

JUDGE DREDD

A comic book cover illustration for Judge Dredd. At the top, the title "JUDGE DREDD" is written in large, white, blocky letters with a cracked texture. The letter "J" is partially replaced by a yellow Judge's badge with a star and the word "JUDGE" on it. The background is a dark, stylized landscape with jagged, grey rock formations. A large, dark, metallic "X" is mounted on a rock in the center. In the foreground, Judge Dredd is shown from the back, walking away from the viewer. He is wearing his iconic black uniform and a black helmet with a visor. He is holding a black handgun in his right hand. The ground he is walking on is a light blue, cracked surface. The overall color palette is dark, with greys, blacks, and a touch of yellow from the badge.

MANDROID

JOHN WAGNER ★ KEV WALKER ★ SIMON COLEBY ★ CARL CRITCHLOW



JUDGE DREDD

MANDROID

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

MANDROID

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MANDROID

Script: John Wagner

Art: Kev Walker

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1453-1464

THE SPOOKS CAME OUT OF THE FOG AND CAUGHT THEM COLD. HALF THE PLATOON WAS CUT DOWN BEFORE THEY REALISED THE FOG WAS ACID -- A SULPHUROUS CLOUD THAT WAS EATING THROUGH THEIR BATTLESUITS.

BIG JIM DIED SCREAMING -- THEN BOMBER, AND STACK, AND GUNNER DOWNING, CLUTCHING HER MELTED AIRHOSE AND GURGLING LIKE A SUCKPUMP --

-- UNTIL ONLY SLAUGHTERHOUSE WAS STILL STANDING...



WHERE'S THAT AIRSTRIKE, GODDAMIT? THEY'RE CREAMIN' US!



SERGEANT NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE
DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF QUIT --



YOU SPIDERMONKEYS
GOTTA TRY A LITTLE
HARDER TO NAIL THIS
OLD SPACETROOPER!



EAT IT!



HE'S GONE BLANK!
SLAUGHTERHOUSE!
COME IN,
SLAUGHTERHOUSE--!

I'M GOING
OUT!



STANDING ORDERS,
CAPTAIN! NOBODY
LEAVES THE BUNKER!



THE HELL WITH
ORDERS! CONCENTRATE
ON GETTING THAT DAMN
AIRSTRIKE HERE!



WHEN SHE GOT THERE THE
CLOUD HAD BLOWN PAST.
THE SPOOKS WERE COMBING
THE KILLZONE FOR SURVIVORS.



THEY PUT HIM IN CRYOGENIC SUSPENSION TO LESSEN THE EFFECTS OF THE SHOCK. BY RIGHTS HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE MADE IT OFF THE BATTLEFIELD.

HE'S NOT THE KIND OF MAN TO GIVE SECOND BEST TO ANYTHING -- EVEN DEATH. HE'LL PULL THROUGH.

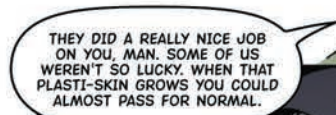
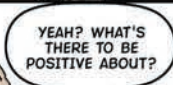
IF HE DOES WE NEED TO CARRY OUT MAJOR SURGERY. AS HIS WIFE, I WILL NEED YOUR PERMISSION.

SHE GAVE IT, OF COURSE, WHAT COULD SHE DO? THOUGH HE NEVER THANKED HER.

I HAVE TO WARN YOU, CAPTAIN ROSSON, YOU MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

YOU DON'T KNOW NATE.

NO, THE MOST HE EVER SAID WAS HE WISHED SHE'D LET HIM DIE...





THAT'S WHAT I SAID TO SCHRODER, YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID?



BELIEVE ME, IT'S ALL IN WORKING ORDER DOWN THERE, SERGEANT. WE'VE GIVEN YOU A TESTOSTERONE IMPLANT. WHEN THE NEURAL CONNECTORS HAVE HAD TIME TO BED IN, YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW.



IN FACT, IF YOU ASK THE WIVES, BETTER.



HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT, KITTY? LOOK AT ME -- LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM, HUH?

THEY DID THE BEST THEY COULD. WE'VE ALL GOT TO LEARN TO DEAL WITH IT.

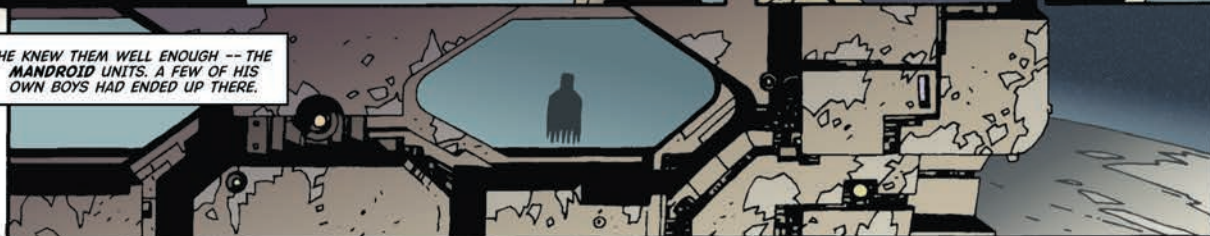


YOU'VE STILL GOT A LIFE, NATE.



DO I?

HE KNEW THEM WELL ENOUGH -- THE MANDROID UNITS. A FEW OF HIS OWN BOYS HAD ENDED UP THERE.



BLOWN APART, CRUSHED, BROKEN-- THEN REBUILT. MORE MACHINE THAN MAN. "POTENTIALLY EXCELLENT SOLDIERS," THEY SAID. FASTER, STRONGER, HARDER TO KILL --

YET ALL HE COULD FEEL WAS REVULSION. THEY WERE FREAKS... GROTESQUES.

NOW HE WAS ONE. A MANDROID.



HEY, DAD.

HEY, UH... GEEZ... THAT... UH... DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD.



TOMMY, YOUR FATHER'S NOT GOING TO COME BACK WITH US TODAY. THEY WANT TO KEEP HIM IN A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

AW.



DOES HE EVER
SPEAK OF...DOING
HIMSELF HARM?

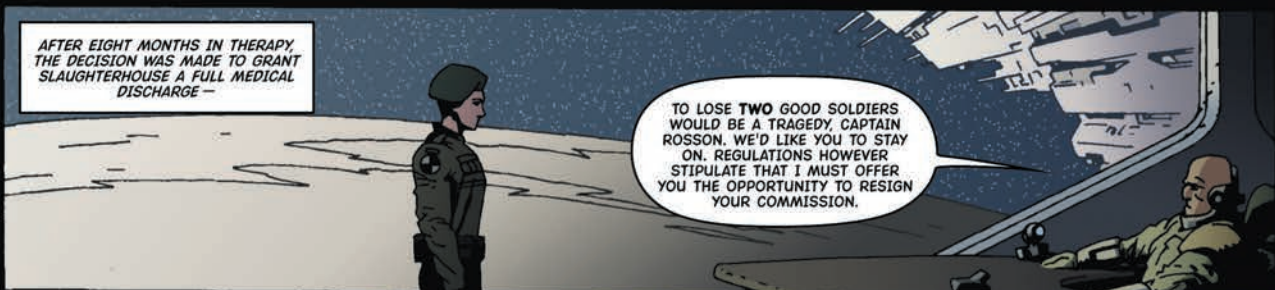
ONCE OR TWICE. BUT
I...I DON'T BELIEVE HE
WOULD. HE KNOWS
HOW THAT WOULD
HURT TOMMY.



I WONDER IF WE MADE A
MISTAKE. IF WE SHOULD
HAVE LET HIM GO...



IT'S LIKE HE'S NOT REALLY
ALIVE ANYMORE. LIKE THE
MAN I KNEW DIED OUT ON
THAT BATTLEFIELD.



AFTER EIGHT MONTHS IN THERAPY,
THE DECISION WAS MADE TO GRANT
SLAUGHTERHOUSE A FULL MEDICAL
DISCHARGE—

TO LOSE **TWO** GOOD SOLDIERS
WOULD BE A TRAGEDY, CAPTAIN
ROSSON. WE'D LIKE YOU TO STAY
ON. REGULATIONS HOWEVER
STIPULATE THAT I MUST OFFER
YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO RESIGN
YOUR COMMISSION.



HE'S MY HUSBAND,
COLONEL. I HAVE TO
GO WITH HIM.

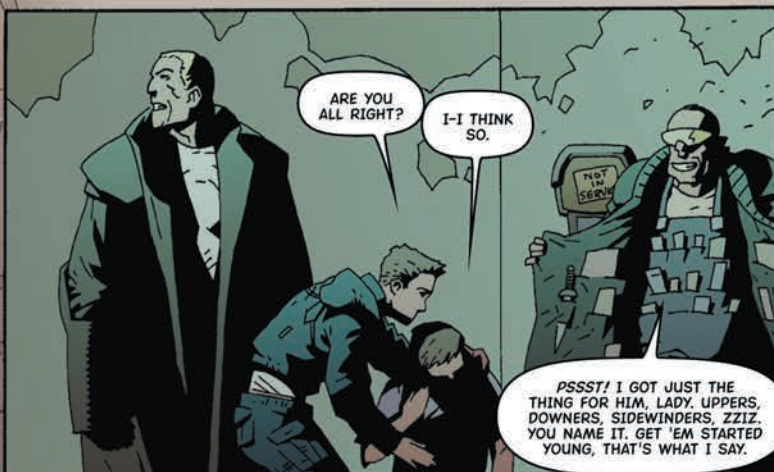
NATE, KITTY AND THEIR SON
TOMMY WERE GRANTED LEAVE TO
RETURN TO MEGA-CITY ONE.

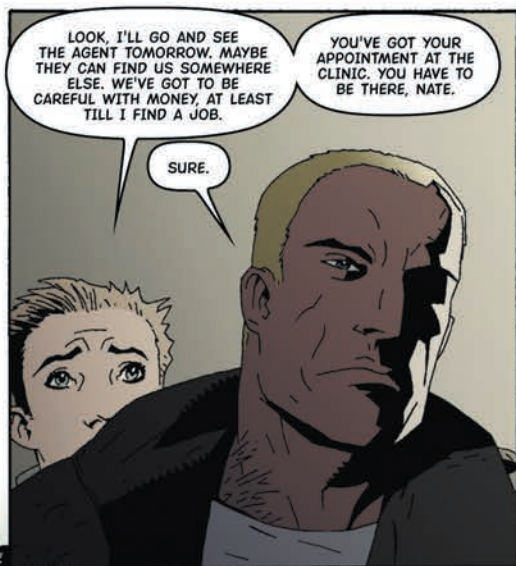
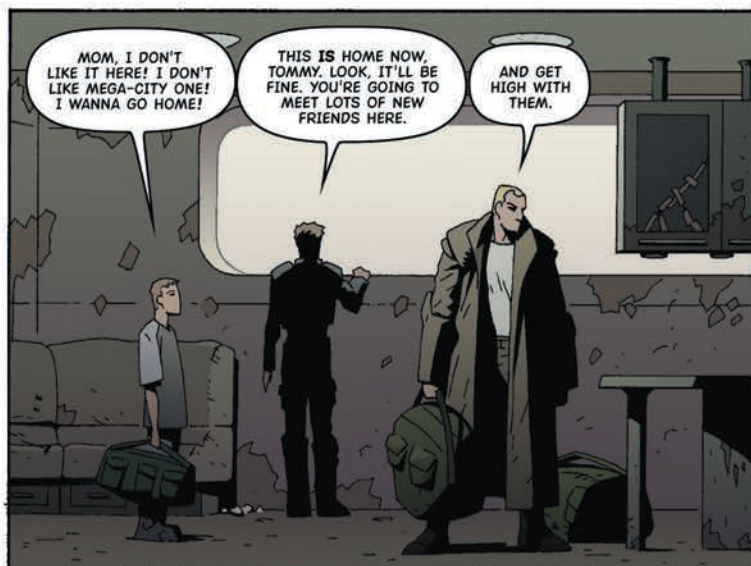
DESPITE SLAUGHTERHOUSE'S
CONDITION, IT WAS FELT THAT
HE WOULD PRESENT NO DANGER
TO THE PUBLIC.



AT THE TIME, IT SEEMED A
REASONABLE ASSUMPTION.

THEY FOUND AN APARTMENT IN DEAN GAFFNEY, AN OLD-STYLE BLOCK IN SECTOR SIX. IT WAS 4100 A MONTH, BUT WITH NATE'S DISCHARGE PAY AND KITTY'S SAVINGS THEY COULD JUST MANAGE IT--







WELL, MAYBE I
DON'T WANT TO BE
A MACHINE!



THEY SAID IT
WOULD BE BETTER
TO HAVE THE
ALTERATIONS CARRIED
OUT HERE, UNDER
THE VETERANS'
PROGRAMME.
THERE'S A
REQUISITION THERE.

SO I SEE.

HAPPY TO DO IT, OF
COURSE, BUT IT CAN TAKE
TIME FOR THE VETERANS'
BOARD TO APPROVE COSTS.
I HOPE YOU CAN LIVE WITH
IT FOR THE TIME BEING?



DOESN'T MATTER
ONE WAY OR THE
OTHER TO ME.



THE AGENT SHOWED
HER TWO OTHER
BLOCKS THAT DAY.
THEY WERE WORSE--

I ASSURE YOU,
THIS DOESN'T
HAPPEN EVERY
DAY!

HE'LL KILL
SOMEONE!

YOU MUNCE-FACED
OLD CROW, COMPLAIN
ABOUT MY NOISE,
WILL YA!



MRS ROSSON--!



OH, YOU
WANT SOME?



OONK!



AT EASE,
BUDDY!

SMACK



YOU REALISE THIS COULD CONSTITUTE ASSAULT AND UNLAWFUL DETENTION?

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO? HE WAS LIKE A MADMAN!

THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO LET IT PASS THIS TIME.



YOU'VE BEEN A LONG TIME OUT OF THE CITY, ROSSON. JUST REMEMBER WE ADMINISTER THE LAW HERE.

AND WHAT IF YOU'RE NOT AROUND?

THAT'S ANOTHER REASON I'M GOING TO LET IT PASS. JUST DON'T MAKE A HABIT OF IT.



YOU COULD HAVE ARRESTED HER, SIR.

AND THE POINT WOULD BE?

IT'S THE LAW, SIR.



SHE'S NOT THE KIND OF PERP WE WANT, TILSON. START BOOKING EVERY CITIZEN FOR SELF D AND WE'LL PRETTY SOON RUN OUT OF CUBE SPACE.

YOU'VE GOT TO USE YOUR DISCRETION. THAT'S WHY WE'RE JUDGES.



I'VE GOT AN INTERVIEW TOMORROW WITH ZANDER BLEAK, THE HEAD'S EX-SPACE CORPS. THEY LIKE MILITARY PEOPLE.

THE BAD NEWS IS, THERE JUST HAPPEN TO BE ANOTHER 16,000 APPLICANTS.

THAT'S THE TROUBLE IN THIS CITY, SO MANY PEOPLE CHASING EVERY VACANCY...



MRS ROSSON? I'M CHARMING O'FLETCHER, FROM 2113? I JUST CALLED ROUND TO WELCOME YOU TO THE BLOCK.

OH, HOW KIND.



AND YOU'RE THE MAN OF THE HOUSE. I HEARD YOU HAD TO WEAR A BODYSUIT. IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING SO, IT DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL BAD.

LOOK, NATE, A CAKE.

YOU'RE THE FIRST FRIENDLY FACE WE'VE SEEN SINCE WE ARRIVED.

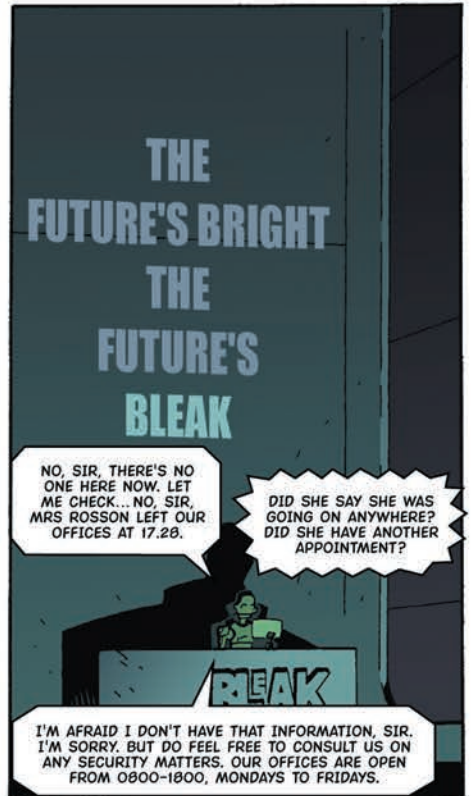




MY NAME IS
SLAUGHTERHOUSE.



MY WIFE KATHERINE ROSSON WAS
SCHEDULED FOR INTERVIEW WITH YOU
AT 16.00, WITH A MR MAKATO. SHE
HASN'T COME HOME, OR CALLED. CAN
YOU TELL ME IF SHE'S STILL THERE?



THE
FUTURE'S BRIGHT
THE
FUTURE'S
BLEAK

NO, SIR, THERE'S NO
ONE HERE NOW. LET
ME CHECK... NO, SIR,
MRS ROSSON LEFT OUR
OFFICES AT 17.28.

DID SHE SAY SHE WAS
GOING ON ANYWHERE?
DID SHE HAVE ANOTHER
APPOINTMENT?

I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE THAT INFORMATION, SIR.
I'M SORRY. BUT DO FEEL FREE TO CONSULT US ON
ANY SECURITY MATTERS. OUR OFFICES ARE OPEN
FROM 0800-1800, MONDAYS TO FRIDAYS.



CALL KITTY
AGAIN.

MAYBE HER
COM'S BROKE.

IF SHE'S WAS GOING
TO BE THIS LATE SHE
WOULD HAVE CALLED...



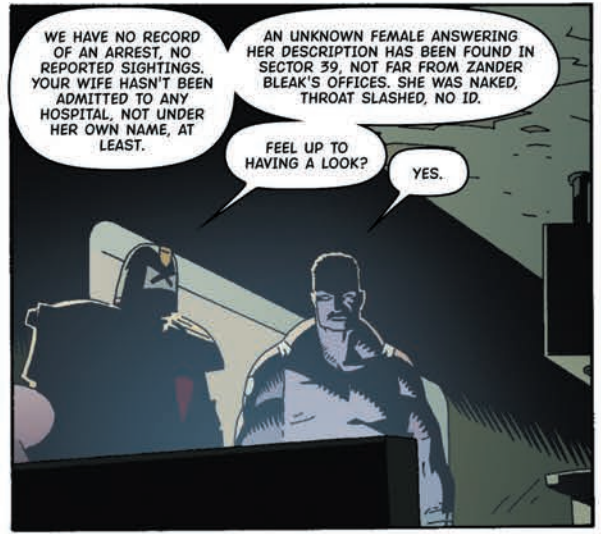
BZZZZZ



DADDDDDDDDDDD!





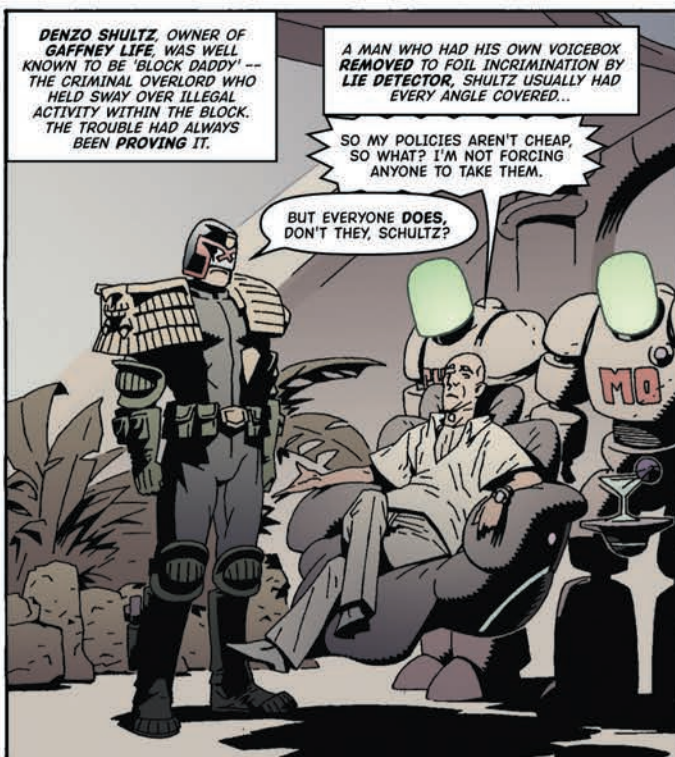


CHARMING O'FLETCHER DENIED ANY ATTEMPT TO EXTORT MONEY FROM THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE/ROSSON FAMILY.

THOUGH SHE HAD BEEN TOLD HER EMPLOYER, GAFFNEY LIFE, WAS A **FRONT FOR CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES**, SHE STEADFASTLY REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT.

THE LIE DETECTOR BACKED HER STORY.





DENZO SHULTZ, OWNER OF GAFFNEY LIFE, WAS WELL KNOWN TO BE 'BLOCK DADDY' -- THE CRIMINAL OVERLORD WHO HELD SWAY OVER ILLEGAL ACTIVITY WITHIN THE BLOCK. THE TROUBLE HAD ALWAYS BEEN PROVING IT.

A MAN WHO HAD HIS OWN VOICEBOX REMOVED TO FOIL INCRIMINATION BY LIE DETECTOR, SHULTZ USUALLY HAD EVERY ANGLE COVERED...

SO MY POLICIES AREN'T CHEAP, SO WHAT? I'M NOT FORCING ANYONE TO TAKE THEM.

BUT EVERYONE DOES, DON'T THEY, SCHULTZ?



HE TOOK HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING ANYWAY. NO REASON TO MAKE THINGS EASY FOR HIM.

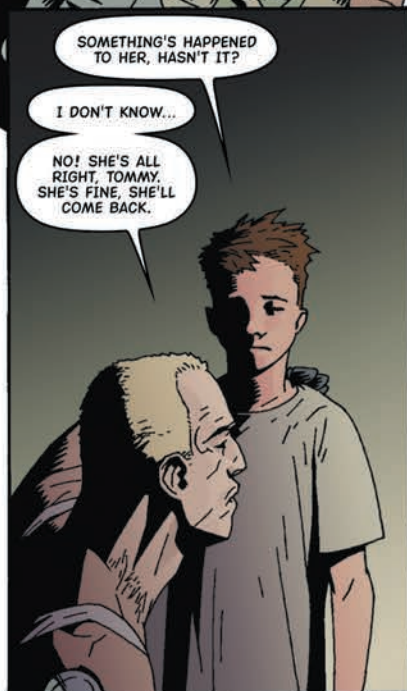


AS FOR ROSSON, HE FIGURED SHE'D SHOW UP. MOVING HOME WAS A TOUGH TIME. TENSIONS GOT HIGH. UNDERSTANDABLE IF SHE WANTED A LITTLE SPACE.

COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASY, LIVING WITH A MANDROID... SEEING THAT HAPPEN TO THE MAN YOU LOVED.



DAD...



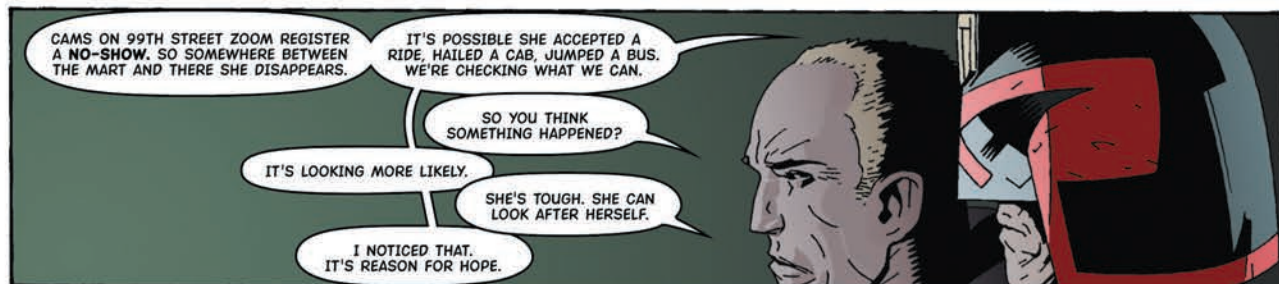
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HER, HASN'T IT?

I DON'T KNOW...

NO! SHE'S ALL RIGHT, TOMMY. SHE'S FINE, SHE'LL COME BACK.



IT'S ME. IT'S MY FAULT. I HAVEN'T BEEN EASY TO GET ALONG WITH. SHE JUST...WANTS SOME TIME TO HERSELF, THAT'S ALL. YOU'LL SEE.





DENZO SHULTZ. THEY CALL HIM **BOSS SHULTZ**. HE RUNS GAFFNEY LIFE AND THE **BLOCK**. NO HARM TELLING YOU THAT, YOU'D SOON FIND OUT.

IF YOU KNOW WHO HE IS--

WHY DON'T WE DO SOMETHING? WE'RE TRYING, BELIEVE ME.

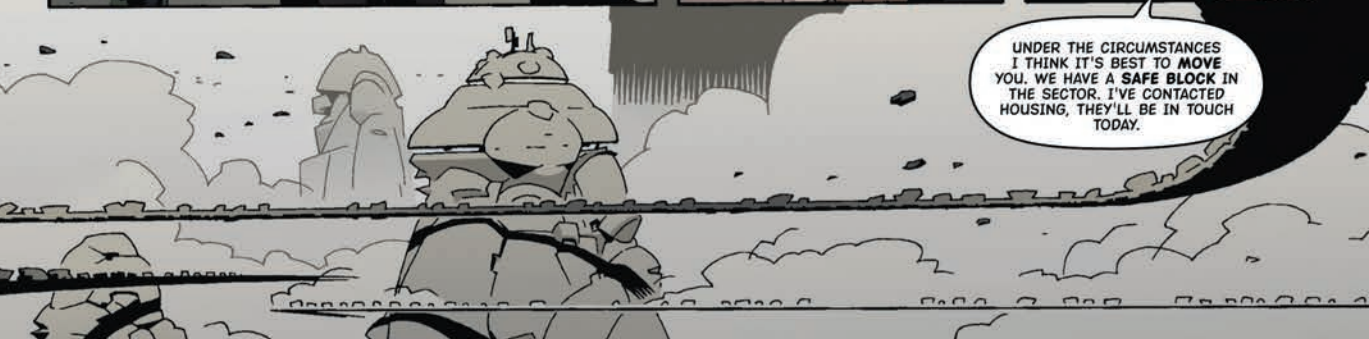


IN THE MEANTIME I DON'T WANT YOU TAKING THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS, SLAUGHTERHOUSE. TAKE THIS AS A WARNING.

IF HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH KITTY--



I DON'T THINK SO. IT WOULD BE GOING TOO FAR, TOO SOON. THE **ARSON** ATTACK WAS YOUR REMINDER.



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I THINK IT'S BEST TO **MOVE** YOU. WE HAVE A **SAFE BLOCK** IN THE SECTOR. I'VE CONTACTED HOUSING, THEY'LL BE IN TOUCH TODAY.



YOU OKAY, BOSS?

OKAY? THOSE SCUM! NO, I AIN'T OKAY! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID? THEY **DRUGGED** ME! **DRUGGED** ME!



ALLERGIC REACTION -- THEY HAD TO GET THE ANTIDOTE IN FAST! I WAS SWELLIN' UP LIKE A **BALLOON**! THEY NEARLY **KILLED** ME! THOSE **FUGS**! THOSE SCUM!



I'M GONNA **GET** HIM! THAT FREAKIN' **TIN MAN**! HE BROUGHT THEM DOWN ON ME! HE SHOULDA KEPT HIS **MOUTH** SHUT! I'M GONNA MAKE HIM WISH HE'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

FEINSTEIN WAS A CUT ABOVE GAFFNEY. THEY HAD THREE BLOCK JUDGES ON DUTY. THEY NEEDED THEM. A LOT OF THE FAMILIES THERE WERE UNDER PROTECTION.



THE APARTMENT WAS CLEAN, BRIGHT AND COMFORTABLY FURNISHED. IRONIC. KITTY WOULD HAVE LIKED IT...



THE RENTAL IS 5339 A MONTH. BUT AS YOU'RE OFFICIALLY UNDER PROTECTION THE VICTIM'S FUND WILL MAKE UP ANY SHORTFALL, SO DON'T WORRY.

...WOULD LIKE IT. HE COULDN'T LET HIMSELF START THINKING LIKE THAT.



MOST OF THAT FIRST DAY THEY UNPACKED AND WAITED FOR NEWS, GOOD OR BAD.



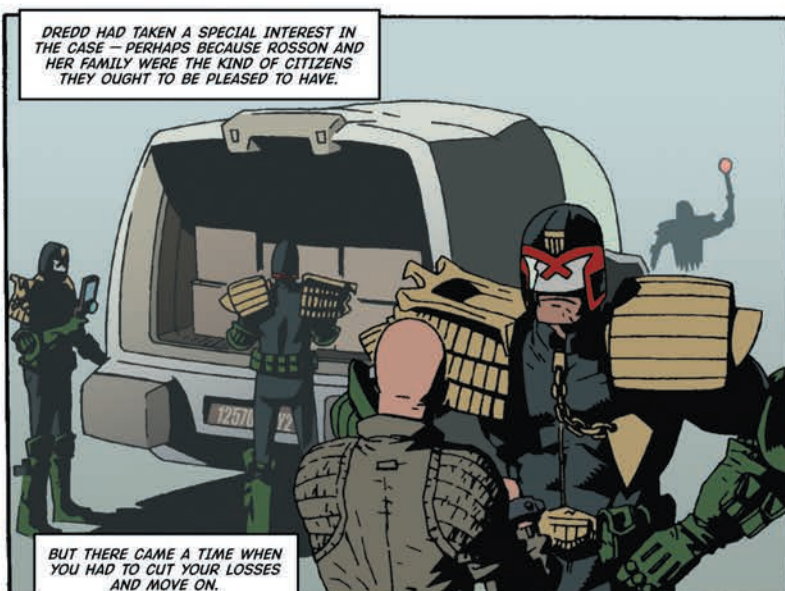
CITIZEN SLAUGHTERHOUSE — JUDGE DREDD HAS ASKED ME INFORM YOU THAT THE INVESTIGATION IS PROCEEDING. AS YET THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER TO GIVE YOU. YOU WILL LET US KNOW IF YOUR WIFE TURNS UP?





AFTER THE FOURTH DAY JUDGES PUT THE CASE ON THE BACK BURNER.

THEY'D SEARCHED THE STRETCH OF 99TH STREET WHERE KITTY ROSSON HAD DISAPPEARED. THEY'D QUESTIONED PASSERS-BY AND PUT A TRACE ON VEHICLES ENTERING AND LEAVING THE AREA AT OR AROUND THE TIME OF THE DISAPPEARANCE.



DREDD HAD TAKEN A SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE CASE — PERHAPS BECAUSE ROSSON AND HER FAMILY WERE THE KIND OF CITIZENS THEY OUGHT TO BE PLEASED TO HAVE.

BUT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN YOU HAD TO CUT YOUR LOSSES AND MOVE ON.



ANY JANE DOE THAT COMES IN, ALL DNA AND FINGERPRINT EVIDENCE WILL BE TESTED AGAINST HERS AUTOMATICALLY. HER DETAILS HAVE GONE OUT TO EVERY STREET UNIT AND EVERY HOSPITAL, FOR THE MOMENT THAT'S THE BEST WE CAN DO.

YOU'RE QUITTING?

WE'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME ON THIS INVESTIGATION, SLAUGHTERHOUSE. WE'VE GOT A WHOLE CITY TO LOOK AFTER.



IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, IN SIXTEEN PER CENT OF THESE CASES THE MISSING PERSON COMES BACK OF THEIR OWN ACCORD.

SURE.



HE DIDN'T GO INTO THE OTHER POSSIBILITIES. SLAUGHTERHOUSE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE THAT OUT FOR HIMSELF.

SHE... SHE'S NOT COMING BACK, IS SHE, DAD?

SURE SHE IS, SON.

SHE COULD HAVE HAD AN ACCIDENT, LOST HER MEMORY. SHE'S WANDERING ABOUT OUT THERE, LOST, LOOKING FOR US.

IT HAPPENS, I'VE HEARD OF IT. THERE'S ALL SORTS OF EXPLANATIONS.



WHATEVER THE REASON, I'M GOING TO FIND HER, TOMMY. I WON'T LEAVE HER OUT THERE. WE'LL GET HER BACK.

PSU SPOTTED THE SHORTHaulER ON A ROUTINE SURVEILLANCE, ONE OF THE VEHICLES FROM THE KITTY ROSSON SEARCH THEY HAD BEEN UNABLE TO FIND.

THE PLATES WERE FALSE, REGISTERED TO A FOORD SLABMASTER IN THE HAB ZONE.

PULL OVER!

THE CREW CHOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT—

BAAAAARRRRRR

FMCHH

THE COMPARTMENT WAS SOUNDPROOFED, FITTED OUT FOR UP TO EIGHT CAPTIVES. AN INJECTOR IN THE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT WAS LOADED WITH A KNOCKOUT DRUG.

HE GUESSED ORGANLEGGERS, BUT YOU NEVER COULD BE SURE THESE DAYS.

THAT DID NOT MEAN SHE HAD NOT BEEN AN UNWILLING PASSENGER.

A NUMBER OF SPOTS OF CONGEALED BLOOD ON THE FLOOR AND SKIN TRACES ON THE MANACLES WERE DNA TESTED.

CHECKS CAME BACK POSITIVE FOR SIX OTHER MISSING PERSONS, THOUGH NOT FOR KITTY ROSSON.



NATE STARTED ON 99TH STREET, RETRACING HER ROUTE, SEARCHING WITH A MILITARY EYE FOR SOME CLUE, SOMETHING THAT WOULD TELL HIM HOW A FIT, STRONG WOMAN COULD DISAPPEAR IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

HE SHOWED HER PICTURE TO EVERYONE HE PASSED. WERE THEY THERE? HAD THEY SEEN HER?



HE SPOKE TO MAKATO AT ZANDER BLEAK, WHERE KITTY HAD HER INTERVIEW--

SHE DIDN'T MENTION SOMEWHERE SHE WAS GOING -- ANYONE SHE WAS GOING TO MEET?

NO...I'M SORRY. I WISH I COULD HELP YOU, BUT WE MERELY DISCUSSED THE JOB.



I LIKED HER. I PUT HER ON THE SHORTLIST.

I DO HOPE YOU FIND HER, MR SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

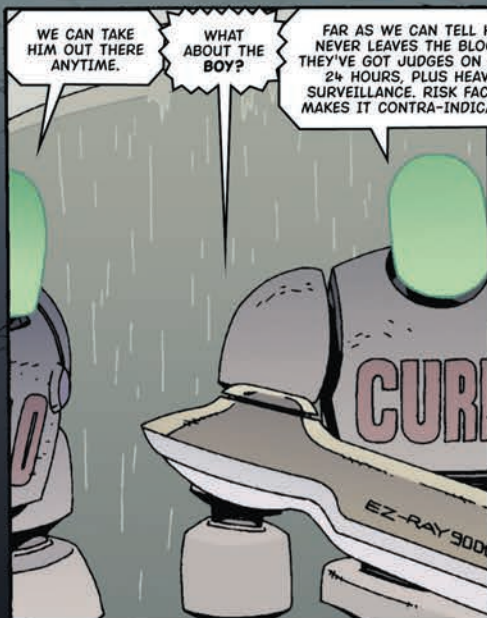
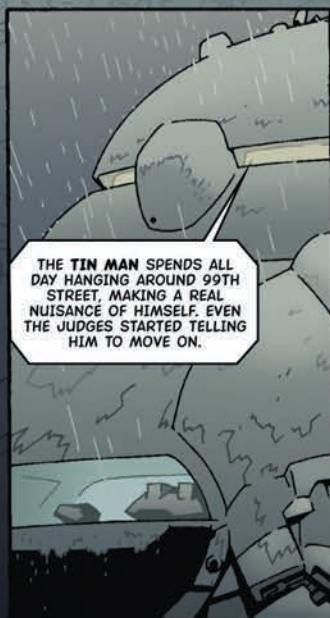


THE TIN MAN SPENDS ALL DAY HANGING AROUND 99TH STREET, MAKING A REAL NUISANCE OF HIMSELF. EVEN THE JUDGES STARTED TELLING HIM TO MOVE ON.

WE CAN TAKE HIM OUT THERE ANYTIME.

WHAT ABOUT THE BOY?

FAR AS WE CAN TELL HE NEVER LEAVES THE BLOCK. THEY'VE GOT JUDGES ON DUTY 24 HOURS, PLUS HEAVY SURVEILLANCE. RISK FACTOR MAKES IT CONTRA-INDICATED.



YOUR TROUBLE IS, YOU DON'T THINK LIKE A HUMAN. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND REVENGE. I, HOWEVER, DO. I'M GOING TO HIT THE TIN MAN WHERE IT HURTS MOST...



HE BROADENED HIS SEARCH, TO PLACES HE THOUGHT SHE MIGHT GO -- VETERANS' ASSOCIATIONS, JOB AGENCIES, OFF-WORLD RESTAURANTS.



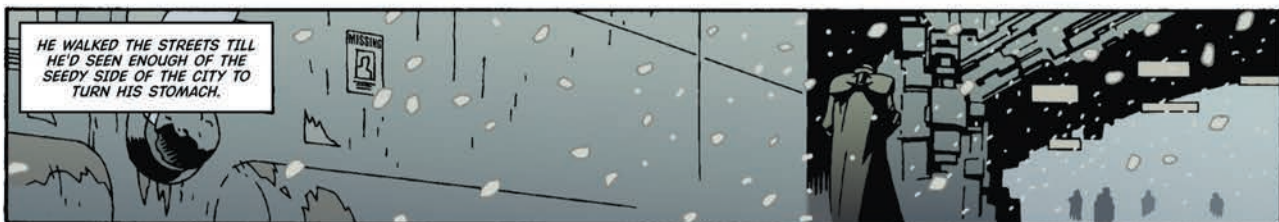
SHE HAD TO EAT -- OFF-WORLD WAS WHAT SHE LIKED.



YOU'VE BEEN NEGLECTING YOURSELF, NATE. YOU'VE BEEN MISSING MEDICATION. THESE FILTERS NEED REGULAR FLUSHING -- THE FLUID LEVEL ON YOUR DIGESTIVE SAC IS DANGEROUSLY LOW.

YOU'RE A FINELY TUNED MACHINE NOW. FAIL TO LOOK AFTER THESE THINGS AND IT COULD BE FATAL.

YES, I WILL. I'VE JUST HAD THINGS ON MY MIND.



HE WALKED THE STREETS TILL HE'D SEEN ENOUGH OF THE SEEDY SIDE OF THE CITY TO TURN HIS STOMACH.



NO-UhhNhi

GET LOST -- 'LESS YOU WANT SOME TOO, MAN!



ping



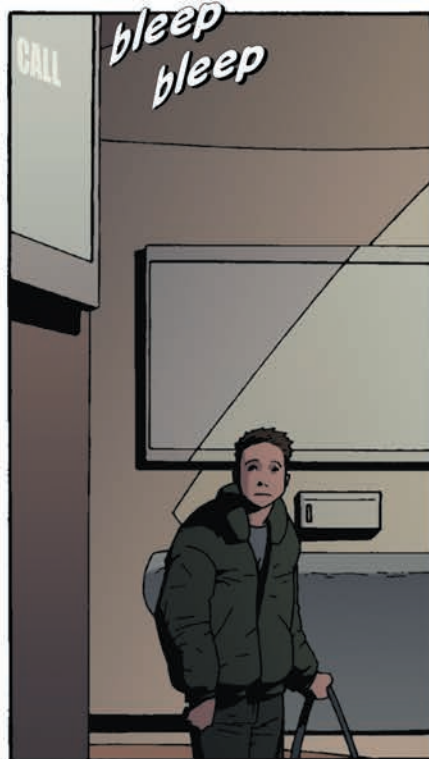
HE WONDERED WHY THEY'D EVER COME TO THIS HUMAN CESSPIT --

HOLY JOVIS!



BUT OF COURSE, IT WAS BECAUSE OF HIM.

MISTER, WAIT --





TOMMY WAS CAUGHT BY CAMERAS LEAVING THE BLOCK AT 17.21. HE WAS ALONE. HE SEEMED IN A HURRY.

RECORDS SHOW TWO RECENT CALLS -- ONE TO HIS OWN COM AT 17.15. THAT WAS FROM YOUR NUMBER.

A SECOND CALL FROM AN UNIDENTIFIED SOURCE TO THE APARTMENT COM AT 17.16. THE CALL LASTED 58 SECONDS.



WHERE WERE YOU?

I... I GOT HELD UP AT THE VETERANS' UNION. I'M ALWAYS THERE WHEN TOMMY GETS HOME FROM SCHOOL, BUT TONIGHT...



OH GOD.



I'M SORRY.



HE DID THIS -- SHULTZ!

WE DON'T KNOW THAT.

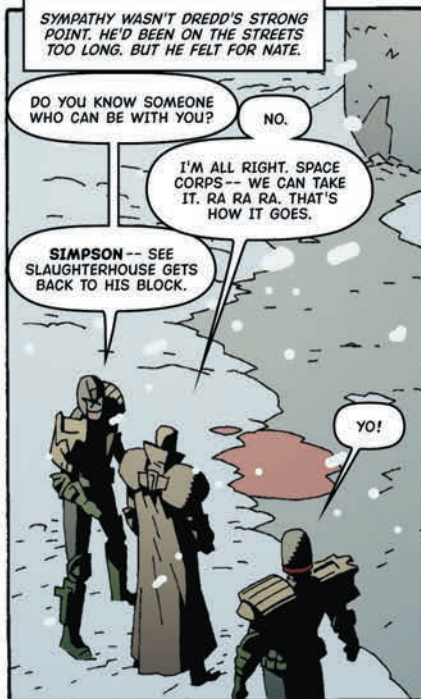
WHO ELSE? WE MADE TROUBLE FOR HIS EXTORTION RACKET IN GAFFNEY, WHO ELSE HAD REASON?

HE'S HIGH ON OUR LIST OF SUSPECTS, BELIEVE ME.



IN FACT, I'VE HAD HIM TAKEN INTO CUSTODY. SO HE'S OUT OF REACH, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, SHOULD YOU GET ANY IDEAS.

I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER, BUT LEAVE THIS TO US. I PROMISE YOU, WE WON'T REST UNTIL WE FIND WHO DID IT.



SYMPATHY WASN'T DREDD'S STRONG POINT. HE'D BEEN ON THE STREETS TOO LONG. BUT HE FELT FOR NATE.

DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN BE WITH YOU?

NO.

I'M ALL RIGHT. SPACE CORPS -- WE CAN TAKE IT. RA RA RA. THAT'S HOW IT GOES.

SIMPSON -- SEE SLAUGHTERHOUSE GETS BACK TO HIS BLOCK.

YO!



IT WAS SYMPATHY TINGED WITH GUILT. DREDD WAS THE ONE WHO HAD RELEASED BOSS SHULTZ.

THERE WERE LIMITS, EVEN TO THEIR POWERS. HE COULDN'T LOCK A MAN AWAY WITHOUT PROOF, BUT MAYBE HE COULD HAVE TRIED A LITTLE HARDER...

FOUND HIM HIDING IN A DRAINAGE PIPE.



WHY WERE YOU HIDING, CHARLIE?

I SEE ALL YOU JAYS, MAN, THAT MEANS TROUBLE! 'COURSE I'M GONNA LIE LOW! I AIN'T STUPID!

CHARLIE SAW SOMETHING, DIDN'T YOU, CHARLIE?



THREE JUVES -- WEARIN' BLACK AN' ALL THEM STUDS. STANDIN' JUST OVER THERE. JUST STANDIN' -- LIKE THEY WAS WAITIN' FOR SOMETHIN'.

WHEN WAS THIS?

I DUNNO. COUPLA HOURS AGO.



THAT WOULD FIT. YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT THEM?

NAW, DIN'T WANNA GET CLOSE. THEY WAS BAD TYPES, I COULD TELL.



BIT OF LUCK HERE.

WHAT IS IT?

MUCUS. COULD BE WE'VE GOT A SPITTER.



ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS.



HIS FAULT. HIS DAMN FAULT.

HE WAS THE REASON THEY'D
COME TO THE CITY. IF HE'D
BEEN A MAN — SHOULDERS
HIS RESPONSIBILITIES...



...BUT NO, TOO BUSY FEELING
SORRY FOR HIMSELF. HE'D
KILLED THEM.



YES, **THEM**. IT WAS NO GOOD FOOLING HIMSELF
ANYMORE, **KITTY** WAS DEAD TOO. HE'D JUST BEEN
REFUSING TO ADMIT IT. HE'D **KILLED** THEM BOTH.

HIM AND THIS DAMNED CITY!



WE'RE LOOKING FOR **THREE JUVES**, LOCAL. WE CAN'T
TIE THEM TO THE PHONE CALL YET BUT WE HAVE **FORENSIC**
EVIDENCE AND A **WITNESS** WHO SAW THEM AT THE SCENE.

I CAN RELEASE TOMMY TO
YOU NOW. I'LL HAVE HIM
SENT STRAIGHT OVER TO
RESYK, UNLESS YOU'VE GOT
OTHER PLANS.

NO...NO PLANS.





WE NOW RELEASE
THIS CHILD TO HIS
ETERNAL REST.



YOU DON'T WANT
TO WATCH HIM, ON
THE BELT?

NO.

MANY
PEOPLE FIND IT
A COMFORT--

BEAT IT,
WILL YOU,
PAL?

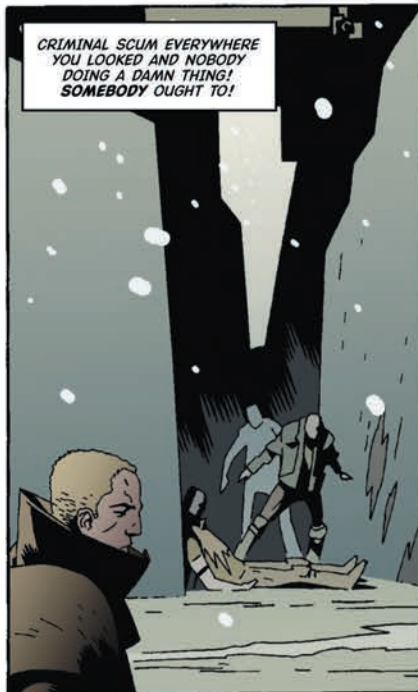


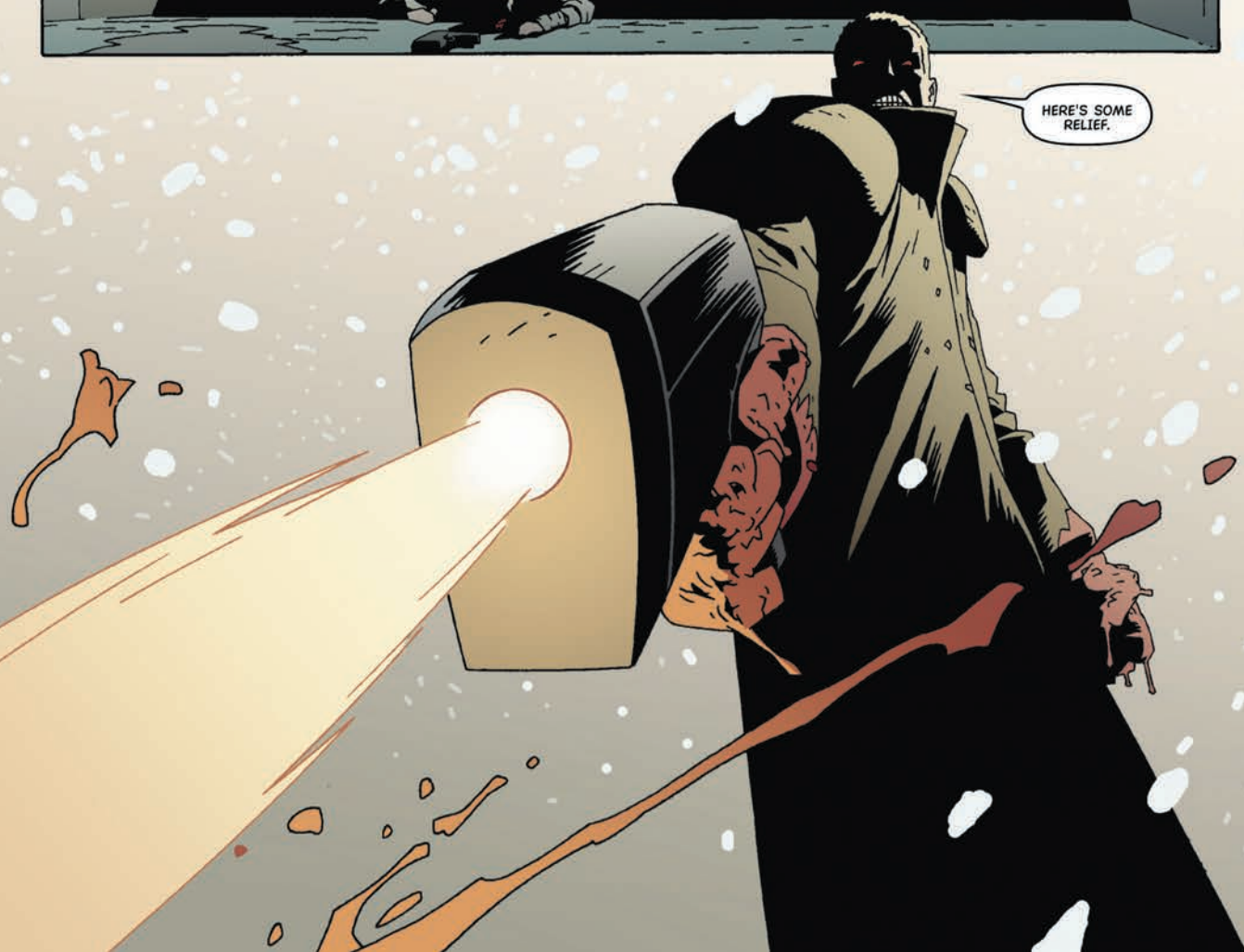
YOU'RE WELCOME
TO COME DOWN TO
THE YARD. PLENTY
OF ROOM-- STAY AS
LONG AS YOU LIKE.
GUY SHOULDN'T BE
ALONE AT A TIME
LIKE THIS.

THANKS, LEFTY.
RECKON I WOULDN'T
BE MUCH COMPANY.



HE WALKED BACK THROUGH THE
CITY, HATING IT MORE WITH
EVERY STEP. HATING HIMSELF
FOR BRINGING THEM HERE.







HE WASHED DOWN HIS COAT AND SHOWERED OFF THE REST OF THE GORE.



HE HAD TO CLEAN THE DIRTBAG'S BRAINS OUT OF HIS PISTON GEAR WITH A NAILBRUSH.

NEXT TIME HE'D HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL. TAKE PRECAUTIONS.



NEXT TIME?



bing bong
bing bong



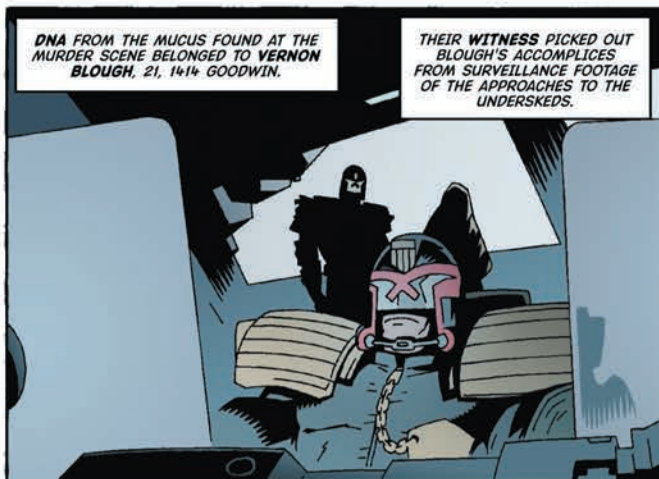
JUDGE DREDD.



HAD SOME BUSINESS IN BLOCK, STOPPED BY TO UPDATE YOU. WE'VE FOUND TWO OF THE JUVES.

FOUND THEM...?

TOMMY'S KILLERS.



DNA FROM THE MUCUS FOUND AT THE MURDER SCENE BELONGED TO VERNON BLOUGH, 21, 1414 GOODWIN.

THEIR WITNESS PICKED OUT BLOUGH'S ACCOMPLICES FROM SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF THE APPROACHES TO THE UNDERSKEDS.



THAT'S THEM!



THEY'D LOCATED BLOUGH AND QUINN AT THE APARTMENT OF A FORMER GIRLFRIEND.

THERE WAS A KILO OF ZZIZ ON THE TABLE, CUT WITH A POWERFUL COAGULANT. THEIR BLOOD HAD LITERALLY TURNED SOLID.



WE FIGURE THE THREE WERE HIRED TO DO THE JOB. THE ZZIZ WAS PAYMENT -- CUTTING IT WITH VEIN JELLY ENSURED THEY WOULDN'T BE AROUND TO FINGER THE CONTRACTOR.

WE'RE STILL SEARCHING FOR FRIGG. WE KNOW HE WAS AT THE APARTMENT. WE'LL FIND HIM.

TWO DOWN...

GOOD.



LISTEN, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, WHEN YOU'VE HAD TIME, YOU MIGHT CONSIDER APPLYING FOR A POSITION AS AN AUXILIARY. I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD.

THANKS.



A JOB -- THIS APARTMENT... A LITTLE SECURITY. SOME KIND OF LIFE. IT'S WHAT KITTY WANTED.

A LITTLE TOO LATE... BUT THANKS.

SO THEY WEREN'T THE ONES,
THE DIRTBAGS HE'D WASTED.
FOR A WHILE HE'D ALLOWED
HIMSELF TO IMAGINE —

STILL, IF THEY WEREN'T HIS THEY WERE
SOMEBODY ELSE'S NIGHTMARE. HE DIDN'T
FEEL GUILTY. HE ALMOST FELT GOOD.

SCUM LIKE THEM, WHAT GOOD HAD THEY
EVER DONE FOR HUMANITY? IT WAS TIME
SOMEBODY STOOD UP AND SAID ENOUGH.
HE DID IT AND HE'D DO IT AGAIN!

WHY NOT? WHAT DID HE
HAVE TO LOSE NOW?

DANDAN JEFFERSON, 23,
HUBBARD CONAPTS. GOT A
RECORD GOES BACK TO
BEFORE HE COULD WALK.
LOOKS LIKE HE WAS HIT BY
A PILEDRIVER — BRAINS
SPLATTERED ALL OVER.

BROTHER CLINTON OVER
THERE ISN'T A PRETTY
SIGHT EITHER. SINGLE
BLOW, CRUSHED HIS SKULL
LIKE AN EGGSHELL.

THIRD VICTIM
IS BO EEVERS, 27,
LIVES IN THE
BRIGHT STREET
STACKERS. SHOT
DOWN THEN
FINISHED OFF FROM
CLOSE RANGE.
NOTICE THE
LASERBLADE IN
HIS HAND.

FOUND A
HANDBLASTER CLOSE TO
CLINTON JEFFERSON'S
BODY. LOOKS LIKE THE
BOYS MIGHT HAVE
PULLED A STICK-UP JOB
ON THE WRONG PARTY.

ANY
WITNESSES?

THE USUAL. NOBODY
SAW ANYTHING.

CREEPS LIKE THESE, YOU
WONDER SOMETIMES WHY
WE BOTHER. SOMEBODY
DID THE CITY A BIG
FAVOUR. JUST WRITE 'EM
OFF AND MOVE ON.

UNFORTUNATELY,
THE LAW SAYS
OTHERWISE.

DOWNTOWN SECTOR 6,
THE NEXT NIGHT--







POWDER MERCHANTS.
HE WATCHED THEM TILL
HE KNEW THEIR ROUTINE.

ONE OF THEM HELD THE
PAYMENT WHILE THE OTHER
COLLECTED THE DRUGS FROM
THE UNLIT SLABMASTER
PARKED DOWN THE STREET.

NOTHING THE JUDGES COULDN'T
HAVE DEALT WITH -- IF THE JUDGES
HAD BEEN DOING THEIR JOB.

WHO THIS?

WATCH IT, HE'S
PACKIN'--!

UNNH!

SPUCK

BOW

FREAKIN' MANIAC!
WHAT'S YOUR FREAKIN'
PROBLEM?

J-JOVIS!

YOU--

YOU'RE MY
PROBLEM!

BROW
BROW

SPOFF

HUKK

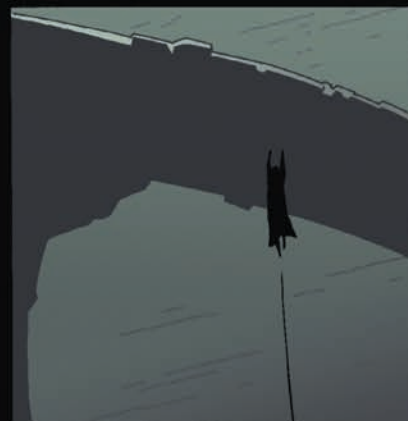
CRIPES!





A SIREN --

FROM BOTH SIDES.
CLOSING IN.





HE CAUGHT THE ZOOM BACK TO HIS BLOCK, HOLDING HIS COAT HIGH TO COVER THE BLAST HOLES.



THE BODYSHELL HAD STOOD UP WELL. THE PLASTI-SKIN WOULD GROW AGAIN, THOUGH NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH TO PREVENT SOME AWKWARD QUESTIONS IF ANYONE SAW IT.

SHOULD HAVE APPLIED HIMSELF MORE TO MASTERING THE BODYSUIT. HE'D ALMOST MISSED THAT JUMP. COULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF HIM.

MAYBE THAT WOULD BE NO BAD THING...



WE'RE THE FELTONS FROM ALONG THE CORRIDOR. WE...HEARD ABOUT YOUR LITTLE BOY. IT WAS ON THE BLOCK NEWS.

WE CAME TO SAY HOW VERY SORRY WE WERE.



WE SAW HIM A LOT, COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL. A VERY POLITE BOY. YOU BROUGHT HIM UP WELL. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD.

AND STILL NO SIGN OF YOUR WIFE?

NO. NONE.



WE'RE SO VERY SORRY.

COLD-BLOODED MURDER. WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING?





LEMME GO! LEMME GO,
YOU SCUMSUCKERS!
YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON
ME! NOTHIN'!



CISCO FRIGG, AGE 22,
WE FOUND HIM RENTING
A CUBICLE AT THE YOUNG
JUVES.

WE GOT HIS PRINTS AT
THE APARTMENT AND A
WITNESS WHO TIES HIM
TO THE MURDER SCENE.
THERE WAS BLOOD ON HIS
CLOTHES -- PROBABLY THE
BOY'S. FORENSICS IS
CHECKING IT NOW.

IF THIS IS ABOUT
THAT JUVEY, I DIDN'T
HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO
WITH IT, SEE!

WH-WHAT'RE YOU
LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE
THAT FOR?

I'M JUST COUNTING.
FRIGG. COUNTING THE
YEARS I'M GOING TO
PUT YOU AWAY FOR.

I'M UP TO TWENTY.
OOPS. THERE GOES
TWENTY-ONE.

OKAY, OKAY, I ADMIT IT, I WAS
THERE! BUT I DIDN'T TOUCH THE KID!
BLOUGH AN' QUINNY -- THEY DID IT!
THEY CUT HIM UP! I BEGGED 'EM TO
STOP! I BEGGED 'EM!

I-I TRIED TO PULL THEM OFF!
TH-THAT'S HOW I GOT THE
BLOOD ON MY CLOTHES!
HONEST TO GRUD! YOU'VE
GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

TWENTY-TWO.

L-LOOK, MAYBE I... I DID
STAB HIM A BIT -- JUST
ONCE OR TWICE. BUT I
HAD TO! THOSE OTHER
GUYS, THEYDA KILLED ME
IF THEY THOUGHT I WAS
BACKIN' OUT!

ANYWAY, WE DIDN'T
HAVE NO CHOICE! WE HAD
ORDERS TO KILL HIM!
ORDERS! I... I CAN'T TELL
YOU FROM WHO --

TWENTY-FIVE.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT,
I'LL TELL YOU! JOVIS GRUD,
YOU JUDGES! YOU DON'T
GIVE NOBODY A BREAK!

IT WAS TONIO, TONIO BLO--
THEY CALL HIM LITTLE TONIO.
YOU GET AN ORDER FROM
TONIO, MAN, YOU DON'T ASK
QUESTIONS, YOU JUST DO IT!

HELL, IF HE KNEW I
WAS TALKIN' TO YOU MY
LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH
A PLUGGED CRED! Y-YOU
WON'T TELL HIM, WILL
YOU? PLEASE! I'M
BEGGIN' YOU!

PICK UP
LITTLE TONIO.



THEY PICKED HIM UP BY
THE NIGHTMARKET ON
HAWSE AS ARRANGED.

THE SECOND HALF OF
YOUR FEE. YOUR MEN
DID A VERY ACCEPTABLE
JOB, TONIO.

SLICED THE KID
UP LIKE A BUTCHER
LESSON. THOUGHT
YOU'D LIKE THAT.

OUR EMPLOYER WILL
BE VERY PLEASED.
WE MAY CALL ON
YOUR SERVICES
AGAIN.

YOU DO
THAT.

AND TONIO --
REMEMBER, NOT
A WORD.

DISCRETION
IS MY MIDDLE
NAME.



EVENING BRIEFING.
SECTOR HOUSE 6 --

22.14 LAST NIGHT. MICHAEL MINCH, 24, AND LANDO OVERS, 28 -- TWO CREEPS WELL KNOWN TO THIS SECTOR HOUSE -- PULL A STICK-UP AT THE CORNER MART ON SHERIDAN.

ACCORDING TO THE SHOPKEEPERS A PASSER-BY STOPS IN THE DOORWAY. THEY DESCRIBE HIM AS A TALL, MALE CAUCASIAN, WELL-BUILT, WEARING LONG OVERJAK AND LOW-BRIM HAT.

THE PASSER-BY FIRES TWO SHOTS FROM A HANDBLASTER -- BY THE BURN PATTERN WE'RE GUESSING A JENSEN OR BUTTERFIELD II.

THE FIRST SHOT TAKES OUT OVERS. THE SECOND REMOVES A LARGE SECTION OF MINCH'S HEAD.



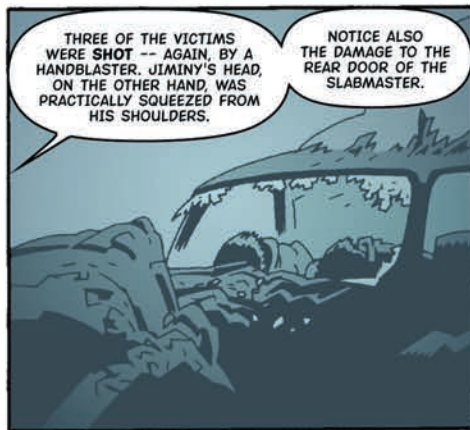
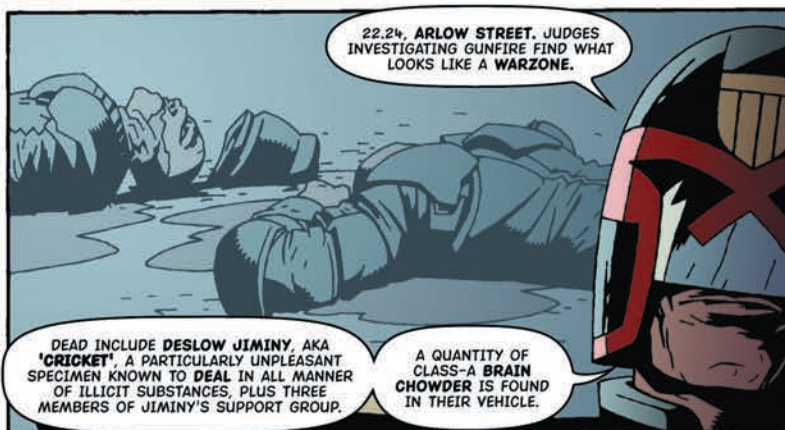
22.24, ARLOW STREET. JUDGES INVESTIGATING GUNFIRE FIND WHAT LOOKS LIKE A WARZONE.

DEAD INCLUDE DESLOW JIMINY, AKA 'CRICKET', A PARTICULARLY UNPLEASANT SPECIMEN KNOWN TO DEAL IN ALL MANNER OF ILLICIT SUBSTANCES, PLUS THREE MEMBERS OF JIMINY'S SUPPORT GROUP.

A QUANTITY OF CLASS-A BRAIN CHOWDER IS FOUND IN THEIR VEHICLE.

THREE OF THE VICTIMS WERE SHOT -- AGAIN, BY A HANDBLASTER. JIMINY'S HEAD, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS PRACTICALLY SQUEEZED FROM HIS SHOULDERS.

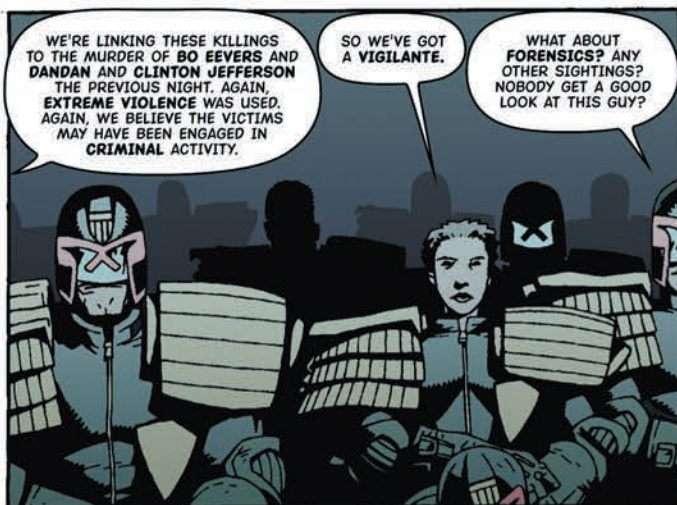
NOTICE ALSO THE DAMAGE TO THE REAR DOOR OF THE SLABMASTER.



WE'RE LINKING THESE KILLINGS TO THE MURDER OF BO EEVERS AND DANDAN AND CLINTON JEFFERSON THE PREVIOUS NIGHT. AGAIN, EXTREME VIOLENCE WAS USED. AGAIN, WE BELIEVE THE VICTIMS MAY HAVE BEEN ENGAGED IN CRIMINAL ACTIVITY.

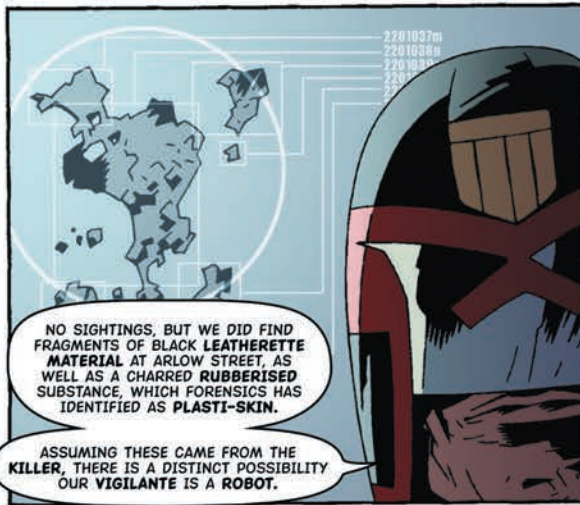
SO WE'VE GOT A VIGILANTE.

WHAT ABOUT FORENSICS? ANY OTHER SIGHTINGS? NOBODY GET A GOOD LOOK AT THIS GUY?



NO SIGHTINGS, BUT WE DID FIND FRAGMENTS OF BLACK LEATHERETTE MATERIAL AT ARLOW STREET, AS WELL AS A CHARRED RUBBERISED SUBSTANCE, WHICH FORENSICS HAS IDENTIFIED AS PLASTI-SKIN.

ASSUMING THESE CAME FROM THE KILLER, THERE IS A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY OUR VIGILANTE IS A ROBOT.



YOU KNOW THIS MAN?
HIS NAME IS **TONIO BLO**.
THAT RING ANY BELLS,
SHULTZ?

HES THE KIND OF DIRTBALL
YOU CALL WHEN YOU WANT
SOMEONE **RUBBED OUT**--
SAY A **TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY**
LIKE **TOMMY ROSSON**.

FUNNILY ENOUGH, WE
FOUND WHAT'S **LEFT** OF
BLO THIS AFTERNOON.
SOMEBODY'D GIVEN HIM A
CASE FULL OF HI-EX.

I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT IT! I
DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE
KEEPIN' ME HERE!

HuunNNnn--!
O-OXYGEN!
G-G-GIVE ME
OXYGEN--!

YOU'RE
GETTING
NOWHERE.

ONE MORE DAY.
I'LL CRACK HIM.

YOU'VE HAD THAT
ALREADY. HE'S NOT
STRONG ENOUGH TO
TAKE IT. IF HE **DIES**
UNDER INTERROGATION
YOU'LL OPEN US TO A
HUGE LAWSUIT.

I'M SORRY,
AS MEDICAL
SUPERVISOR I
CAN'T ALLOW
YOU TO
QUESTION HIM
ANY MORE.

HE'D FAILED.

IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME, IT WOULDN'T BE THE
LAST, BUT THIS ONE IRKED HIM MORE THAN MOST.

uNNhhh!

uuNNNNhhh!

THE MAN WAS GUILTY.
HE WAS SURE OF IT,
BUT HE HAD TO HAVE
EVIDENCE. THE
**MURDER OF TONIO
BLO** WAS THE FINAL
BLOW.

SOMETIMES EVEN
THEIR POWERS
WEREN'T ENOUGH.

HE'D HAVE TO RELEASE BOSS
SHULTZ, WITH THE BOY'S BLOOD
FRESH ON HIS HANDS. BUT HE
WASN'T FINISHED. HE'D WORK
AT IT, HE'D FIND A WAY. HE'D
BRING SHULTZ'S CROOKED
HOUSE TUMBLING DOWN.

BETTER TO TELL
SLAUGHTERHOUSE IN PERSON,
GAUGE THE MAN'S MOOD.
WOULDN'T WANT HIM DOING
ANYTHING STUPID...

THUD

HE WENT OUT AGAIN THAT NIGHT.



IT WAS LIKE A DRUG. ONCE YOU STARTED IT WAS HARD TO STOP.



HARDER WHEN EACH KILLING EASED HIS PAIN, BLOTTED OUT FOR A BRIEF MOMENT THE TORTURE OF SEEING TOMMY LYING THERE...



AND KITTY... WHERE WAS KITTY?



MURDERED? DUMPED IN SOME CHEM-PIT? CUT UP AND BOTTLED IN AN ORGANLEGGERS STOREROOM?



HE DIDN'T KNOW, THAT WAS THE WORST THING!

HE JUST KNEW THAT SHE WAS GONE,
AND TOMMY -- AND THESE LOWLIFES
WERE STILL POLLUTING THE STREETS.



WHAT RIGHT DID THEY HAVE TO LIVE?



HE KNEW HE'D GONE OVER THE
EDGE, BUT HE DIDN'T CARE.



DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN.

OVER THE EDGE, MAYBE, BUT
NOT YET TOTALLY DEVOID OF A
SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION.
AS LONG AS HE WAS CAREFUL...



IT HAD GONE WELL TONIGHT.
NO DAMAGE, NOTHING TO
COVER UP.



GOOD EVENING,
MR SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
OUT WALKING? DO YOU
GOOD TO TAKE YOUR
MIND OFF THINGS.

SURE.



BACK TO THE EMPTY APARTMENT,
AND THE GHOSTS.



I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR YOU,
SLAUGHTERHOUSE.





WHEN I HEARD
OUR VIGILANTE
MIGHT BE A ROBOT,
YOU CAME TO MIND.

BUT I DIDN'T
WANT TO BELIEVE IT,
SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I
REALLY HOPED YOU
WERE CLEAN.

I THOUGHT YOU
WERE ONE OF THE
GOOD GUYS. SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN YOU
WERE JUST ANOTHER
CREEP.

HOW MANY DID YOU
KILL TONIGHT?

I WAS DOING
YOUR WORK. WHAT
YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN DOING --
CLEANING THE SCUM
OFF THE STREETS.



KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.
BACK-UP'S ON ITS WAY.
UNTIL THEN, I DON'T TAKE
ANY CHANCES WITH
YOU --



AND I HAVE
NO OPTION!

KILL ME IF YOU CAN,
DREDD, BUT YOU'RE NOT
LOCKING ME AWAY!
I'M ALREADY LOCKED UP
IN THIS BODYSUIT!



HOLD IT,
SLAUGHTERHOUSE!



HARDLY TIME TO CONSIDER
USING HIS GRAPPLE BEFORE
THE MOMENT WAS LOST.

ENOUGH TIME THEN TO REGRET
NOT PERFECTING HIS CONTROL
OF THE BODYSUIT —

BUT HIS SPRINGS ABSORBED
THE IMPACT--

RAW DOOMF

BARRRRP

CAN'T
SEE HIM!

GET UNITS
DOWN THERE!

COULD HAVE KILLED
ME IF HE'D WANTED
TO. DON'T THINK HE
MEANT TO...

SHOULD HAVE BEEN
MORE AWARE OF HIS
CAPABILITIES...





NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE'S BODY WAS NOT FOUND. NEITHER DID AN ALL UNITS ALERT, AS THE NIGHT WORE ON, PRODUCE THEIR MAN...

I WANT THE SUSPECT'S DETAILS RELEASED TO THE MEDIA. A MAN LIKE SLAUGHTERHOUSE ISN'T EASY TO HIDE-- THE PUBLIC CAN HELP US FOR ONCE.



NO MENTION OF THE VIGILANTE PART OF IT. DON'T WANT ANY COPYCATS.

NO, SIR.

ROUTLEDGE, CHECK OUT THE VETERANS' UNION, OTHER EX-SERVICE ORGANISATIONS. AND FIND OUT WHO ELSE ATTENDED HIS SON'S FUNERAL AT RESYK, IF ANYONE.



TOOMEY, DRAFT IN AS MANY HELMETS AS YOU NEED. DOOR TO DOOR AT HIS CURRENT BLOCK AND GAFFNEY. HE MAY HAVE MADE CONTACTS THERE. SOMEBODY'S HIDING HIM.

YES, SIR.



YOU WERE AT THE BOY'S FUNERAL.

DAMN SHAME. YOU CATCH THEM GUTSUCKERS YET?

YOU PLACED AN ADVERT ON THE CITYWIDE VETS' BOARD -- A MISSING PERSONS ON HIS WIFE.

WE WERE BUDDIES. LEAST I COULD DO, THAT DON'T MEAN I'M HIDING HIM.



NOTHING IN THERE.
YOU WANT TO CHECK
THIS JUNK?

NAH, LIE DETECTOR
BACKS HIS STORY.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE
DOES TURN UP,
CITIZEN KOVAX, YOU LET
US KNOW RIGHT AWAY.
CREEP'S **NOBODY'S**
BUDDY ANYMORE.



LEFTY --

NATE!



NATE!
HOLY JOVIS --

GET INSIDE!



DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE
TO GO. I NEED A PLACE
TO THINK, LEFTY... FIGURE
THINGS OUT. DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'M GOING TO DO...

SURE, NATE.
DON'T RECKON THEM
DOMEHEADS WILL COME
BACK NOW. HOLE UP
HERE AS LONG AS YOU
WANT.

YOU KNOW
WHAT I'VE
DONE?



YOU'RE ON THE NEWS,
BUDDY -- CITYWIDE.
THEY SAY YOU **KILLED**
SOME FOLK.

SCUM. JUST SCUM.
CLEANING UP THE
STREETS, LEFTY, MAKING
THEM SAFE FOR **DECENT**
PEOPLE. LIKE **KITTY...**
AND **TOMMY...**

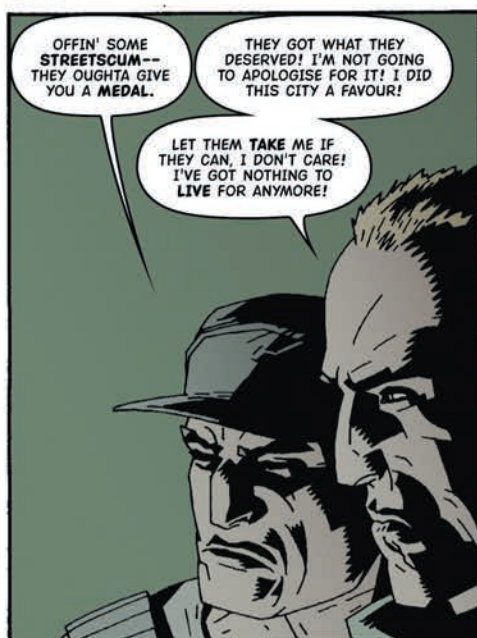


—WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH A NUMBER OF MURDERS IN THE CITY.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE IS A MANDROID, AN AMALGAM OF MAN AND MACHINE WITH ENHANCED MILITARY CAPABILITIES. HE IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS. IF SEEN, DO NOT APPROACH.

THEY JUST SAID MURDERS. THE PEOPLE OUGHT TO KNOW WHY I DID IT.

TIME SOMEBODY DID IT. THAT'S THE MAIN THING.



OFFIN' SOME STREETSCUM-- THEY OUGHTA GIVE YOU A MEDAL.

THEY GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED! I'M NOT GOING TO APOLOGISE FOR IT! I DID THIS CITY A FAVOUR!

LET THEM TAKE ME IF THEY CAN, I DON'T CARE! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LIVE FOR ANYMORE!



WHAAAT?

IN A RELATED MOVE, DENZO SHULTZ, REPUTED CRIME BOSS UNDER QUESTIONING IN CONNECTION WITH THE MURDER OF SLAUGHTERHOUSE'S SON, WAS RELEASED TONIGHT FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE.



THEY TELL ME I HAVE TO RELEASE YOU, SHULTZ. THEY TELL ME I HAVE TO THINK OF YOUR HEALTH.

ME, I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY YOU HAD CUT UP LIKE A JOINT OF MEAT. AND ONE DAY I'M GOING TO PUT YOU AWAY FOR IT, ASSUMING YOUR HEALTH HOLDS OUT-- WHICH I HOPE IT DOES.

IN THE MEANTIME, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT--



THE BOY'S FATHER IS OUT THERE. HE IS ARMED AND HE IS VERY, VERY DANGEROUS. AND WHEN HE FINDS OUT YOU'RE ON THE LOOSE AGAIN, I CAN JUST IMAGINE WHAT HE'S GOING TO THINK.

SO DON'T TELL HIM.



I'M AFRAID THE INFORMATION IS ALREADY IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

I'D LIKE TO OFFER YOU A LITTLE PROTECTION, BUT EVERY SPARE UNIT IS TAKEN UP WITH THE TOMMY ROSSON INVESTIGATION. YOU UNDERSTAND.



YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I DEMAND MY RIGHTS! I PAY MY TAXES!

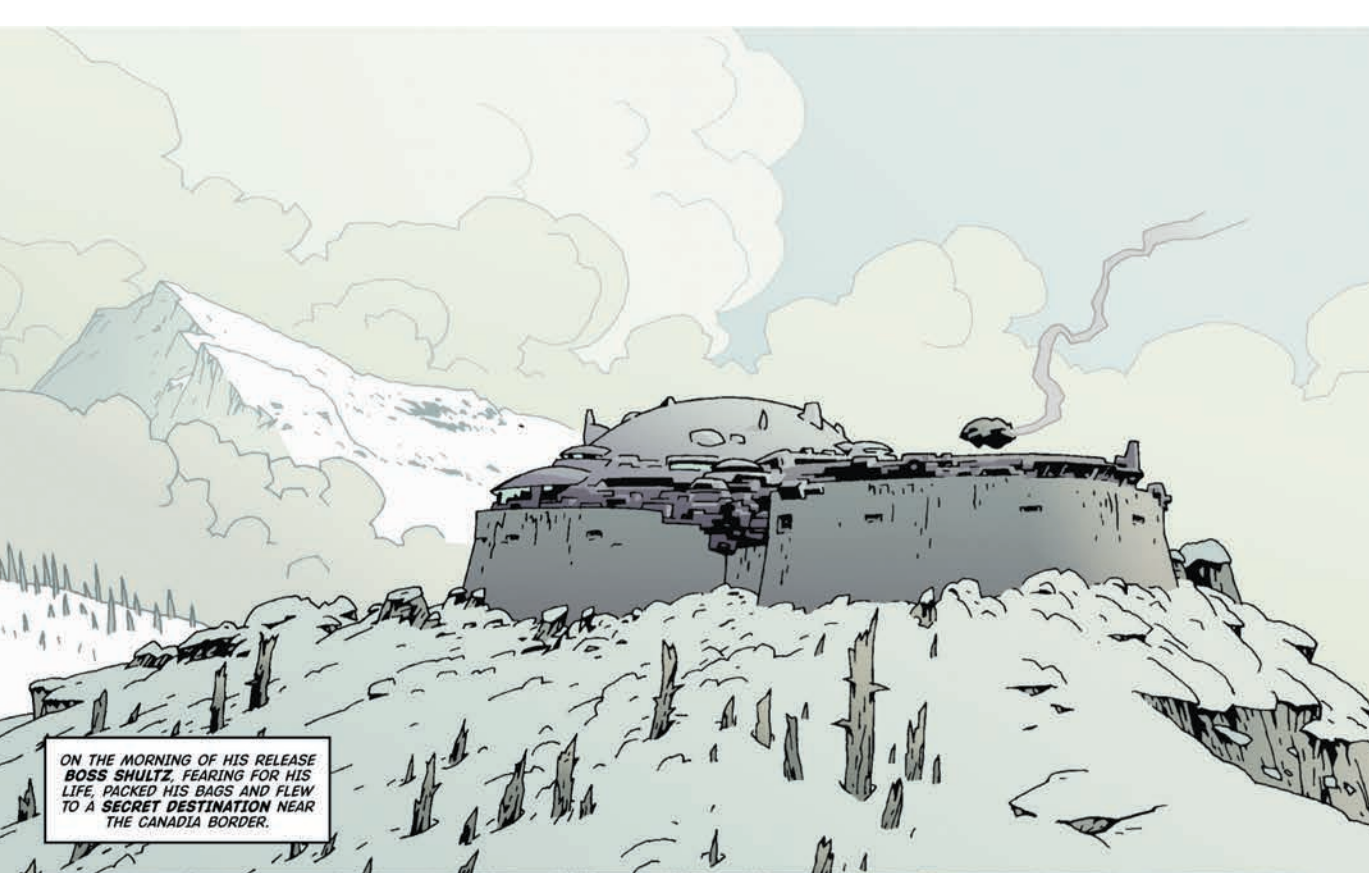


GRUDDAM JUDGES! THEY AIN'T GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!



I WANT UNDERCOVER UNITS STATIONED IN GAFFNEY AT ALL TIMES. AERIAL UNITS ON CONSTANT WATCH.

YES, SIR!



ON THE MORNING OF HIS RELEASE **BOSS SHULTZ**, FEARING FOR HIS LIFE, PACKED HIS BAGS AND FLEW TO A **SECRET DESTINATION** NEAR THE CANADIA BORDER.

SECRET, UNTIL WORD SOMEHOW SLIPPED OUT TO THE **MEDIA**...

THE **LODGE**, FREQUENTLY USED FOR HIGH-POWERED CURSED EARTH HUNTING PARTIES, IS BUILT LIKE A **FORTRESS**. OUT HERE IT **HAS** TO BE.

ASKED IF THIS MOVE WAS CONNECTED WITH THE **MURDER** OF **TOMMY ROSSON**, SON OF THE FUGITIVE **MANDROID**, MR SHULTZ REFUSED TO REPLY.

IT'S PRACTICALLY AN **INVITATION** TO GO AFTER HIM.

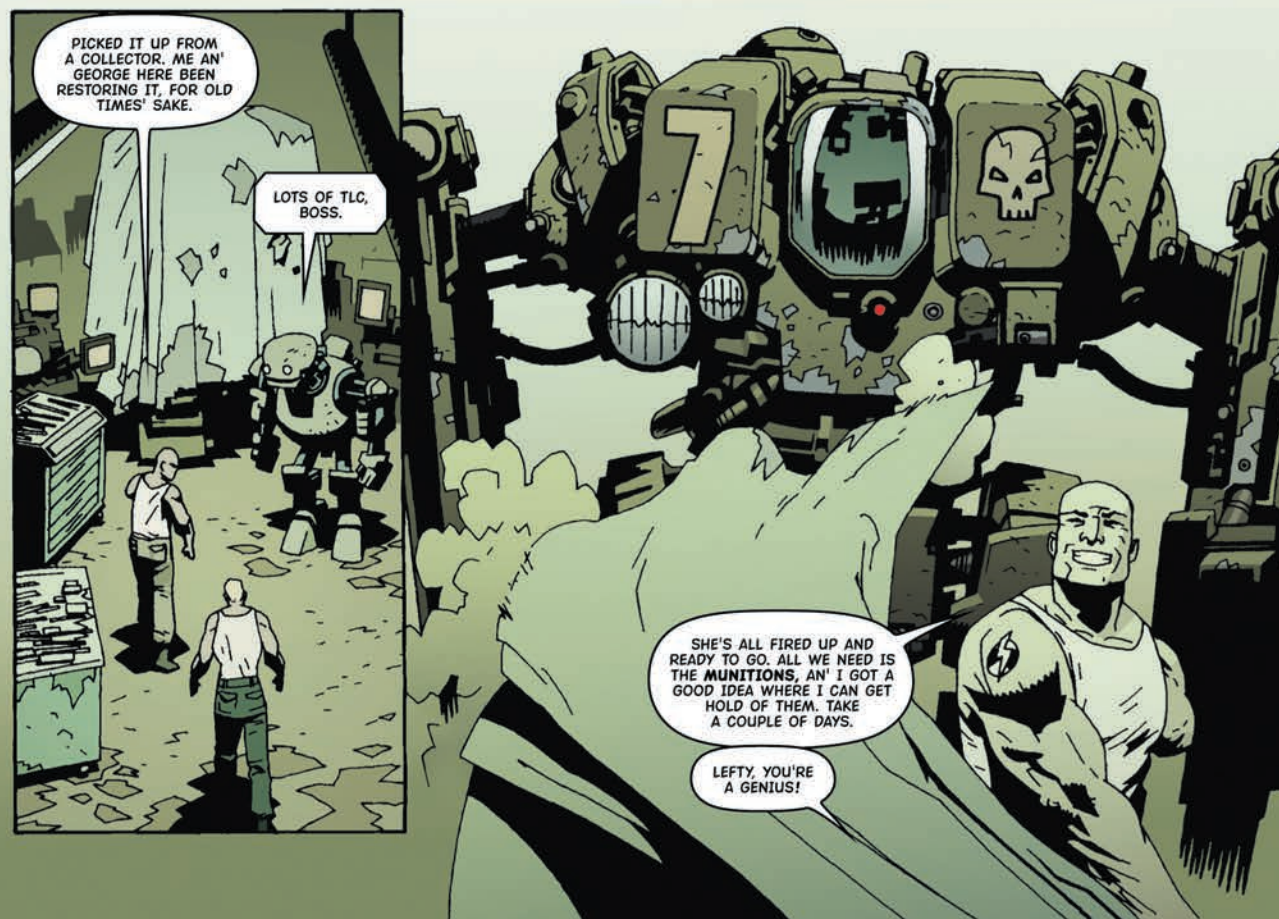
I WON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER THAT. ONCE **BOSS SHULTZ** LEFT THE CITY HE CEASED TO BE OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

UNLESS WE CHOOSE TO **MAKE** HIM SO.

WHICH WE DON'T.

AND IF IT LURES **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** OUT INTO THE OPEN, SO MUCH THE BETTER...





HE BUILT A MODEL OF THE LODGE AND WORKED OUT HIS BEST APPROACH.

SURPRISE WAS IN HIS FAVOUR. THEY WOULDN'T BE EXPECTING THE BATTLESUIT — ASSUMING LEFTY COULD GET THE MUNITIONS.

HE PICTURED THEM CRUMBLING UNDER HIS ONSLAUGHT.

HE WAS IN THE LODGE. WHERE WAS SHULTZ-?

WAS THERE A SAFE ROOM WHERE HE COULD HIDE? LET HIM! NOWHERE WAS SAFE FROM A BATTLESUIT!

DO IT, NATE! BLOW HIM ALL THE WAY TO HELL!

I WILL, KITTY!

THERE'S NEW PHOTON CELLS FOR THE BLASTER BANK. ROCKETS ARE ONLY 910s, BUT THEY STILL PACK A PUNCH.

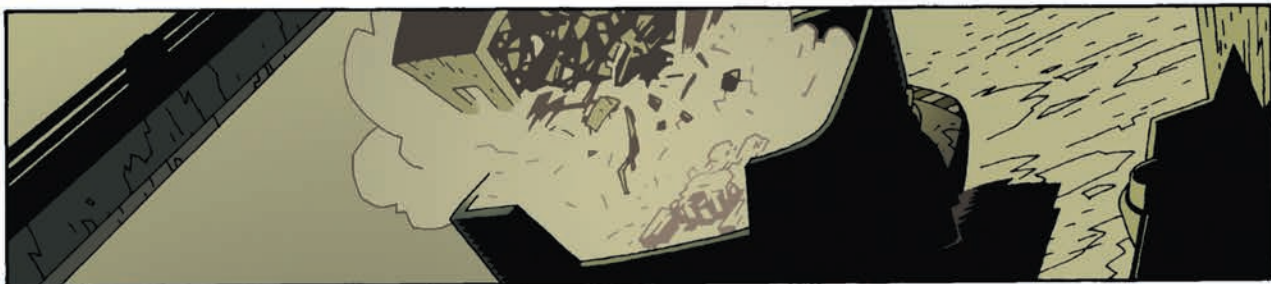
NAPALM MIX IS PRETTY MUCH KEROSENE, BUT YOU AIN'T GOING TO BE CLEANING ANY NOZZLES.



HE WENT OUT ON A LOAD
OF MIXED SCRAP FOR THE
SMELTERS IN CANADA.

YOU SURE YOU
STILL REMEMBER
HOW TO USE ONE
OF THESE?

BETTER
THAN MY OWN
BODY.



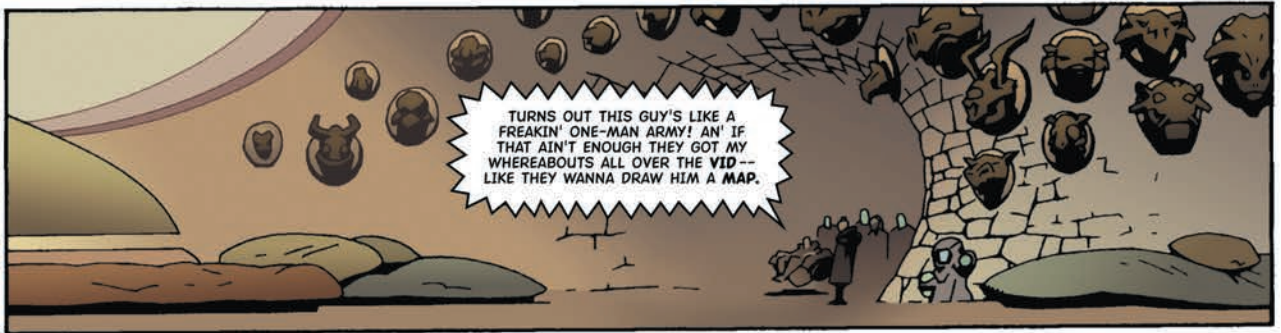
THEY WEREN'T GOING TO CHECK
TO THE BOTTOM OF THAT LOAD---



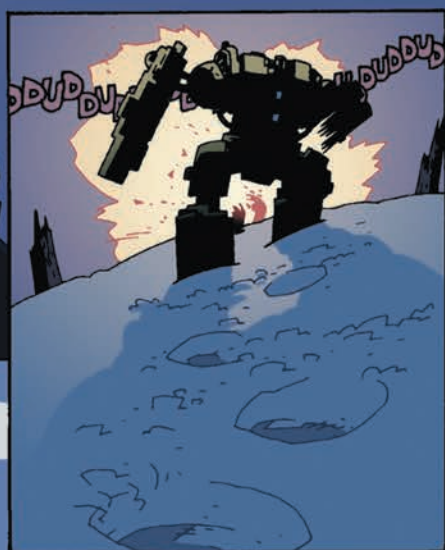
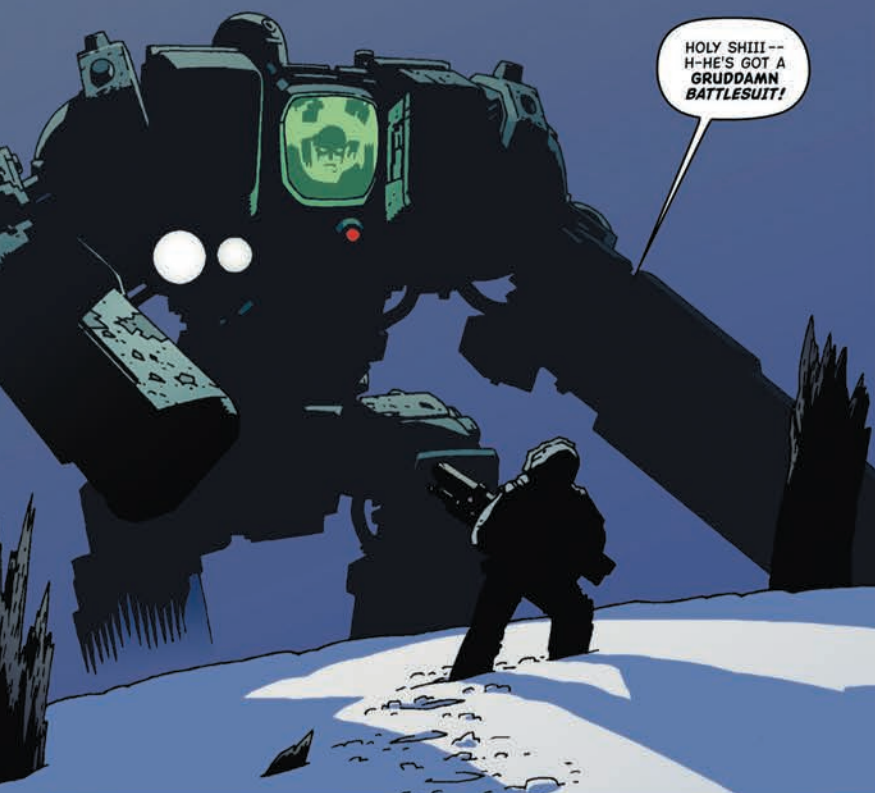
IT WAS THIRTY KAYS TO THE
LODGE. THE BATTLESUIT WOULD
COVER IT EASILY, GUIDED BY ITS
POSITIONING SYSTEM.

HE WOULD STRIKE JUST
BEFORE DAWN.





THE HUNTING LODGE NEAR
THE CANADIA BORDER,
JUST BEFORE DAWN --



FIRE-FLASHES
DOWN BELOW!



HE CUT DOWN THE BODYGUARDS
WITH A COLD AND MERCILESS
FEROCITY --

SHULTZ WAS THE TARGET. ANYTHING
THAT STOOD BETWEEN THEM MUST
BE RUTHLESSLY REMOVED.

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM THE BATTLESUIT'S SENSORS.

AUTOMATIC TARGETING!

SPANG

FWANG

AUTOMATIC TARGETING!

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM THE BATTLESUIT'S SENSORS.

AUTOMATIC TARGETING!

SPANG

FWANG

AUTOMATIC TARGETING!

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM THE BATTLESUIT'S SENSORS.

AUTOMATIC TARGETING!

SPANG

FWANG

AUTOMATIC TARGETING!



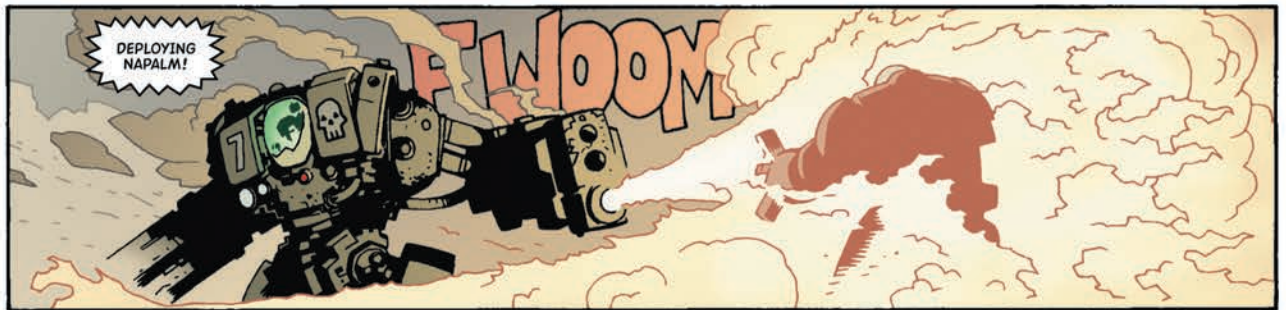
THEN HE SAW THEM
OVERHEAD --



THE LAW!

THEY WOULDN'T TAKE THIS
AWAY FROM HIM!







YOU'VE CAUSED A LOT OF TROUBLE, TIN MAN.



AND IT AIN'T OVER, PAL!



MEETING SOME RESISTANCE!



WARNING!
CLEAR THE AREA!
WARNING!

BATTLESUIT'S
GOING TO
BLOW!



RESISTANCE
NULLIFIED!
MOVE IN!





SOMETHING BIG
WENT OFF!

I'M TRAPPED!
GIVE ME A HAND
HERE!

H-WAGON, WE
NEED MEDICS!



IN THE FORTRESS, NATE
SLAUGHTERHOUSE RAISED
HIS TORTURED BODY--
WHAT REMAINED OF IT...



IT'S CUSTOMARY TO KNOCK,
MR SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

THERE'S NOTHING TO
KNOCK ON, SHULTZ--
EXCEPT YOU, AND I'M
GOING TO TAKE GREAT
PLEASURE IN THAT!



UNHHH!



BE GENTLE WITH HIM, MOE.
WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO
MISS THE GRAND FINALE...



DON'T MAKE
ANY CONCESSIONS
ON MY ACCOUNT!

SHRAANG

VZZZ-AKKKK



JUST YOU AND ME
NOW--AND THIS TIME
THE LAW WON'T SAVE
YOU!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT THE JUDGES INVOLVED IN MY AFFAIRS, TIN MAN, AN' YOUR BOY WOULD STILL BE HOPPIN' AROUND LIKE A HAPPY LITTLE RUG MITE.

YOU GOTTA LEARN, YOU DON'T MESS WITH DENZO SHULTZ.

AIN'T THAT RIGHT, SWEET THING? THE TIN MAN'S GOTTA LEARN.

HUH - ?

K-KITTY!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND - WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

BOW

Sputch

ATTAGIRL!

KITTY, PUT THE GUN DOWN --

THEY PUT A MUSHBOX IN HER BRAIN, DUMWIT -- SHE DON'T RESPOND TO YOU NO MORE! I OWN HER! SHE DOES WHAT I TELL HER!

KILL HIM!

BOW
BOW
BOW
BOW







THEY OPERATED ON NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE LATER THAT MORNING.



WHEN THEY HAD REPAIRED THE DAMAGE, THEY DETACHED HIS MOTOR PARTS.



NOW HE'S ARMLESS.

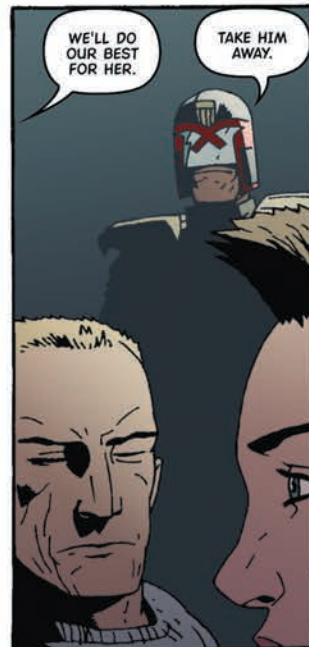
WE DON'T NEED THAT SORT OF HUMOUR, WILSON.



IN THE ISO-BLOCK THEY WOULD REBUILD HIM WITH STANDARD PROSTHESES...

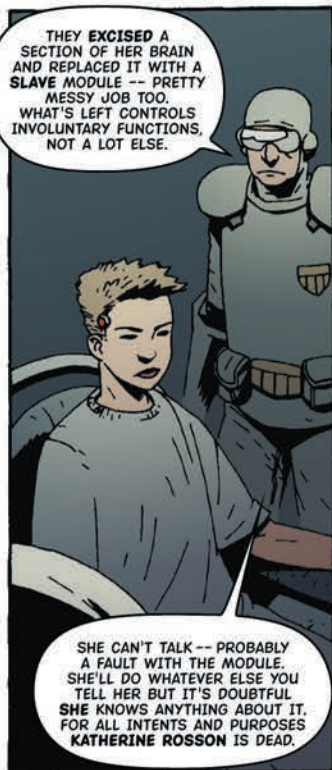
I HAVE TO BE HONEST, THERE'S NOT A LOT OF YOUR WIFE LEFT IN THERE.

SHE'S A TROOPER, DOC. TOUGH. NEVER KNOWS WHEN SHE'S BEAT. IF ANYONE CAN MAKE IT, SHE CAN.



WE'LL DO OUR BEST FOR HER.

TAKE HIM AWAY.



THEY EXCISED A SECTION OF HER BRAIN AND REPLACED IT WITH A SLAVE MODULE -- PRETTY MESSY JOB TOO. WHAT'S LEFT CONTROLS INVOLUNTARY FUNCTIONS, NOT A LOT ELSE.

SHE CAN'T TALK -- PROBABLY A FAULT WITH THE MODULE. SHE'LL DO WHATEVER ELSE YOU TELL HER BUT IT'S DOUBTFUL SHE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT IT. FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES KATHERINE ROSSON IS DEAD.



THE BEST THING FOR HER NOW, I'M AFRAID, IS SPARE PARTS. HER ORGANS ARE IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

THAT'S A DECISION FOR THE HUSBAND, OF COURSE -- PROVIDED HE DOESN'T TAKE TOO LONG ABOUT IT.

WE CAN GIVE HIM TIME.



HE WASN'T A BAD TYPE. THIS CITY CAME DOWN ON HIM LIKE A TON OF 'CRETE AND HE WASN'T READY FOR IT...



NO EXCUSING WHAT HE DID -- HE'S GOT TO PAY THE PRICE. BUT HE'S STILL ENTITLED TO A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING...



MANDROID: INSTRUMENT OF WAR

Script: John Wagner
Art: Simon Coleby & Carl Critchlow
Colours: Peter Doherty
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

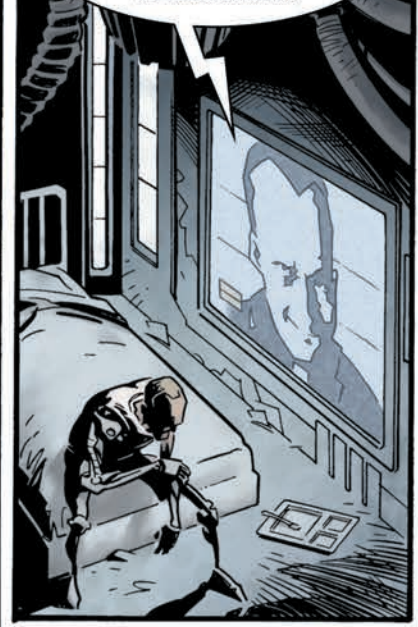
Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1555-1566



GOOD MORNING, NATE.

IT'S A BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY OUTSIDE. LIGHT BREEZE FROM THE EAST. MAXIMUM TEMP 23. MINIMUM OVERNIGHT 16.

CUBE NEWS: HEAD WARDEN MIRIAM J. STEVENSON LEAVES TODAY TO TAKE THE REINS AT ISO-BLOCK 119. OUR NEW ACUTE PERPETRATORS FACILITY. NEW HEAD WARDEN VIDOR LIDL ASSUMES COMMAND AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT.



LUNCH TODAY IS FORCEMUNCE PATTIES WITH ADDED NUTRIENTS AND STATUTORY PACIFIERS. FLAVOUR IS GOOSEBERRY.

DINNER MENU IS STILL BEING PREPARED, BUT GET YOUR TASTEBUDS PRIMED, BUDDY. I HEAR IT'S SOMETHING VERRY SPECIAL.

STILL NOT TALKING? HEY, C'MON, BUDDY. HOW'RE WE GOING TO ADDRESS YOUR OFFENDING BEHAVIOUR IF WE DON'T COMMUNICATE? HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN NOW, TWO YEARS?

HELL, DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BOTHER WAKING UP. WHAT'S THE POINT? YOU WANT TO WITHDRAW FROM THE WORLD, FINE. LET'S FIX AN APPOINTMENT AT THE EUTHANASIUM.



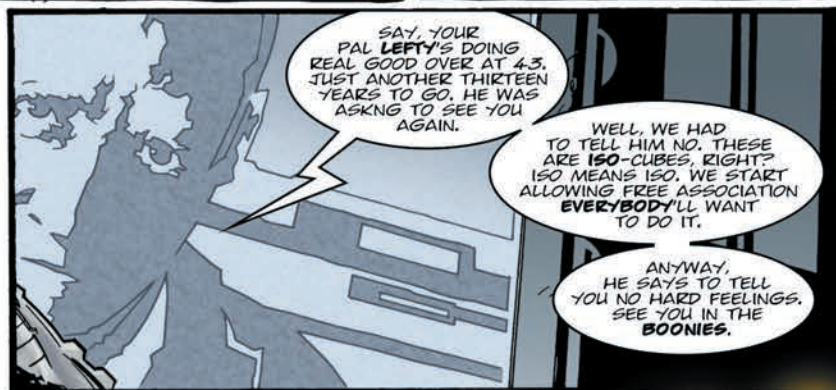
IT'S A THOUGHT, NATE. UNDER THE LIFERS PROGRAMME, ON YOUR DEATH YOU GET A LUMP SUM OF 34.00 CREDITS TO DONATE TO THE PERSON OR CHARITY OF YOUR CHOICE -

IT'S ONLY FAIR, YOU'RE GOING TO SAVE US A LOT OF MONEY.



FACE IT, YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO GET OUT. THE NEEDLE, NOW. THAT'S QUICK AND PAINLESS. WHAM - ALL YOUR TROUBLES OVER, AND I KNOW YOU GOT TROUBLES, BUDDY.







GOD, TO
FEEL HUMAN
AGAIN - !



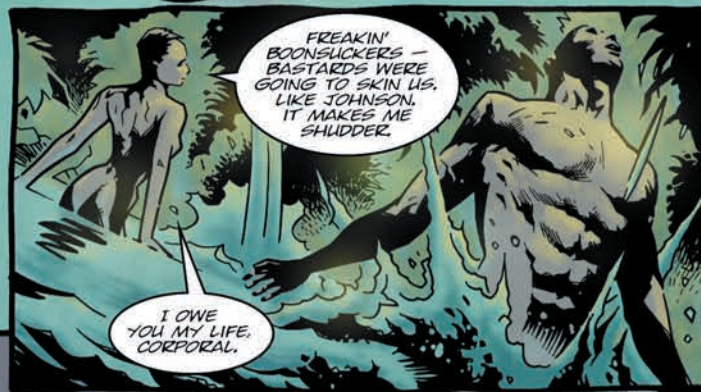
WHAT'S
THE MATTER
CORPORAL,
SHY?

JUST
PRESERVIN'
YOUR MODESTY,
LIEUTENANT.

LOST
ALL THAT AT
ROOKIE CAMP, I'M
SICK OF SMELLING
YOU, GET IN HERE,
THAT'S AN
ORDER.



THAT'S
BETTER.



FREAKIN'
BOONSLUCKERS -
BASTARDS WERE
GOING TO SKIN US,
LIKE JOHNSON.
IT MAKES ME
SHUDDER.

I OWE
YOU MY LIFE,
CORPORAL.



LOOK
AT ME, KITTY!
I'M NOT A MAN
ANYMORE!





THEY PUT A SLAVE MODULE IN HER BRAIN — USE 'EM IN THE SEX TRADE, THE GIRLS ARE LITTLE MORE THAN ROBOTS.

I HAVE TO BE HONEST, THERE'S NOT A LOT OF YOUR WIFE LEFT IN THERE.

IF ANYONE CAN MAKE IT, SHE CAN.



LOOK, NATE, I WAS HOPING TO LEAVE THIS TILL A BETTER TIME, BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM ANY BETTER TIME WITH YOU, SO HERE GOES —

WE GOT A FINAL DECISION ON YOUR WIFE. THEY'RE RELEASING HER BODY FOR TRANSPLANT SURGERY.



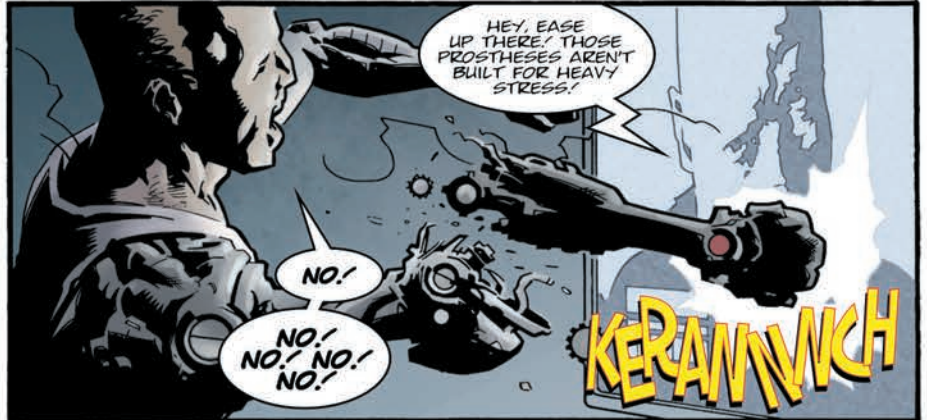
NOOOOOO!



HEY, THAT GOT A REACTION! WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING!

YOU'RE LYING! THEY NEED MY PERMISSION!

'FRAID NOT. HEY, C'MON, BUDDY, BE REASONABLE, YOU HAD TWO YEARS. THEY CAN'T WAIT FOREVER.



HEY, EASE UP THERE! THOSE PROSTHESES AREN'T BUILT FOR HEAVY STRESS!

NO!

NO! NO! NO! NO!

KERANNVICH

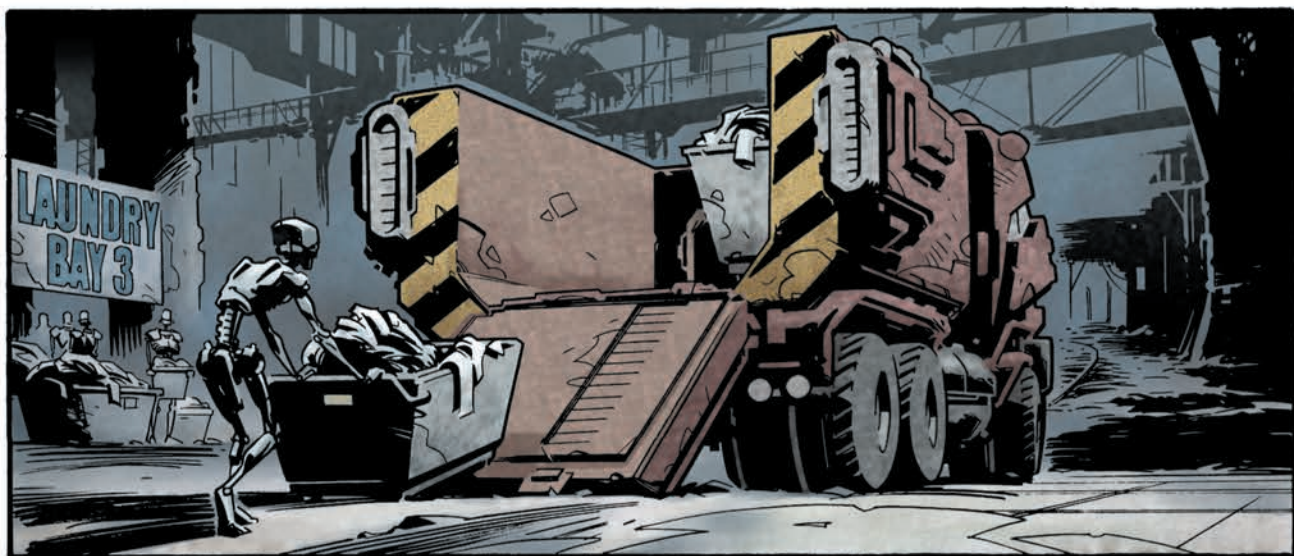


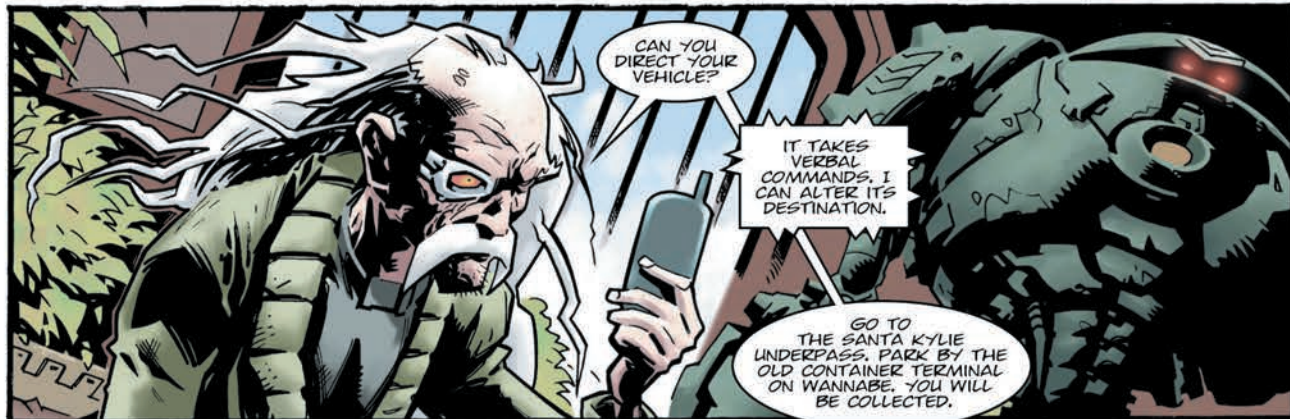
HELL, THERE GOES A LEG!

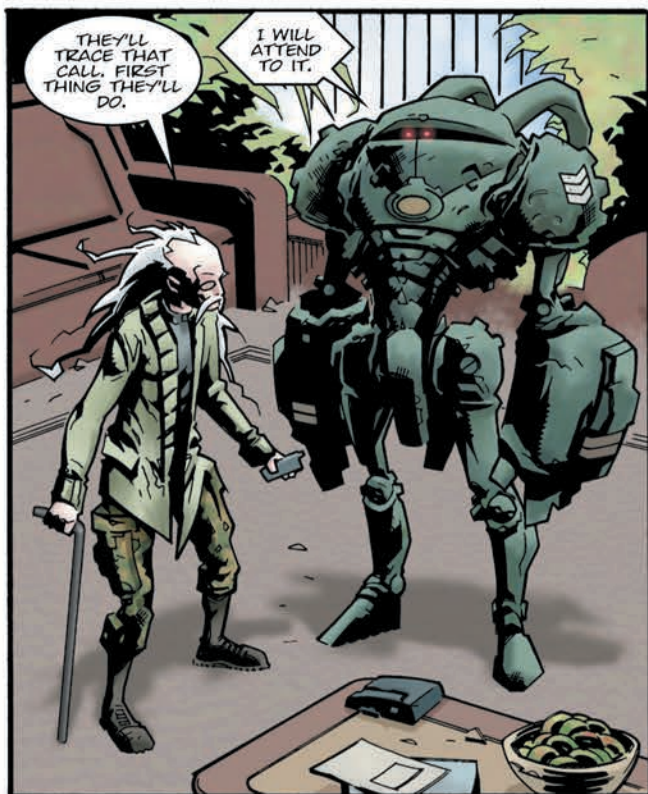
SHRANGGG













SERGEANT
SLAUGHTERHOUSE,
HOW EXCELLENT TO MEET
YOU. MY NAME IS
VINCENT —

GENERAL
VINCENT, 3RD CORPS.
I RECOGNISE YOU,
SIR.

SERVED
UNDER YOU ONCE,
AT AM QUM — ON LOAN
FROM THE 9TH DURING THE
OFFENSIVE AGAINST
THE QUINTS.

AH YES,
THE 9TH. DAMNED
GOOD OUTFIT. NOT
SURPRISING, WITH
MEN OF YOUR
CALIBRE.

AND
THIS IS WHAT
YOU'VE COME TO, EH?
DAMNED CORPS, NEVER
COULD LOOK AFTER THEIR
OWN. GIVE YOUR LIFE FOR
THEM — YOUR BODY AND
SOUL — AND LOOK
AT YOU.

NOT THE
CORPS' FAULT, SIR.
ALL MY OWN DOING.
MY OWN DAMNED
FAULT.





TRIG VINCENT, SIR, GENERAL, SPACE CORPS, RETIRED.

I'M CHECKING ON A CALL MADE TO YOUR NUMBER THIS MORNING, GENERAL.



I IMAGINE YOU'RE REFERRING TO SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I TOOK THE CALL MYSELF.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT. I RECORD EVERYTHING - FORCE OF HABIT.



YES?

LET ME SPEAK TO GENERAL VINCENT.

SPEAKING.

THIS IS IT.



MY NAME'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE, GENERAL. 9TH CORPS, WE MET AT THE VETS' CLUB.

I REMEMBER YOU, SERGEANT. THEY PUT YOU AWAY, I HEARD. SAD, SAD TO SEE A MAN GO THAT WAY.

I NEED HELP, GENERAL. I... I GOT OUT. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME. I CAN'T MOVE. THEY TOOK MY LEGS -

I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN HELP YOU, SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO! LISTEN, GENERAL -

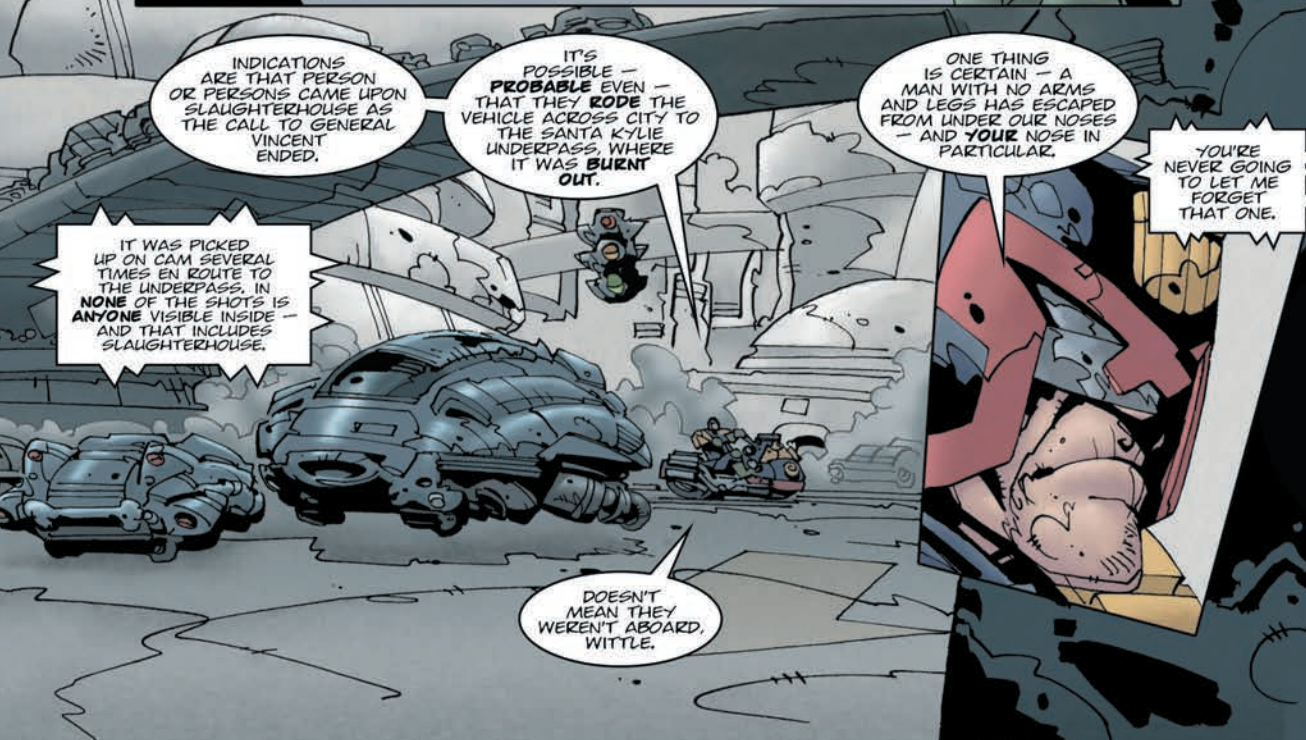
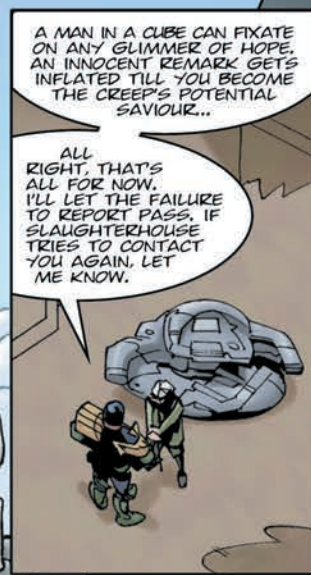
NO, YOU LISTEN. HERE'S SOME ADVICE. GIVE YOURSELF UP. YOU COMMITTED SERIOUS CRIMES. IT'S ONLY PROPER THAT YOU PAY FOR THEM.

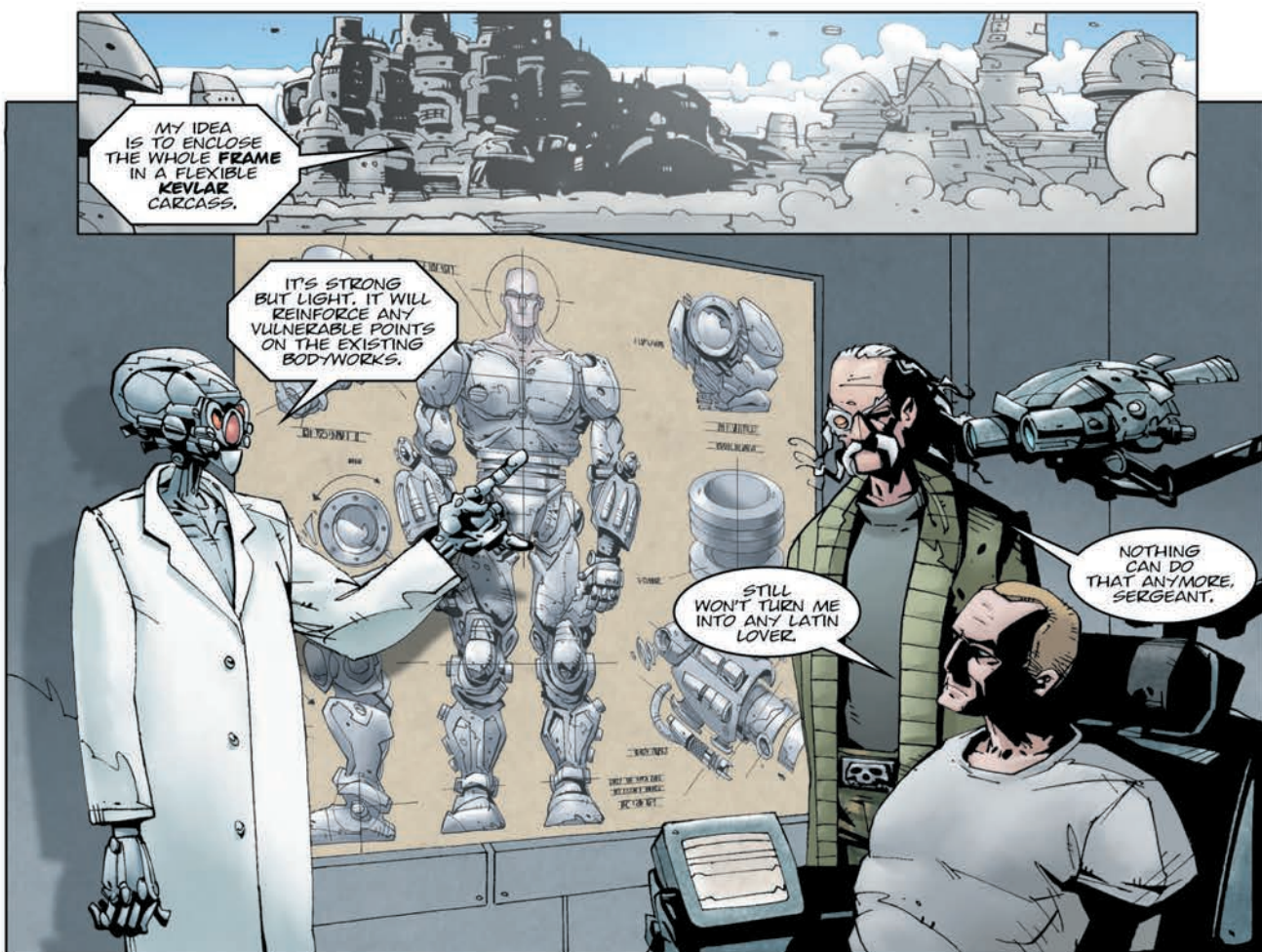
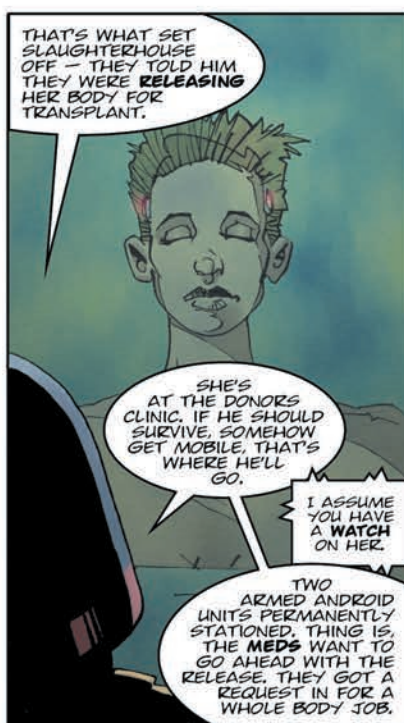
GODDAMMIT, GENERAL -

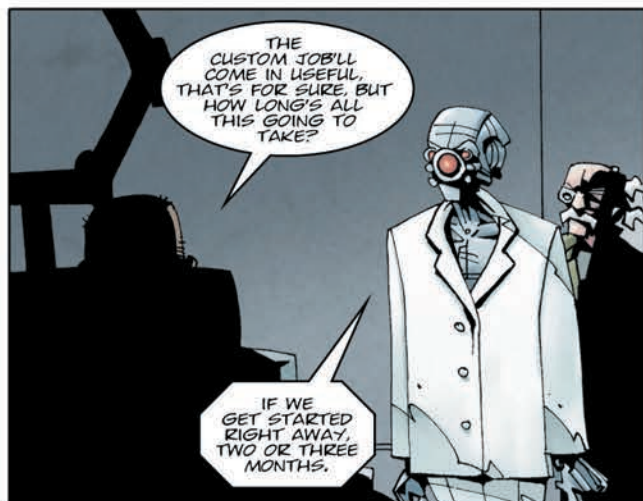
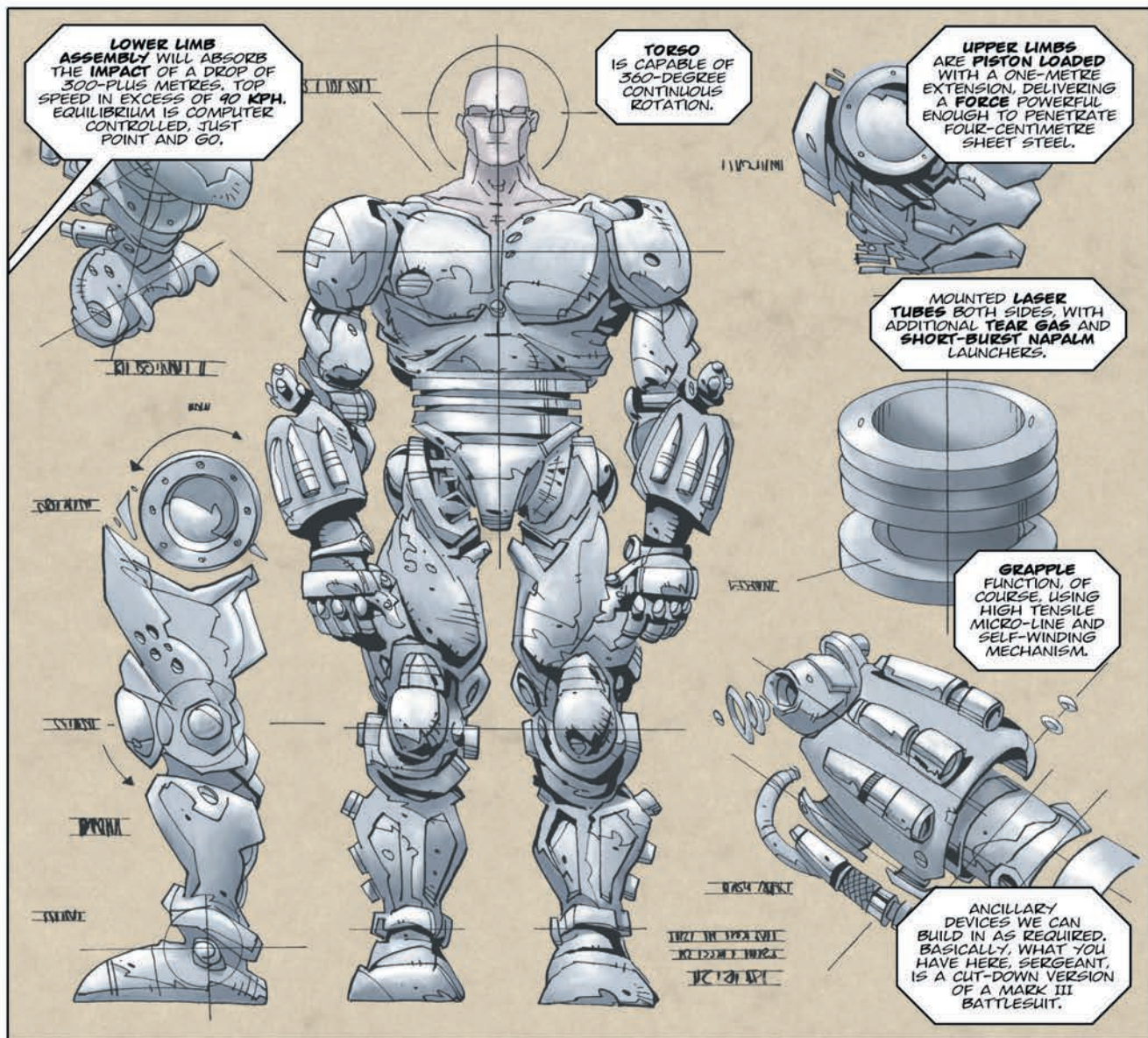
WHAT DO YOU WANT? GET LOST!

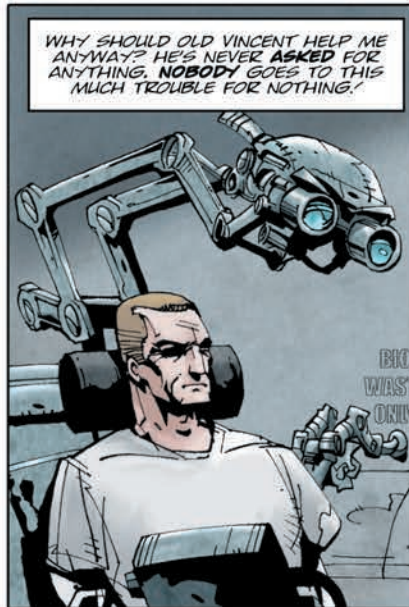
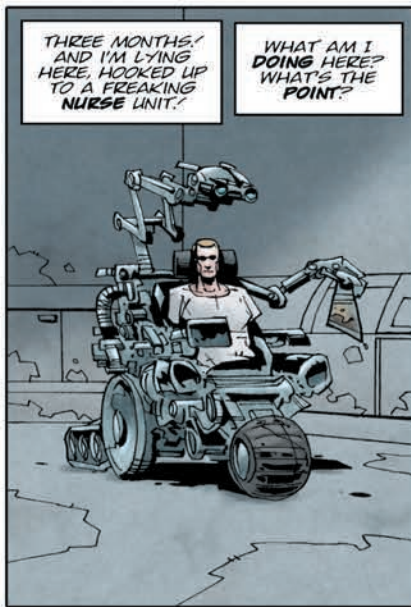
AT THAT POINT I TERMINATED THE CALL.

SOUNDS LIKE HE WAS INTERRUPTED. "WHAT DO YOU WANT?" THEN "GET LOST". INTERESTING.











IN FACT, I'LL HAVE ONE WITH YOU, WE HAVE SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE.

I STRENUOUSLY ADVISE AGAINST THIS!



YOUR IMPATIENCE IS UNDERSTANDABLE, SERGEANT. IT'S NEVER GOOD TO FEEL HELPLESS, ESPECIALLY FOR A MAN LIKE YOU. BELIEVE ME, I HAVE BEEN DOING GOOD WORK ON YOUR BEHALF. VERY GOOD WORK.

OF COURSE, THERE WILL BE A QUID PRO QUID.



I WAS WAITING FOR THAT.

WHILE I HAVE A NATURAL EMPATHY FOR ANOTHER SOLDIER, YOU UNDERSTAND I AM NOT TOTALLY WITHOUT A SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION. I'VE GONE OUT ON A LIMB FOR YOU.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?



SUFFICE TO SAY THAT LIKE YOU I HAVE REASON TO HATE THIS CITY AND WHAT IT HAS BECOME.

WHILE **SOME** MAY BE PREPARED TO STAND ASIDE - TO WATCH JERUSALEM FALL INTO DECAY - I AM NOT AMONG THEIR NUMBER! I HAVE PLANS, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, AND YOU WILL BE MY STRONG RIGHT HAND!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, YOUR CO-OPERATION WILL BE WELL REWARDED...

KITTY!



WEST MEG
CONTROL, THIS IS 22CW
ONE-NINER, SCHEDULE 3229,
OVERFLYING EN ROUTE
TO DZ.

ROGER,
ONE-NINER.

WE HAVE REPORTS
OF MUTANT ACTIVITY
NEAR DUMP ZONE.
BE ON YOUR GUARD.

WE
SURELY
WILL.



OVER
DUMP ZONE AT
01.17. AFTER THAT
SHE'S YOURS,
GENERAL.

HOW'S
YOUR
BOY?

PREPARED.

MENTALLY
PREPARED.



KITTY...

HOW DID YOU - ?

I PURCHASED HER THROUGH AN INTERMEDIARY. THEY WERE OFFERING HER FOR FULL BODY TRANSPLANT.



THE PRICE WAS EXTORTIONATE. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'LL SEE ANY OF THAT, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE THE HUSBAND.

NO, BY GOD, STRAIGHT INTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT COFFERS! EVERY POST A WINNER! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! THEIR TIME IS COMING!

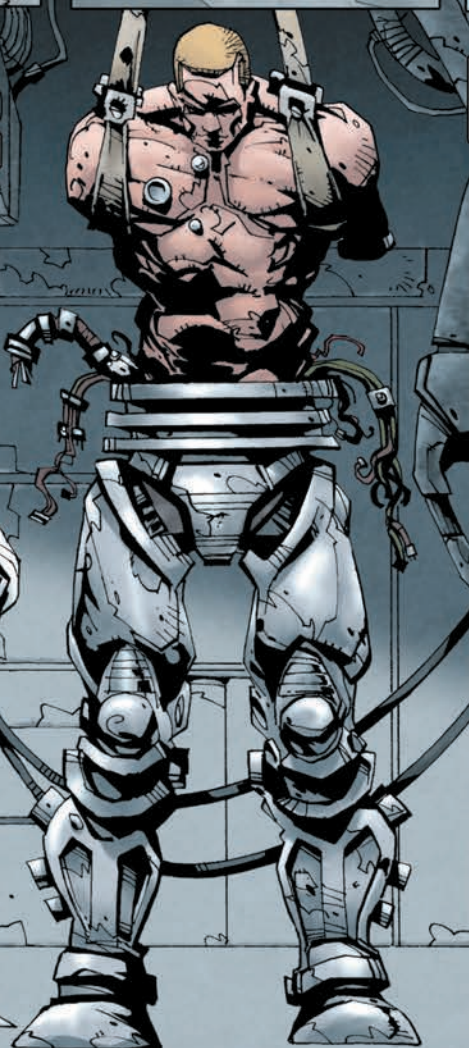


I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH. DAMNED TRAFFICKERS PUT A SLAVE MODULE IN HER BRAIN. SHE CAN FOLLOW CERTAIN COMMANDS, NOT A LOT ELSE.

SHE'LL GET BETTER. I'LL WORK WITH HER.

I'LL GET BACK ON MY FEET, SPEND ALL THE TIME I CAN...

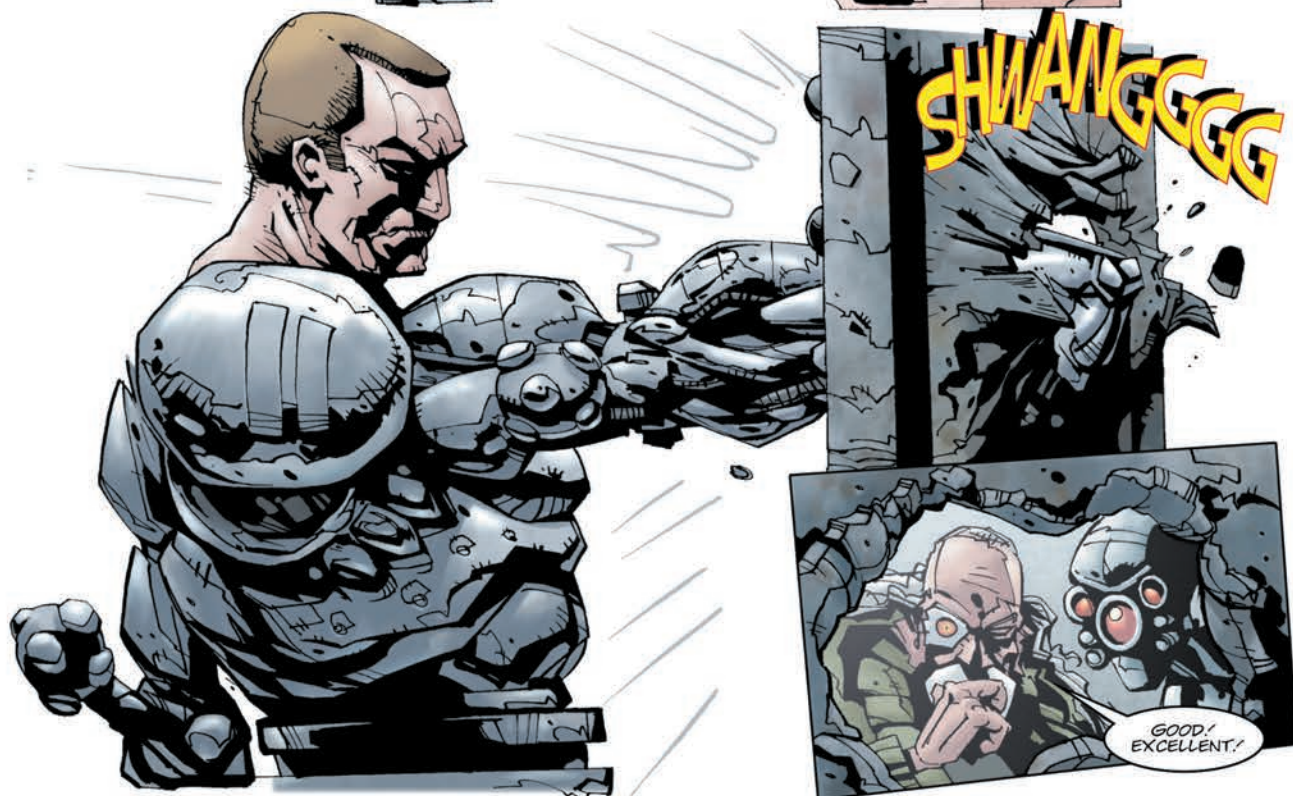
THAT'S A GOOD FIT.

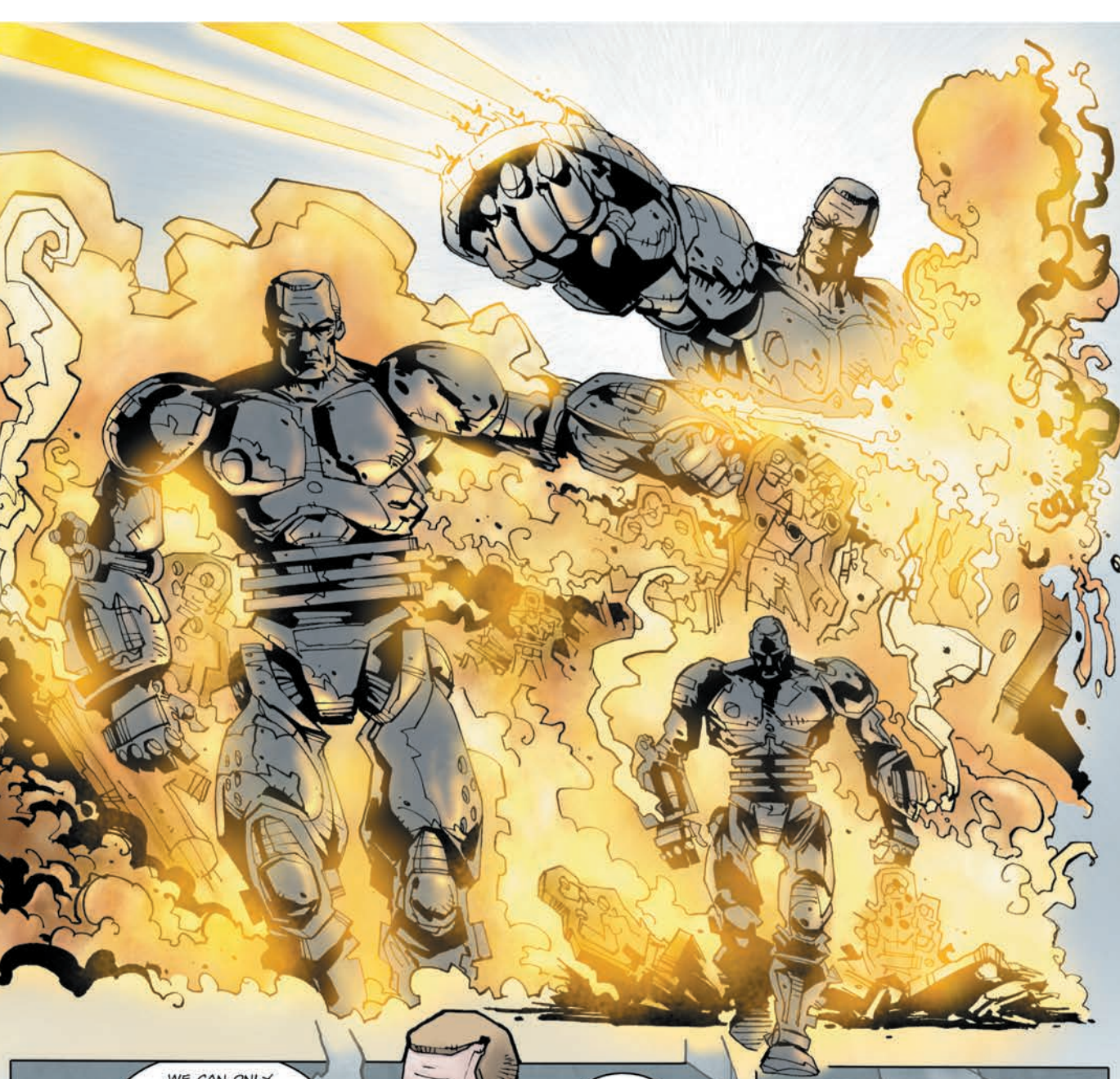


SAME NEURAL CONNECTIONS AS YOUR LAST ASSEMBLY. SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO SETTLE INTO IT.

THE UPPER LIMBS ARE TOO MUCH WEIGHT TO CARRY. WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD THEM UP AROUND YOU.



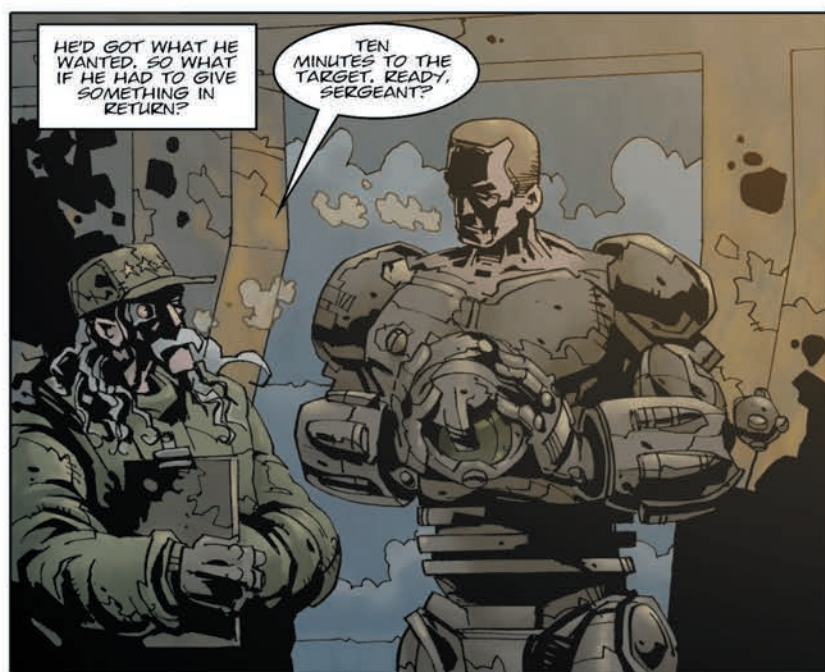
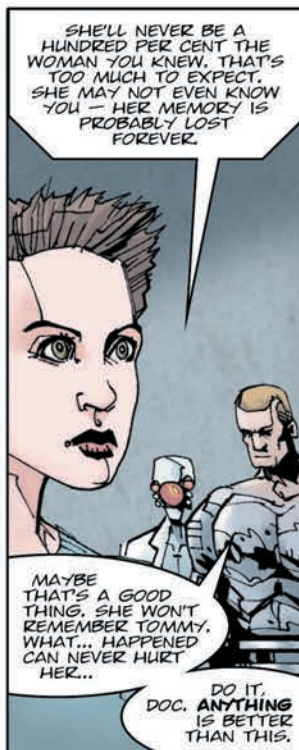




WE CAN ONLY CARRY OUT LIMITED TESTS HERE. I'M GOING TO SET UP A FULL FIELD TRIAL. I HAVE JUST THE TARGET IN MIND.

SURE.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.







I COME DOWN
UPON THEM LIKE
AN AVENGING
ANGEL.

THE OLD MAN WOULD
LIKE THE ANALOGY.
I'M EVEN STARTING
TO THINK LIKE HIM —

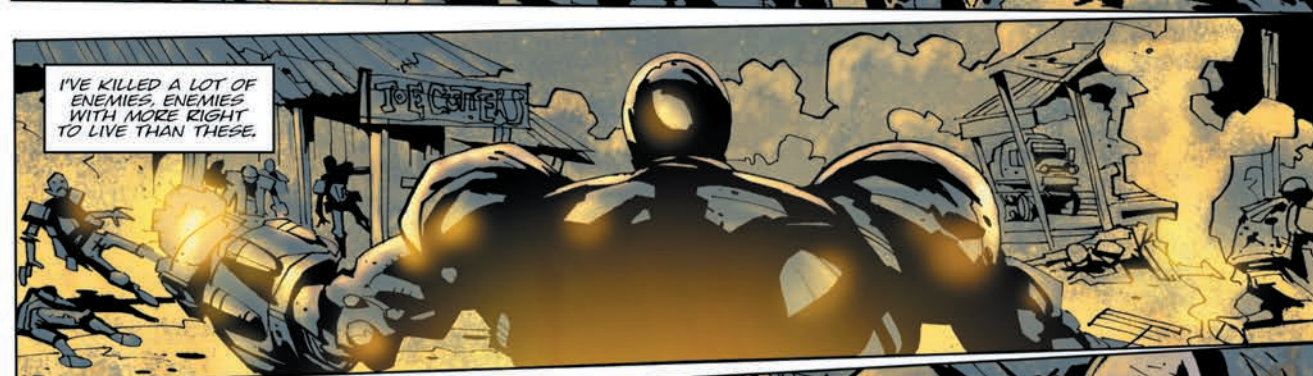
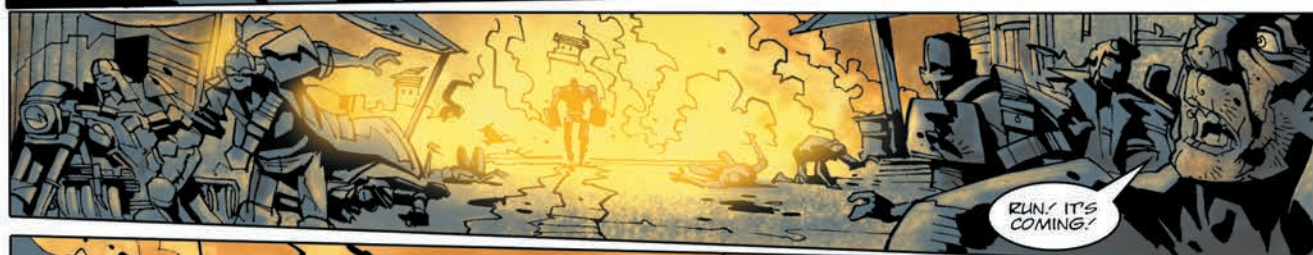
HOLY — !

I AM
SLAUGHTERHOUSE,
SERGEANT OF GOD,
BRINGER OF DEATH!

THEY
SHALL NOT BE
LAMENTED, NEITHER
SHALL THEY BE BURIED!
THEY SHALL BE AS
DUNG UPON THE
FACE OF THE
EARTH!

THEY
SHALL BE CONSUMED
BY THE SWORD, AND
THEIR CARCASSES SHALL
BE MEAT FOR THE FOWLS OF
HEAVEN, AND FOR THE
BEASTS OF THE
EARTH!





THE TRAIL
HAD GONE
COLD.

THREE MONTHS AND NO
SIGN OF SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
THE EXPECTED ATTACK ON
THE CLINIC WHERE HIS WIFE
HAD BEEN KEPT HAD NEVER
MATERIALISED.

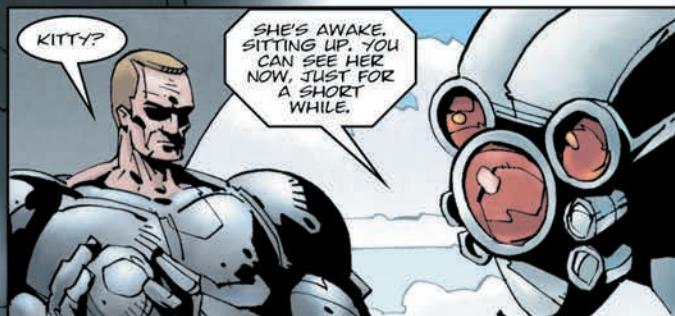
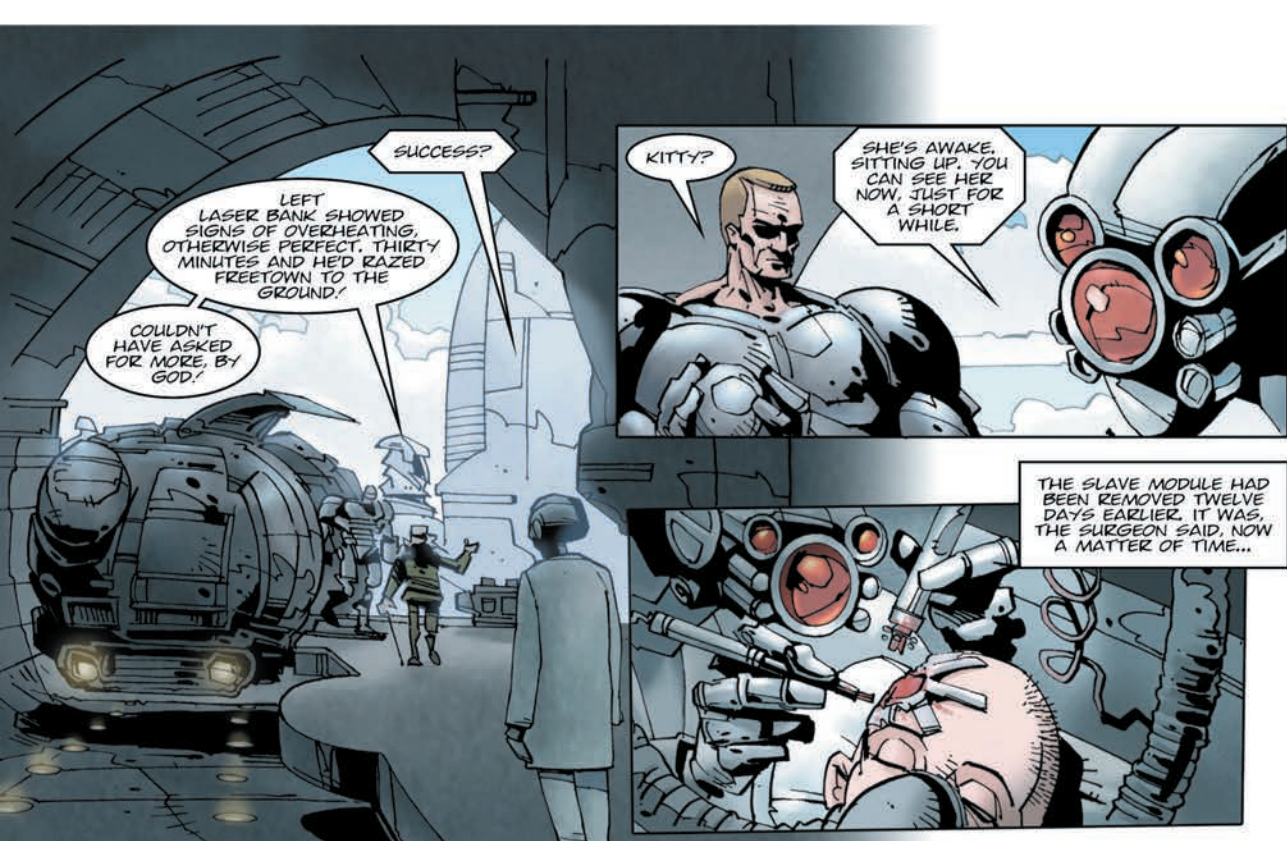
IT WAS ONLY LOGICAL TO
ASSUME THE **MANDROID**
WAS DEAD, HIS REMAINS
DISPOSED OF AND HIS
VALUABLE BODYWORKS
SOLD ON.

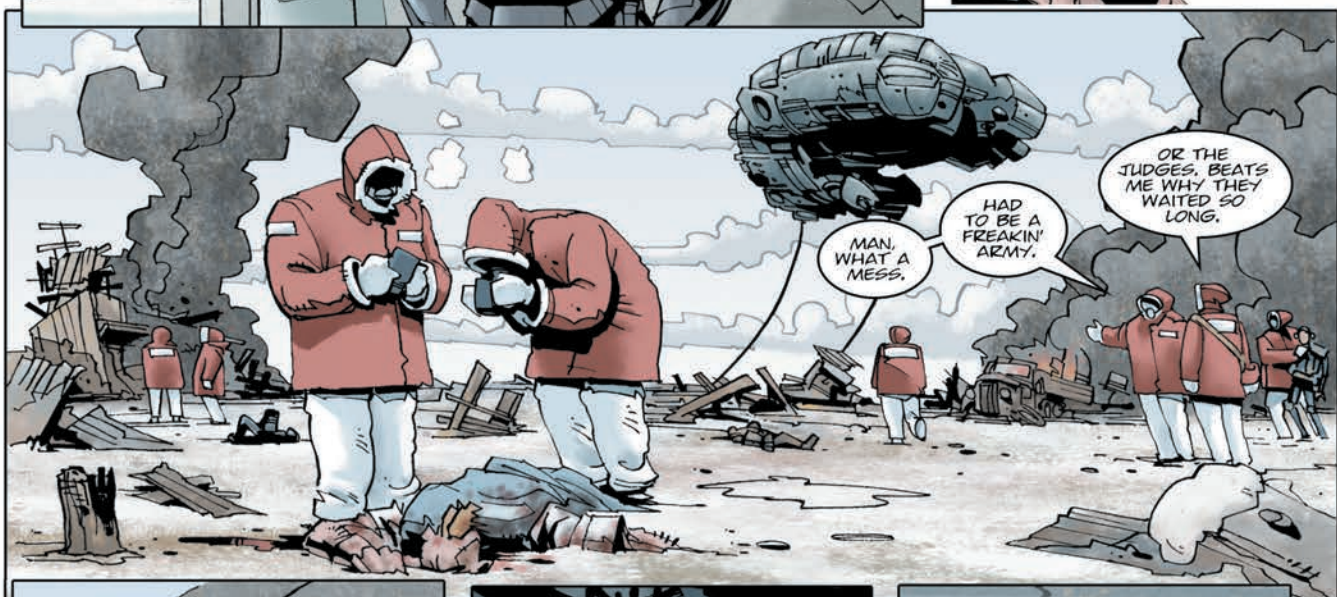
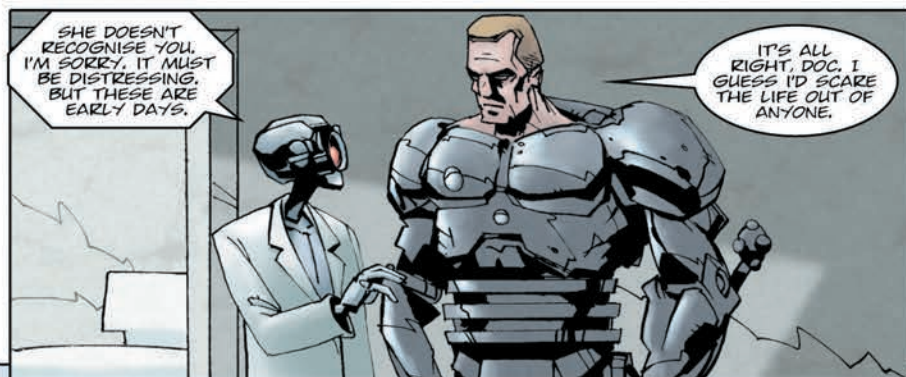
EVEN WHEN NEWS
CAME IN ABOUT
THE ATTACK IN
CANADIA DREDD
DID NOT CONNECT.

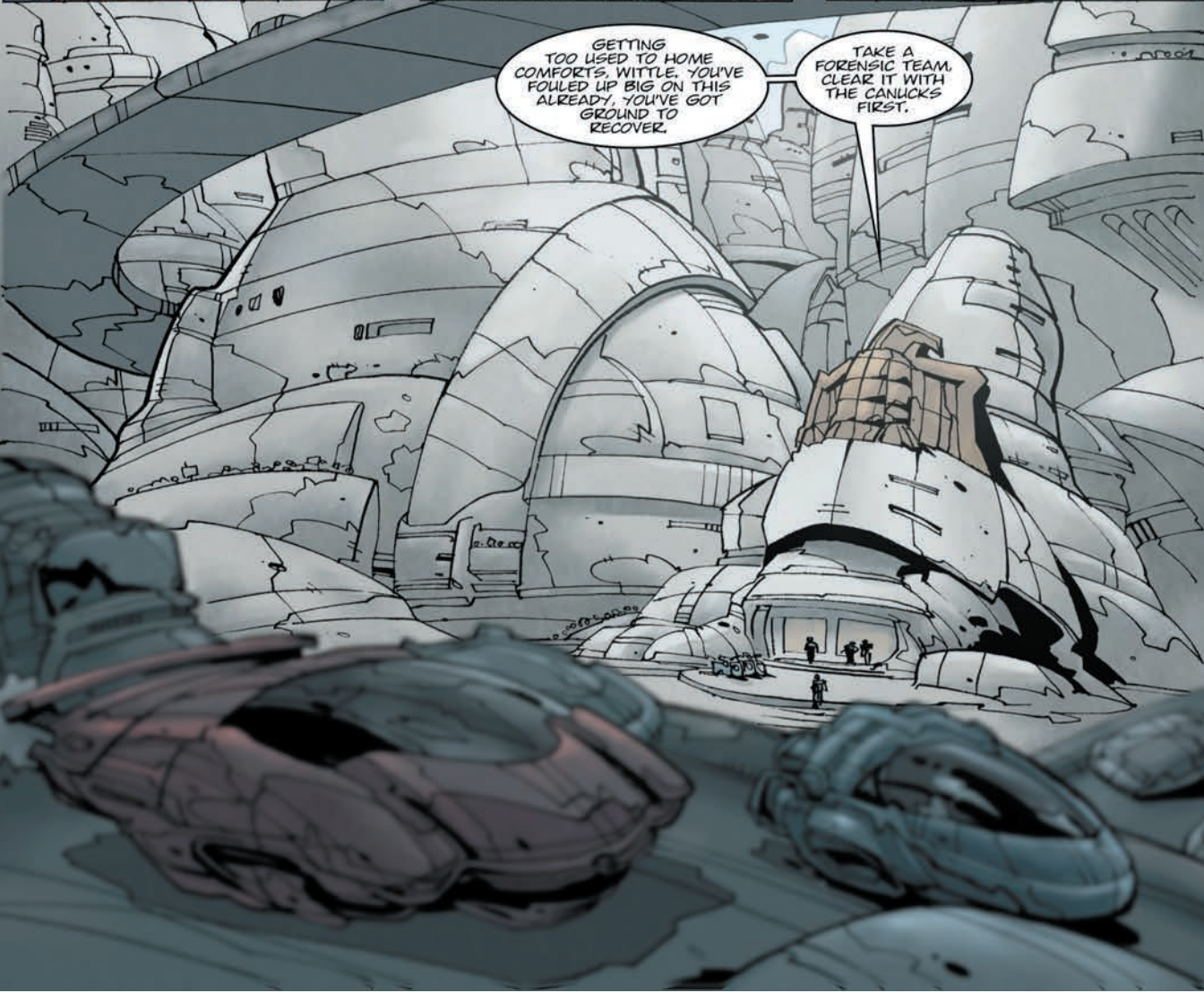
SOMEBODY
TOOK OUT FREETOWN
LAST NIGHT.

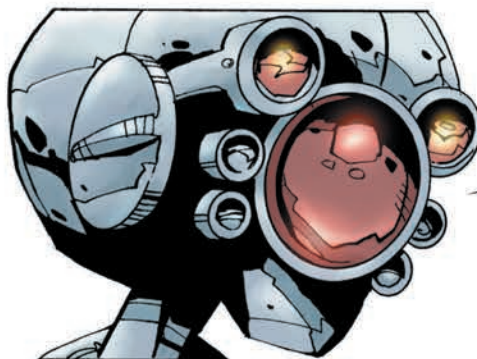
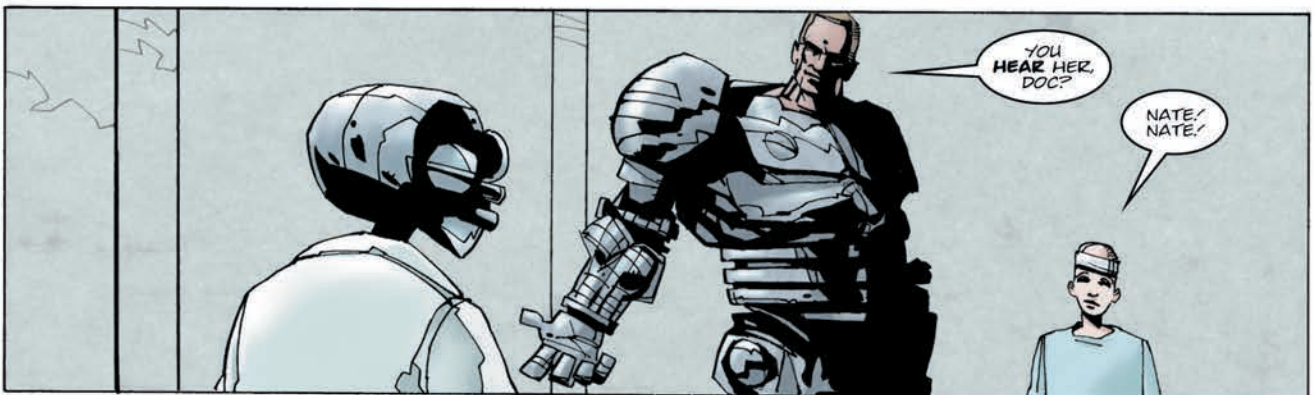
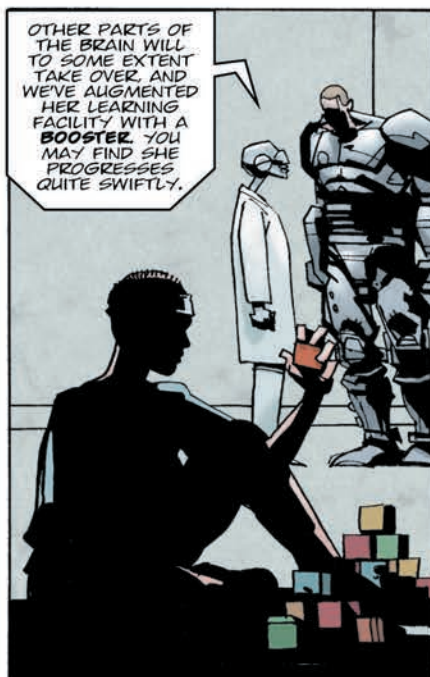
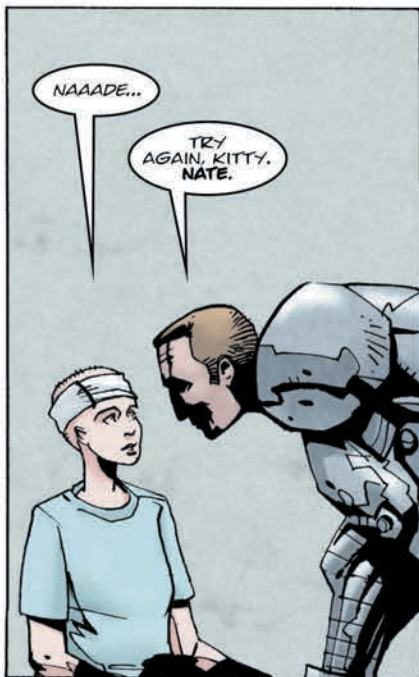
GUESS THE
CANUCKS FINALLY
GOT THEIR ACT
TOGETHER!

HIGH TIME, HE HAD
LONG ADVOCATED
CLEANING OUT THAT
VIPERS' NEST.











PLACE STINKS. BURN'T FLESH, GUTS AND EXCREMENT. NICE. I NEED HARDLY ADD FORENSICS HAVE FOUND SQUAT.



I SPOKE TO THE FEW SURVIVORS THEY ROUNDED UP. THIS ATTACKER CAME THROUGH LIKE AN EXPRESS ZOOM. DIDN'T SAY A WORD. NO MERCY, NO QUARTER GIVEN. A WIPE-OUT JOB.



FRANKLY, I THINK IT WAS THE CANUCKS AND THEY'RE NOT ADMITTING IT. WHY THEY DIDN'T CLEAR THIS CESSPIT OUT A LONG TIME AGO ELUDES ME.

QUITE A LOT ELUDES YOU, WITTLE. IF IT WAS THE CANUCKS, WHY JUST A SINGLE OPERATIVE? IF THEY DECIDED TO FUMIGATE FREETOWN, THEY'D HAVE GONE IN SQUAD STRENGTH AT LEAST.

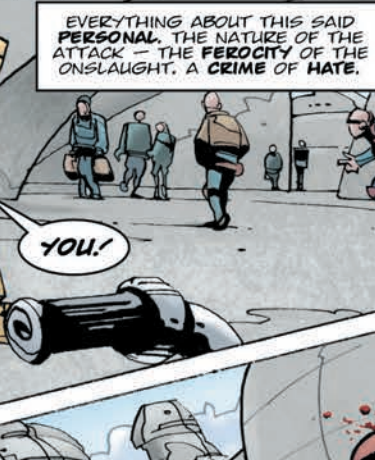


WHAT ABOUT BIG BUSINESS - Y'KNOW, WEAPONS MANUFACTURER, TESTING OUT A NEW MODEL ON THE QT?

SOME IDEA OF QT. IT'S POSSIBLE, I SUPPOSE. LOOK INTO IT WHEN YOU GET BACK.



POSSIBLE... BUT NOT PROBABLE.



EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS SAID PERSONAL. THE NATURE OF THE ATTACK - THE FEROCITY OF THE ONSLAUGHT. A CRIME OF HATE.

YOU!



RENEGADE GROUP - TWISTED INDIVIDUAL - SOMEONE WITH A BIG GRUDGE AGAINST THE CRIMINAL FRATERNITY.



BUT THAT STILL DIDN'T MEAN IT WAS THE MANDROID. THAT WAS TOO BIG A JUMP.



THE PROBABILITY WAS SLAUGHTERHOUSE HAD BEEN BROKEN UP, HIS PARTS RECYCLED, WHAT REMAINED OF THE MAN DUMPED IN SOME CHEM-PIT.



WE WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE ONCE.

WHAT AM I SAYING? WE **STILL** ARE, MARRIED. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, KITTY?



IT'S WHEN A MAN AND A WOMAN GET TOGETHER, THEY'RE LIKE A...A TEAM. Y'KNOW, YOU WATCH MY BACK, I'LL WATCH YOURS.

I... WATCH YOUR BACKS?



IT'S JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH. IT'S LIKE WE **STICK** TOGETHER, A TIGHT FIGHTING UNIT.

WE WERE IN THE **SPACE CORPS**, YOU AND ME, FOUGHT ALL OVER THE GALAXY, UP THERE, UP AMONG THE STARS.

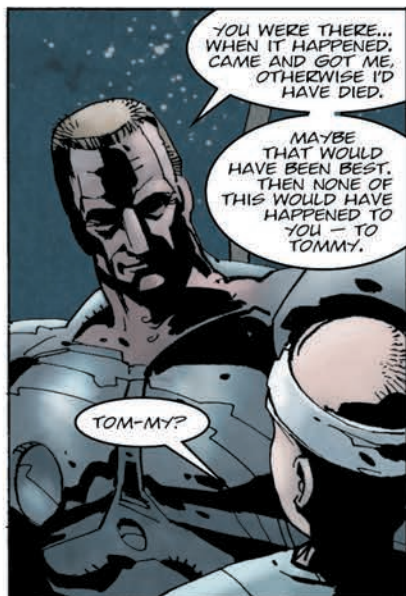
STARS PRETTY.

WE REALLY KICKED ASS, I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT SOME TIMES, MAN...

BUT WE'LL GET THERE AGAIN.



AH, HELL, WHAT AM I SAYING? LOOK AT ME.



YOU WERE THERE... WHEN IT HAPPENED. CAME AND GOT ME, OTHERWISE I'D HAVE DIED.

MAYBE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN BEST, THEN NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU - TO TOMMY.

TOM-MY?



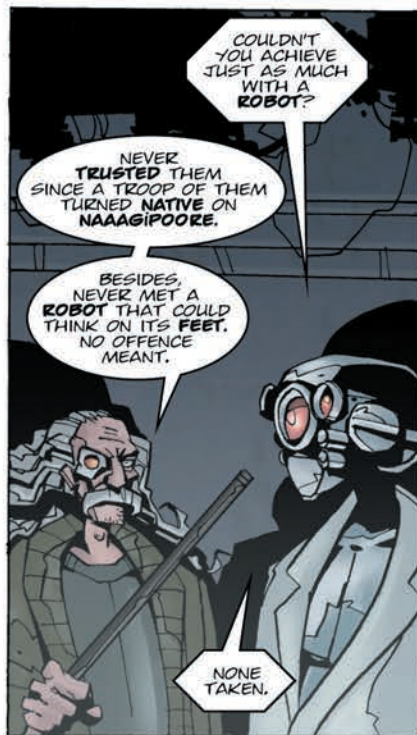
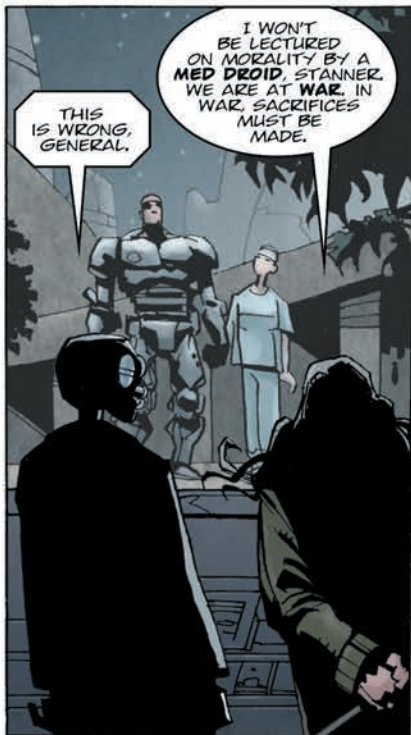
NOTHING, I DIDN'T MEAN TO -

HELL, NEVER MIND, IT'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU. WE HAD A LITTLE BOY. HE WAS A REAL GOOD KID.

DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE, ALL THAT MATTERS IS YOU GETTING BETTER. I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN FOR YOU, KITTY.



I... LIKE YOU, NATE.





THESE
WERE TAKEN BY ONE
OF MY AGENTS INSIDE THE
FACILITY. THE WAREHOUSE IS
IN FACT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S
CENTRAL MEKANOID
STORAGE
DEPOT.

ROBOTS —
FIGHTING VEHICLES
— PLACED THERE AS A
LAST LINE OF DEFENCE
AGAINST ANOTHER NARCOS
FIASCO. A WEIGHT OF ARMOUR,
IF PROPERLY DIRECTED, THAT
WOULD PROVE IRRESISTIBLE
AGAINST ANY
OPPONENT.

BY
THAT I MEAN
EVEN THE JUDGES
THEMSELVES.

YOU CAN'T
BE SERIOUS,
GENERAL.

I HAVE
NEVER BEEN MORE
SERIOUS. IT CAN BE
DONE, SERGEANT, BELIEVE
ME. WITH THE RIGHT WILL
AND THE RIGHT MEN.
THE RIGHT MAN —
YOU!

BUT
THE JUDGES...
THEY'RE NOT THE
ENEMY. IT'S THE
CRIMINALS —
THE SCUM...

AND WHO CREATED THEM?
WHO CREATED THIS CESSPIT, THIS
MODERN-DAY SODOM, WHERE
THEY CAN FLOURISH? THE
JUDGES!

WHO
STOLE YOUR WIFE? WHO
MURDERED YOUR SON? THEY
DID. BECAUSE THEY ALLOWED IT
TO HAPPEN. BECAUSE THEY'RE
WEAK. WEAK!

WELL, THEY
WON'T FIND TRIG VINCENT
WEAK. I WILL RETURN THIS
CITY TO THE WAYS OF
RIGHTEOUSNESS,
BY GOD!

AND
YOU WILL BE
THERE WITH ME,
SERGEANT, AT MY
RIGHT-HAND
SIDE!

YOU'RE
TALKING A
MILITARY COUP.
I CAN'T DO IT,
GENERAL.
I WON'T!



DOCTOR STANNER TAKES THE BANDAGE OFF. I HAVE GOT WIG TILL IT GROWS BACK. YOU LIKE?

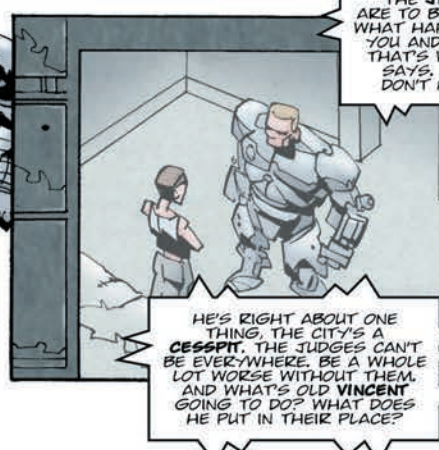
HE'S GOING TO TAKE ON THE JUDGES. THE GENERAL.



NO. LET ME REPHRASE THAT. I'M GOING TO TAKE ON THE JUDGES. A MILITARY COUP AND I'M THE **SPEARHEAD** - THE DUMB GRUNT AT THE FRONT.

I TOLD HIM - I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BUT COUNT ME OUT. JESUS! APART FROM ANYTHING ELSE, I DON'T WANT TO DO IT.

IT'S INSANE, KITTY! THE GUY'S IN LA LA LAND. I MEAN IT. STARK, STARING MAD.



THE JUDGES ARE TO BLAME FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AND TOMMY. THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS. HELL, I DON'T KNOW...

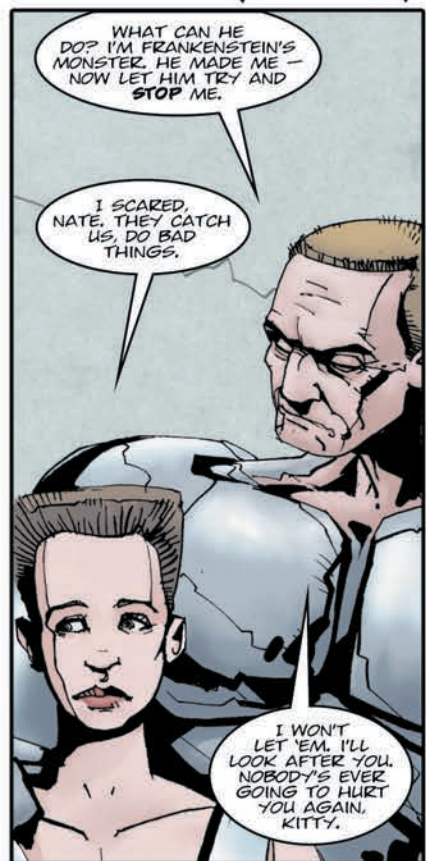
HE'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, THE CITY'S A CESSPIT. THE JUDGES CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE. BE A WHOLE LOT WORSE WITHOUT THEM. AND WHAT'S OLD VINCENT GOING TO DO? WHAT DOES HE PUT IN THEIR PLACE?



HE GAVE **YOU** BACK TO ME. I CAN NEVER REPAY THAT. IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY I COULD MAKE IT UP TO HIM, BUT NOT THIS.

WE CAN'T STAY HERE ANYMORE, KITTY. WE HAVE TO LEAVE.

IS PERMITTED?



WHAT CAN HE DO? I'M FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. HE MADE ME - NOW LET HIM TRY AND STOP ME.

I SCARED, NATE. THEY CATCH US, DO BAD THINGS.

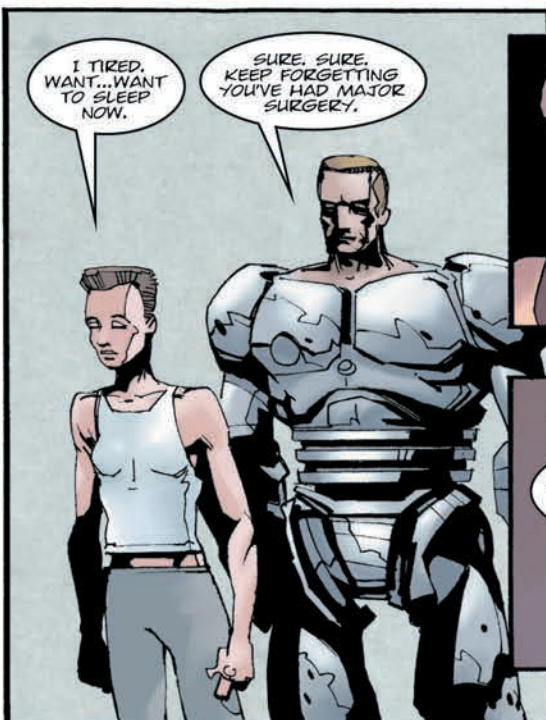
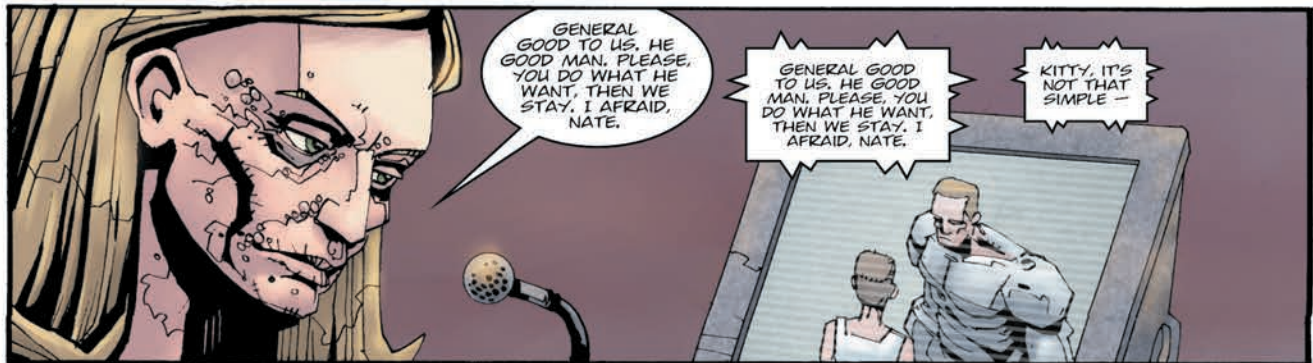
I WON'T LET 'EM. I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU. NOBODY'S EVER GOING TO HURT YOU AGAIN, KITTY.

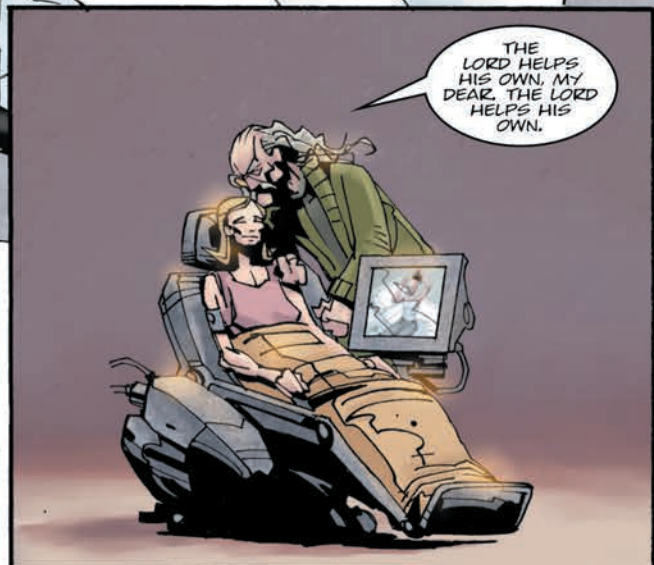
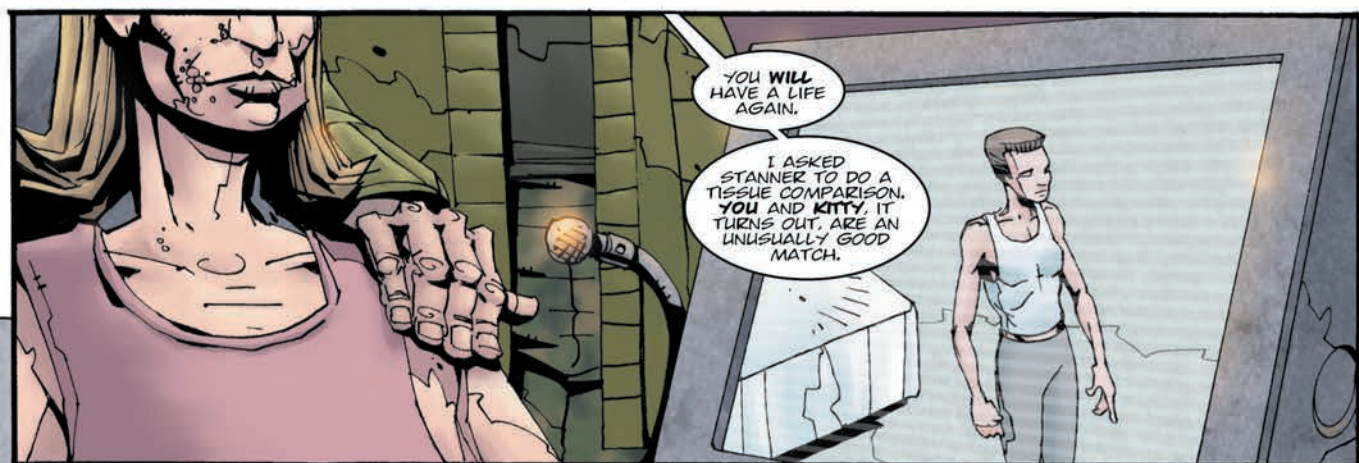
GENERAL GOOD TO US. HE LOOK AFTER US. HE SMART. WE TRUST HIM. HE OUR FRIEND. YOU DO WHAT HE WANT. THEN EVERYTHING BE HAPPY. YES?

JESUS, I JUST TRIED TO EXPLAIN -









HE FELT, WHEN THE OMISSION OCCURRED TO HIM, A STAB OF INTENSE IRRITATION.

HE'D BEEN OVERLOADED, A THOUSAND CASES ON THE GO. IT WAS A DETAIL WITTLIE SHOULD HAVE ATTENDED TO.

BUT THERE WAS STILL NO EXCUSE. BASIC PROCEDURE.

PROBABLY NO HARM DONE. IT WAS UNLIKELY **LEFTY KOVAX** COULD GIVE THEM ANYTHING. HE'D BEEN IN-CUBE ALL THE TIME.

BUT IT STILL RANKLED.

YOU HEARD YOUR FRIEND **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** GOT LOOSE?

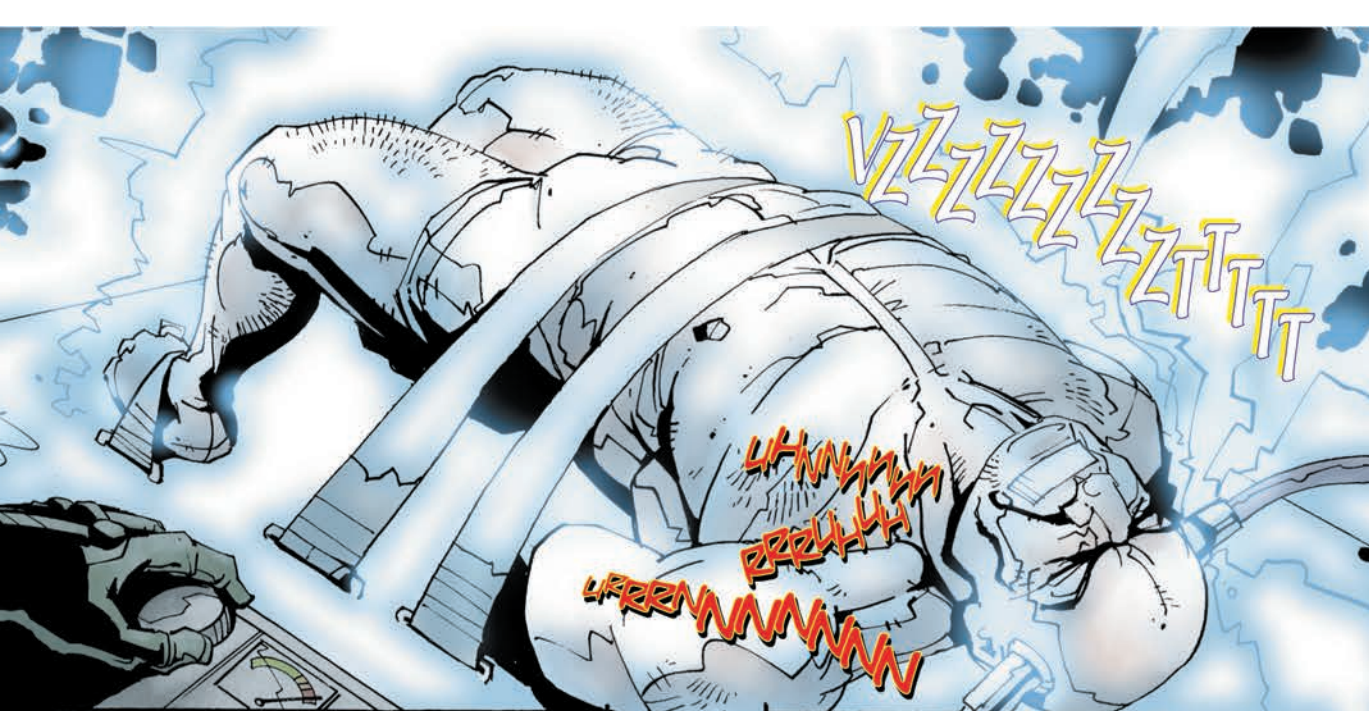
NO POOP?? **NATE?** HELL, NO. WE DON'T GET A LOTTA NEWS IN HERE. WAY TO **GO, GUY!**

FIGURED YOU MIGHT KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM?

IF I KNEW — WHICH I DON'T — YOU THINK I'M GOING TO TELL **YOU?** YOU GOT MORE CHANCE OF FINDING **GOLD DUST** UP MY **ASS!**

HE DIDN'T BOTHER CHECKING FOR THE GOLD DUST.

AGAIN.



TALK TO ME, LEFTY. TELL ME ABOUT SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

— SO... SO I GAVE HIM A NUMBER. BE-FORE HE WENT ON THAT WIPEOUT... OLD ARMY GUY, HELPS OUT SUH-SPACE CORPS VETS...

WHAT'S HIS NAME, LEFTY?



VUH-VINCENT... GENERAL TRIG VINCENT.

THIS WAS YOUR JOB, WITTLE. DON'T HAVE ME PICKING UP THE PIECES ALL THE TIME.



WHAT DID WE LEARN?

UH... THE GENERAL — VINCENT. HE HAD A REP FOR HELPING VETS. SO IT WASN'T JUST CHANCE SLAUGHTERHOUSE CALLED HIS NUMBER.

WHY DIDN'T VINCENT MENTION THAT? DON'T SUPPOSE THAT'S MUCH TO GO ON.

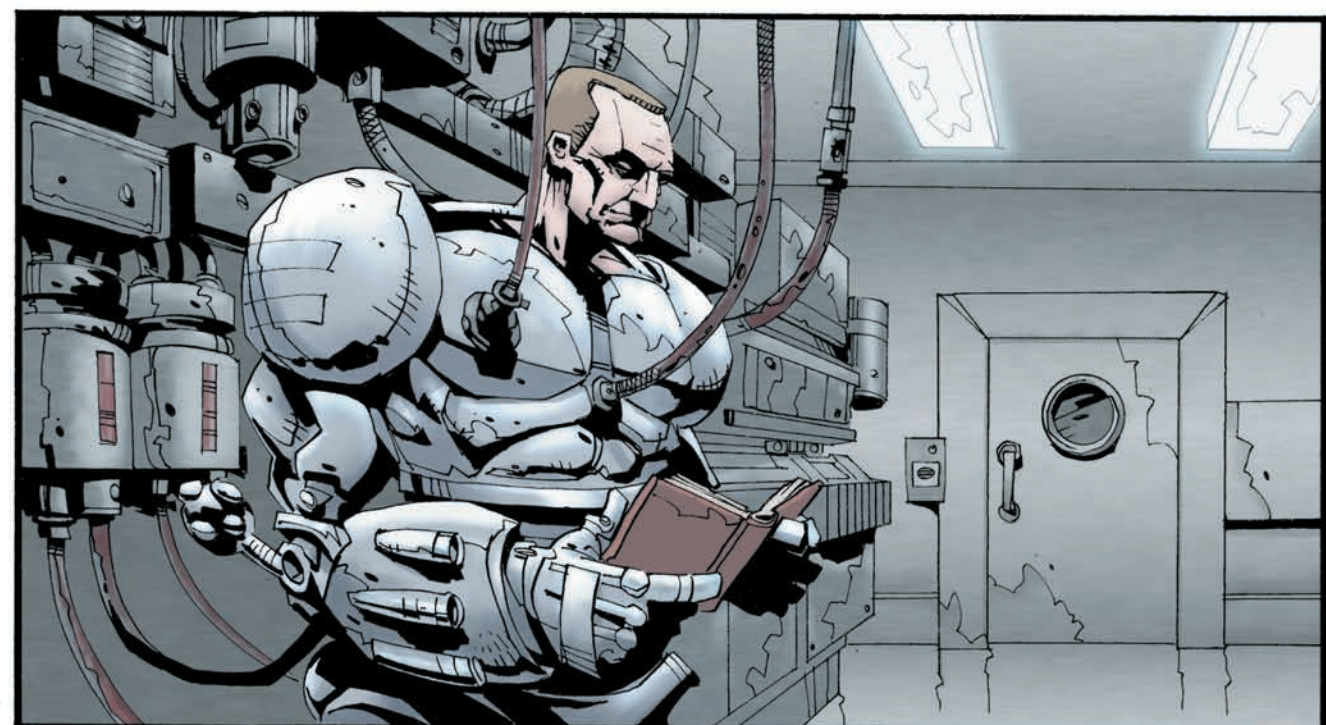
THE CALL — THINK ABOUT IT. VINCENT WAS OPENLY HOSTILE TO SLAUGHTERHOUSE. DOES THAT SOUND LIKE A MAN WHO LIKED HELPING VETERANS?



YOU THINK... WHAT? VINCENT TAMPERED WITH THE MESSAGE?

JUST SAYING MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE DUG A LITTLE DEEPER. LET'S CORRECT THAT MISTAKE.

PUT TOGETHER A SHAKEDOWN TEAM. VINCENT'S PLACE. ONE HOUR!







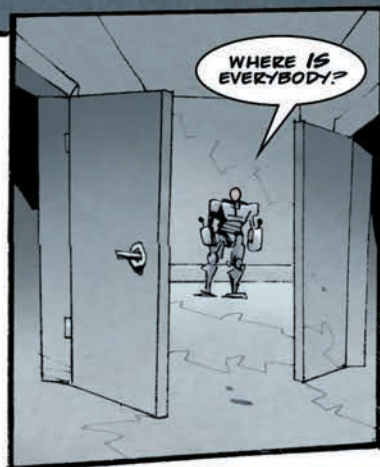
ALL
UNITS
GO!



KITTY - ?



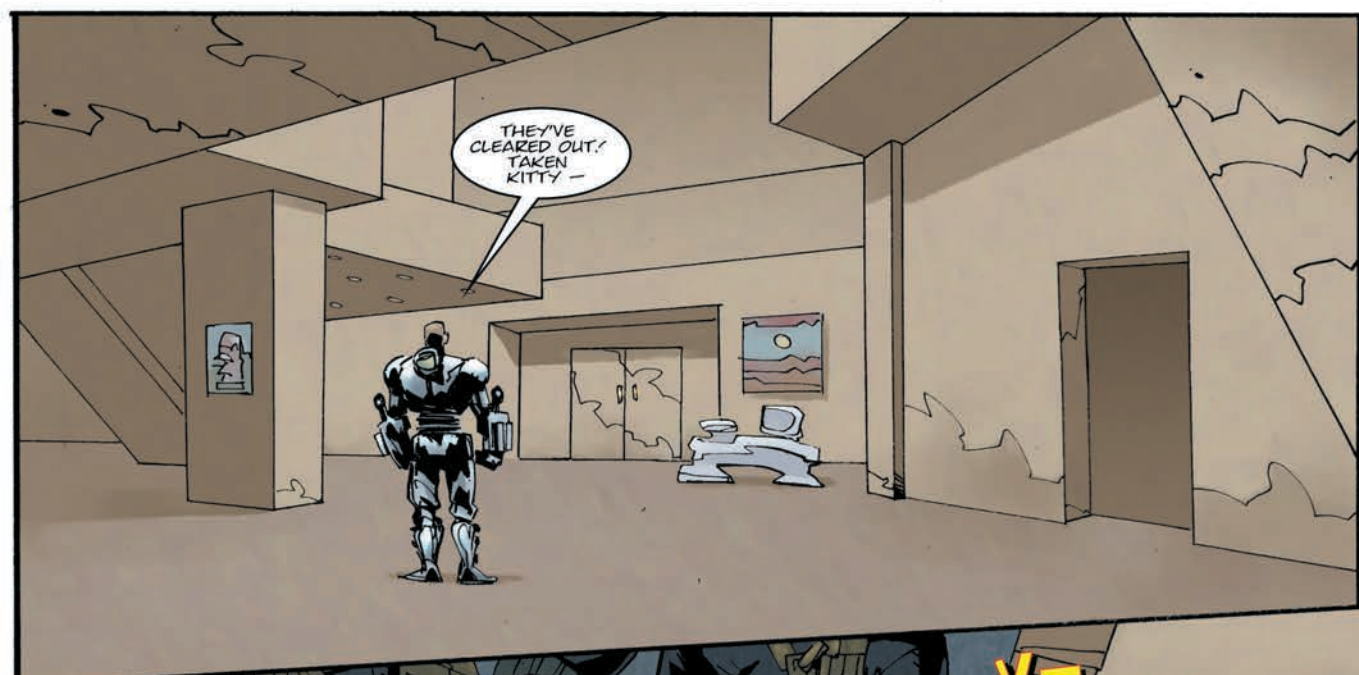
WHERE
THE
HELL - ?

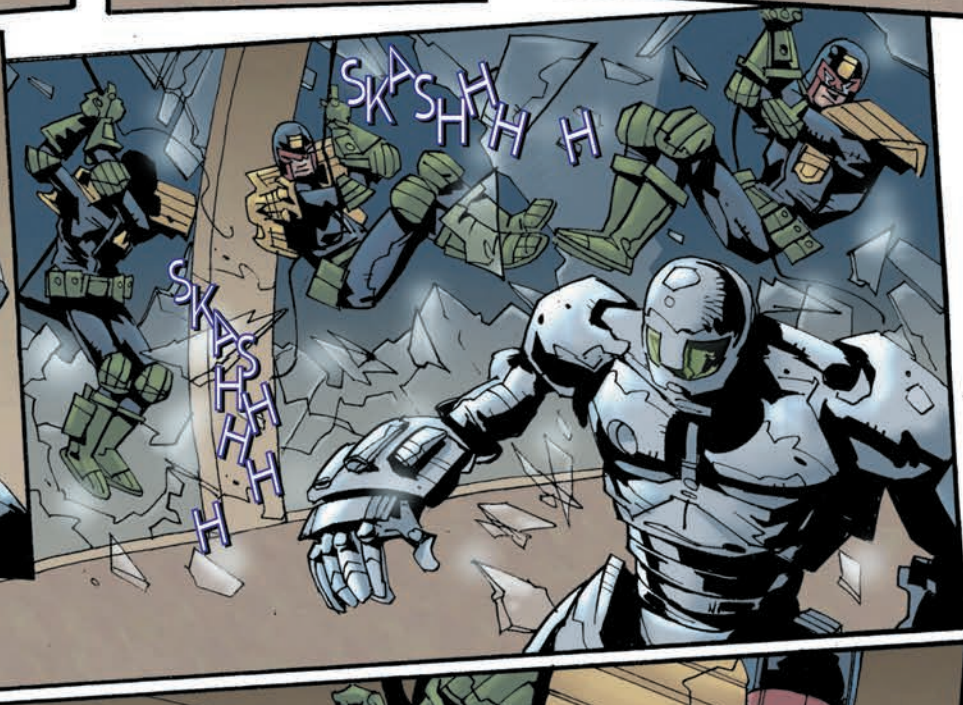


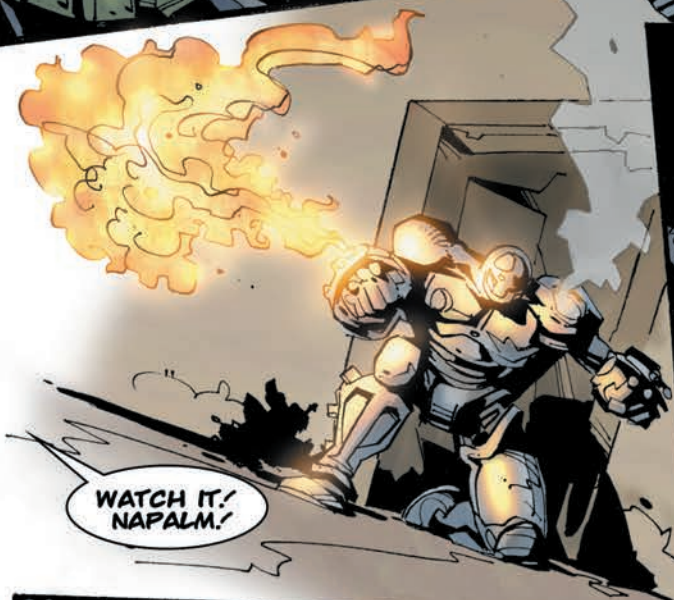
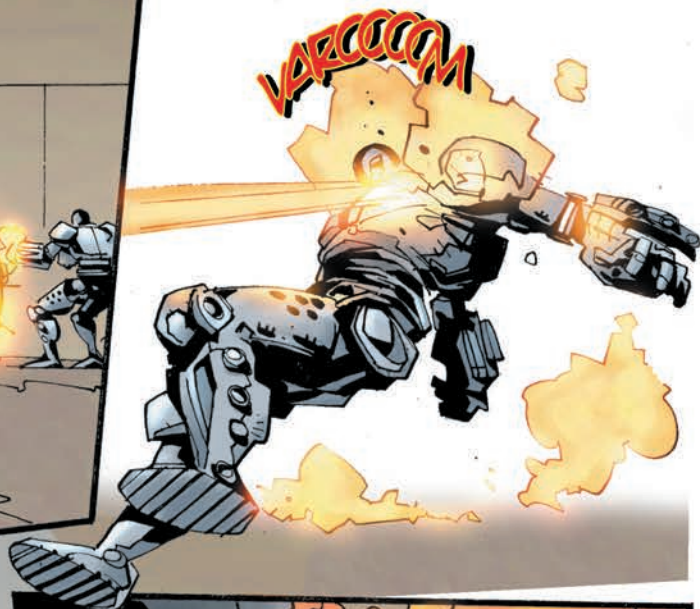
WHERE IS
EVERYBODY?



TERRACE IS
SECURE!
REPEAT
- TERRACE
IS SECURE!







THEY WERE GONE.
THE GENERAL,
KITTY — EVERYONE.

A PROBLEM
FOR LATER.

FOR NOW, MERE
SURVIVAL WOULD
BE ENOUGH.

INFRA-RED...ACTIVATED

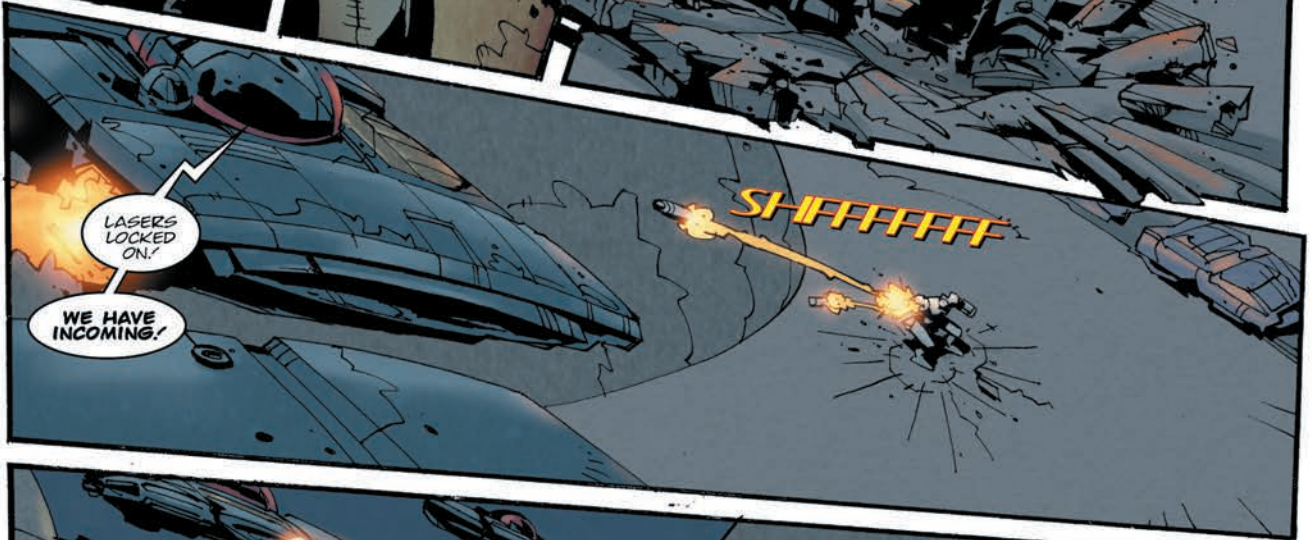
AHHHHH!

HI-EX!



CREEP'S
STILL INTACT!
AERIAL UNITS,
HE'S
YOURS!

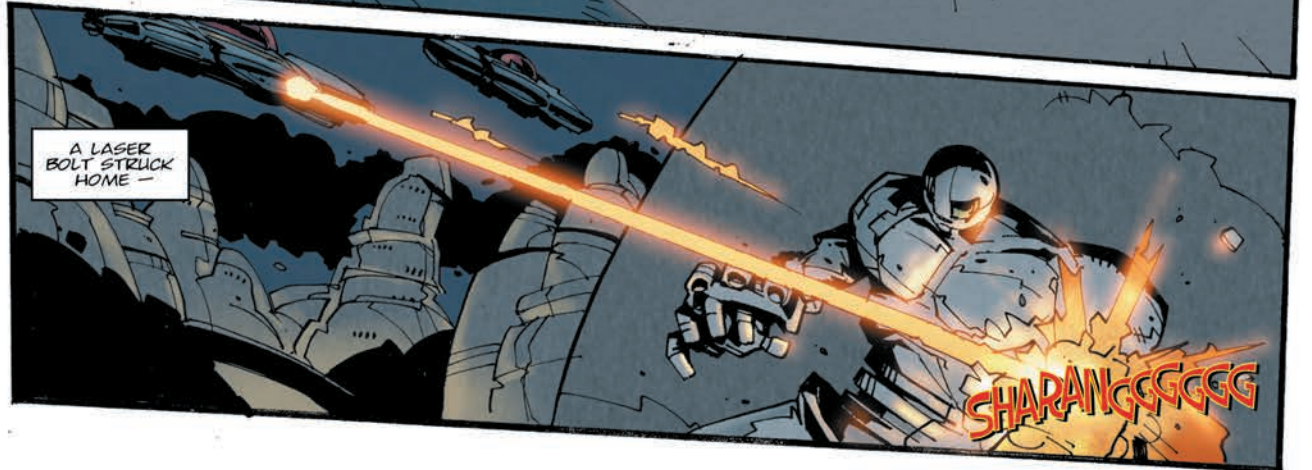
TAKE
HIM
OUT!



LASERS
LOCKED
ON!

WE HAVE
INCOMING!

SHHHHHH



A LASER
BOLT STRUCK
HOME -

SHARANGGGGG

BUT THE MANDROID'S
OWN LETHAL
RIPOSTE WAS
ALREADY STREAKING
TO ITS TARGET —

FANCCOOM!

THE SPRINGS HAD DONE
THEIR JOB, REDUCING
THE JARRING ON HIS
FEW REMAINING ORGANS
TO A TOLERABLE LEVEL.

LEFT ARM WAS
IMMOBILISED,
USELESS.

FLUID LEAK,
SOMEWHERE
INSIDE. HE HOPED
IT WAS OIL. NO
TIME TO CHECK.

JUST ONE
THOUGHT —
PUT DISTANCE
BETWEEN
THEM.

**LONES CHARGING
CONSTRAIN
YOUR SPEED**

HE RAN —
FASTER
THAN ANY
VEHICLE.

WHERE TO?
DIDN'T MATTER.
JUST RUN.



GOT HIM CUT OFF!
HI-EX!



THE HI-EX RICOCHETED OFF HIS BODY SHELL, A ONE IN A THOUSAND CHANCE.

HIS LUCKY DAY.

UHHNN!



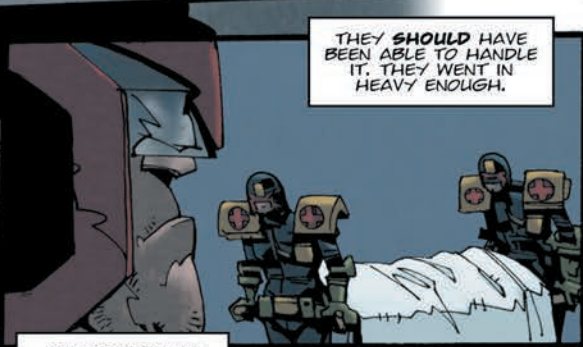
THE JUDGES WEREN'T HIS ENEMY, THAT'S WHAT HE'D TOLD THE DAMNED GENERAL.

THEY WERE NOW.



THEY HAD SIX DEAD, SEVERAL MORE CASUALTIES.

SIX, ON DREDD'S CALL.



THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANDLE IT. THEY WENT IN HEAVY ENOUGH.



THE DIFFERENCE HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

INSTANT, NEVER FELT A THING.

ADMIRE HIM OR NOT, ANY SYMPATHY HE MAY HAVE HAD FOR NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE WAS GONE, WASHED AWAY WITH THE FIRST SPLASH OF JUDGES' BLOOD.

WE HAVE ANOTHER CASUALTY. YAKUSI, TRAFFIC. TRIED TO STOP HIM ON WEST NELL'S.

GET AERIAL UNITS THERE. ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION.

SUBJECT LAST SEEN ON THE OVERSKED, ENTERING THE OLD SNEED PRECINCT. CAMS ARE DOWN THERE SINCE THE MEK DROIDS' STRIKE.

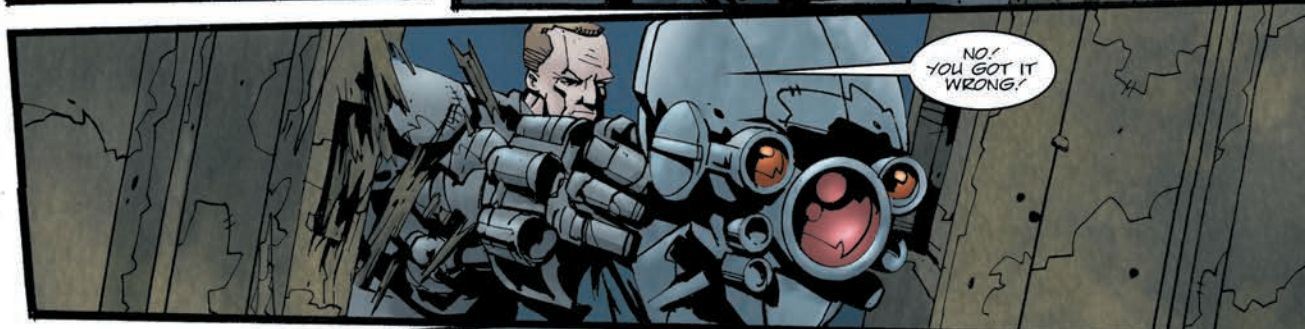
THE LEAK, HE DETERMINED, WAS HYDRAULIC FLUID. SOMETHING WAS GOING TO SEIZE UP, SOONER RATHER THAN LATER, TIME WAS LIMITED.

WH-WHAT WAS THAT?

DON'T BE AFRAID. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.

OH MY GRUD - !







NICE GOIN', GUY!

PUT IT THERE, SOLDIER — HEY, HOW DO YOU SHAKE WITH A MANDROID?

CAREFULLY, LIEUTENANT.

MAN, WE BEEN WATCHIN' ONNA VID, SIX JAYS DEAD, ANOTHER FEW IN CRITICAL. YOU FREAKIN' CREAMED 'EM, MAN.



THE **PRODIGAL** RETURNS! THEY HAVE FELT HIS WRATH AND THEY FALL BEFORE HIM.

WELCOME **BACK**, SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

KITTY —



YOU COME ROUND, THE CAMP'S DESERTED AND THE ENEMY'S GOT YOU IN A TIGHT SPOT, EH? 'COURSE YOU'D BE ASKING YOURSELF!

KITTY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

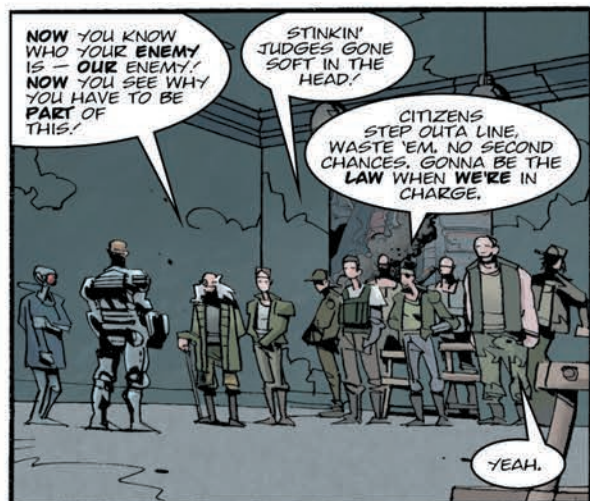
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, NATE.



— BATTLED WITH THE BLAZE, THE GRIM DEATH TOLL MOUNTED, THIS MORNING JUDGES ARE STILL HUNTING MANDROID NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE. CITIZENS ARE WARNED NOT TO APPROACH.

US NEWS! BREAKING NEWS!

YOU WERE NO GOOD TO ME, SOLDIER! UNFOCUSED! HAD TO SNAP YOU OUT OF IT! SINK OR SWIM, AND BY GOD YOU SWAM!

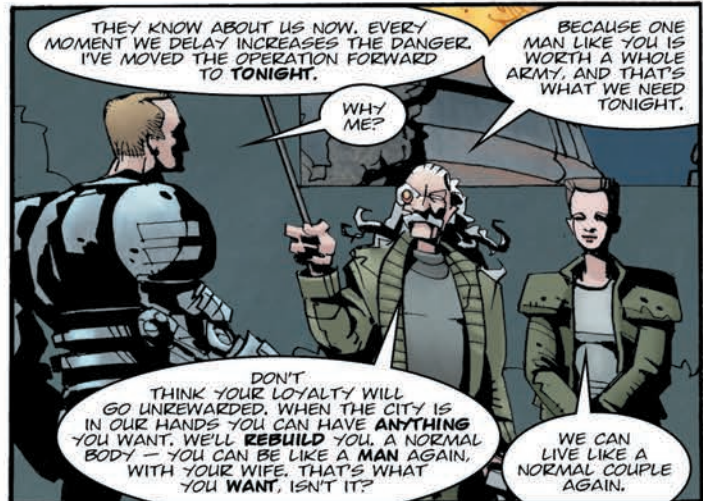


NOW YOU KNOW WHO YOUR ENEMY IS — **OUR ENEMY!** NOW YOU SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO BE PART OF THIS!

STINKIN' JUDGES GONE SOFT IN THE HEAD!

CITIZENS STEP OUTTA LINE, WASTE 'EM, NO SECOND CHANCES. GONNA BE THE **LAW** WHEN WE'RE IN CHARGE.

YEAH.



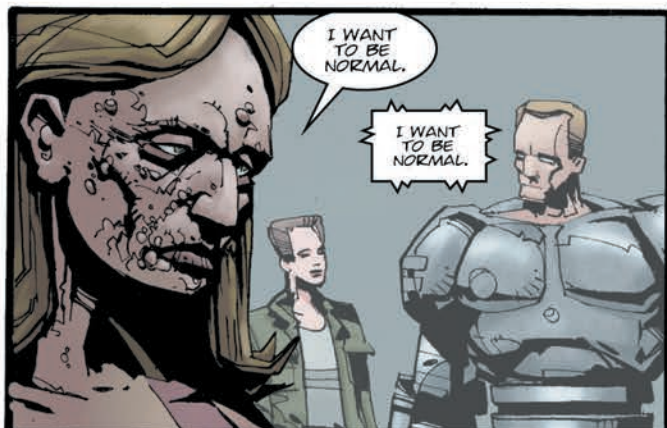
THEY KNOW ABOUT US NOW, EVERY MOMENT WE DELAY INCREASES THE DANGER. I'VE MOVED THE OPERATION FORWARD TO TONIGHT.

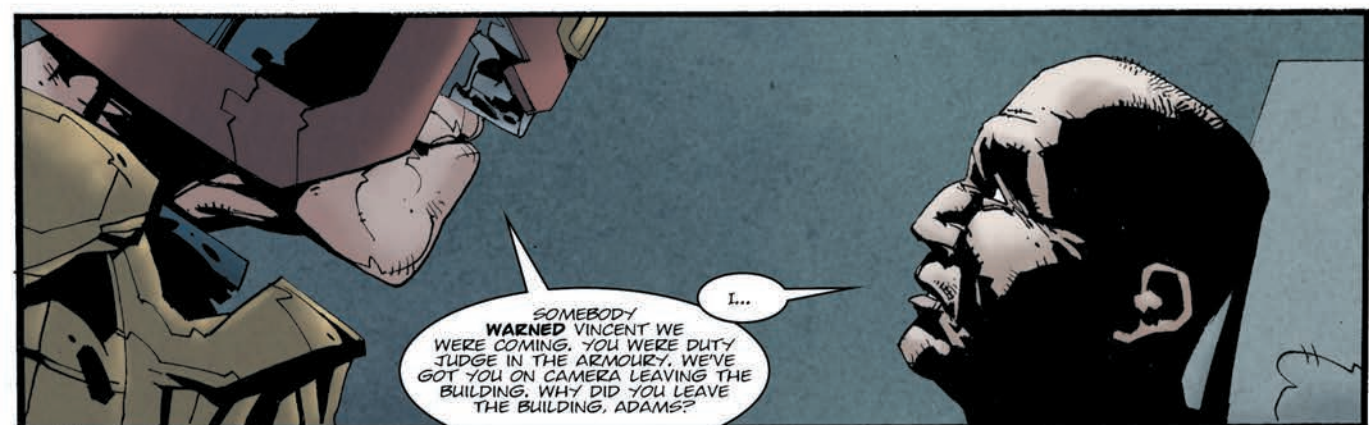
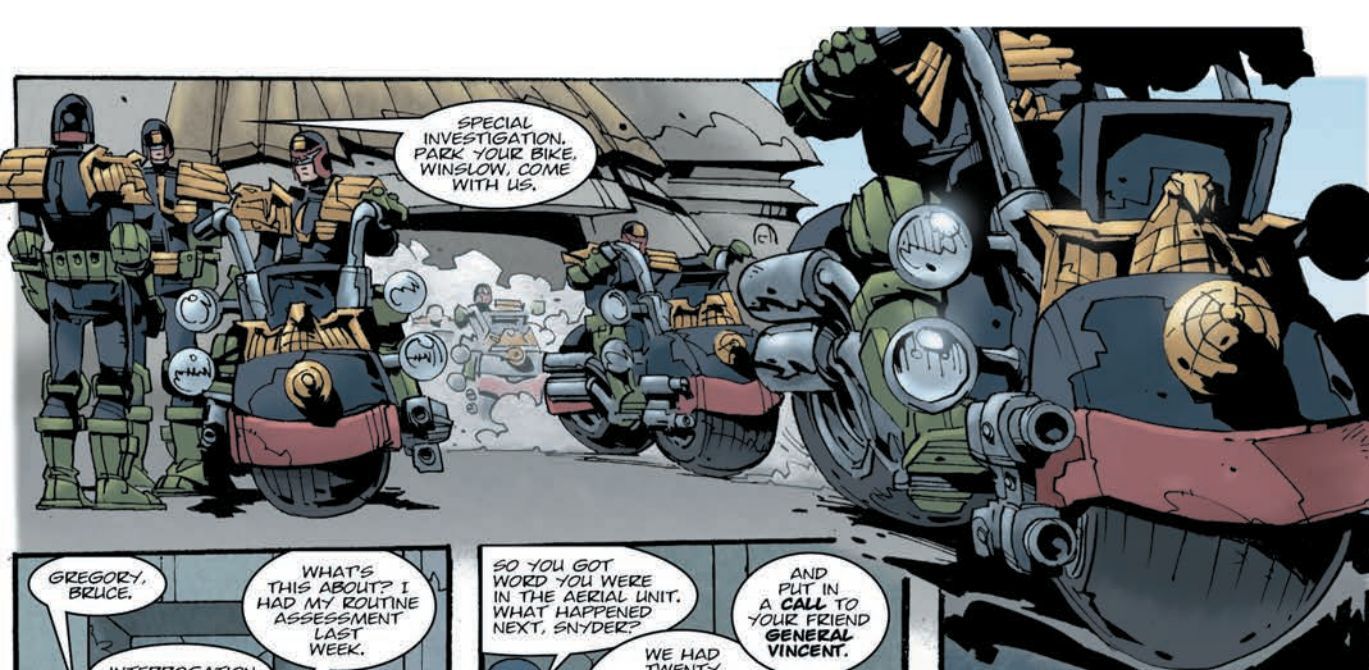
WHY ME?

BECAUSE ONE MAN LIKE YOU IS WORTH A WHOLE ARMY, AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED TONIGHT.

DON'T THINK YOUR LOYALTY WILL GO UNREWARDED. WHEN THE CITY IS IN OUR HANDS YOU CAN HAVE **ANYTHING** YOU WANT. WE'LL **REBUILD** YOU, A NORMAL BODY — YOU CAN BE LIKE A MAN AGAIN, WITH YOUR WIFE. THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?

WE CAN LIVE LIKE A NORMAL COUPLE AGAIN.







IT'S **GALVIN**. CONTROL SUPERVISOR. LIE DETECTOR'S GOING OFF-SCALE. HE'S WRIGGLING LIKE A WORM BUT HE'S THE MOUTH ALL RIGHT.



HOLD THIS ONE HERE FOR **SJS**. HE'S HIDING SOMETHING. PROBABLY NOT RELATED BUT I THINK WE SHOULD KNOW.

IT'LL BE A LOT EASIER IF YOU JUST COME CLEAN, ADAMS.



WE'VE HAD PROBLEMS WITH YOU BEFORE, **GALVIN**.

HIGH INCIDENCE OF DEATH IN CUSTODY — LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH A **REPRIMAND** ON THAT VECTOR CASE.

HOW MUCH LIP WE SUPPOSED TO TAKE?

MOVED TO SECTOR HOUSE CONTROL ROOM TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE.

THAT'S A DAMN LIE! JUST LIKE THE DAMNED LIE DETECTORS. YOU KNOW THOSE THINGS ARE HOKEY!



HE DOUBTED **GALVIN** WOULD BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO PAIN. HE COULD BREAK HIM. SURE, BUT IT WOULD BE NO QUICK PROCESS.

ANOTHER TEN MILS.



THE **CHEMICAL** ROUTE CARRIED RISKS, BUT HE SENSED THEIR TIME WAS LIMITED —

GOT A LOT...LOT OF EX-SFAC CORPS GUYS. OWN LITTLE ARMY. HE TOLD ME —

NAMES?

GOING TO STAGE A COOP...CONSIGN US TO HISTORY. HISTORY!



WITH A **MANDROID** AND A HANDFUL OF EX-SOLDIERS? HOW?

WE...WE DIDN'T DISCUSS DETAILS, I JUST... JUST...KEPT AN EYE OUT FOR HIM...

HE'S RIGHT ON THE BUTTON. OLD TRIGGER. WERE TOO DAMN SOFT ON THE CRUIDS. WE OUGHTA BE CRUSHIN' THEM LIKE BUGS.

LOCATE AND QUESTION ALL **SPACE CORPS VETS** CURRENTLY RESIDENT. DRAFT IN AS MANY EXTRA HELMETS AS YOU NEED. THIS IS PRIORITY ONE.

SIR — ADAMS, HE'S SICK. BEEN KEEPING IT QUIET, SEEING SOMEONE OUTSIDE.

ALL RIGHT. SEND HIM TO THE MEDS. INFORM HIS SECTOR CHIEF.

THEY FOUND ONE THING OF INTEREST AMID THE DEBRIS OF VINCENT'S APARTMENT —

LOOKS LIKE PART OF A FLOORPLAN. HAND DRAWN.

YOU TRY FOR A MATCH?

IT'S PRETTY ROUGH. A MILLION LIKE IT OR NONE. DEPENDS HOW PICKY YOU WANT TO BE.

THE BREAK, AS SO OFTEN, CAME FROM THE **PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT** —

A PAYCARD PURCHASE WAS MADE TWO HOURS AGO FROM **DAVE'S ALL-NITE PHARMACY** ON MACY, SECTOR II: NITRACINE, 500 TABS — **HEXAPHYTOL**, 200-MIL BOTTLE — **WILSON'S RUB**, HALF-LITRE TUB. THESE ARE DRUGS USED TO TREAT **VENEREAL PALSY**.

WE KNOW **MELODY CORNISS**, VINCENT'S **GRANDDAUGHTER**, ESCAPED WITH HIM. CORNISS WAS **RAPED** ON HER WAY HOME FROM MUSIC SCHOOL IN '25 — ONE OF HER ATTACKERS WAS A **CARRIER**.

THE CONDITION IS RARE. THAT DAVE'S HAS NEVER SOLD THAT PARTICULAR COMBINATION BEFORE. PURCHASER WAS A **ROBOT**. CHECK YOUR BIKE SCREEN.

THAT'S VINCENT'S DROID?

ROE — THE **SPACE CORPS VETS**, WE GOT ANYONE CLOSE TO **DAVE'S PHARMACY** ON MACY, SECTOR II?

UH...THREE BLOCKS AWAY? **BILK GADNEY**, FORMER SERGEANT, 4TH CORPS, RUNS **GADNEY'S MUSCLE CLUB** FURTHER DOWN MACY. WE HAVEN'T GOT ROUND TO HIM YET.

I'LL CHECK HIM!



SEVERAL SUSPECTS AMONG THE EX-SPACE CORPS VETS. ALL RECEIVED CALLS LAST NIGHT FROM THE SAME UNREGISTERED NUMBER - POSSIBLY GENERAL VINCENT.

LELAND STARK, FORMER LIEUTENANT, 7TH CORPS. LOST AN ARM IN THE ZOULA WAR.

JOHANNES RANCY, FORMER CORPORAL WITH THE 1ST.

DAZ SHIRLEY, ENFORCEMENT OFFICER, ALSO 1ST CORPS. WORKS AS A WAITRESS AT PICTON'S HOTTIE IN 34, DIDN'T SHOW FOR WORK LAST NIGHT.



TENNISON, DENNIS. SERVED WITH AN ASSASSIN UNIT. DISCHARGED FOR MENTAL INSTABILITY - GUY'S A CERTIFIED NUTCASE. DON'T KNOW WHY WE LET HIM BACK INTO THE CITY.



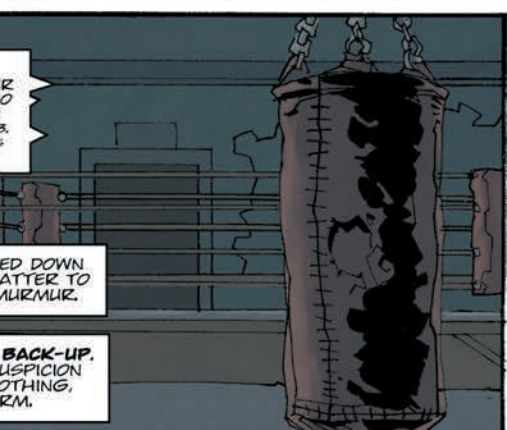
SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY THE SAME FOR SLAUGHTERHOUSE.



COME TO MENTION IT, YOUR MAN GADNEY'S NO ANGEL. GOT TWO CONVICTIONS FOR A.B. SERVED THREE YEARS ON THE LAST.

HE TURNED DOWN ROE'S CHATTER TO A LOW MURMUR.

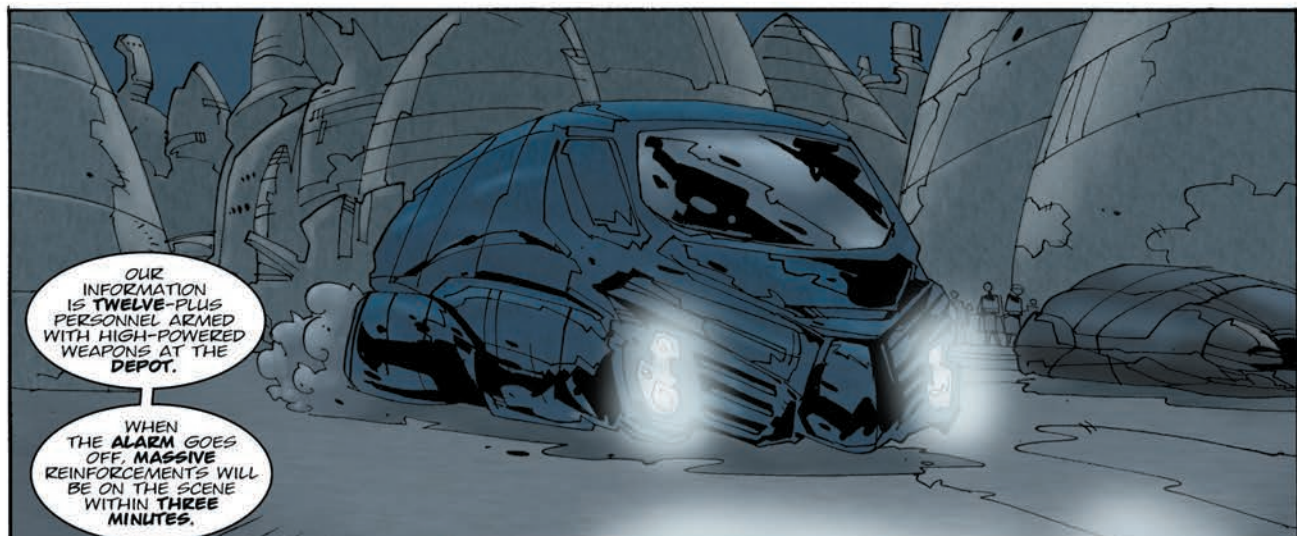
HE KNEW HE SHOULD CALL BACK-UP. THEY HAD REASON FOR SUSPICION NOW. BUT IT COULD BE NOTHING, ANOTHER FALSE ALARM.



OR WAS WHAT STOPPED HIM THE THOUGHT THAT SIX MEN HAD ALREADY DIED UNDER HIS ORDERS...AND THE MANDROID MIGHT WELL BE HERE?



THE ROBOT!



OUR INFORMATION IS **TWELVE-PLUS** PERSONNEL ARMED WITH HIGH-POWERED WEAPONS AT THE DEPOT.

WHEN THE **ALARM** GOES OFF, **MASSIVE** REINFORCEMENTS WILL BE ON THE SCENE WITHIN **THREE** MINUTES.



THREE MINUTES. THAT'S ALL WE HAVE.

WE HAVE ONE ADVANTAGE — THE ELEMENT OF **SURPRISE**. THEY DON'T EXPECT AN **ATTACK**, AND THEY DON'T EXPECT **SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE**.



SLAUGHTERHOUSE, YOU WILL BE FIRST IN. YOUR JOB IS TO RAPIDLY **LOCATE** AND **DESTROY** ALL RESISTANCE.

YOU THE MAN, SARGE!



PRIVATE SOBEL, YOU HAVE THE COMMAND CODES?

DOWN BY HEART, GENERAL.

OH MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE GONNA DO IT!

HIS HEAD WAS SPINNING. HE FELT LIKE HE HAD BEEN SWEEPED UP BY A WAVE, WAS BEING CARRIED HELPLESSLY ALONG —



YOU'VE GOT MAYBE A MINUTE AND A HALF TO GET SOME OF THOSE SHIPS IN THE AIR. I WANT THEM UP THERE TO INTERCEPT REINFORCEMENTS AS THEY COME IN.

VINCENT...VINCENT WAS 100% CERTIFIABLE. HE COULD ONLY GUESS AT WHAT DREAMWORLD THESE OTHER GUYS WERE ON.

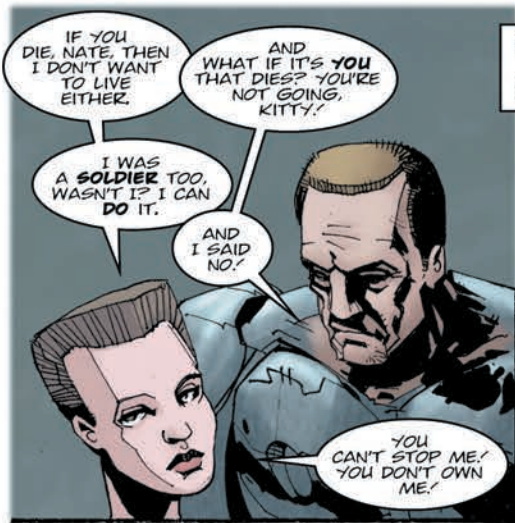
AND THEY WERE DRAGGING HIM INTO IT. AND KITTY.

KITTY...

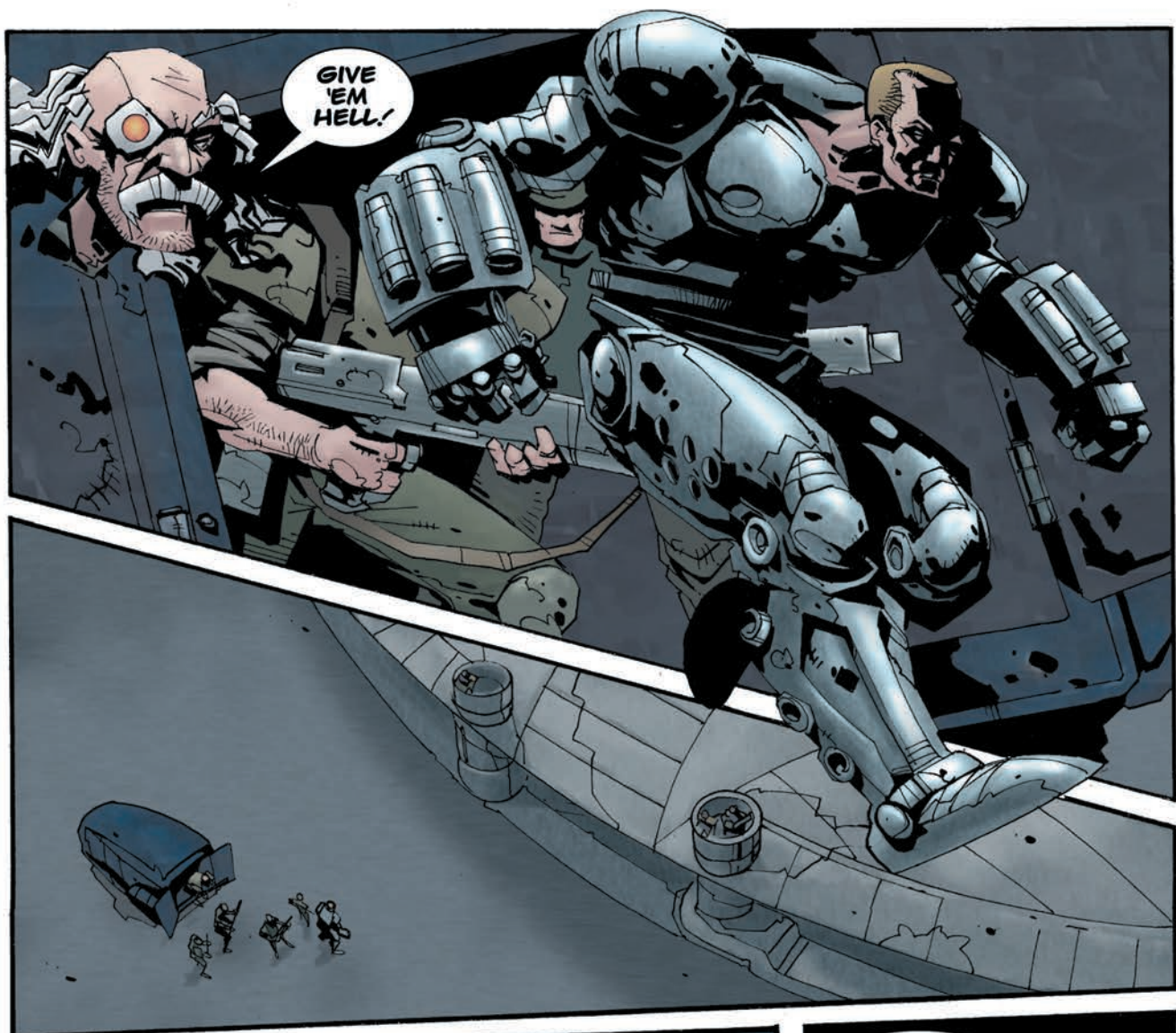


I'M COMING WITH YOU.

THE HELL YOU ARE!







GIVE 'EM HELL!



DROKK!

CONTROL! HAVE LOCATED THE MANDROID! NOW WITH VINCENT, SEVERAL OTHERS, PREPARING TO LAUNCH ATTACK ON CENTRAL MEKANOID STORAGE DEPOT!



WHERE'S THE CAMERA, MELODY? SLAUGHTERHOUSE?

NO...

KITTY.



GRANDPA BOUGHT HER... THROUGH AN AGENT, FOR TRANSPLANT.

SHE'S... NOT REALLY ALIVE. NATE THINKS SHE IS. I SPEAK FOR HER. I MAKE HER MOVE.



THE ATTACK ON JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT'S MEKANOID
STORAGE DEPOT GRINDS
TO A SHUDDERING HALT —

DAMN YOU,
SERGEANT! GET
MOVING!

WE'RE
LOSING THE
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE,
GENERAL! WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
HIM?

DREDD SPEAKS THROUGH
THE SLAVE MODULE
IMPLANTED IN KITTY —

YOUR WIFE
WAS BRAIN DEAD,
SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

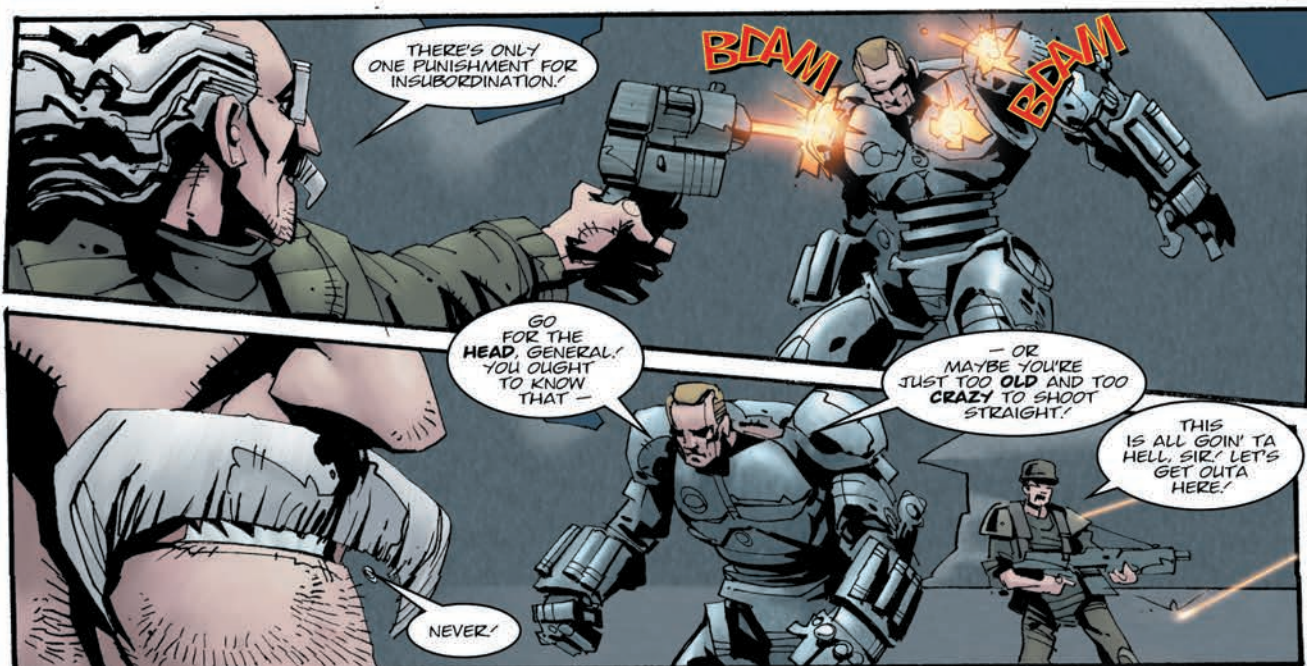
— VINCENT'S
BEEN
CONTROLLING
HER LIKE A
PUPPET!

KITTY,
NO...

THEY NEEDED YOU,
SLAUGHTERHOUSE, SO
THEY GAVE YOU A TOY
AND THEY MADE YOU
THINK IT WAS
REAL.

OH
GOD —

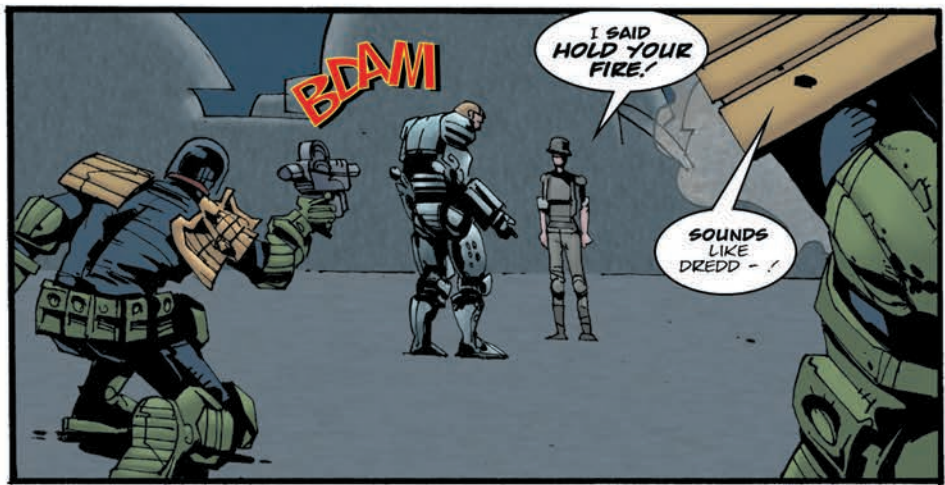
GIVE
YOURSELF UP
NOW! YOU'LL BE FAIRLY
TREATED, YOU HAVE
MY WORD ON IT!





VARCOOOOOOOOM

IT'S
OVER, ALL
OVER.







COVERS GALLERY



2000 AD Prog 1458: Cover by **Mark Harrison**





2000 AD Prog 1557: Cover by **Rufus Dayglo**



JUDGE DREDD: MANDROID (PART 1)

ORIGINAL SCRIPT

PAGE 1

Full page pic. BIG WAR ACTION in an alien war zone. Fog drifts over the scene. A platoon of the SPACE CORPS (SC) has been caught out in the open. They have big guns and are wearing heavily armoured battlesuits. (The suits could be like an American footballer's padding gone wild). They are however melting, hissing and spitting, as the acid in the fog dissolves them.

This renders them vulnerable to the blast beams of the oncoming enemy, triffid-like creatures (if you like, I'm not fussy as long as they look good, and alien), automatons, both flying and on foot, emerging relentlessly from the fog. This is a slaughter. As all around him are cut down (see caption), SGT NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE, big and bold amid the carnage, continues to pump fire at the enemy. A blast cuts through his weakened armour, ripping a lump off him, but it doesn't deter him

CAPTION: THE SPOOKS CAME OUT OF THE FOG AND CAUGHT THEM COLD. HALF THE PLATOON WAS CUT DOWN BEFORE THEY REALISED THE FOG WAS ACID – A SULPHUROUS CLOUD THAT WAS EATING THROUGH THEIR BATTLESUITS.

CAPTION: BIG JIM DIED SCREAMING -- THEN BOMBER, AND STACK, AND GUNNER DOWNING, CLUTCHING HER MELTED AIRHOSE AND GURGLING LIKE A SUCKPUMP –

CAPTION: – UNTIL ONLY SLAUGHTERHOUSE WAS STILL STANDING, STILL PUMPING IT BACK AT THEM.

NATE: WHERE'S THAT AIRSTRIKE, GODDAMIT? THEY'RE CREAMIN' US!

FX: as reqd

PAGE 2

1. A blast blows the leg of Nate's suit off (and Nate's leg too), sending him flying.

2. With gritted teeth and only one leg Nate rises again, still pumping fire at the oncoming Spooks, destroying two or three.

CAPTION: BUT SERGEANT NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE WOULD ALWAYS BE LAST MAN STANDING. HE DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF QUIT –

NATE: YOU DAMN SPIDERMONKEYS GOTTA TRY A LITTLE HARDER TO NAIL OLD SPACETROOPER! EAT IT!

3. vadoom vadoom spatta fwamm. Blasts rip Nate apart.

4. In an underground bunker an operator sits at screens/console. The view from Nate's Battlesuit camera goes blank. Watching the op is Nate's wife, CAPTAIN KITTY ROSSON.

OP: HE'S GONE BLANK! SLAUGHTERHOUSE! COME IN, SLAUGHTERHOUSE – !

KITTY: I'M GOING OUT!

5. Hanging in the back of the bunker are two battlesuits. Kitty is getting into one, with captain's bars on it. The op protests.

OP: STANDING ORDERS, CAPTAIN! NOBODY LEAVES THE BUNKER!

KITTY: THE HELL WITH ORDERS! YOU CONCENTRATE ON GETTING THAT DAMN AIRSTRIKE HERE!

6. Kitty in her battlesuit opens fire on the spooks as she approaches the battlefield. They return fire.

CAPTION: WHEN SHE GOT THERE THE CLOUD HAD BLOWN PAST. THE SPOOKS WERE COMBING THE KILLZONE FOR SURVIVORS.

PAGE 3

1. She's dived into cover. Shots zanggg around her. But looking up she sees, coming in overhead, a squadron of flying gun platforms.

KITTY: HANG IN THERE, NATE! HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

2. These start blowing hell out of the spooks.

3. She's found what's left of Nate, kneels by him. He's a mess. Both legs blown off, an arm, acid melting away a lot of his lower torso. But his head and chest are still intact, and he's just about alive.

KITTY: NATE --

LINK: DEAR GOD -- !

3a. Headshot (in her suit), panicking Kitty.

KITTY: GET A MED SHIP HERE NOW!

4. A med room. Nate, out of the suit, is in a coffin-like, partly glass-topped tank, frozen – there's not much more than head, shoulders and part of the chest left. What's left is hooked up to all sorts of monitors, tubes etc, pumping blood and oxygen and morphine etc. Kitty – in captain's fatigues – and an eminent corps surgeon look on.

CAPTION: THEY PUT HIM IN CRYOGENIC SUSPENSION TO LESSEN THE EFFECTS OF THE SHOCK. BY RIGHTS HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE MADE IT OFF THE BATTLEFIELD.

DOC: I HAVE TO WARN YOU, YOU MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

KITTY: YOU DON'T KNOW NATE.

5. Nate in fg here. Our first good look at his face. We see Kitty and doc less than clearly through the wall of his tank.

KITTY: HE'S NOT THE KIND OF MAN TO GIVE SECOND BEST TO ANYTHING – EVEN DEATH. HE'LL PULL THROUGH.

DOC: IF HE DOES WE NEED TO CARRY OUT MAJOR SURGERY. AS HIS WIFE, CAPTAIN ROSSON, I WILL NEED YOUR PERMISSION.

6. The operation in progress, lots of surgeons, we don't want to see too much detail here.

CAPTION: SHE GAVE IT, OF COURSE, WHAT COULD SHE DO? THOUGH HE NEVER THANKED HER.

CAPTION: NO, THE MOST HE EVER SAID WAS HE WISHED SHE'D LET HIM DIE.

PAGE 4

1. Afterwards, therapy. Longish view. Nate, wearing a long robe that nearly touches the floor, is taking his first seemingly painful steps, supported either side by parallel bars. A THERAPIST is helping him.

THERAPIST: STEP BY STEP, IT'LL TAKE TIME. THE BRAIN'S GOT TO LEARN HOW TO SEND THE RIGHT MESSAGES TO THE SUIT.

2. Nate swings suddenly round, arm outstretched, and if the therapist hadn't ducked he would have clunked him on the head. Nate's hand, we would notice, is somewhat metallic – or is he wearing gloves? Nate's face looks depressed, vacant.

THERAPIST: WHOA, BUDDY! AIN'T SO MUCH OF MY HEAD LEFT I WANNA LOSE ANY MORE!

3. Close. The therapist is helpful. Nate displays no interest.

THERAPIST: NATE, YOU GOTTA TRY TO BE A BIT MORE POSITIVE. Y'KNOW, SOME OF US WEREN'T SO LUCKY. THEY DID A REALLY NICE JOB ON YOU. WHEN THAT PLASTI-SKIN GROWS YOU COULD ALMOST PASS FOR NORMAL.

4. In his hospital room Nate stands looking out of the window, back to us, long robe on. Kitty, pretty in fatigues, is getting a little exasperated.

KITTY: THE THERAPIST SAYS YOU'RE JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.

NATE: THAT A FACT?

KITTY: I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, NATE. WHERE'S THE MAN WHO NEVER ADMITS HE'S BEAT?

NATE: GONE. GONE FOREVER.

5. Big. Nate turns, pulls open his robe, displaying for once some emotion, even if it is anger. His head, neck, one shoulder (possibly an arm) and a V down his chest that would include his heart are still him. The rest is robotic, muscular male in form, metal. We'll have to chat about this, the main thing is to get this amalgam of man and machine looking good. Could be lots of pipes and hydraulics on show.

NATE: LOOK AT ME, KITTY! I'M NOT A MAN ANYMORE!

PAGE 5

1. On Nate. He's bitter.

NATE: THAT'S WHAT I SAID TO SCHRODER. YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID?

2. Intercut a flashback – in a consulting room. The eminent surgeon explains, giving Nate a wink. His words don't have a cheering effect on Nate.

DOC: BELIEVE ME, IT'S ALL IN WORKING ORDER DOWN THERE, SERGEANT. WE'VE GIVEN YOU A TESTOSTERONE IMPLANT. WHEN THE NEURAL CONNECTORS HAVE HAD TIME TO BED IN, YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW.

LINK: IN FACT, IF YOU ASK THE WIVES, BETTER.

3. Back to Nate and Kitty, close.

NATE: HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT, KITTY? LOOK AT ME – LOVE’S YOUNG DREAM, HUH?

KITTY: THEY DID THE BEST THEY COULD. WE’VE ALL GOT TO LEARN TO DEAL WITH IT.

KITTY: YOU’VE STILL GOT A LIFE, NATE.

NATE: DO I?

4. Nate’s looking out of his hospital room window. He has his robe pulled round him again.

CAPTION: HE KNEW THEM WELL ENOUGH - THE MANDROID UNITS. A FEW OF HIS OWN BOYS HAD ENDED UP THERE.

5. The mandroid units are training. They’re all soldiers, mostly male but some female, who’ve had their bodies largely destroyed and have had so many prostheses added that they’re more machine than human. The prostheses vary, but are generally heavy duty – spring legs that enable them to leap high in the air, powerful hands and arms for combat, military insignia painted directly onto them.

CAPTION: BLOWN APART, CRUSHED, BROKEN – THEN REBUILT. MORE MACHINE THAN MAN. POTENTIALLY EXCELLENT SOLDIERS, THEY SAID. FASTER, STRONGER, HARDER TO KILL --

CAPTION: YET ALL HE COULD FEEL WAS REVULSION. THEY WERE FREAKS...GROTESQUES.

6. His ten year old son TOMMY comes bursting into the room. As Nate turns his robe comes open, exposing his new form. Tommy somewhat dumbfounded by the sight.

CAPTION: NOW HE WAS ONE.

TOMMY: HEY, DAD.

LINK: HEY, UH...GEEZ...THAT...UH...DOESN’T LOOK TOO BAD.

7. Nate turns away, pulling his robe around himself again.

KITTY: TOMMY, YOUR FATHER’S NOT GOING TO COME BACK WITH US TODAY. THEY WANT TO KEEP HIM IN A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

TOMMY: AW.

PAGE 6

1. Kitty the consulting room of the eminent surgeon. They can look through a glass window to see Nate – robed up – staring out of his room window.

DOC: DOES HE EVER SPEAK OF...DOING HIMSELF HARM?

KITTY: YES. ONCE OR TWICE. BUT I...I DON’T BELIEVE HE WOULD. HE KNOWS HOW THAT WOULD HURT TOMMY.

2. Kitty’s voice continues as we close in on Nate’s deadpan face.

KITTY: I WONDER IF WE MADE A MISTAKE. IF WE SHOULD HAVE LET HIM GO...

LINK: IT’S LIKE HE’S NOT REALLY ALIVE ANYMORE. LIKE THE MAN I KNEW DIED OUT ON THAT BATTLEFIELD.

3. Kitty, in dress uniform, stands before a colonel sitting behind a desk with a space corps flag behind him. An aide attends him.

CAPTION: AFTER EIGHT MONTHS IN THERAPY, THE DECISION WAS MADE TO GRANT SERGEANT NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE A FULL MEDICAL DISCHARGE -

COLONEL: TO LOSE TWO GOOD SOLDIERS WOULD BE A TRAGEDY, CAPTAIN ROSSON. WE'D LIKE YOU TO STAY ON. REGULATIONS HOWEVER STIPULATE THAT I MUST OFFER YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO RESIGN YOUR COMMISSION.

4. On Kitty.

KITTY: HE'S MY HUSBAND, COLONEL. I HAVE TO GO WITH HIM.

5. Nate, Kitty and Tommy, dressed for travel, stand on the observation deck of a shuttle as it glides in over Mega-City One, day. Lots of other passengers crowd to the rail to see the sights (it would be wired off too, so no-one can jump out). Nate is dressed in an outsize business suit that largely hides his frame. They're in bg here. In fg JUDGE DREDD is standing on a watching bay, sternly watching the shuttle glide by.

CAPTION: NATE, KITTY RONSON AND THEIR SON TOMMY WERE GRANTED LEAVE TO RETURN TO MEGA-CITY ONE.

CAPTION: DESPITE SLAUGHTERHOUSE'S CONDITION, IT WAS FELT THAT HE WOULD PRESENT NO DANGER TO THE PUBLIC.

6. Close on Nate, Kitty and Tommy.

CAPTION: AT THE TIME, IT SEEMED A REASONABLE ASSUMPTION.

NEXT:

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 a whole cast of other memorable characters. Wagner has worked extensively beyond the Thargian universe, originating and editing a number of British periodicals as well as writing many American standards. His Paradox Press graphic novel *A History of Violence* is now a major film from director David Cronenberg.

CARL CRITCHLOW

Carl Critchlow is another *2000 AD* artist whose popularity is rising, thanks primarily to his work on the co-created semi-comic sci-fi strip *Lobster Random* and *Thrud The Barbarian*. He made his debut some years previously, however, working on *Nemesis* and *Deadlock*, then moving on to *Batman/Judge Dredd*, *Flesh, Flesh 3000AD*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine* and *Tales of Telguuth*.

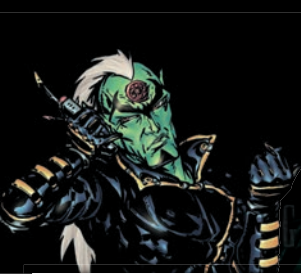
SIMON COLEBY

Simon Coleby has worked extensively for *2000 AD* providing the art for various strips including *Rogue Trooper*, *Judge Dredd*, *Low Life* and *Sinister Dexter*.

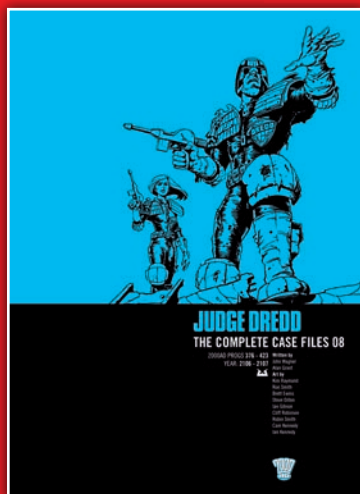
KEV WALKER

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 has pencilled Marvel Comics' *The Eternal*.



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