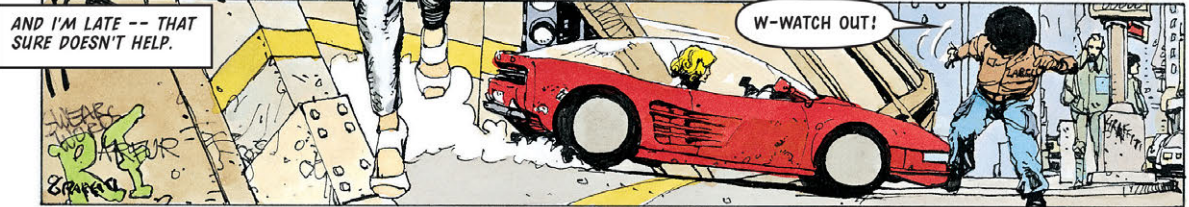
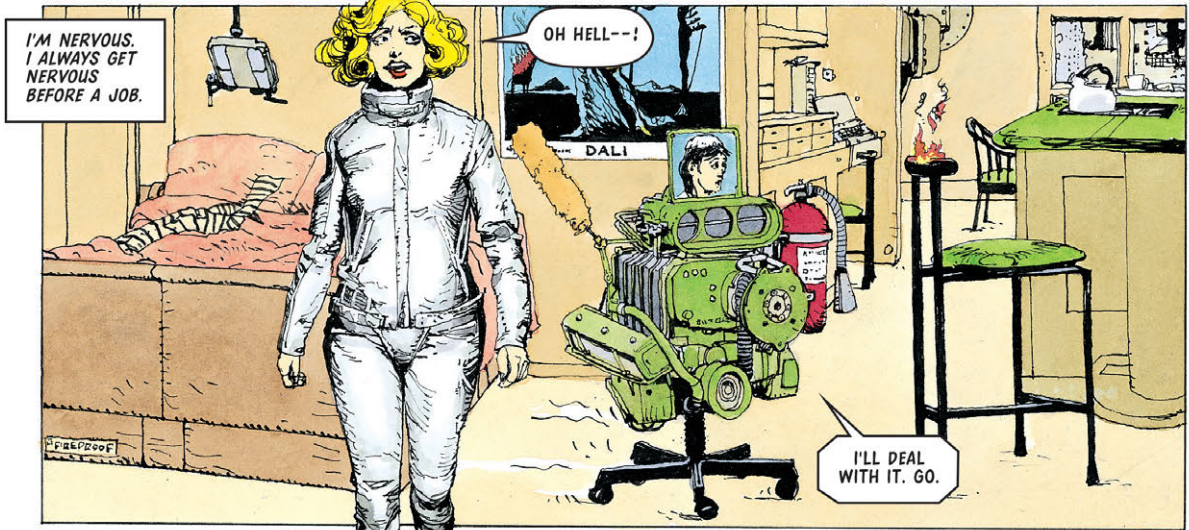
PYROKINETICS

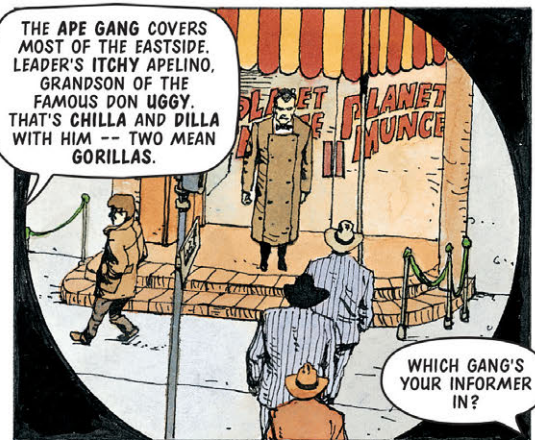
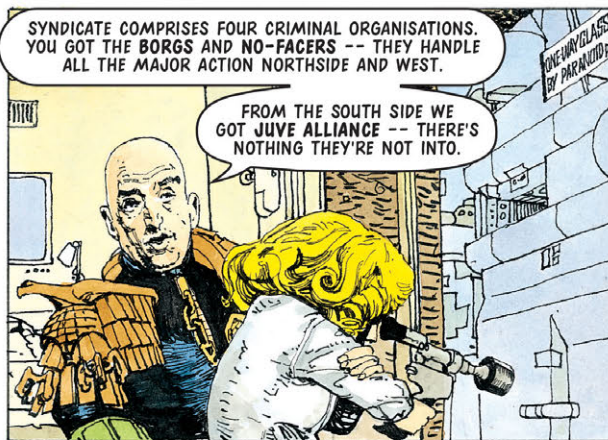
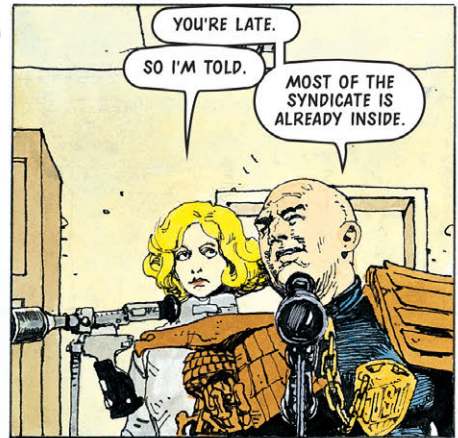
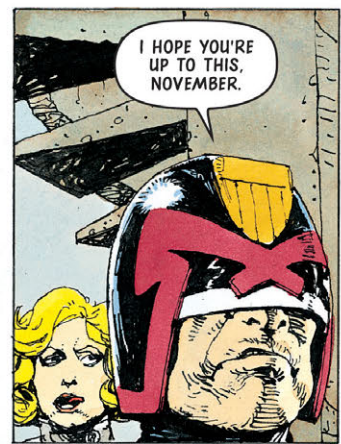
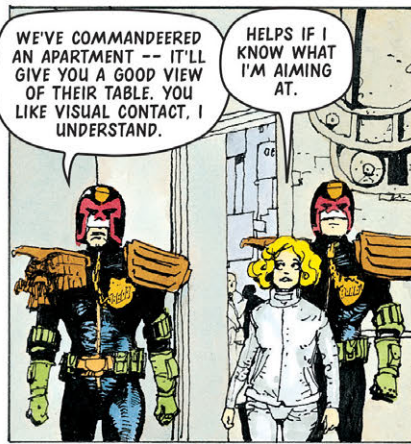
Script: John Wagner

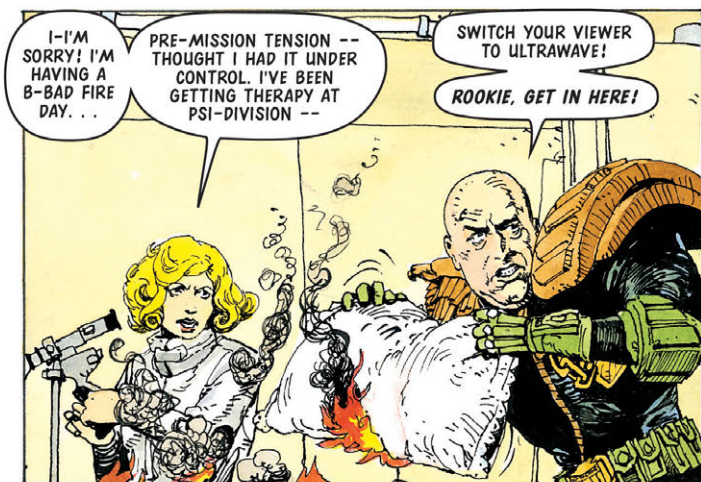
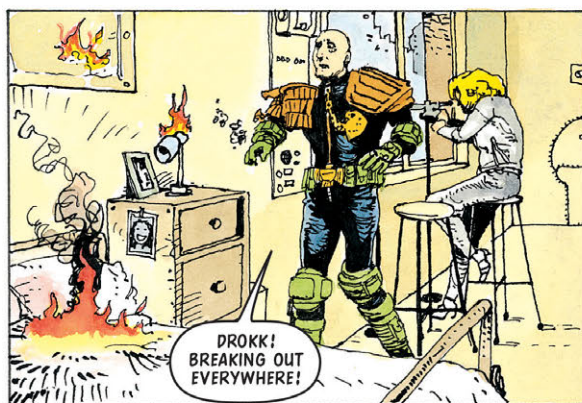
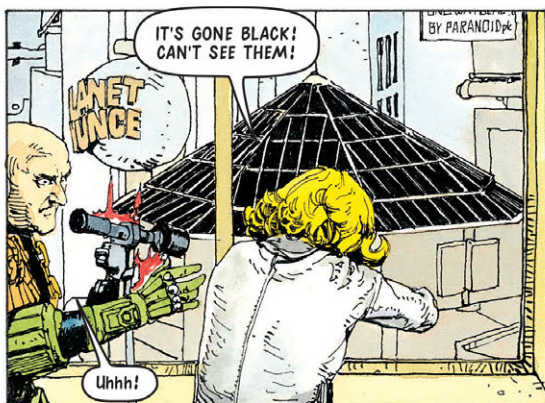
Art: Arthur Ranson

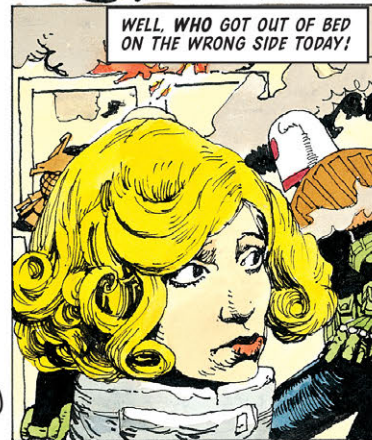
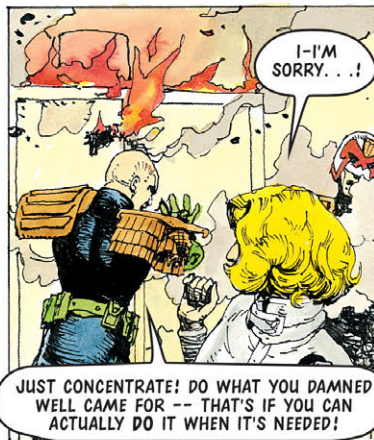
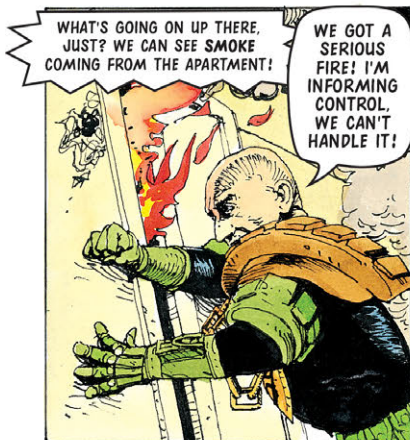
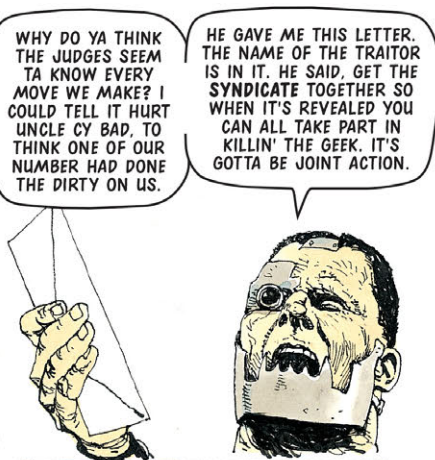
Letters: Tom Frame

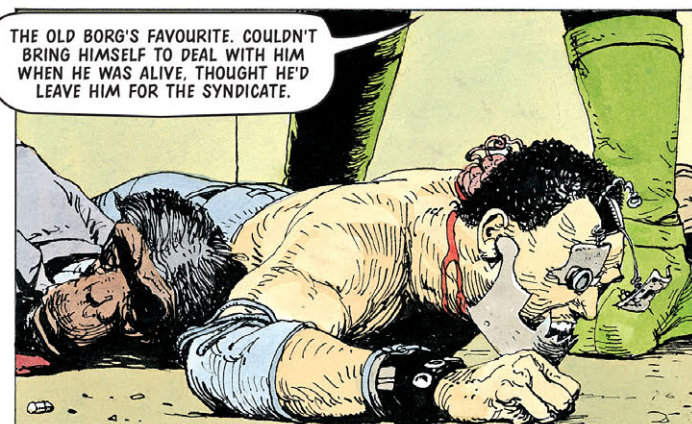
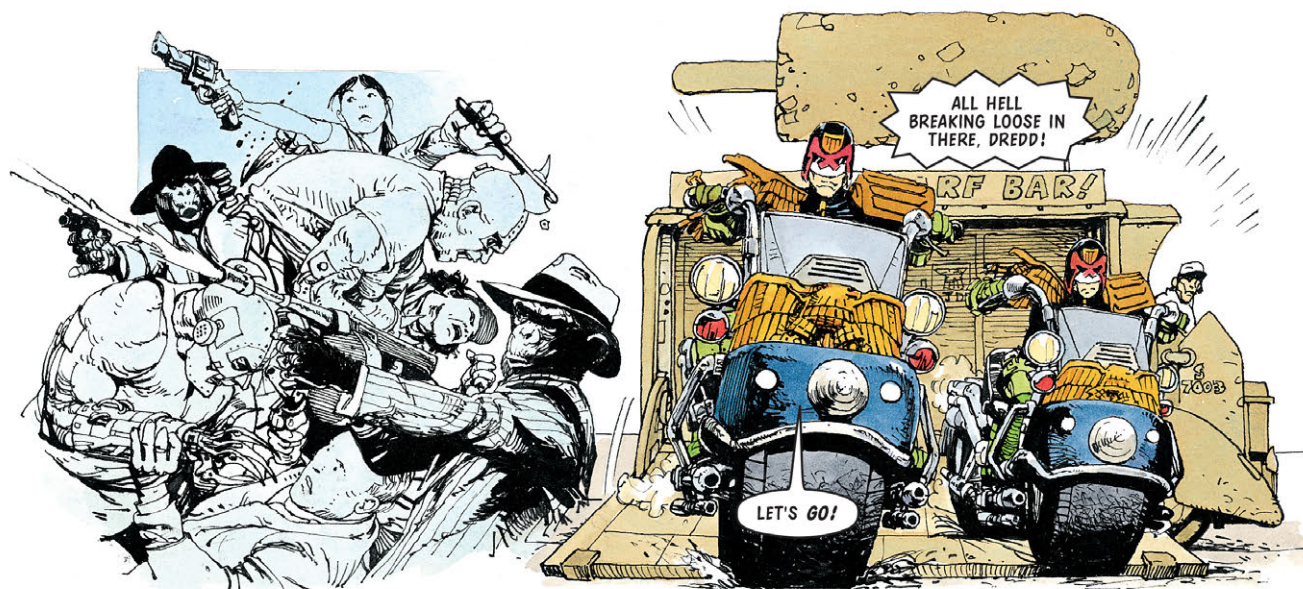
Originally published in *2000 AD* prog 1189

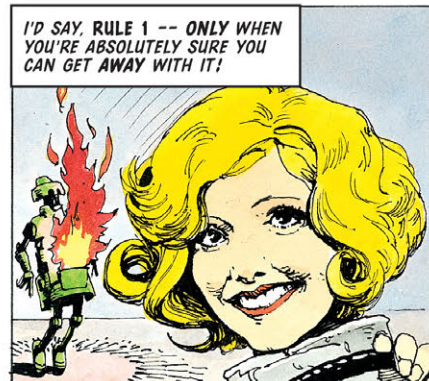
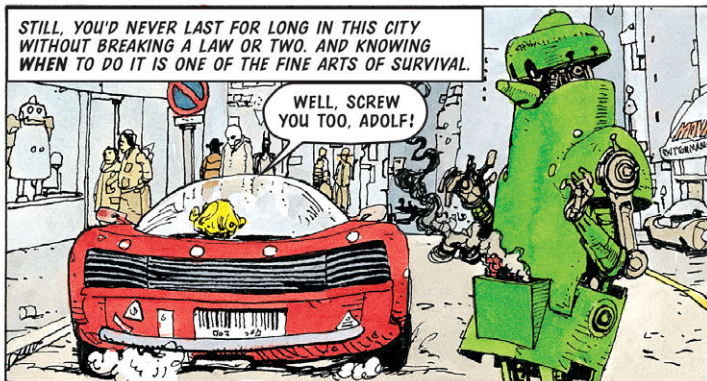
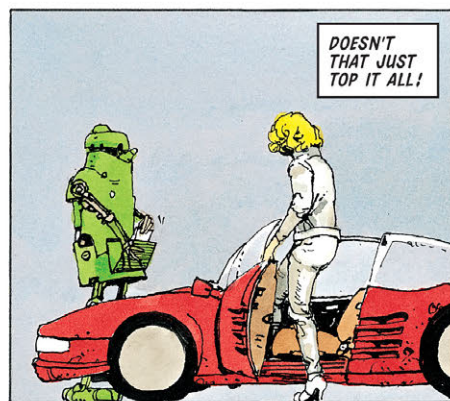
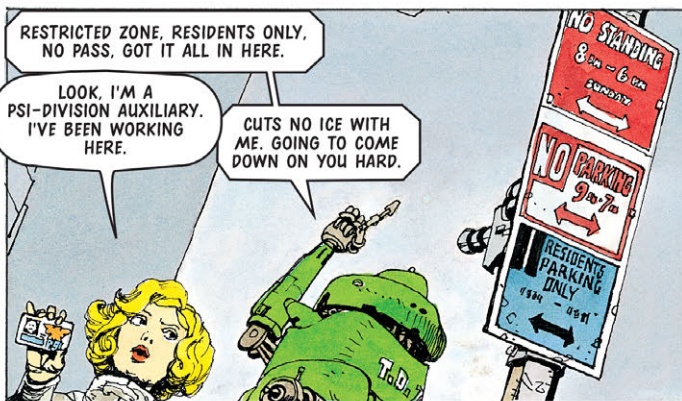
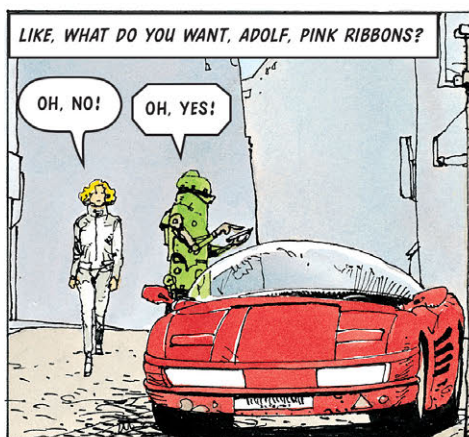
















MONKEY BUSINESS

Script: Arthur Wyatt

Art: Jake Lynch

Colours: Richard Elson

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 376-377

THEY CALL IT
MEGILLA, OR
THE BURBS.

MEGA-CITY ONE, MUNICIPALITY
#227. ONCE A SHANTY TOWN
OUTSIDE THE WEST WALL,
OVERFLOW FROM ONE OF THE
CITY'S MANY DISASTERS, IT HAD
SWIFTLY BEEN REINCORPORATED
AND BROUGHT UNDER JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT'S LAW...

IN MEMORY
OF STEWART
PERKINS





OH,
NOW YOU'VE
DONE IT.

AND WE
WERE GONNA
PLAY NICE,
TOO.



ENOUGH!



EAT THIS,
JUDGEY -



IT'S THE
LAW!



UNNGH!



DROKK
THIS! LET'S
GET OUTTA
HERE!



ACROSS THE CITY
AND A WORLD AWAY...

DROKK!
LOSING TOO MANY
GUESTS! ONE
CHANCE -

BY THE
POWER VESTED
IN ME...

...I
PRONOUNCE
YOU ALL MEN,
WOMEN AND
WIFE.

++ TARGET REASSESSMENT
- CURRENTLY PRESENT:
106 PFEIFFER-HOFFSTEIN
FAMILY MEMBERS, ONE
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
PERSONNEL ++

++ NO VALID TARGETS.
SHUTTING DOWN ++



DREDD
TO CONTROL.
GOING TO NEED
MEDICAL SUPPORT
AND MULTIPLE
MEAT-WAGONS
HERE.

AT A
SOCIETY
WEDDING?

COMPUTER
GLITCH. SECURITY
SYSTEM TURNED ITSELF
ON AND STARTED
TAKING OUT ANYONE
NOT A FAMILY
MEMBER.

GROOM'S
DEAD, BRIDE'S
GOING TO NEED A
LOT OF DIVORCE
LAWYERS.

OH, AND
SOME CUBE-TIME
FOR ILLEGALLY
CONFIGURED
AUTOMATED
WEAPONRY.



MEAT-WAGONS AND
BACK-UP EN ROUTE.
GOT ANOTHER CASE
FOR YOU - JIMP AT
LARGE IN THE BURBS.

MEGILLA?
THAT'S THREE
SECTORS AWAY.
DON'T YOU
HAVE ANYONE
CLOSER?

IT SEEMS
THIS JIMP
THINKS
HE'S YOU.

FROM THE RECORDS
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN
OBVIOUS A VIGILANTE
HAD BEEN WORKING THE
AREA FOR SOME TIME.

A DROP IN CRIME NUMBERS, TOO
MANY CUFFED AND CONCUSSED
PERPS MYSTERIOUSLY SHOWING
UP, AT LEAST ONE WITH A WILD
STORY OF A 'MONKEY JUDGE'
PUT DOWN TO DRUGS...

AND NOW
THIS...

HE SEEMED
LIKE SUCH A NICE
YOUNG MAN, APE, I MEAN.
HE EVEN ESCORTED ME
HOME TO MAKE SURE I WAS
SAFE. I HOPE I HAVEN'T
GOTTEN HIM INTO
TROUBLE.

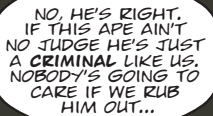
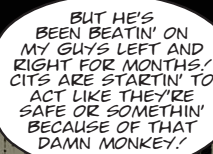
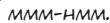
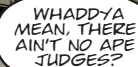
I JUST
REALISED I'D
PICKED UP HIS BOOK
BY ACCIDENT AND
WANTED TO SEE
IT GETS BACK
TO HIM.

FROM ALL
THE ANNOTATIONS
I IMAGINE IT'S
QUITE PRECIOUS
TO HIM.

YOU
DID THE RIGHT
THING CALLING
THIS IN.

BUT THERE ARE NO
APES IN JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT - PRECIOUS
OR NOT THIS BOOK WAS
DROPPED BY A JUDGE
IMPERSONATOR...

DREDD, J.
248-057/45(B)



IT WAS ONLY LATER,
WHEN HE WAS DEALING
WITH A BAT-BURGLAR,
THAT HE REALISED
SOMETHING WAS WRONG.



HE ALWAYS KEPT THE BOOK SAFE,
IN HIS UTILITY BELT, SO THE WORDS
WOULD FOR EVER BE WITH HIM.
NOW THE WEIGHT FELT DIFFERENT.

THE WORDS WERE
HIS INSPIRATION,
HIS GUIDANCE,
THE WORDS OF...

???



NOT
THIS.



HE'D DROPPED THE
BOOK EARLIER,
DURING THE
MUGGING, BUT
HE'D SCOOPED IT
BACK UP LATER.

HADN'T
HE?



DROKK!





LOOK!

AFTER HIM!



PERHAPS...

ONLY KIDS
WRITE OWENS
SKIDOOOOL
♡



HE WENT
THIS WAY!
KEEP UP!



NOTHING.

HE REMEMBERS THE
OLD LADY PICKING UP
HER FALLEN THINGS.



ARE
YOU SURE YOU
WON'T HAVE SOME
TEA, JUDGE? IT'S
SYNTHETIC!

THANK YOU, BUT I HAVE A
CRIMINAL TO CATCH. JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT WILL BE IN TOUCH
IF WE NEED ANY FURTHER
INFORMATION.

a





HIS INSPIRATION,
HIS GUIDANCE...

...THE SOURCE
OF THE WORDS.

JUDGE
DREDD.

NEXT
ISSUE



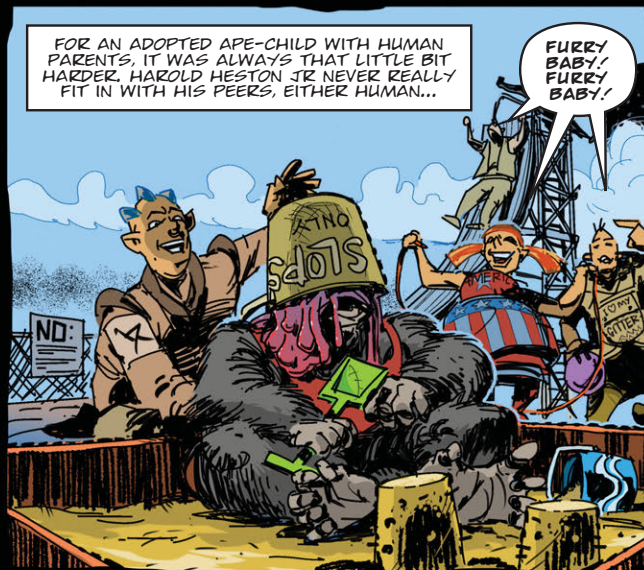
GROWING UP IN MEGA-CITY ONE HAS NEVER BEEN EASY...

I DON'T KNOW, IRENE... THE WHOLE SECTOR'S IN FLAMES, THE JUDGES ARE PULLING OUT. CAN WE REALLY TAKE ON ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED?

BUT, HAROLD, HE'S ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD. IF WE DON'T HELP HIM, WHO WILL? HE'S JUST A BABY...



A TINY... FURRY... BABY.



FOR AN ADOPTED APE-CHILD WITH HUMAN PARENTS, IT WAS ALWAYS THAT LITTLE BIT HARDER. HAROLD HESTON JR NEVER REALLY FIT IN WITH HIS PEERS, EITHER HUMAN...

FURRY BABY! FURRY BABY!



...OR APE.

WHY DON'TCHA WATCH A VID, YA STONE-AGE NERD?



WHEN HIS MOTHER PASSED, YOUNG HARRY THREW HIMSELF INTO HELPING OUT AT HIS PARENTS' BOOKSTORE. IT WAS HIS WORLD, HIS REFUGE.

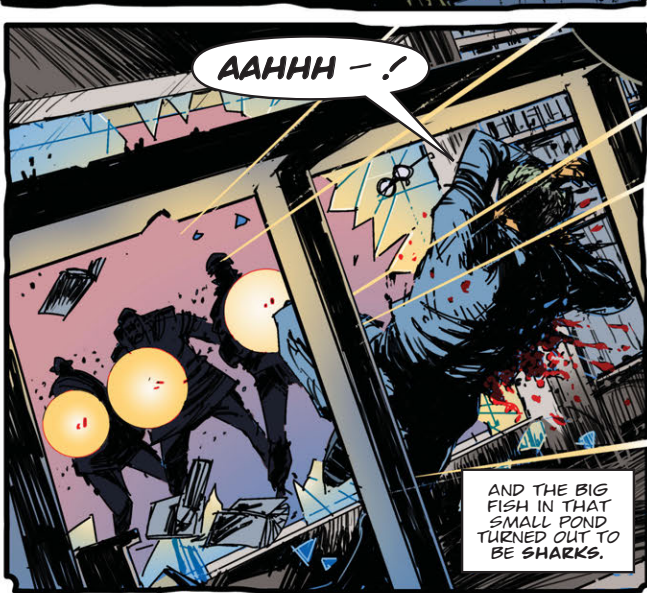


HE WOULD READ EVERY VOLUME THAT CAME IN AND OUT OF THE STORE... EVEN THE RARE AND ILLICIT MATERIAL WITHOUT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT APPROVAL STAMPS.

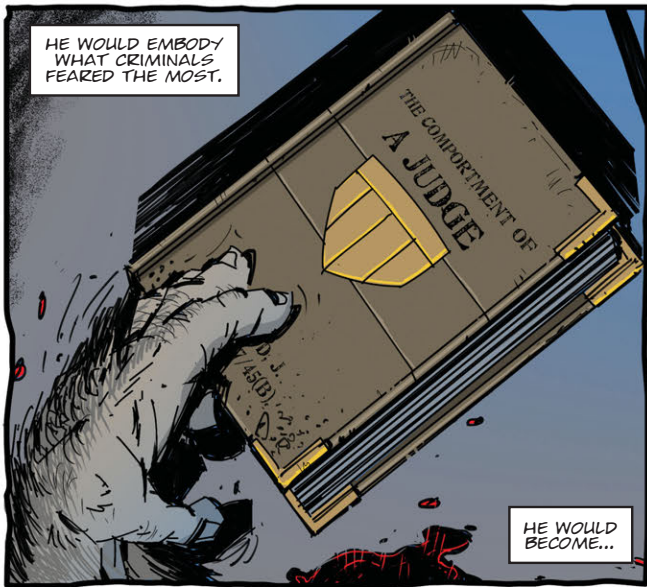
PERHAPS THOSE WERE THE BOOKS THAT GOT HARRY SENIOR INVOLVED WITH MEGILLA'S CRIMINAL ELEMENT.

TIME'S UP, HESTON! NOW YOU'VE GOT TO PAY!

NO, PLEASE -



AND THE BIG FISH IN THAT SMALL POND TURNED OUT TO BE SHARKS.



HE WOULD BECOME...





...A JUDGE!



AS SOON AS I HEARD A JIMPANZEE WAS AT LARGE I THOUGHT OF YOU, THE DUMB LITTLE NERD WHO WANTED TO GROW UP A HUMAN.

GUESS WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO GET TO BE JUST LIKE YOUR PARENTS AFTER ALL...

ING-ING

DEAD!

I REMEMBER YOU TOO. MAKES SENSE A BULLY WOULD GROW UP TO BE A CHEAP CROOK.

SHUT UP AND FIGHT LIKE AN APE!

NO...





RAAARRGH!

FIREARMS HAD
NEVER REALLY
BEEN HIS THING.

THE NOISE BOTHERED HIM, AND THEY
ALWAYS SEEMED TO SLIDE AROUND IN
HIS GRIP. THEY WERE NOT THE WAY.

THE CHAPTERS OF
THE COMPORTMENT
ON APPLIED VIOLENCE
WERE, IN CONTRAST,
A REVELATION.

HESTON QUICKLY
PRIORITISED THE
DAYSTICK IN HIS
TRAINING.

A FORTUITOUS FIND AMONGST SOME RUINS PROVIDED THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE UNIFORM, AND HE WAS READY.

AT LAST HIS MISSION TO BRING JUSTICE TO THE BURBS COULD BEGIN.

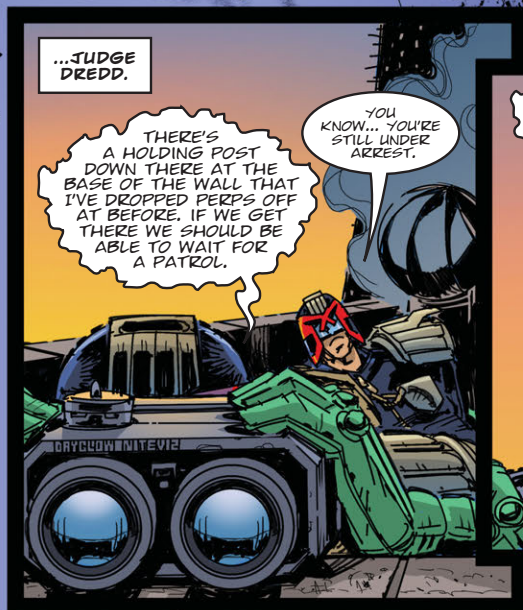


...JUDGE DREDD.

THERE'S A HOLDING POST DOWN THERE AT THE BASE OF THE WALL THAT I'VE DROPPED PERPS OFF AT BEFORE. IF WE GET THERE WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO WAIT FOR A PATROL.

YOU KNOW... YOU'RE STILL UNDER ARREST.

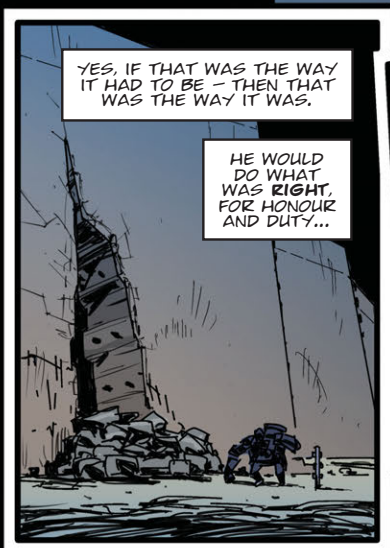
UNDERSTOOD, SIR, BUT THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL WE GET YOU TO SAFETY.



YOU'RE WOUNDED...

ANOTHER THING THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT, SIR.





YES, IF THAT WAS THE WAY IT HAD TO BE - THEN THAT WAS THE WAY IT WAS.

HE WOULD DO WHAT WAS RIGHT, FOR HONOUR AND DUTY...



SELF-PRESERVATION WOULD NOT SWAY HIM.

UHHN?



DID YOU FORGET ME?

I DIDN'T FORGET YOU.



ESPECIALLY NOW I KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT A REAL JUDGE - JUST SOME DUMB ANIMAL TO BE PUT DOWN.

HEY.



THIS REAL ENOUGH FOR YOU, CREEP?



THOSE SHOTS... WILL BRING OTHERS... NOT SURE EITHER OF US ARE IN A STATE TO FIGHT THEM OFF.

I'M SORRY, I'VE FAILED YOU...



YOU READ MY COMPORTMENT AND YOU DIDN'T LEARN ANYTHING?

ABOUT NOT GIVING UP?

ABOUT SECONDARY LAWGIVER FUNCTIONS.

FLARE!

THE SIGNAL SPOTTED, AN H-WAGON IS SWIFTLY DISPATCHED -

THAT SHOULD HOLD TILL WE GET YOU BACK TO THE SECTOR HOUSE. YOU MIGHT NEED A FEW HOURS IN THE SPEED-HEAL BEFORE YOU GO BACK ON THE STREETS.

AS FOR YOUR PERP, IT'S TOUCH AND GO, BUT HE SHOULD PULL THROUGH.



SEE TO IT.

HE DID SAVE YOUR LIFE BACK THERE. I SUPPOSE IT'S HE LEAST WE CAN DO.

IT'S WHAT WE'D DO FOR ANY CREEP WHO'S GOT CUBE TIME PENDING. WELL MEANING OR NOT, A JIMP IS A JIMP...

...AND NO ONE APES THE LAW!





APE ESCAPE

Script: Arthur Wyatt

Art: Jake Lynch

Colours: Gary Caldwell

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 386

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
WAYSTATION 41.

ABANDONED FOR YEARS, AND CURRENTLY BEING BROUGHT
BACK INTO SERVICE BY A CONVICT WORKFORCE.

TANROCK,
THAT'S WHERE I'D
HEAD, WALKING DISTANCE
NORTH OF HERE, AND
THE LOCAL MILITIA
IS A JOKE.

WE'D HAVE
TO GET OUT OF HERE
FIRST, THOUGH, EVEN IF
IT IS STILL HOW YOU
REMEMBER IT.

GOT SOME
GUYS WORKING ON
THAT, SO HOLD THAT
THOUGHT, JUST BE
READY TO BOOK
WHEN THE SHIT
GOES DOWN.

SHH!
BUERE'S
COMING.

IT WAS A RUSH
JOB, FOLLOWING
THE LOSS OF
WAYSTATION 42
TO A HALF-MILE-
WIDE SINKHOLE.

THINGS LIKE THAT
HAPPENED IN THE
CURSED EARTH.
IT MADE THE
GUARDS EGGY.

PUT YOUR
BACK INTO IT!
ANYONE SLACKS
OFF, THEY GET
THE BOX!

THAT
MEANS YOU TOO,
HESTON!

CUBE WARDENS,
SOFT. THEY WEREN'T
CUT OUT FOR THIS
ENVIRONMENT AND
THEY KNEW IT.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
WEARING?

HELMET, SIR, I
MADE IT IN THE MACHINE
SHOP, TO KEEP THE
SUN OFF.

SOMETIMES IT MEANT THEY'D
OVERCOMPENSATE A LITTLE.

YOU'RE
THE JIMP,
AREN'T
YOU?

HE COULD RIP THEM LIMB FROM
LIMB IF HE WANTED TO, BUT IT
WOULDN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD.

YOU
MOCKING
US WITH
THIS?

SEEMS
LIKE YOU NEED A
LESSON!



BESIDES, HE'D TAKEN WORSE BEATINGS BACK WHEN HE WAS PATROLLING THE BURBS.

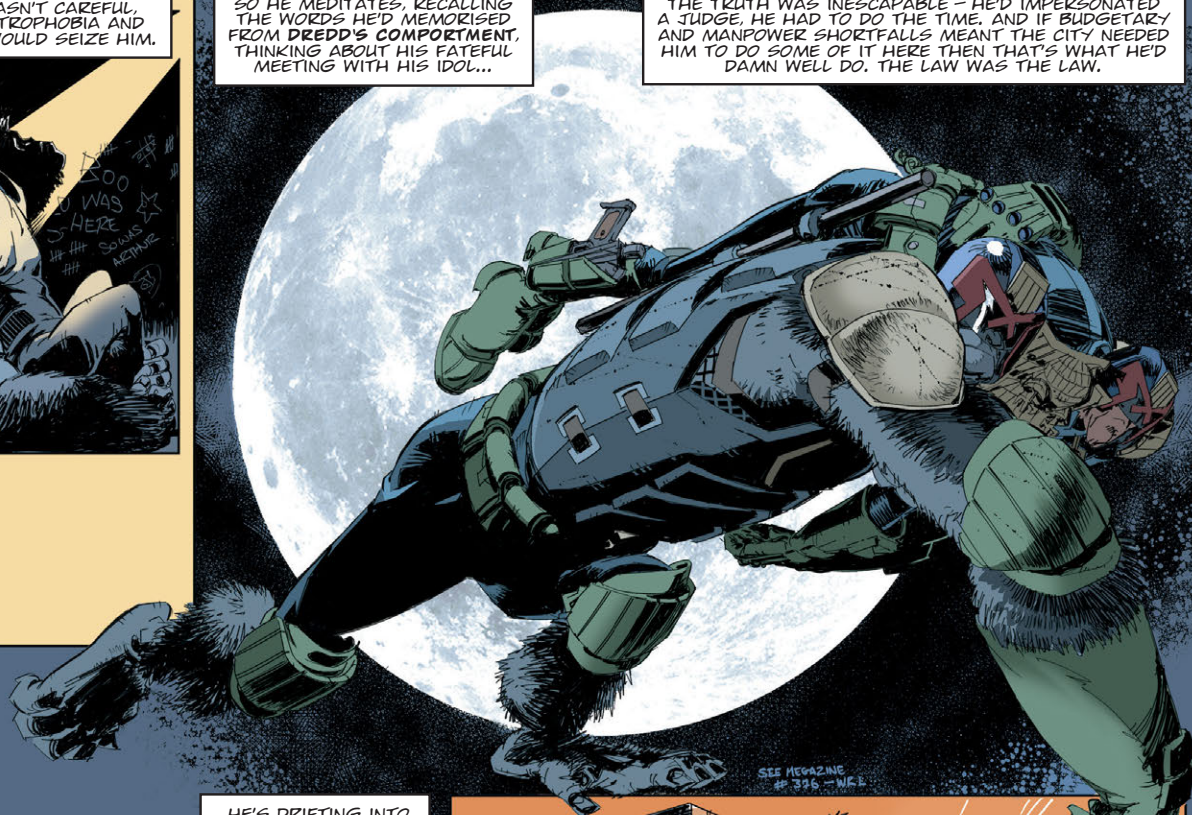
IT WAS THE BOX THAT BOTHERED HIM MORE.

A STINKING BLACK HOLE WORSE THAN ANY ISO-CUBE, WITH BARELY ENOUGH ROOM TO MOVE.

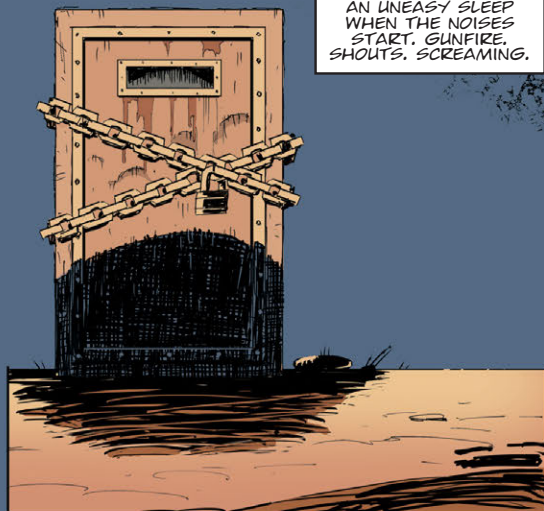
BACKBREAKING THOUGH THE WORK WAS, IT WAS BETTER THAN THIS. IF HE WASN'T CAREFUL, CLAUSTROPHOBIA AND PANIC WOULD SEIZE HIM.

SO HE MEDITATES, RECALLING THE WORDS HE'D MEMORISED FROM DREDD'S COMPARTMENT, THINKING ABOUT HIS FATEFUL MEETING WITH HIS IDOL...

THE TRUTH WAS INESCAPABLE - HE'D IMPERSONATED A JUDGE, HE HAD TO DO THE TIME. AND IF BUDGETARY AND MANPOWER SHORTFALLS MEANT THE CITY NEEDED HIM TO DO SOME OF IT HERE THEN THAT'S WHAT HE'D DAMN WELL DO. THE LAW WAS THE LAW.



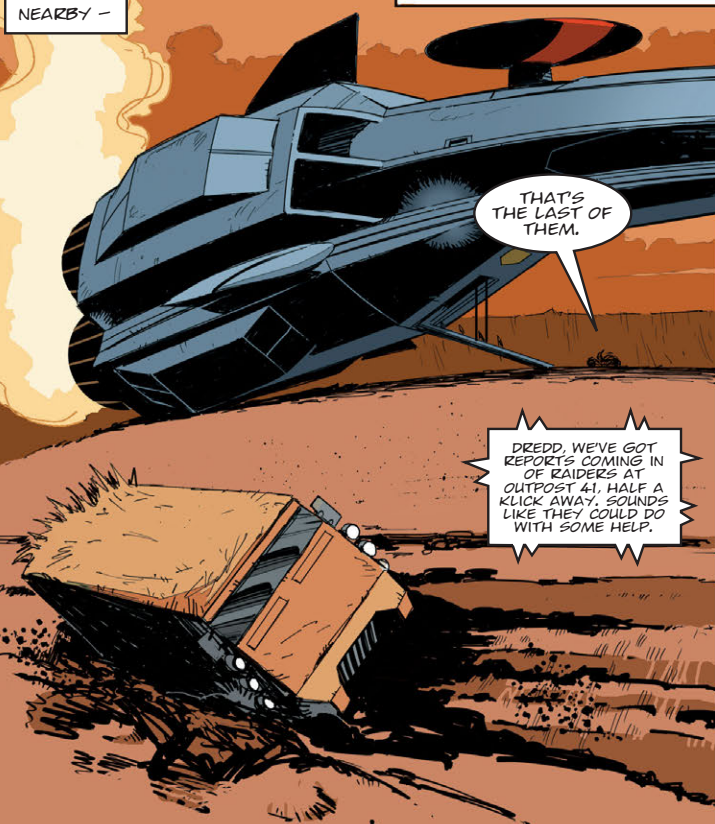
HE'S DRIFTING INTO AN UNEASY SLEEP WHEN THE NOISES START. GUNFIRE. SHOUTS. SCREAMING.



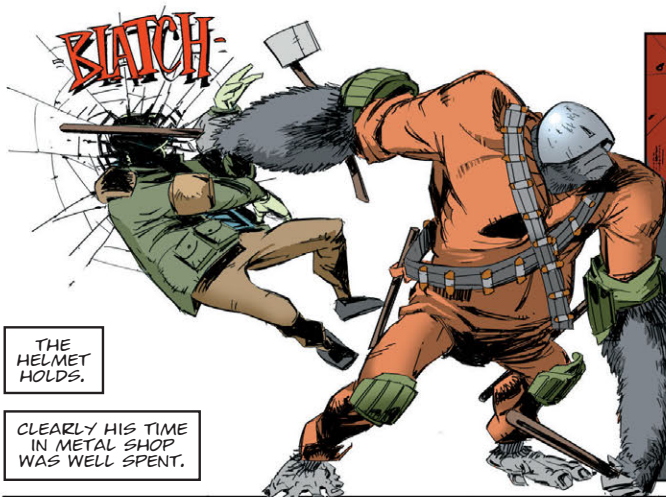
A FIGHT HE COULDN'T STAY OUT OF.



NEARBY -







THE
HELMET
HOLDS.

CLEARLY HIS TIME
IN METAL SHOP
WAS WELL SPENT.

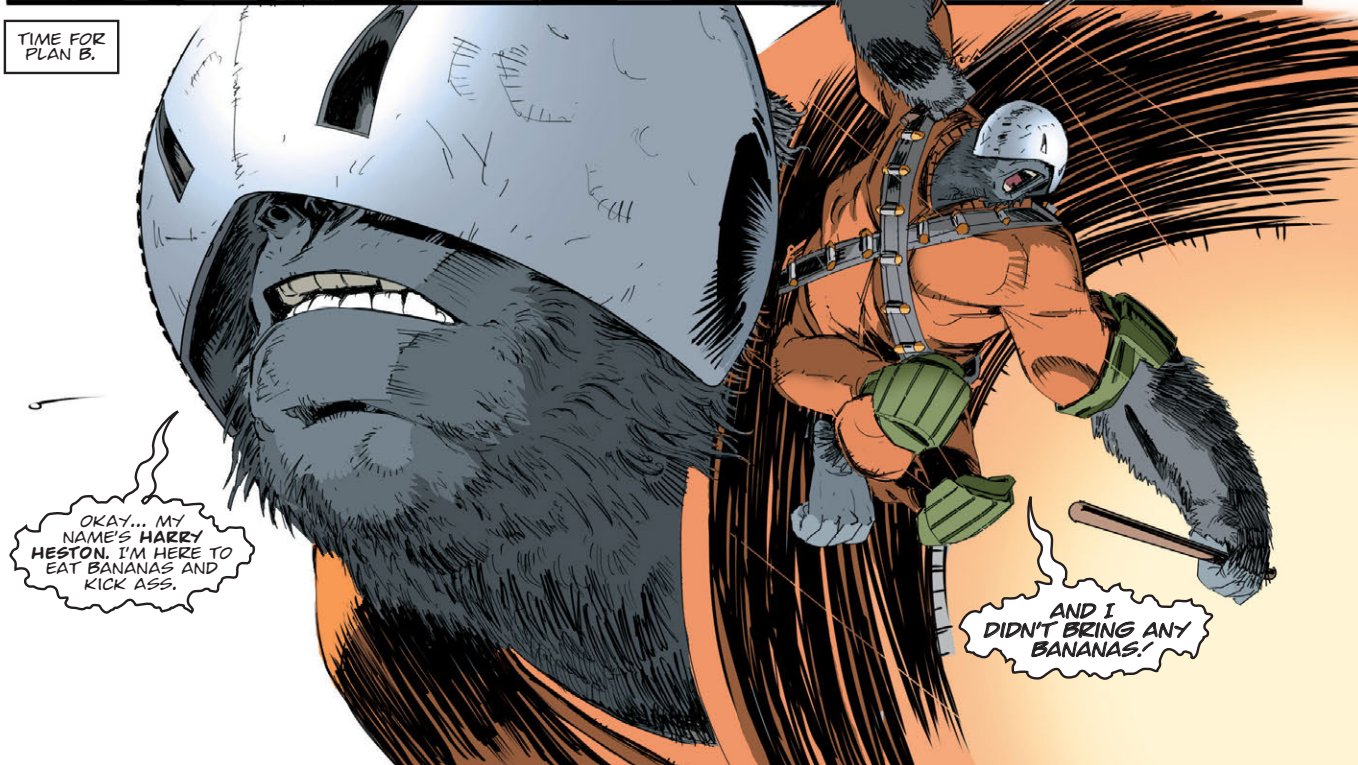


THREE DOWN, PLUS ANOTHER
OUTSIDE. THERE MUST ONLY BE
A HANDFUL MORE. IT SHOULDN'T
BE TOO HARD TO TAKE THEM
OUT ONE AT A TIME.



...MAYBE NOT.

DROKK.



TIME FOR
PLAN B.

OKAY... MY
NAME'S HARRY
HESTON. I'M HERE TO
EAT BANANAS AND
KICK ASS.

AND I
DIDN'T BRING ANY
BANANAS.



LOOKS LIKE WE MISSED ALL THE ACTION.

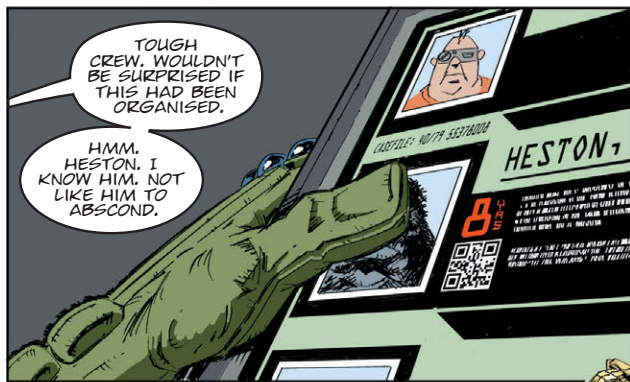


THE GUARDS ARE UNCONSCIOUS, BUT SOMEONE'S TENDED TO THEM. DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB GETTING THEM STABLE.

THE RAIDERS ARE UNCONSCIOUS AND CUFFED - THEY TOOK A HELL OF A POUNDING.

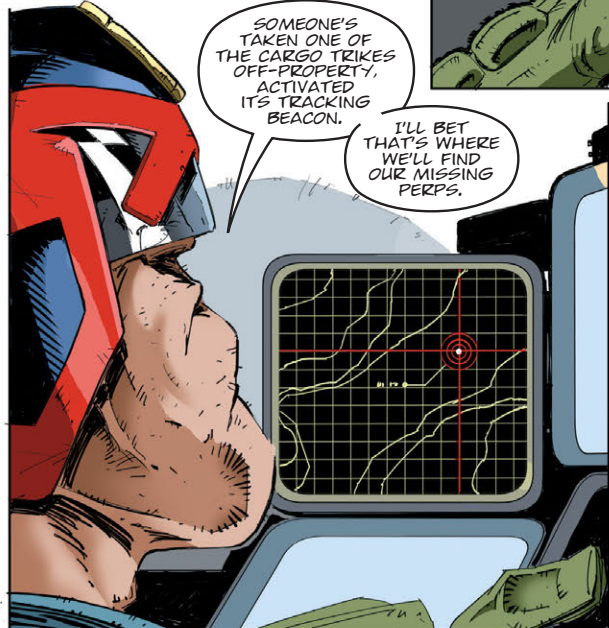


NO SIGN OF THE INMATES. MUST'VE SLIPPED OFF DURING THE RAID.



TOUGH CREW. WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THIS HAD BEEN ORGANISED.

HMM. I KNOW HIM. NOT LIKE HIM TO ABSCOND.



SOMEONE'S TAKEN ONE OF THE CARGO TRIKES OFF-PROPERTY, ACTIVATED ITS TRACKING BEACON.

I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND OUR MISSING PERPS.



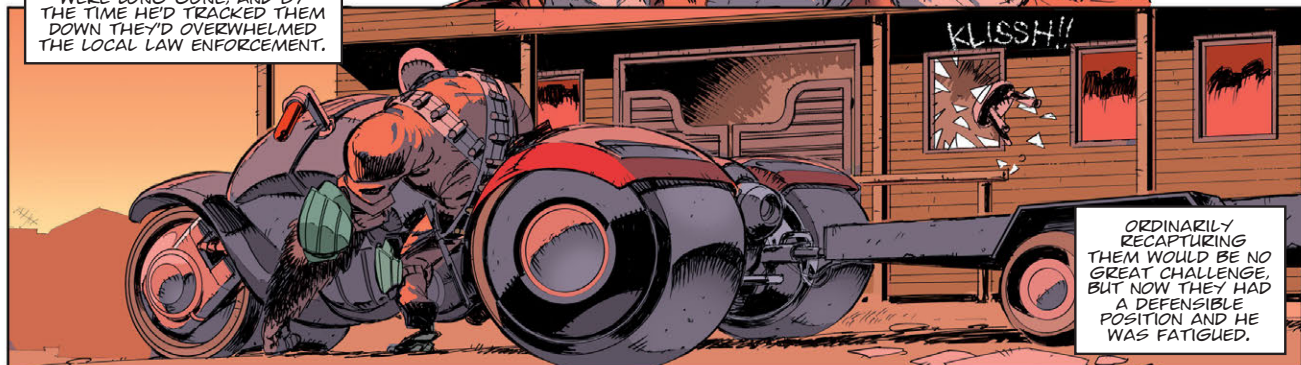
I GOT A SIGNAL FROM THE H-WAGON. THEY'RE GOING TO CIRCLE ROUND AND PICK UP THE WOUNDED.

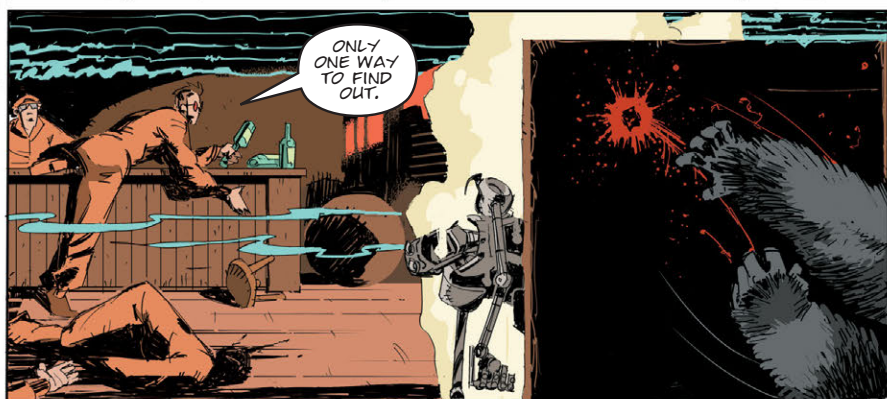
GOOD. YOU HOLD THE FORT, I'LL GO GET OUR CREEPS.



THE RAIDERS HAD BEEN HARDENED WARRIORS, VETERANS OF DOZENS OF RAIDS.

BY THE TIME HE GOT DONE WITH THEM THE PRISONERS WERE LONG GONE, AND BY THE TIME HE'D TRACKED THEM DOWN THEY'D OVERWHELMED THE LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT.







I KEEP TELLIN' YA, THAT AIN'T NO JU -





YES, SIR... I'M AFRAID I HAD TO BREAK OUT - THERE WAS A THREAT TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PROPERTY AND PERSONNEL.

AND YOU DIDN'T JUST SIT TIGHT AFTER THAT BECAUSE...?

I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, SIR, BUT I KNEW THE OTHER CONVICTS WOULD WREAK HAVOC ON THE FIRST UNDEFENDED TOWN THEY HEADED FOR. NEEDED TO TAKE THEM OUT, QUICK.



ADMIRABLE. ILLEGAL, BUT ADMIRABLE.

IT'S WHAT I THINK YOU WOULD DO, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES. IF IT MEANS A LONGER SENTENCE I'LL ACCEPT THAT.



I'LL CONSIDER THE MATTER.



YOU'RE RECOMMENDING WE RECALL THE WAYSTATION WARDENS TO THE CITY?

IF THEY DON'T HAVE THE TEMPERAMENT FOR THE STREETS, THEY DON'T HAVE THE TEMPERAMENT FOR OUT HERE. I'M ALSO RECOMMENDING BURRE BE RELIEVED OF DUTY.

YOU REALISE WE'RE UNDERMANNED? THIS ISN'T GOING TO MAKE LIFE EASIER.

NOW, THE APE, HESTON - WOULD YOU SAY HE WAS TRUSTWORTHY?



GOOD.

I THINK WE MIGHT HAVE A SPECIAL USE FOR HIM...

HE DOES WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT, HOWEVER MISGUIDED THAT MIGHT BE.



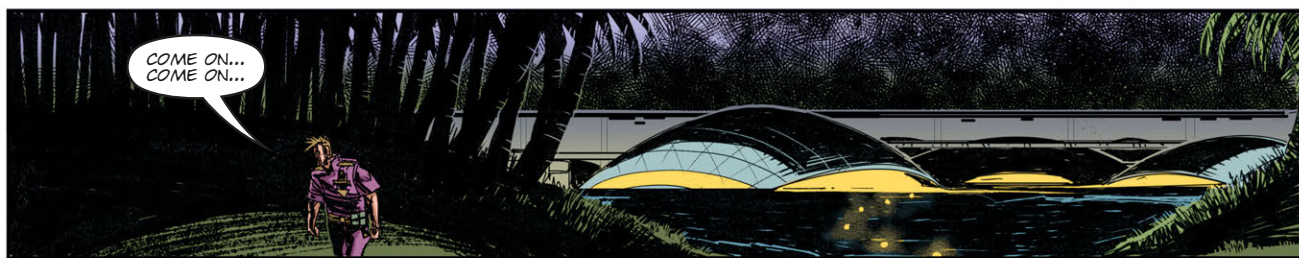
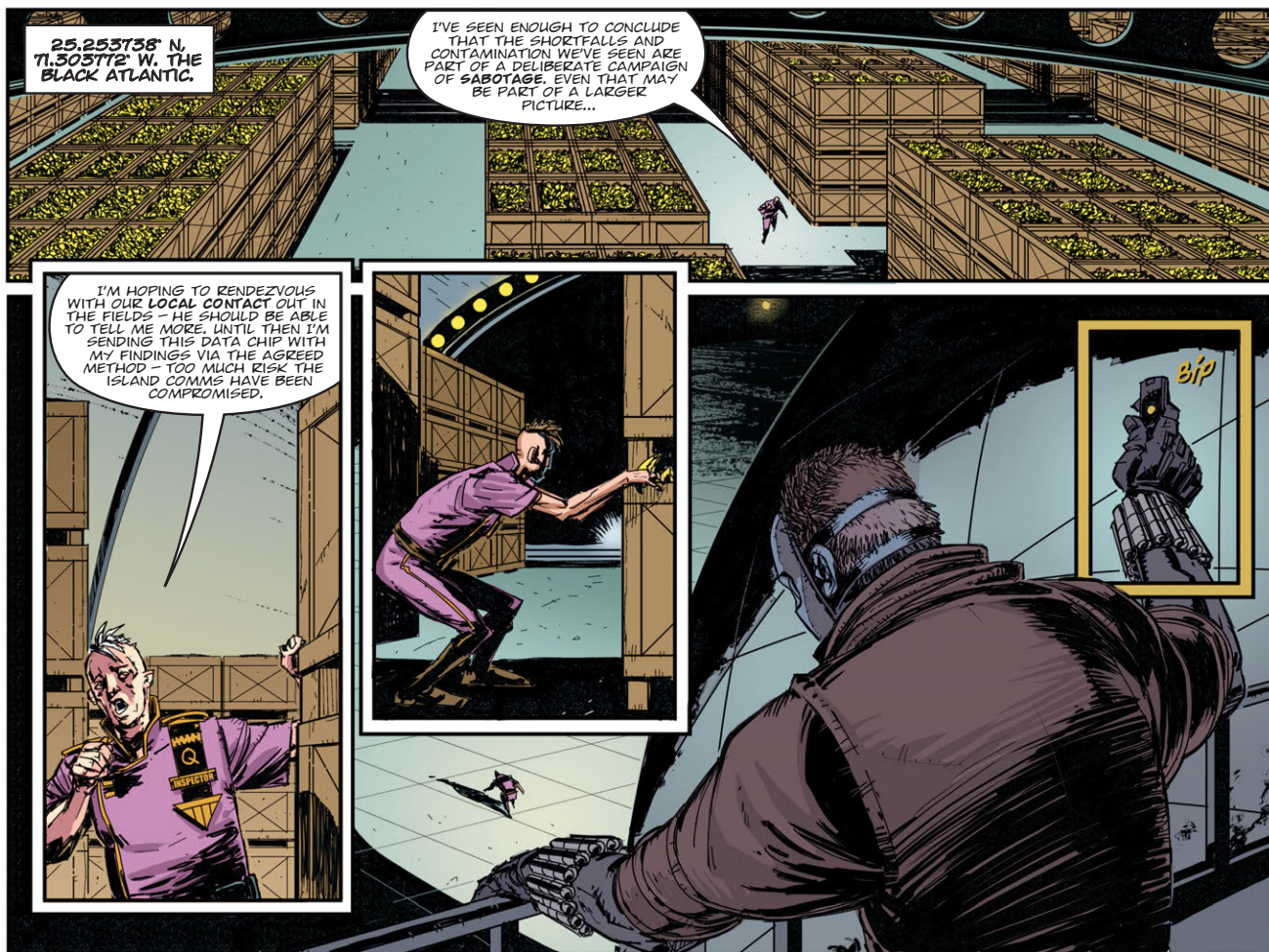
++ TRANSMISSION ENDS ++



KRONG ISLAND

Script: Arthur Wyatt
Art: Jake Lynch
Colours: John Charles
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 392-395





AAAAAHHHHH!

IT'S A BANANA.

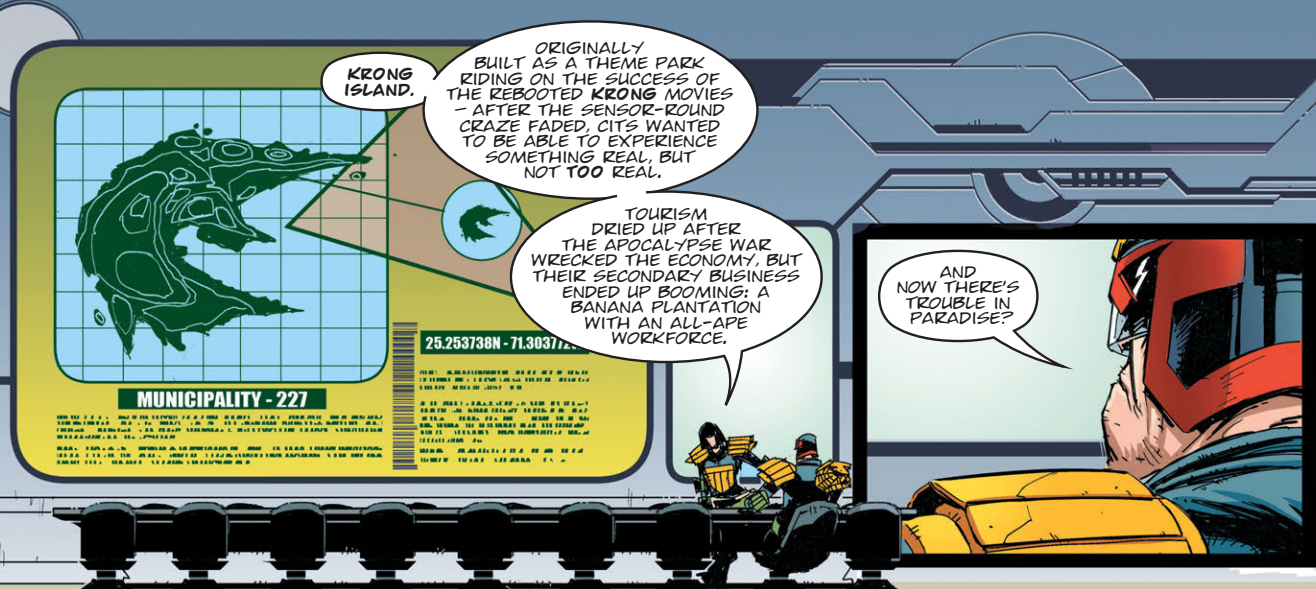
NOT ANY OLD BANANA.

A GENETICALLY ENGINEERED MODIFIED BANANA WITH ENHANCED NUTRITION - ONES LIKE IT MAKE UP UP EIGHTY PER CENT OF THE DIET FOR MEGA-CITY'S APE POPULATION.

MORE IMPORTANTLY WE FOUND THIS INSIDE.

THAT'S WALLY SQUAD ISSUE.

SHIPPED IN A BATCH OF BANANAS FROM OUR LARGEST SUPPLIER...

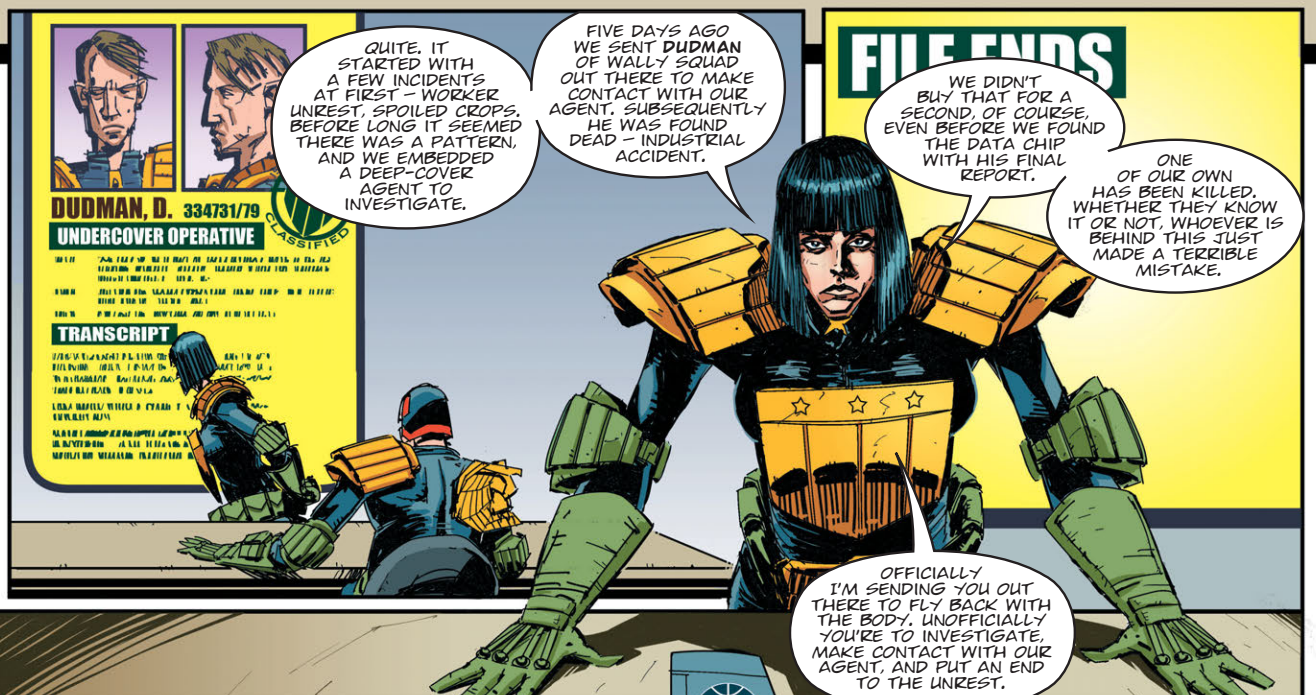


KRONG ISLAND.

ORIGINALLY BUILT AS A THEME PARK RIDING ON THE SUCCESS OF THE REBOOTED KRONG MOVIES - AFTER THE SENSOR-ROUND CRAZE FADED, CITS WANTED TO BE ABLE TO EXPERIENCE SOMETHING REAL, BUT NOT TOO REAL.

TOURISM DRIED UP AFTER THE APOCALYPSE WAR WRECKED THE ECONOMY, BUT THEIR SECONDARY BUSINESS ENDED UP BOOMING: A BANANA PLANTATION WITH AN ALL-APE WORKFORCE.

AND NOW THERE'S TROUBLE IN PARADISE?



QUITE. IT STARTED WITH A FEW INCIDENTS AT FIRST - WORKER UNREST, SPOILED CROPS, BEFORE LONG IT SEEMED THERE WAS A PATTERN, AND WE EMBEDDED A DEEP-COVER AGENT TO INVESTIGATE.

FIVE DAYS AGO WE SENT DUDMAN OF WALLY SQUAD OUT THERE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH OUR AGENT. SUBSEQUENTLY HE WAS FOUND DEAD - INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT.

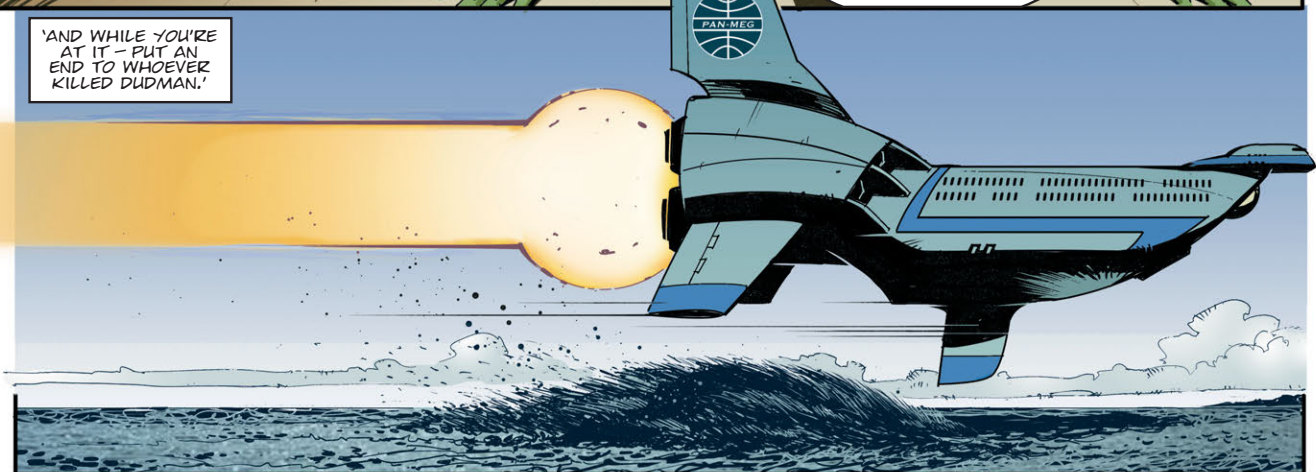
FILE ENDS

WE DIDN'T BUY THAT FOR A SECOND, OF COURSE, EVEN BEFORE WE FOUND THE DATA CHIP WITH HIS FINAL REPORT.

ONE OF OUR OWN HAS BEEN KILLED. WHETHER THEY KNOW IT OR NOT, WHOEVER IS BEHIND THIS JUST MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

OFFICIALLY I'M SENDING YOU OUT THERE TO FLY BACK WITH THE BODY. UNOFFICIALLY YOU'RE TO INVESTIGATE, MAKE CONTACT WITH OUR AGENT, AND PUT AN END TO THE UNREST.

'AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT - PUT AN END TO WHOEVER KILLED DUDMAN.'



HE FLEW COMMERCIAL,
KEEPING THINGS LOW KEY.



THE FLIGHT WAS
PACKED WITH
YOUNG PEOPLE,
VISITING FOR
THE LOCAL MUSIC
FESTIVAL.

HE'D HAVE TO TAKE
THE EXTRA CROWDS
— AND THE POSSIBLE
COVER IT COULD OFFER
FOR AN ATTACK — INTO
CONSIDERATION.



JUST
TAKE ME
TO THE
BODY.



HIS PRESENCE MIGHT
PROVOKE A RESPONSE
FROM WHOEVER WAS
BEHIND THE DISRUPTION.

WELCOME
TO KRONG
ISLAND!

ALLOW ME
TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF. I'M
ADMINISTRATOR
SHINICK.

JACKSON
HERE CAN TAKE YOUR
BAGS, AND THEN, IF YOU
PERMIT, I'D LOVE TO
GIVE YOU THE GRAND
TOUR.



OF COURSE,
OF COURSE.

I MUST SAY
I'M IMPRESSED THAT
THE LATE MR DUDMAN
WARRANTS A SENIOR JUDGE.
LET ALONE THE GREAT
JUDGE DREDD! HE MUST
HAVE BEEN VERY WELL
CONNECTED.

MEGA-CITY
ONE VALUES
ITS PUBLIC
SERVANTS.





ACCORDING TO THE OFFICIAL REPORTS DUDMAN WAS CRUSHED BY A FALLING PALLET IN THE WAREHOUSE... THE AMOUNT OF BLUNT-FORCE TRAUMA SUGGESTS FAR MORE THAN THAT.



THE BODY HAS BEEN WASHED, BUT UNDERNEATH THE FINGERNAILS ARE TRACES OF SOIL.

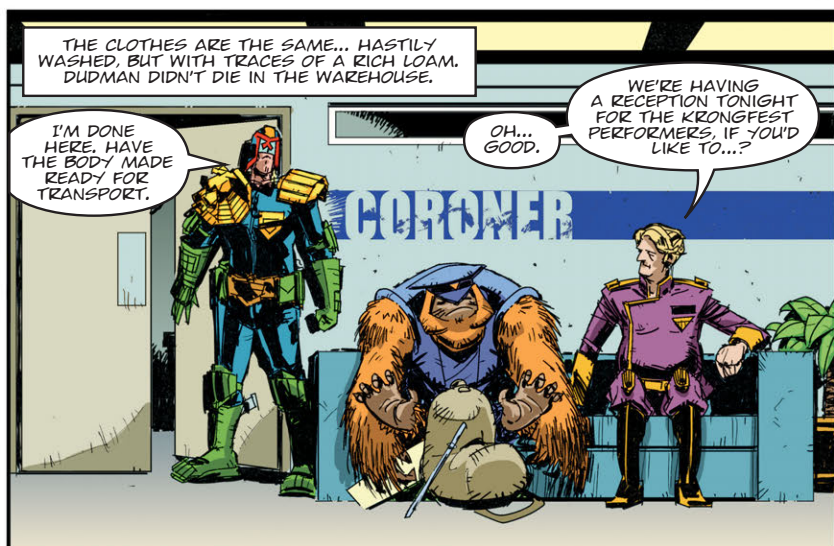


THE CLOTHES ARE THE SAME... HASTILY WASHED, BUT WITH TRACES OF A RICH LOAM. DUDMAN DIDN'T DIE IN THE WAREHOUSE.

I'M DONE HERE. HAVE THE BODY MADE READY FOR TRANSPORT.

OH... GOOD.

WE'RE HAVING A RECEPTION TONIGHT FOR THE KRONGFEST PERFORMERS, IF YOU'D LIKE TO...?



HE'D DIED OUT IN THE FIELDS.

I'LL BE TAKING THE AIR.



HE WASN'T SURE EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR. SOME SUBTLE CLUE, A TINY DETAIL LEFT BEHIND WHEN DUDMAN'S TRUE CAUSE OF DEATH WAS COVERED UP.

PROBABLY NOT THIS.

STOMM...

DUDMAN'S
I.D. BADGE -

INSPECTOR

UNFF!

ARMOUR-
PIERCING!

DROKK - !

LAWGIVER GONE, NO WEAPONS AT
HAND THAT COULD DEFLECT BLADES
LIKE THOSE. OPTIONS LIMITED -

A GOOD TIME FOR
HIS CONTACT TO MAKE
AN APPEARANCE.



HESTON.

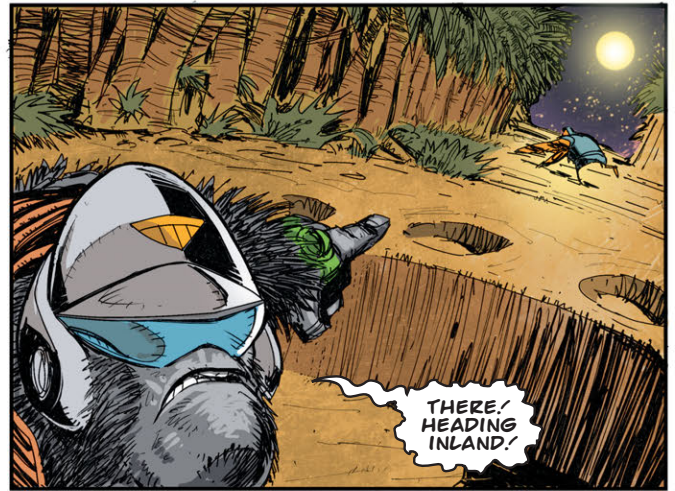




WONDERED WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP.

TRIMMER DRONES?

VERY COMMON HERE. SETTING THEM ON SOMEONE IS A NASTY BUSINESS. NOT MUCH RANGE, THOUGH - OPERATOR SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE NEARBY...



THERE! HEADING INLAND!



LOOKS LIKE JACKSON - SHINICK'S CHAUFFEUR.

THE ROOTS OF THE CONSPIRACY GO PRETTY DEEP, SIR. I'M SORRY TO SAY THERE'S ONLY A HANDFUL OF APES ON THE ISLAND YOU CAN TRUST.



WHO'S LEADING IT? SHINICK?

HE'S MOST LIKELY UNAWARE, I'M AFRAID HE'S NOT THE BRIGHTEST.

THERE'S AN APE, AN OUTSIDER, WHO'S BEEN RILING UP THE WORKERS. I'VE ONLY HEARD RUMOURS, NOT LAID EYES ON HIM MYSELF...



IF WE KEEP FOLLOWING JACKSON, MAYBE HE'LL LEAD US TO HIM - HE'S CERTAINLY HEADING SOMEWHERE.

...OH.



KRONG!



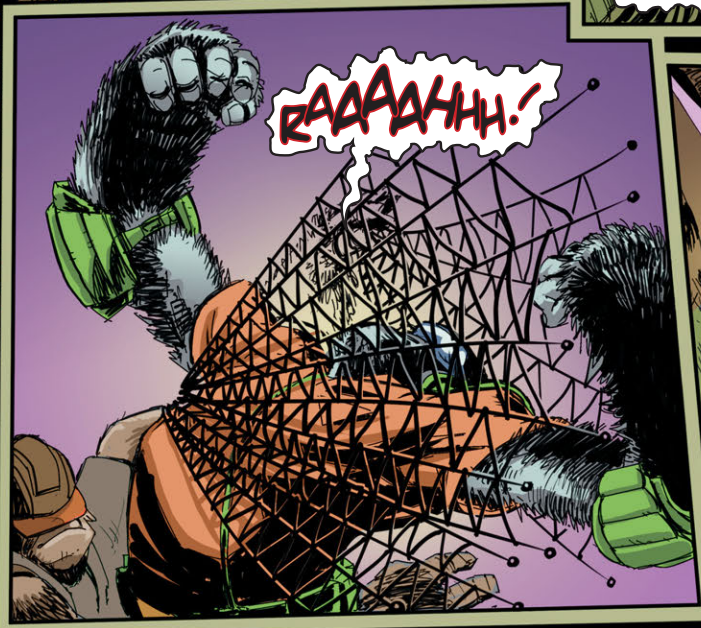
THE MARK II. I BELIEVE YOU BLEW THE HEAD OFF THE ORIGINAL.

THEY RESTORED IT. IT'S IN THE CURSED EARTH NOW.

THIS ISN'T GOOD. BETWEEN THE MECH AND THE WORKERS WE'RE LOOKING AT AN ARMY THAT COULD TAKE THE ISLAND.



YOU'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN THAT, LAWMAN.



RAAAHHH!



HESTON -



THEY'RE
WAKING
UP.



GOOD.
NOW LET'S SEE
WHO OUR REAL
INTERLOPERS
ARE...

JUDGE DREDD
OF MEGA-CITY ONE
WE KNOW, OF COURSE.
MOST FEARED
LAWMAN OF MY
HOMETOWN.

BUT WHO
IS THE SNAKE IN
THE GRASS WHO
HAS BEEN TRYING TO
INFILTRATE OUR
RANKS?

AH YES.
IT'S LIKE LOOKING
IN A MIRROR...
BEFORE I HAD MY
FACE-CHANGE
OPERATION, OF
COURSE.

HARRY
HESTON.

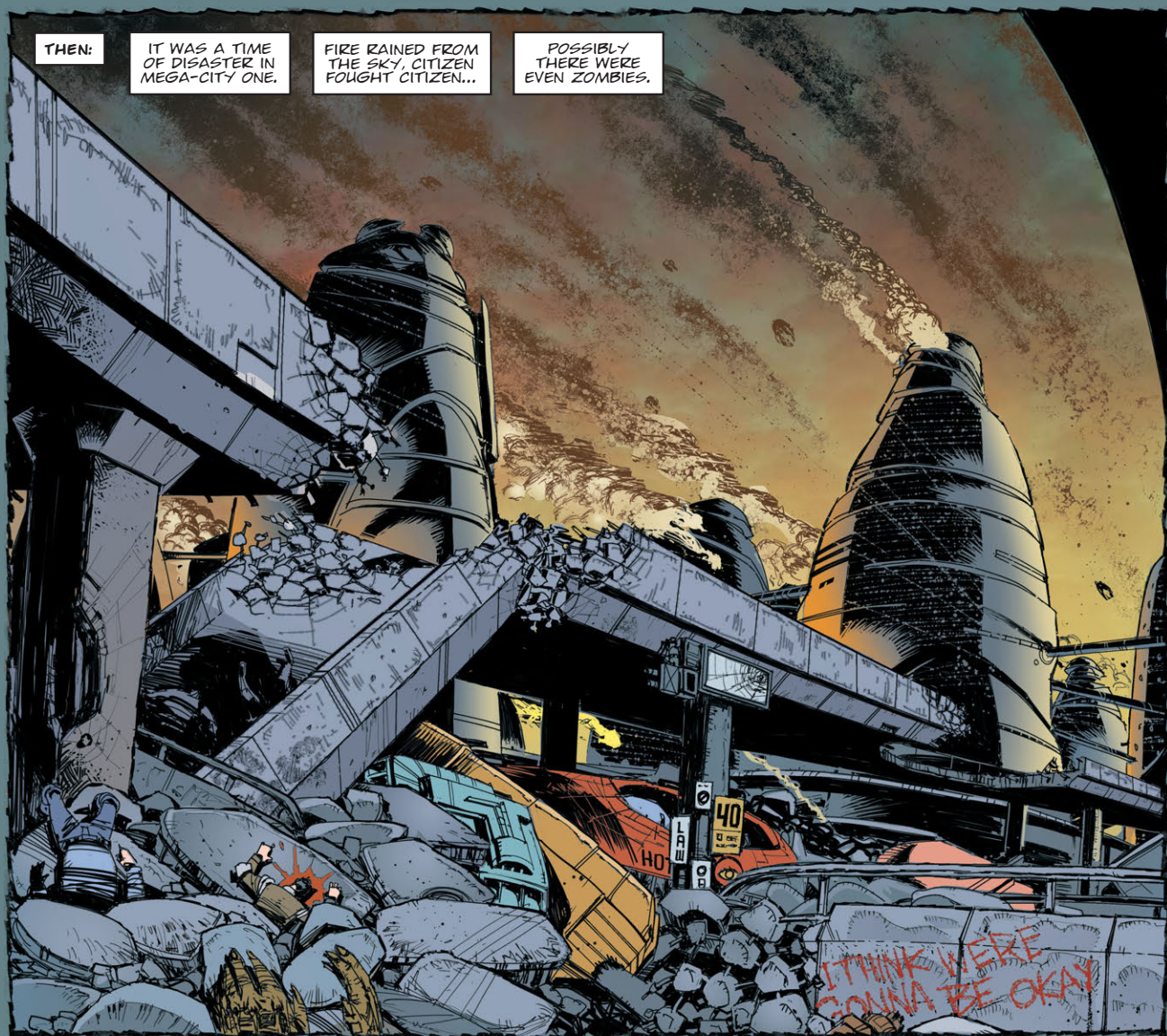
YOU?

THEN:

IT WAS A TIME
OF DISASTER IN
MEGA-CITY ONE.

FIRE RAINED FROM
THE SKY, CITIZEN
FOUGHT CITIZEN...

POSSIBLY
THERE WERE
EVEN ZOMBIES.

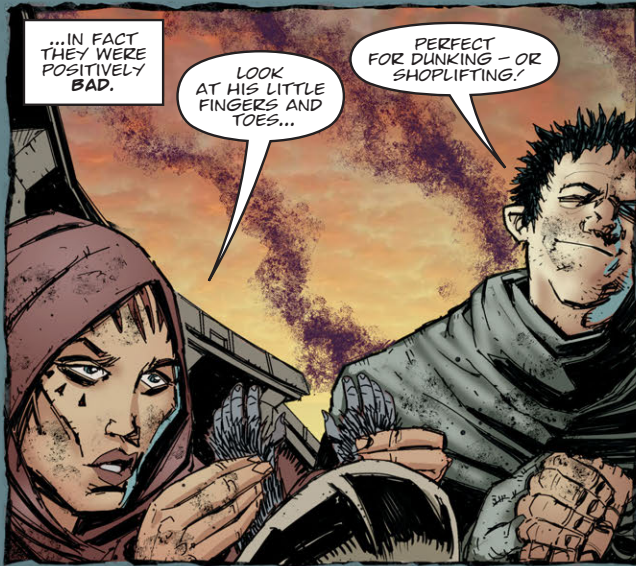


BUT EVEN IN TIMES OF
DISASTER THERE ARE
GOOD PEOPLE, LIKE
THE ONES THAT TOOK
IN LITTLE HARRY...



BUT THE PEOPLE WHO
TOOK IN HIS IDENTICAL
TWIN SERPICO, THEY
WERE NOT SO GOOD...





...IN FACT THEY WERE POSITIVELY BAD.

LOOK AT HIS LITTLE FINGERS AND TOES...

PERFECT FOR DUNKING - OR SHOPLIFTING.



AND SO LITTLE SERPICO WAS QUICKLY INDUCTED INTO A LIFE OF CRIME, STARTING WITH PETTY THEFT AND WORKING UP TO BREAKING AND ENTERING.



BUT AS HE WAS BRINGING IN THE CREDITS FOR HIS 'PARENTS' HE COULDN'T HELP FEELING JEALOUS...



...OF THE OTHER HUMAN-ADOPTED APE IN THE BURBS, WHO LED A 'NORMAL' LIFE.



EVEN IF HE WAS A GIGANTIC NERD.



THERE'S GOING TO BE A BAD BIT OF BUSINESS GOING DOWN AT THE HESTON PLACE TONIGHT.

HOW'S THAT?



THEY OWE
SOME NASTY PEOPLE
A LOT OF MONEY,
DON'T THEY?

AND I
GUESS THE BOOK
TRADE ISN'T SO GREAT
BECAUSE THEY CAN'T
PAY UP.



I HEAR
AN EXAMPLE IS
GOING TO BE
MADE -

HEY,
WHERE'S HE
GOING...?



THE NIGHT THE
HESTONS DIED
HE KNEW IT HAD
TO END - NO
MORE WORKING
FOR HUMANS.

NO LONGER WOULD HE DO
THEIR DIRTY WORK AND GRUB
AROUND IN THE SCRAPS,
GROUND UP BY THE HUMAN
CRIMS THAT RAN THE CITY -
LIKE POOR SIMPLE HARRY.

NO MORE ALLEGIANCE TO APEKIND,
EITHER. INSTEAD HE WOULD
TAKE THE NAME 'HESTON' AS A
REMINDER WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN,
AND THEN HE WOULD DEDICATE
HIMSELF TO HIS CAUSE.



BECOMING
THE GREATEST
CRIMINAL THE
WORLD HAD
EVER KNOWN!



NOW:

WHO RUNS THIS ISLAND? APES! WHO DOES THE WORK, HARVESTS THE CROPS, MAINTAINS THE MACHINERY? APES! AND YET WE DO NOT PROFIT!

FOR TOO LONG WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS HAS BEEN DENIED, AS WE TOIL DAY AFTER DAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF HUMANS! BUT WE SHALL STRIKE BACK, UNITING AGAINST THE HUMAN OPPRESSOR!

ALREADY THEY RESPOND TO OUR INITIAL EFFORTS...

SEE! THEY SEND A LAWMAN, A TOOL OF THE HUMAN ESTABLISHMENT, TO BRING US TO HEEL!

AND A COLLABORATOR, WILLING TO BETRAY HIS OWN SPECIES FOR CRUMBS FROM THE BIG TABLE!



BOOOO!



WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THEM?

KRONG!
KRONG!
KRONG!

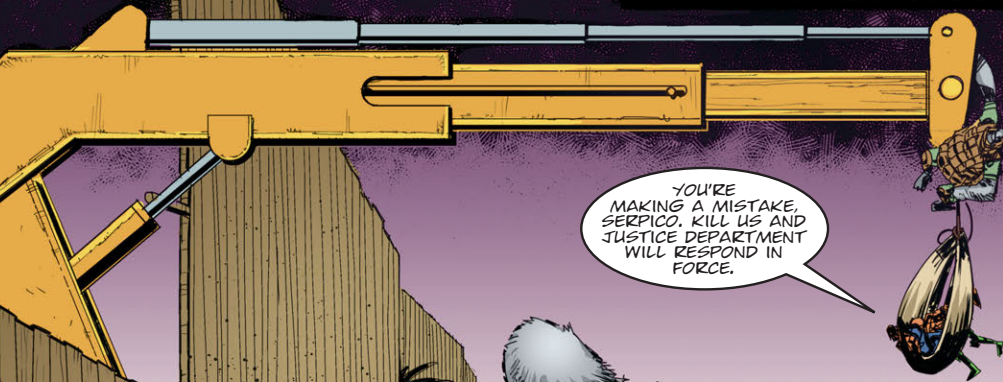


YOU NEVER CARED ABOUT POLITICS BEFORE.



DO YOU SEE MY BUSINESS PARTNER THERE? HE'S A REPRESENTATIVE OF EURO-CIT'S LARGEST CRIME CONSORTIUM.

AS SOON AS THESE APES TAKE THE ISLAND I'M HANDING STRAIGHT OVER TO THEM.



YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, SERPICO. KILL US AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WILL RESPOND IN FORCE.



OH NO! A MISTAKE! MY REVOLUTION IS DOOMED.



I'D BETTER LET YOU GO, THEN.



UM.
SIR...?

KRONG!
KRONG!
KRONG!

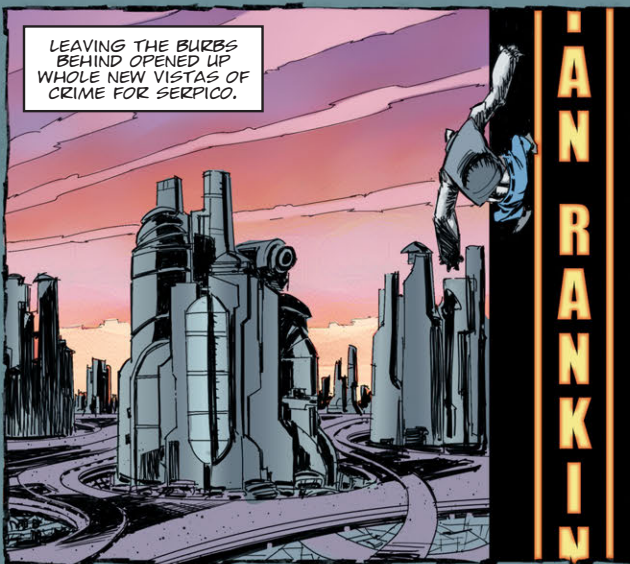
GRRAAAAH!

UNNF!

KAUMP

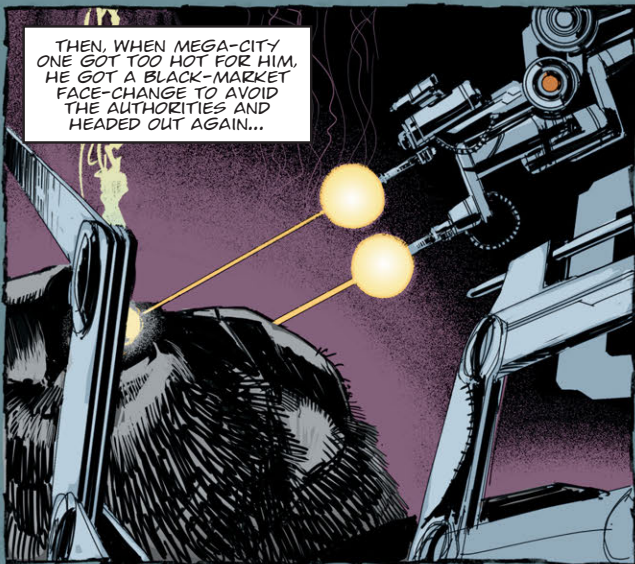
I THINK WE
BETTER START
RUNNING.

LEAVING THE BURBS
BEHIND OPENED UP
WHOLE NEW VISTAS OF
CRIME FOR SERPICO.



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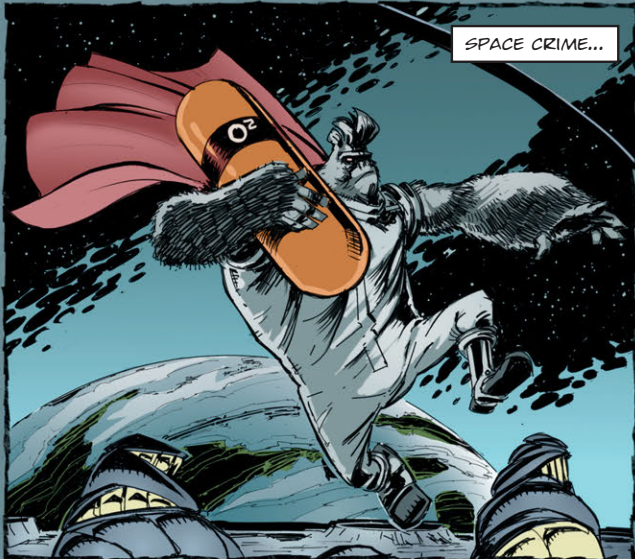
THEN, WHEN MEGA-CITY
ONE GOT TOO HOT FOR HIM,
HE GOT A BLACK-MARKET
FACE-CHANGE TO AVOID
THE AUTHORITIES AND
HEADED OUT AGAIN...



EURO-CRIME...



SPACE CRIME...



THE WORLD
WAS HIS
CRIMINAL
OYSTER.

IT WAS THEN THAT HE
DECIDED TO COME BACK,
BACK TO THE BURBS
WHERE IT ALL BEGAN,
AND TAKE OVER.

HIS OWN
PRIVATE
EMPIRE.



HE WAS DRIVEN OUT
BY ONE WHOSE NAME
HE KNEW WELL, THE
ONE HE HAD TAKEN...



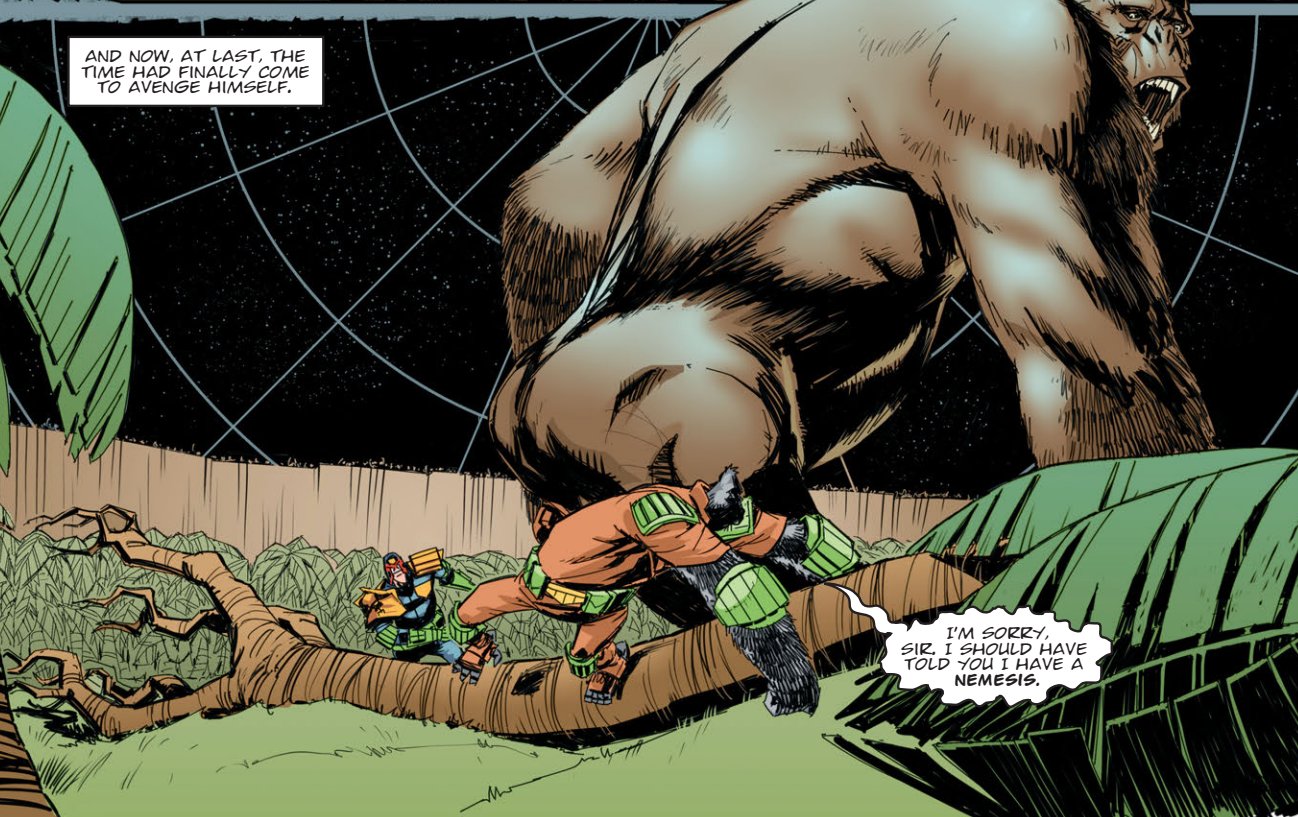
HESTON.



IT WAS THE FIRST
REAL DEFEAT HE'D
EVER SUFFERED.



AND NOW, AT LAST, THE
TIME HAD FINALLY COME
TO AVENGE HIMSELF.



I'M SORRY,
SIR. I SHOULD HAVE
TOLD YOU I HAVE A
NEMESIS.

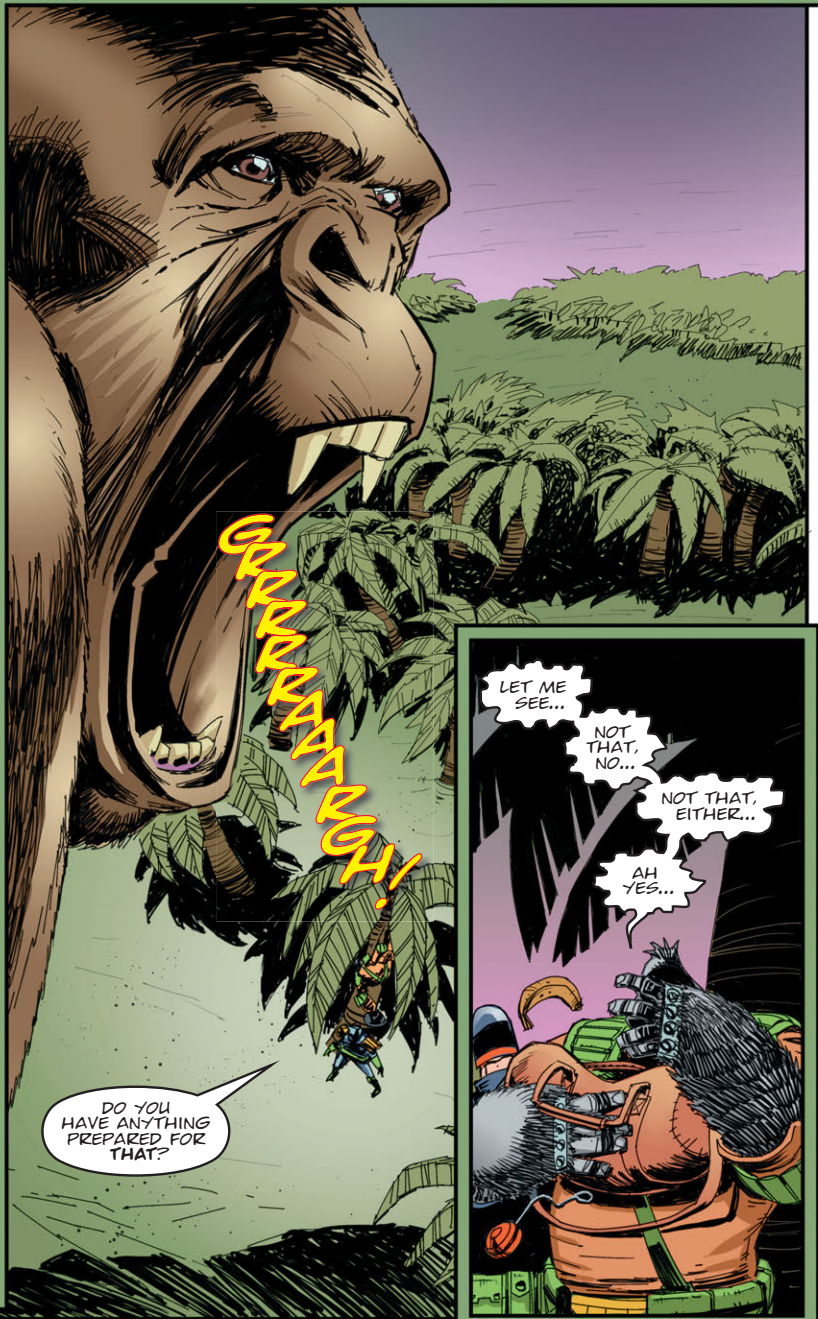


IT'S THE ONE WITH THE MASK THAT INTERESTS ME. SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THE BODY LANGUAGE...

I ASSUME YOU'RE LEADING US SOMEWHERE FOR A REASON.

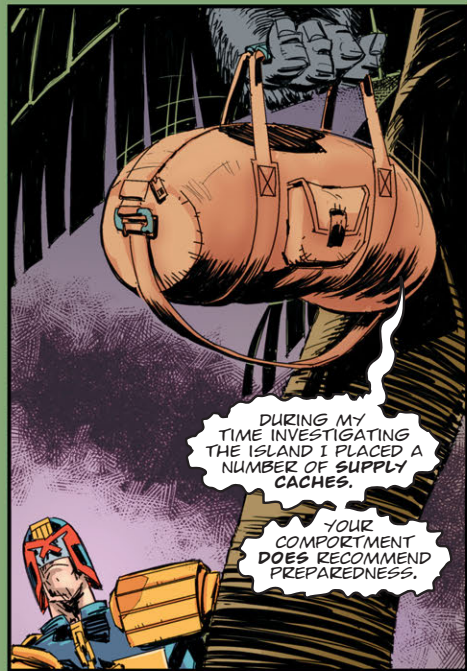


OH YES, SIR.



GRRRRRRRRH!

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING PREPARED FOR THAT?



DURING MY TIME INVESTIGATING THE ISLAND I PLACED A NUMBER OF SUPPLY CACHES.

YOUR COMPARTMENT DOES RECOMMEND PREPAREDNESS.

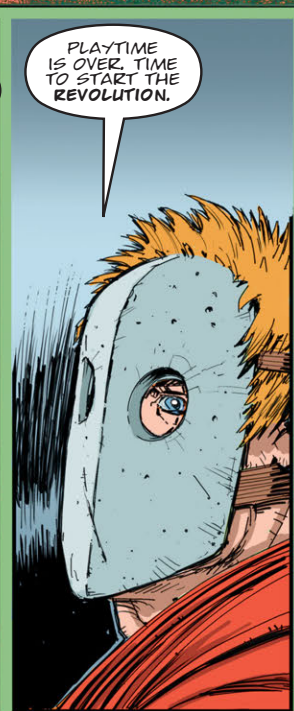
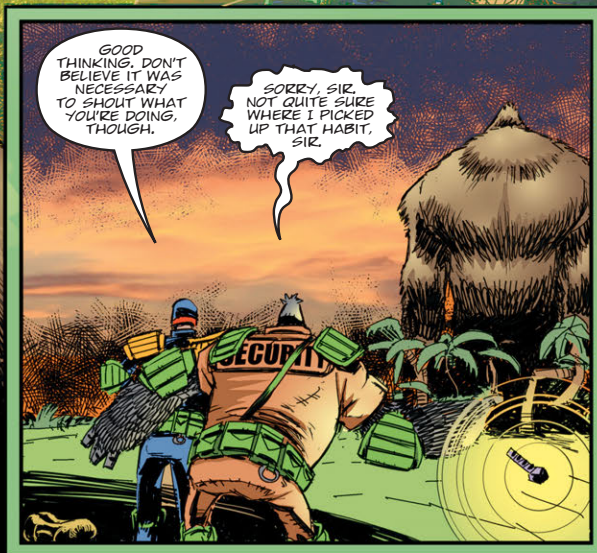
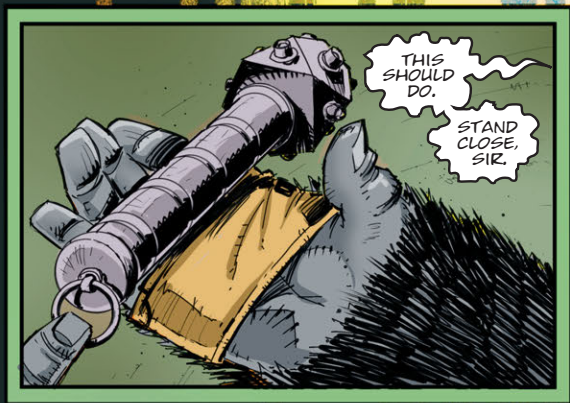


LET ME SEE...

NOT THAT, NO...

NOT THAT, EITHER...

AH YES...



WHERE EVERYONE CAUGHT KADTHRAX.

HELLO, KRONG ISLAND!



HELLO,
KRONG
ISLAND!

WHO WOULD GO?
AND AT A THOUSAND
CREDS A TICKET, WHO
WOULD PAY FOR IT?

DISASTER FOR KRONGFEST
WOULD COME FROM A
DIFFERENT DIRECTION.



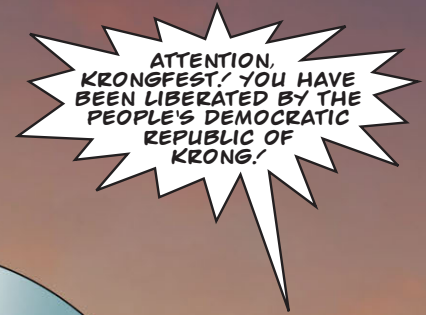
ARE YOU -
HEY?!

RAAAARRRRGH!

THAT'S NOT
PART OF OUR GIG!
WHO ORDERED THE
MONKEY?



AAAAHH!

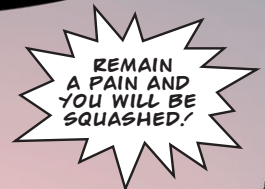


ATTENTION,
KRONGFEST! YOU HAVE
BEEN LIBERATED BY THE
PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC
REPUBLIC OF
KRONG!



REMAIN
CALM AND NO
HARM WILL
COME TO
YOU!

LISTEN,
YOU CAN'T DO
THIS -



REMAIN
A PAIN AND
YOU WILL BE
SQUASHED!



ELSEWHERE -

WELCOME...
TO KRONG ISLAND
UNDER-PARK!

BUT FIRST
LET'S DELVE INTO
THE FIFTY-YEAR
HISTORY OF KRONG
MOVIES!

FROM FIRST
SUCCESS TO INITIAL
BANKRUPTCY AND
BEYOND...

WHERE YOU CAN
VISIT OUR ROBOTIC
REPAIR BAYS AND
ONE OF THE LARGEST
ROBOT HANGARS IN
THE WORLD!

THE FIRST KRONG
ROBOT, PARTIALLY
DESTROYED IN WHAT
WE ARE LEGALLY
DESCRIBING AS AN
INDUSTRIAL
ACCIDENT...

...AND THE
HEROES WE
LOST ALONG
THE WAY!

THE STORY OF
KRONG IS INSEPARABLE
FROM THE STORY OF
SENSEI-ROUND - A
DISCREDITED TECHNOLOGY
SINCE FOUND TO INDUCE
BRAIN ABNORMALITIES...

<I DON'T
GET IT, MARCEL.
WHY DOES THE BOSS
WANT US TO CATCH
THESE TWO? HE DIDN'T
SEEM TOO WORRIED
BEFORE.>

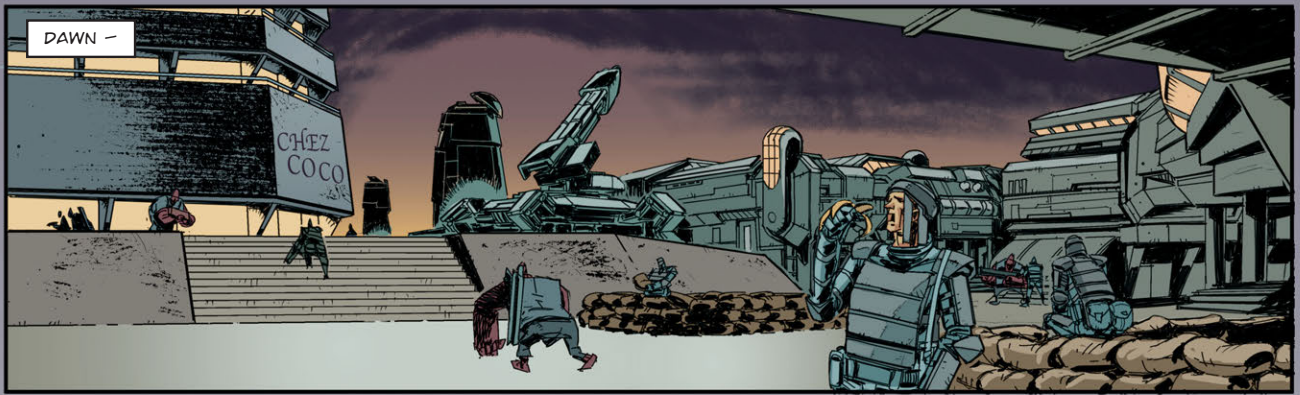
<THE RED
PRINCE WANTS SERPICO
FOCUSED ON THE
TAKEOVER, FRANZ. DOESN'T
MEAN HE DOESN'T WANT
THESE LOOSE ENDS
TIED UP.>

<AND THESE
LOOSE ENDS MAY
BE PARTICULARLY
DANGEROUS...>





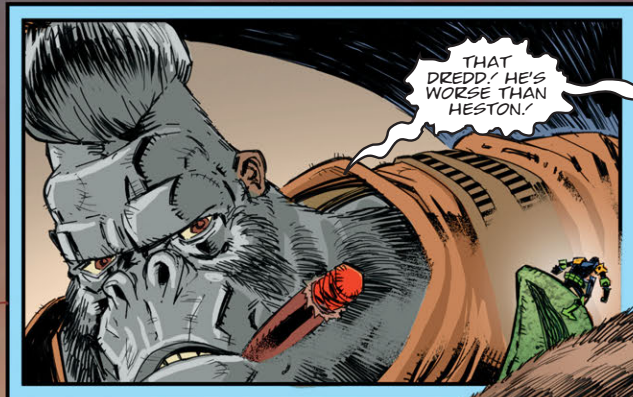






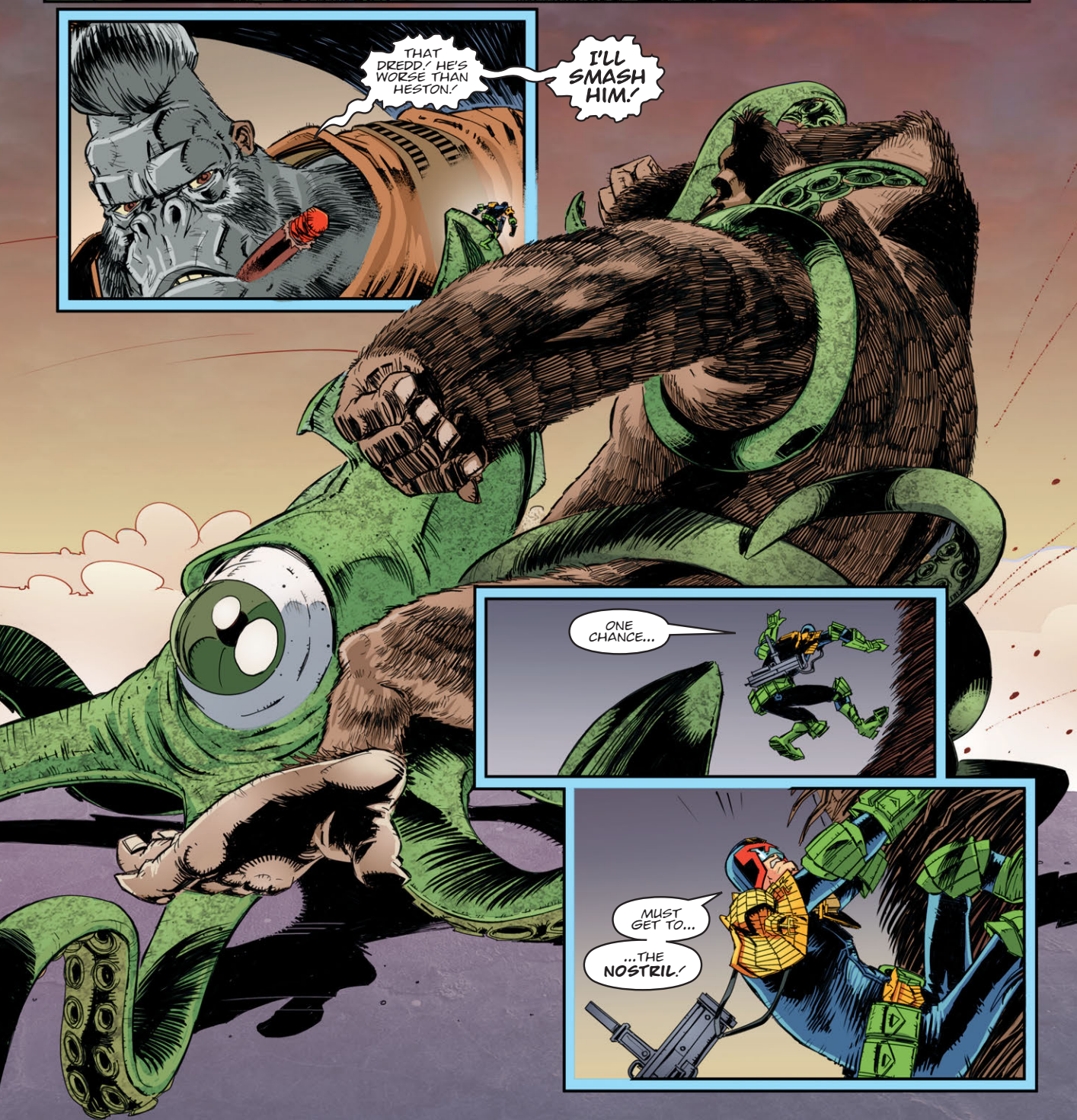


HOPE YOU
REMEMBERED
KROG ISN'T THE
ONLY ROBOT
IN TOWN!



THAT
DREDD! HE'S
WORSE THAN
HESTON!

I'LL
SMASH
HIM!



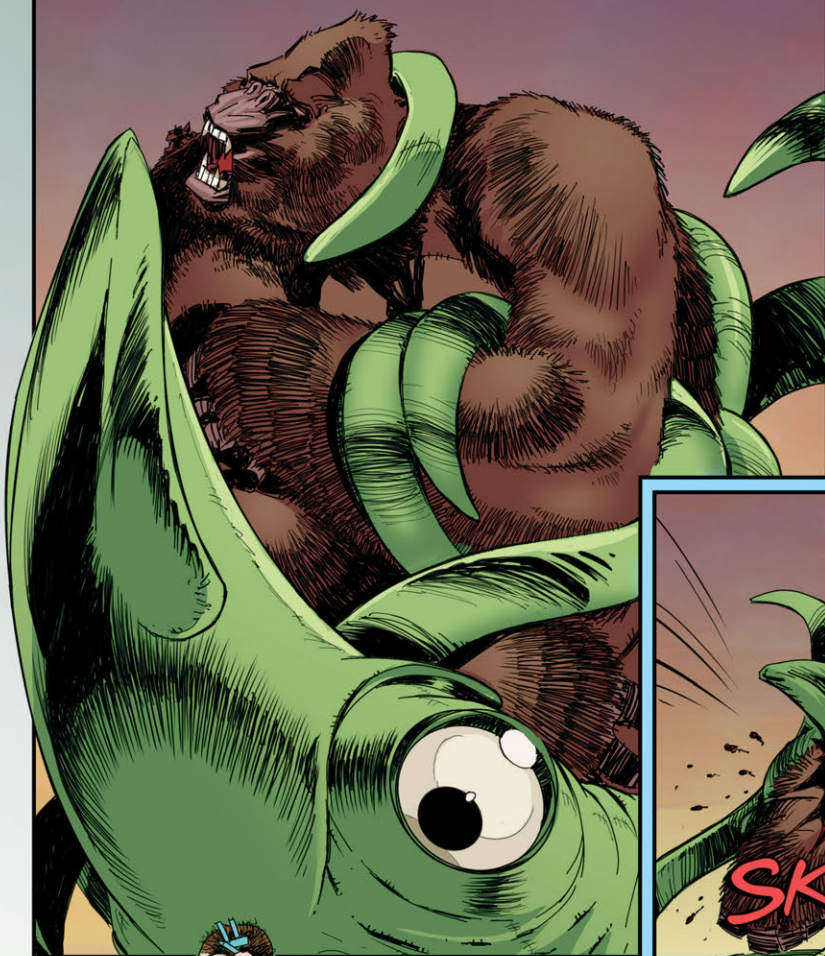
ONE
CHANCE...



MUST
GET TO...
...THE
NOSTRIL!

Krong vs. Super-Squidoid, 2123, review by K. Numan - An otherwise disposable entry in the Krong movie canon, *Krong vs. Super-Squidoid* boasts some innovative monster design and the distinction of being the last filmed on the Krong Island set.

Unfortunately the Super-Squidoid, though pleasingly disgusting, always seems too fragile to be a credible threat to Krong.



OOK
OOK OOK!

OOK!



I HEAR YOU, CHIMPO!

ALMOST...

...THERE.
GOT IT!

WHAAAAAT?

++ CONNECTION LOST ++
+ PLEASE CHECK REPLACEMENT OF RECEIVER UNIT

WETA

RELAY
HARPOON
READY!

FIRE!

FOOM!



CHUNK!

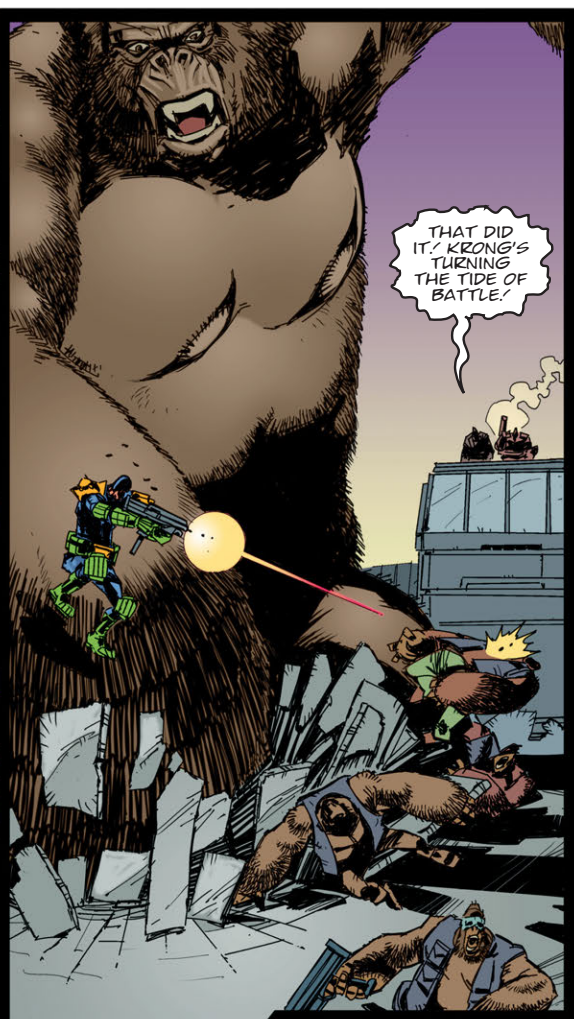
B-dip

++ SENDING OVERRIDE SIGNAL FOR 'KRONG' ++

OOK!

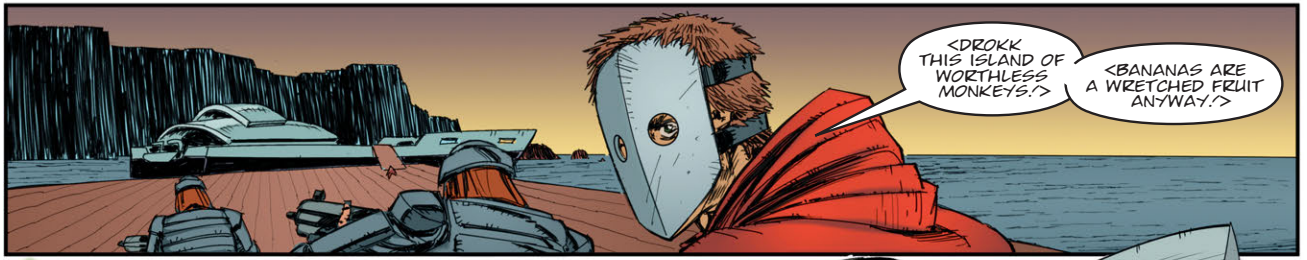


THAT DID
IT! KRONG'S
TURNING
THE TIDE OF
BATTLE!



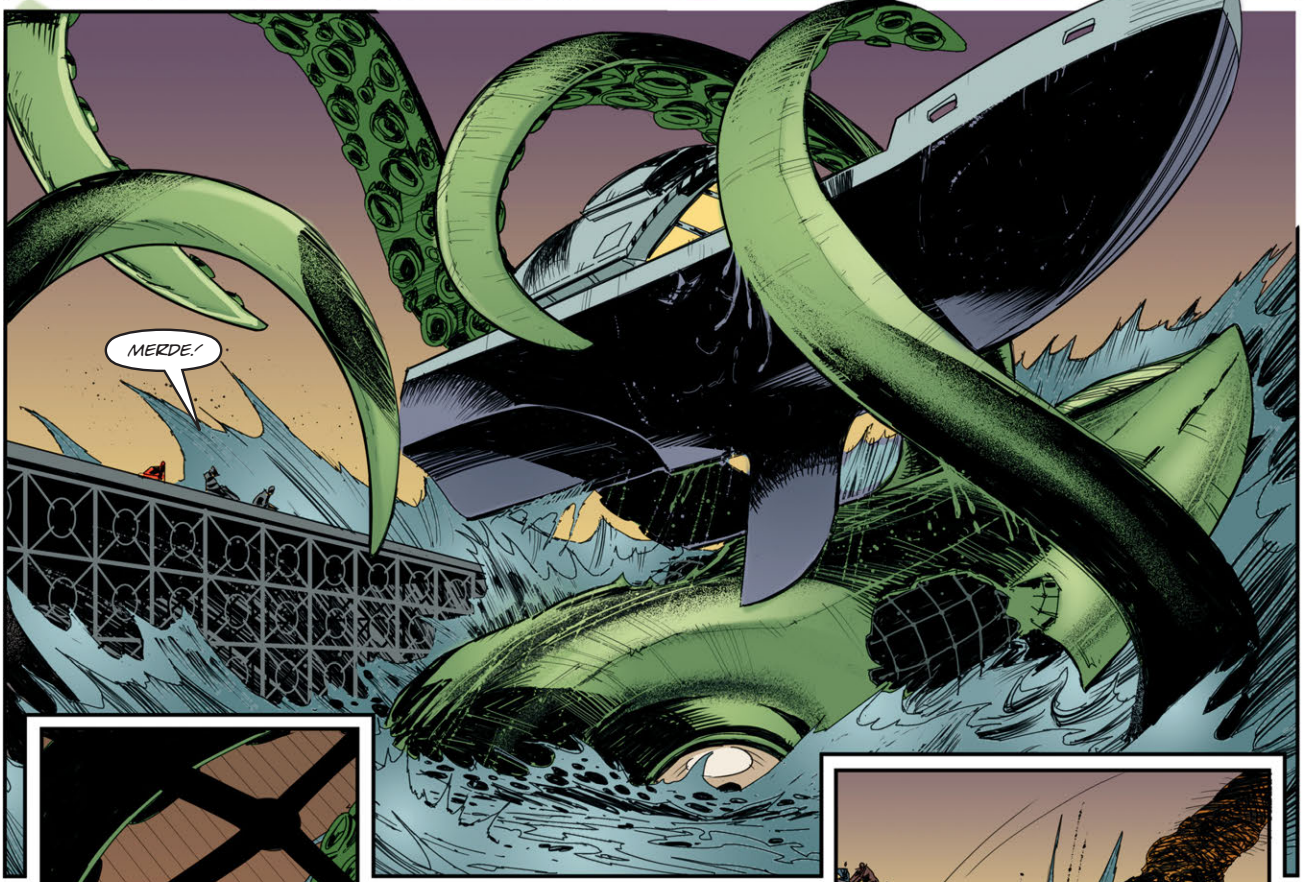






<DROKK
THIS ISLAND OF
WORTHLESS
MONKEYS.>

<BANANAS ARE
A WRETCHED FRUIT
ANYWAY.>



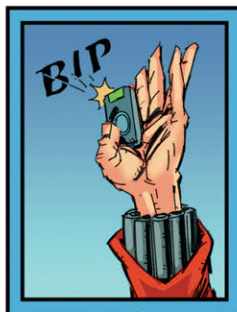
MERDE!

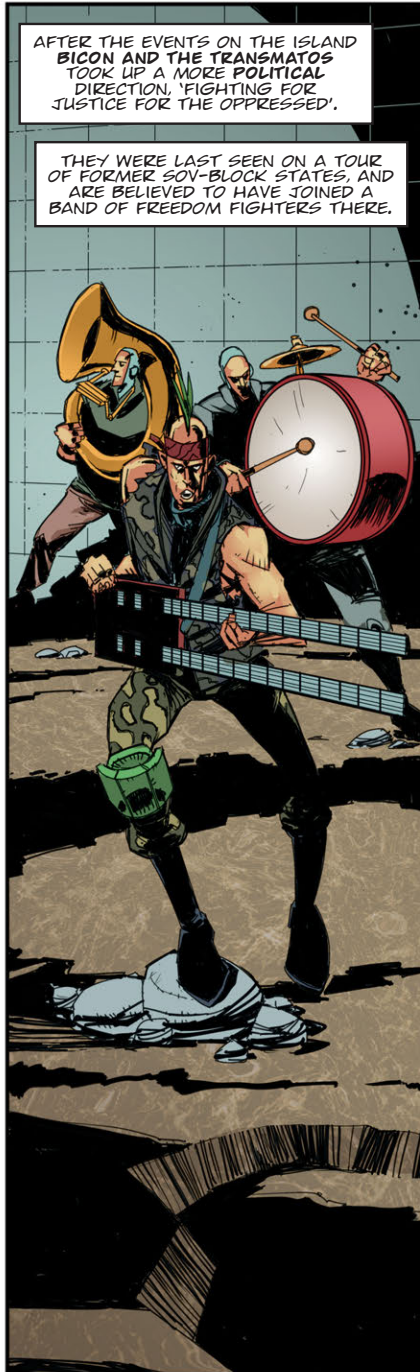


<IT'S
DAMAGED! AIM
FOR THE CONTROL
CENTRES.>



SPLASH





AND AS
FOR HARRY
HESTON...

I... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
SAY, SIR.

YOU'RE NOW THE
AUXILIARY JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT LIAISON
FOR KRONG ISLAND.
DON'T DISAPPOINT
ME.

I'LL TRY
TO BE WORTHY
OF IT.

YOU'LL
NEED
TO BE.

MURRAY'S
REFORMS WILL HELP
CALM THE ISLAND, BUT
THERE'LL STILL BE UNREST
FROM SERPICO SYMPATHISERS.
KEEP AN EYE ON THEM.
USE A FIRM HAND WHEN
YOU NEED TO.

YOUR
WORD IS LAW
HERE.
REMEMBER
THAT.

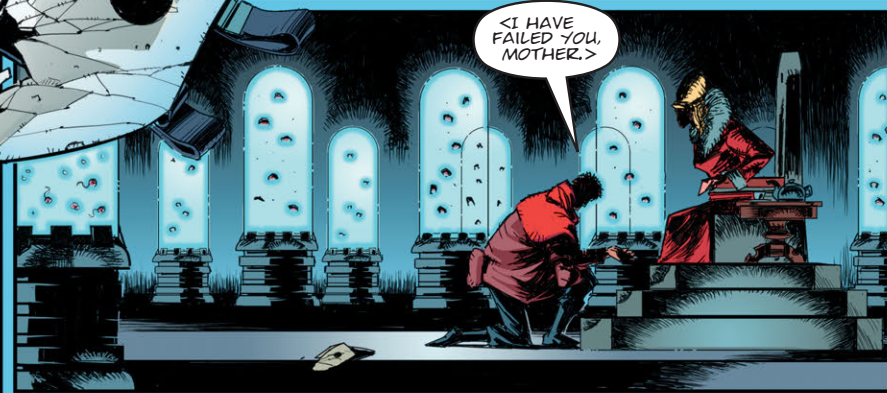
WHAT'S THE
MATTER, DREDD?
DON'T THINK
HESTON WILL
CUT IT?

HE'LL
BE FINE. IT'S
THE REST OF
THE CASE THAT
BOTHERS
ME.



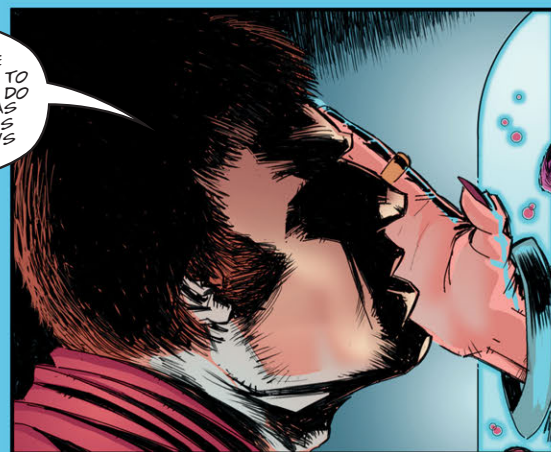
'TOO MANY
LOOSE ENDS...'

<I HAVE
FAILED YOU,
MOTHER.>

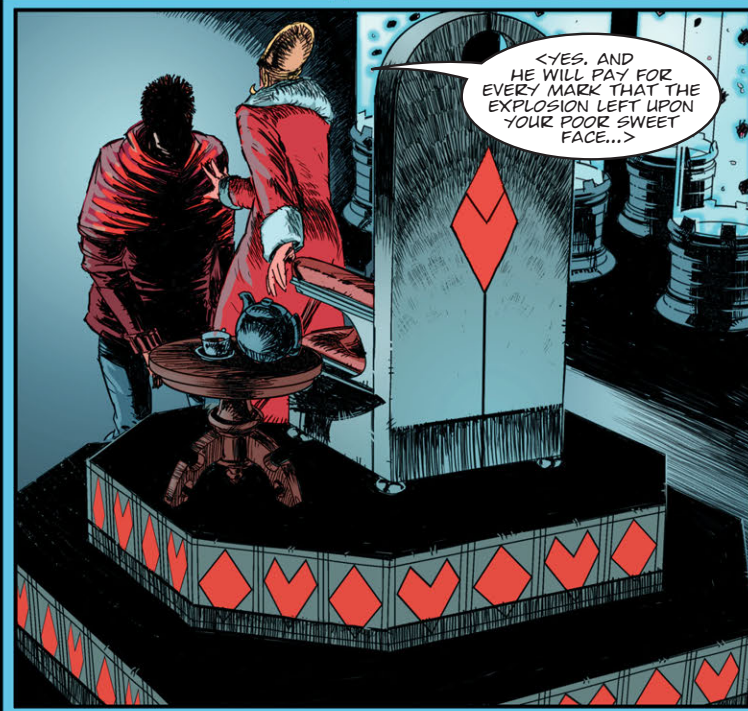


<AFTER I
DETONATED THE
CHARGES I SWAM TO
THE SUBMARINE. I DO
NOT BELIEVE I WAS
DETECTED, AND AS
FAR AS HE KNOWS
I AM DEAD.>

<IF HE
CROSSES US AGAIN
THAT SHOULD MAKE
HIS ELIMINATION
EASIER.>



<YES. AND
HE WILL PAY FOR
EVERY MARK THAT THE
EXPLOSION LEFT UPON
YOUR POOR SWEET
FACE...>



<DO NOT
BE SO HARD ON
YOURSELF.>

<CLEARLY OUR
ALLY PROVED UNWORTHY...
NEXT TIME YOU CROSS PATHS
WITH HIM YOU'LL HAVE TO
TERMINATE THE BEAST AND
ADD HIS ORGANS TO MY
COLLECTION.>

<NOW,
WHAT OF THE
LAWMAN?>



<THE
SCAR?>

<ACTUALLY,
I RATHER LIKE
IT... IT MAKES ME
LOOK LIKE MY
FATHER.>





COVER GALLERY

PROG 184
1 NOV 80

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

Malaysia \$1.20
New Zealand 40c
Australia 40c
Mercury 26c
Venus 99c
Mars 20c
Antarctic Dark 60c
Saturn 5c
Neptune 8c
Pluto 2c

14p
EARTH
MONEY

**NO ONE
APES
THE LAW!**



**MONKEY BUSINESS
AT THE**

**CHARLES
DARWIN
BLOCK**





Judge Dredd Magazine 376: Cover by Jake Lynch

WRITERS

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

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

Arthur Wyatt's writing for *2000 AD* and the *Judge Dredd Magazine* includes *The Streets of Dan Francisco*, *Samizdat Squad* and *Orlok: Agent of East Meg One*, as well as numerous one-offs stories. Raised in the flatlands of Bedfordshire he now resides in America's mountainous Pacific Northwest with his wife and two daughters. He spends far more time discussing kittens and ponies than you would expect.

ARTISTS

His characters all spiky lines and outsized boots, **Mick McMahon** co-created perennial *2000 AD* favourites *The V.C.s*, and provided Tharg with many classic episodes of *Judge Dredd*, *Ro-Busters*, *A.B.C. Warriors* and *Sláine*. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he drew an adventure with the original Cybermen for *Doctor Who Magazine*, *Sonic the Comic*; and, in America, issues of *Batman: Legends of the Dark Knight* and the mini-series *Tattered Banners*.

Arthur Ranson made his initial impact working for *Look-In* magazine, before he found fame in the pages of *2000 AD*, where he teamed up with writer John Wagner to create the highly acclaimed *Button Man* series, and later with Alan Grant for *Mazeworld*. Ranson has illustrated *Batman* for DC, *X-Factor* for Marvel and many stories for *2000 AD* including a highly celebrated run on *Judge Anderson*.

One of *2000 AD's* best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars: Boba Fett*, *X-Men Unlimited*, plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

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.

Since joining *2000 AD*, Norfolk based artist **Jake Lynch** has done his best to quietly 'drop out'. He is extremely grateful to do a job he loves, that also affords him this opportunity. He is also aware that doing this properly takes a great deal of discipline and focus and believes he is handling it supremely well. When not drawing, he spends most of his days being mistaken for a tramp. He does not understand why and can often be heard debating with himself loudly over the matter publicly. He dreams of finding the perfect café and can often be found in a quietest corners of one or two of them, doodling his layouts, drinking coffee and begging for food. Currently, he can't shake the feeling that people are watching him...

Since his Future Shock debut in Prog 37, **Brett Ewins** has been one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's most beloved artists. Co-creator of the classic *Bad Company*, Ewins has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Daily Star Dredd*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Kelly*, *Mega-City One*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws*, *Robo-Tales* and *Universal Soldier*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of *Deadline* magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series, which he co-created with writer Peter Milligan. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which was released by Cyberosia Publishing.



MEET THE PRIMATE PERPS!

WELCOME TO MEGA-CITY ONE, a nightmarish metropolis situated along the east coast of post-apocalyptic North America. Poverty is rife, crime is rampant, and only the Judges – empowered to dispense instant justice – can stop total anarchy. Toughest of them all is **JUDGE DREDD** – he *is* the Law!

Spawned from genetically-altered apes created after the 'Atomic Wars', a sizeable population of simian citizens now inhabit many of the Mega-cities and colony worlds. Some, like Don Uggie Apelino and his ape gang have turned to crime. Harry Heston on the other hand, has drawn inspiration from the Big Meg's most notorious lawman, **JUDGE DREDD** and decided to enforce the law himself!

This ape-based anthology features stories from John Wagner (*A History of Violence*), Alan Grant (*Batman*), Arthur Ranson (*Buttonman*) and Jake Lynch (*Judge Dredd*).



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**JUDGE
DREDD**