

JUDGE DREDD

A full-page comic book cover for Judge Dredd. The central figure is Judge Dredd, depicted in a highly detailed, dark, and heavily armored suit. His helmet is black with a red visor and a gold-colored mouthpiece. He has a gold chain around his neck and a gold badge on his chest that says "DREDD". He is holding a large, futuristic, silver and black weapon in his right hand. His left arm is covered in a green, mechanical-looking gauntlet. The background is a dark, stormy sky with swirling clouds and a large, glowing blue sphere in the upper right corner. The overall tone is gritty and action-oriented.

HEAVY METAL DREDD

JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT ★ SIMON BISLEY ★ JOHN HICKLENTON

JOHN HICKLENTON

DEDICATED TO MY FATHER, TOBY AND MR ARGO

WITH THANKS TO

ANIMAL MONDAY ★ ANIMA MUNDI ★ C4 & BRIT DOC ★ FRACTURED FILMS ★ OPTIV & C4C
LIL' G & ALL THE FAMS ★ BEAUTIFUL CLAIRE ★ ADAM, KAT, WILL ★ LEE KERN ★ ANDY HOLLAND ★ MAZ
TIMMY ★ PEDER ★ KATIE & LUCY G ★ THE GU7 NINJAS ★ G ★ SEAN BAILEY ★ JON ★ PAT ★ CLINT
GLENN ★ SIMON ★ GARY LAWFORD ★ RON SMITH



JUDGE DREDD

HEAVY METAL DREDD

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

HEAVY METAL DREDD

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A MEGA-CITY PRIMER

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 1.14

ROCK ON, TOMMY WHO?!

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
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CHICKEN RUN

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
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THE MAN WHO KILLED JUDGE DREDD

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Tom Frame

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THE LEGEND OF JOHNNY BIKER

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
Letters: Tom Frame

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THE RETURN OF JOHNNY BIKER

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Dean Ormston
Letters: Tom Frame

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THE FAN

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: John Hicklenton
Colour: Keith Page
Letters: Tom Frame

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TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: John Hicklenton
Colour: Keith Page
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THE MOST DANGEROUS GUITAR IN THE WORLD

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: John Hicklenton
Colour: Keith Page
Letters: Tom Frame

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MORT RIFKIND RIDES AGAIN

Script: John Smith
Art: John Hicklenton
Colour: Keith Page
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THE BIG HIT

Script: John Smith
Art: John Hicklenton
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Letters: Tom Frame

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GRACELAND

Script: David Bishop
Art: John Hicklenton
Colour: Keith Page
Letters: Tom Frame

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MONKEY BEAT

Script: John Smith
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Colour: Keith Page
Letters: Tom Frame

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KISS OF DEATH

Script: Jim Alexander
Art: John Hicklenton
Colour: Keith Page
Letters: Tom Frame

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IRONFIST

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
Letters: Tom Frame

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NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
Letters: Tom Frame

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THE GREAT ARSOLI

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
Letters: Tom Frame

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BIMBA

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Simon Bisley
Letters: Tom Frame

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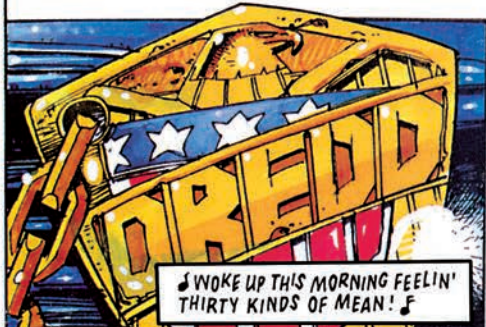
THE BALLAD OF TOAD MACFARLANE

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant
Art: Brendan McCarthy
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 3.35

JUDGE

DREDD



♪ WOKE UP THIS MORNING FEELIN'
THIRTY KINDS OF MEAN! ♪

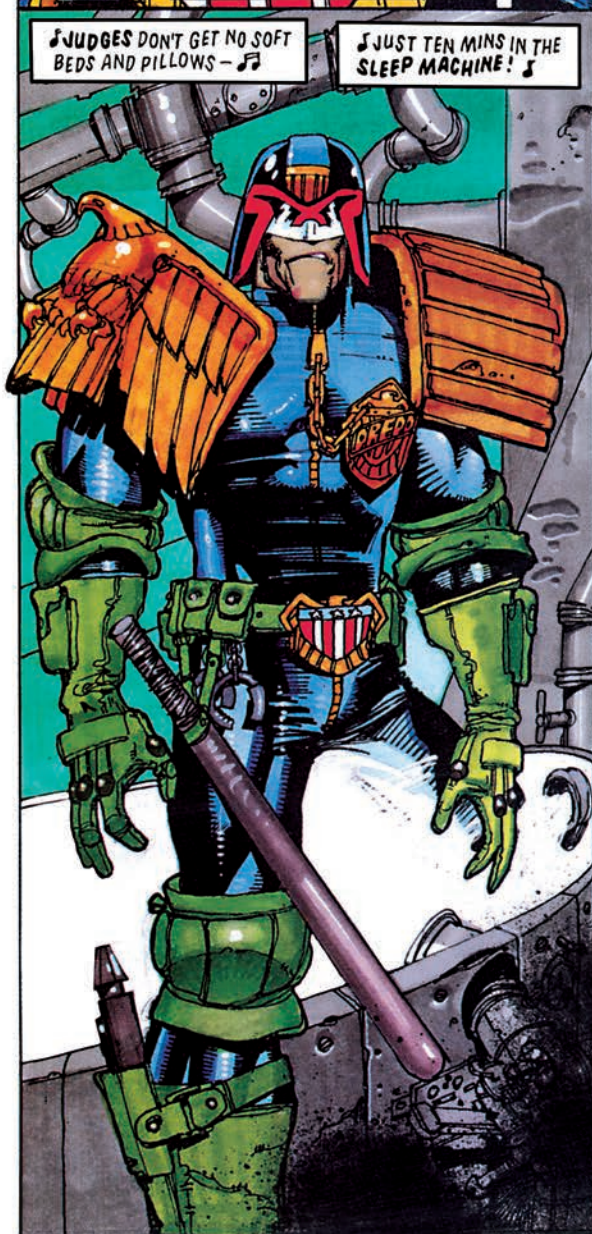


♪ HELMET ON MY HEAD —
BELLY FULL OF SPLEEN! ♪

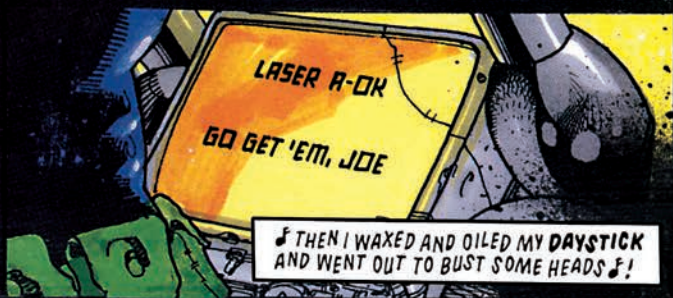
♪ JUDGES DON'T GET NO SOFT
BEDS AND PILLOWS — ♪

♪ JUST TEN MINS IN THE
SLEEP MACHINE! ♪

♪ SIT ASTRIDE MY LAWBIKE — ♪
FELT IT THROB BETWEEN MY LEGS!



♪ COMPUTER CHECKED MY LASERS AS
LAID DOWN IN JUSTICE REGS! ♪ ♪



♪ THEN I WAXED AND OILED MY DAYSTICK
AND WENT OUT TO BUST SOME HEADS! ♪

MEGA-CITY MADNESS!

MURDER! MAYHEM! GORE!

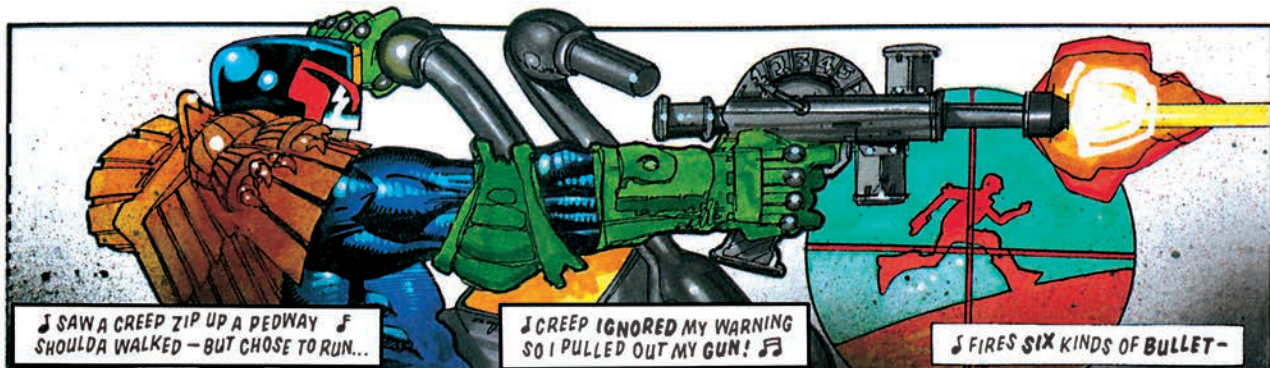


UP AGAINST THE LAW!

WE NEED A
HEAVY METAL
HERO

TO FIGHT THIS
FREAKIN' WAR!

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION
PEOPLE!



♪ SAW A CREEP ZIP UP A PEDWAY ♪
SHOULDA WALKED — BUT CHOSE TO RUN...

♪ CREEP IGNORED MY WARNING
SO I PULLED OUT MY GUN! ♪

♪ FIRES SIX KINDS OF BULLET —

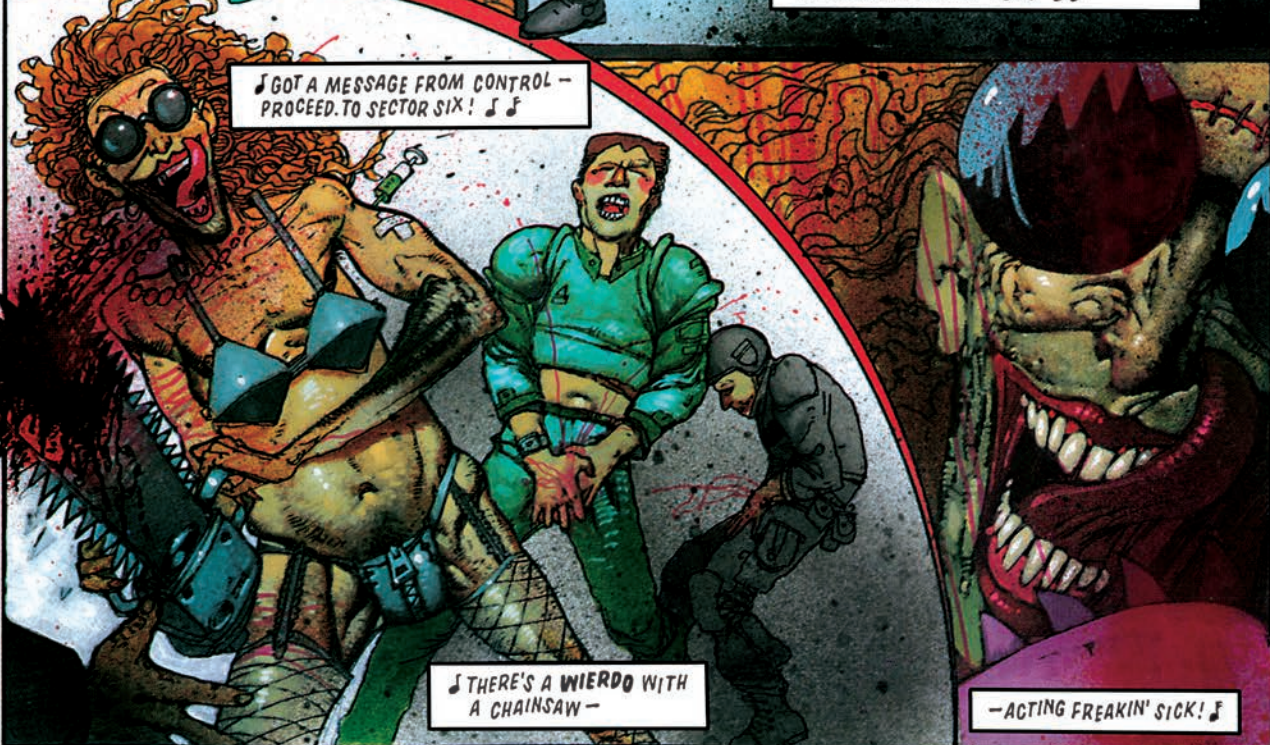


♪ I GAVE HIM
NUMBER ONE!



TRY RUNNIN' NOW, FLASH.
SENTENCE: ONE YEAR.

♪ JUST TWO MINS ON THOSE MEAN STREETS —
AND ALREADY HAVIN' FUN! ♪



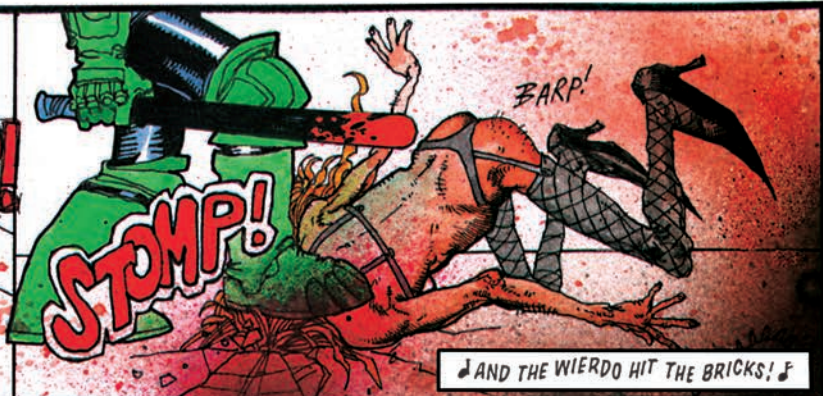
♪ GOT A MESSAGE FROM CONTROL —
PROCEED TO SECTOR SIX! ♪ ♪

♪ THERE'S A WIERDO WITH
A CHAINSAW —

—ACTING FREAKIN' SICK! ♪

♪ SO I DISHED OUT SOME CONCUSSION -

WAPP!



♪ AND THE WIERDO HIT THE BRICKS! ♪

JUDGE DREDD! I PROTEST! THAT MAN'S INSANE!
HE NEEDS TLC - NOT GBH!

ARE YOU CRITICISIN' ME?

WELL, FRANKLY, YES.



BLUBBLUB BLUBPOP! BLUB

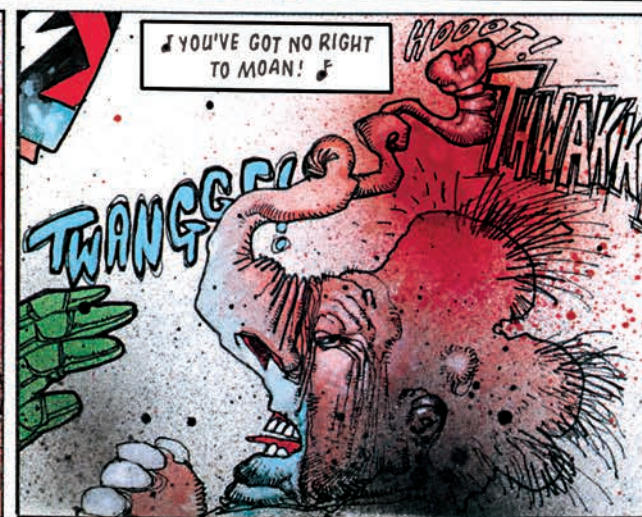
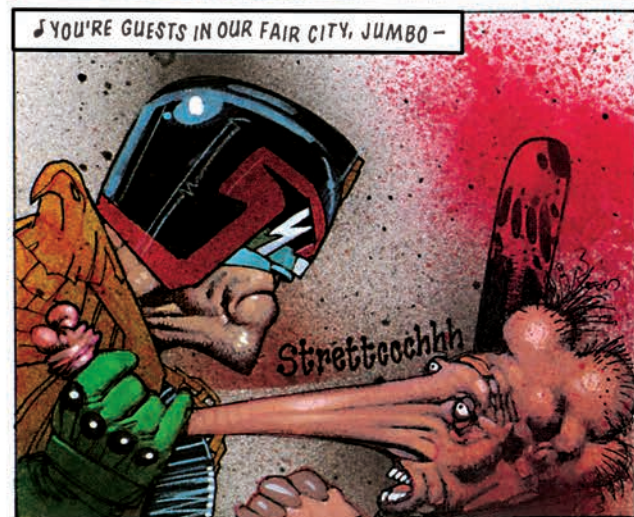


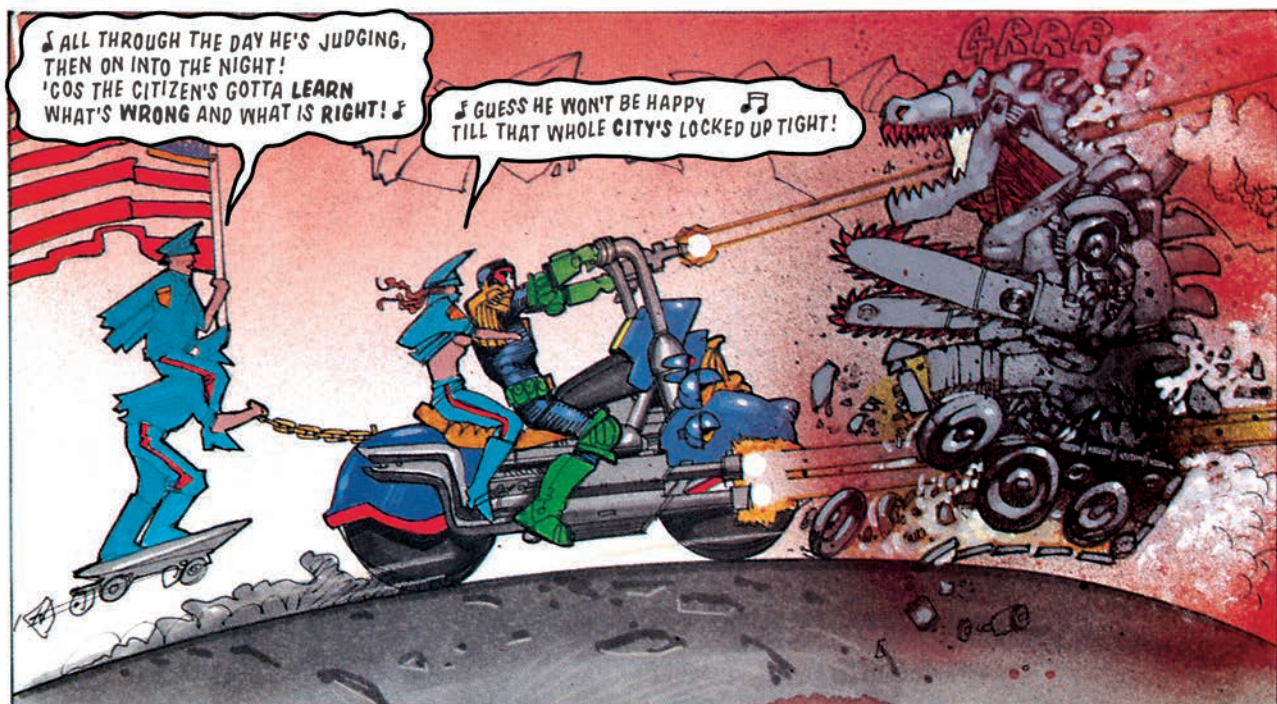
♪ NOW LISTEN HERE, DO-GOODER,
I'M A MAN WITHOUT A FLAW!
I TRAINED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
BEFORE THEY LET ME KEEP THE LAW -

♪ I GOT A LICENCE TO CLUB CRAZIES -
AND THAT'S WHAT YOU JUST SAW! ♪

♪ SO WISEMOUTH ONE MORE TIME
AN' I'LL BREAK YOUR DROKKIN JAW!







ALL THROUGH THE DAY HE'S JUDGING,
THEN ON INTO THE NIGHT!
'COS THE CITIZEN'S GOTTA LEARN
WHAT'S WRONG AND WHAT IS RIGHT! ♪

♪ GUESS HE WON'T BE HAPPY
TILL THAT WHOLE CITY'S LOCKED UP TIGHT! ♪



YOU GOT A LICENCE
TO SING IN THIS
STRIP?

WHY, NO, SIR!

THOUGHT AS
MUCH.

YOU'RE DOIN'
TIME!



'COS HE'S A
HEA-VVY
MET-AL
HERO!

THAT'S RIGHT!
I AM THE LAW!



WELL I LIKE THAT! IS THIS THE
THANKS WE GET?

SINCE WHEN
IS SINGING A CRIME?

YOU CAN BE TOO
HEAVY!



COME BACK
HERE, YOU
DROKKER!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE NIGHT HE WALKED INTO POP'S. JUST A SCRAWNY LITTLE RUNT YOU WOULDN'T TURN YOUR HEAD TO SPIT ON.

THEN HE TOOK OFF HIS SHADES - AND THE WHOLE JOINT SAT UP.

THAT JUVE'S GOT NO EYES, EARS OR MOUTH!

IT'S **TOMMY WHO?** - MEGA-CITY PINBALL CHAMPION THREE YEARS RUNNIN'!

TOMMY HEARS - NO, LET ME REPHRASE THAT...

TOMMY HAS REASON TO BELIEVE YOU HAVE A **LOVE MACHINE**.

SHHHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

TOMMY WANTS TA PLAY.

INNA BACK ROOM.

LOVE MACHINES ARE ILLEGAL, OF COURSE. AND THIS WAS A REAL HOT NUMBER SMUGGLED ALL THE WAY FROM SIN CITY.

FIFTY CRED\$ A TIME AND PLEASURE GUARANTEED—

JUST REST YOUR DIGITS ON THOSE NEURAL PADS AND LET THOSE ELECTROPULSES RIP!

OH, MAN, IT'S GOOD!

KEEP PUMPIN', STUMPY!

ROCK ON, BOY!

THE TRICK WAS TO IGNORE THE PLEASURE PULSES, BUILD YOUR BONUS—TAKE IT ALL IN ONE BIG HIT.

KEEP GOIN', STUMPY!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T HOLD OUT ANYMORE!

TAKE LOVE BONUS

KACHONK!

IF YOU LOST YOUR COOL BEFORE YOU TOOK THE BONUS, ALL YOU GOT WAS COLD TURKEY.

THREE WEEKS POP HAD HAD THAT MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST ANY OF US HAD EVER SCORED WAS **SLAP AND TICKLE**.



DROKK -
I DIDN'T!



AND THEN THAT DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND JUVE STEPPED UP TO PLAY -

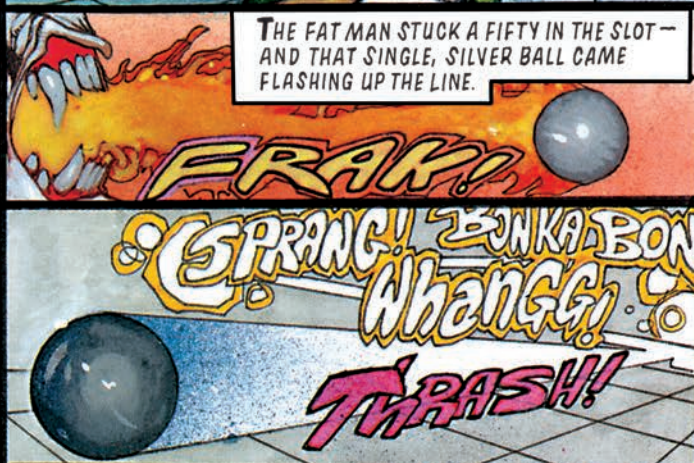
TOMMY'S
ON THE LOVE
MACHINE!

OH, MAN,
THIS I GOTTA
SEE!

SHHHH!



THE FAT MAN STUCK A FIFTY IN THE SLOT -
AND THAT SINGLE, SILVER BALL CAME
FLASHING UP THE LINE.



HE STOOD THERE LIKE A STATUE,
BECAME PART OF THE MACHINE -

HE'S PAST
SLAP AND
TICKLE
ALREADY!

HOW DOES THAT
DEAF, DUMB
AND BLIND
JUVE DO IT?



OF COURSE, THERE WAS NO WAY POP COULD KEEP SOMETHIN' THIS BIG QUIET FOR LONG -

DREDD TO CONTROL - LARGE NUMBER OF SUSPICIOUS JUVES CONVERGING ON POP SCHIZZO'S. I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT.

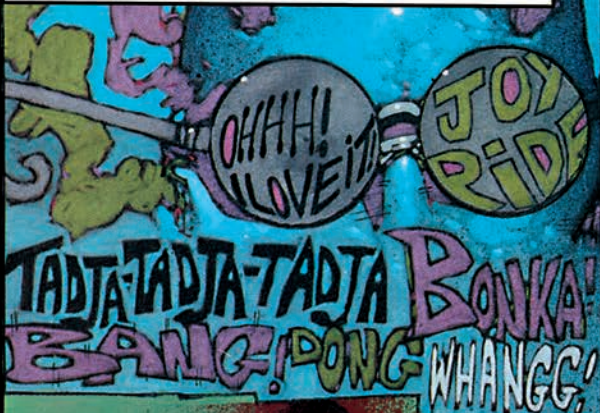
IN THE PINK - JE T'AIME - ALL THE WAY - HIS SCRAWNY LITTLE ARMS WERE JERKING NOW. HIS FACE WAS TINGED ELECTRIC BLUE.

HE'LL NEVER KEEP THIS UP!

TAKE YOUR BONUS WHILE YOU CAN, TOMMY!



BUT TOMMY COULDN'T HEAR A WORD WE SAID. HE JUST TWITCHED A LITTLE MORE AND PLAYED ON!



OH NO...!



WE WATCHED HIM HIT MASTER BLASTER...

TOMMY'S KNEES STARTED TO TREMBLE. WE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO PASS OUT. BUT THE FAT GUY GRABBED HIM AND HELD HIM UP - AND TOMMY PLAYED ON!

I'D ONLY EVER REACHED SLAP AND TICKLE ONCE, AND THE BONUS HIT ME SO STRONG IT NEAR KNOCKED ME OUT.

GRUD ALONE KNEW WHAT TOMMY WAS IN FOR.

HE'S GOIN' FOR THE BIG ONE!

COME ON, TOMMY, YOU CAN DO IT!

ONE SIDE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

KRAK!

WE HARDLY NOTICED JUDGE DREDD COME IN. EVERY EYE WAS GLUED TO THE SPECTACLE THAT WAS UNFOLDING BEFORE US -

EARTHSHAKER! HE'S THERE!

TAKE THAT BONUS, TOMMY, TAKE IT!

A LOVE MACHINE!

YOU! STOP OR I SHOOT!

BUT TOMMY COULDN'T HEAR HIM.

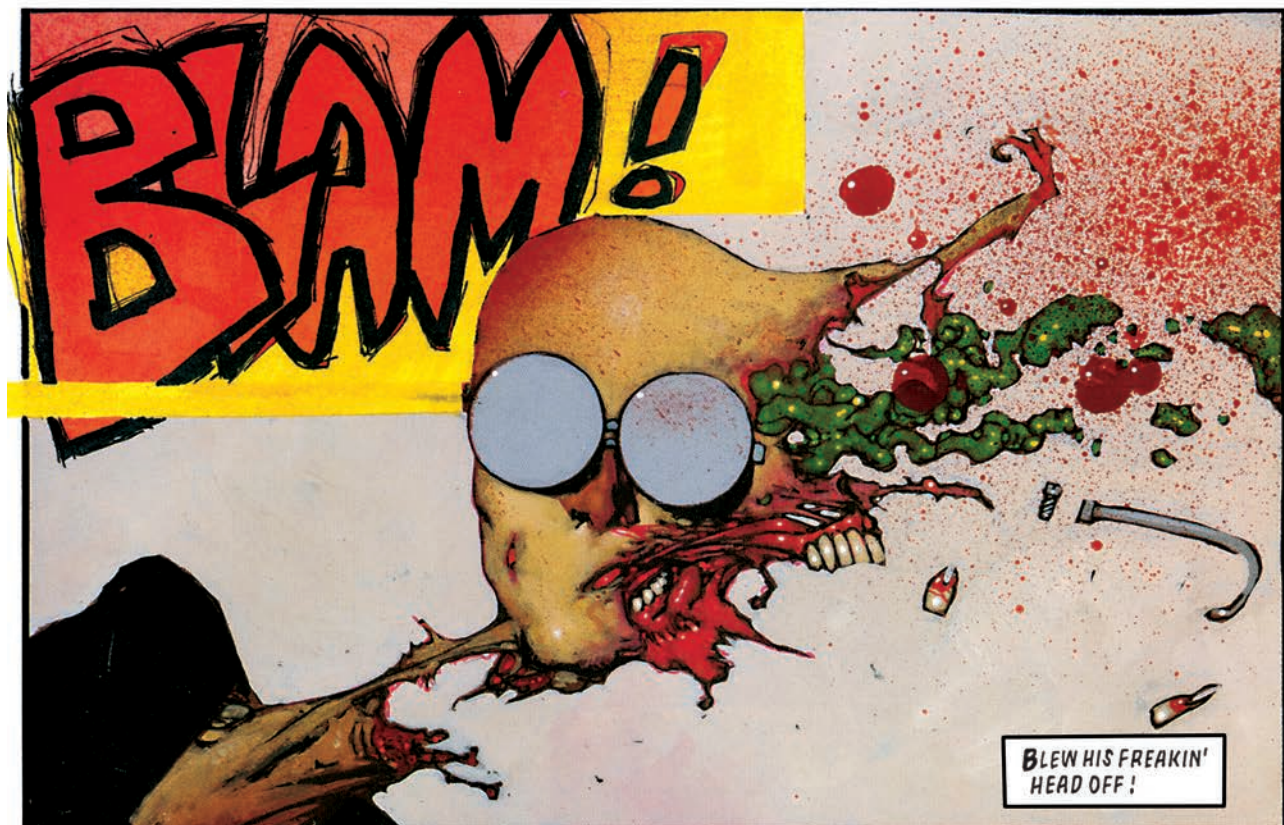
TAKE LOVE BONUS

WHAC

HE JUST PLAYED ON!

AND THAT DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND JUVE -





BLEW HIS FREAKIN'
HEAD OFF!



I GUESS THAT'S WHY
LOVE MACHINES ARE
ILLEGAL

PROKK
TOO LATE!

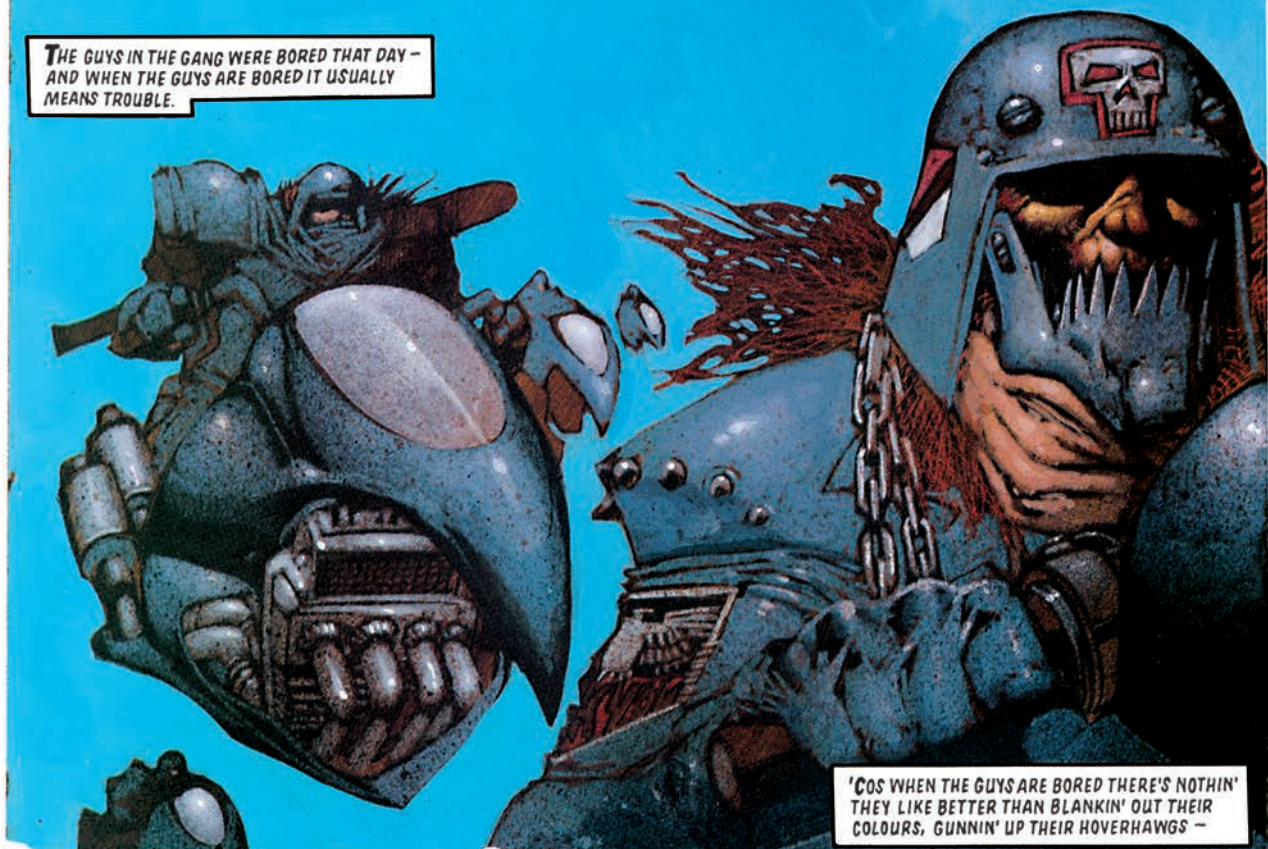


TOMMY--
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE GUYS IN THE GANG WERE BORED THAT DAY -
AND WHEN THE GUYS ARE BORED IT USUALLY
MEANS TROUBLE.



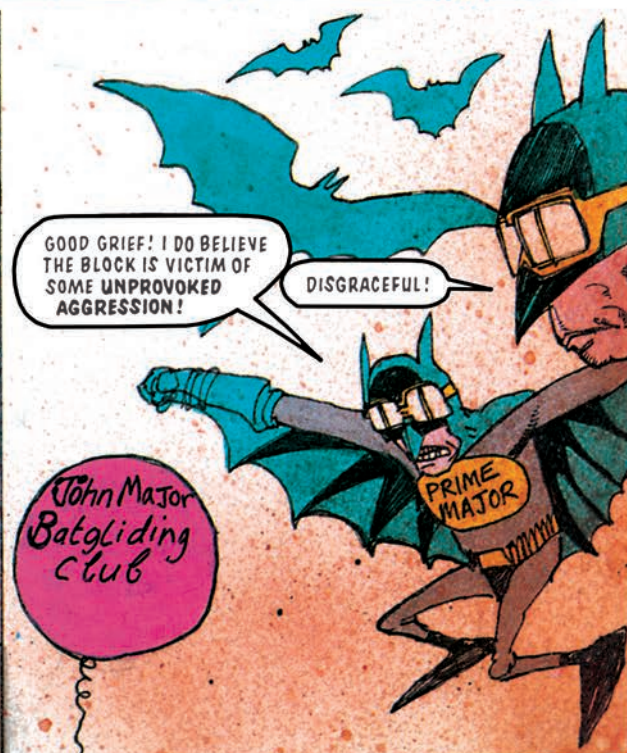
'COS WHEN THE GUYS ARE BORED THERE'S NOTHIN'
THEY LIKE BETTER THAN BLANKIN' OUT THEIR
COLOURS, GUNNIN' UP THEIR HOVERHAWGS -

-AND GOING OUT ON A CH-CH-CH

CHICKEN RUN

JOHN MAJOR BLOCK







WE'LL SOON
SORT THEM OUT!
TALLY HO,
CHAPS!



DREDD TO CONTROL!
JUVE CONFLICT IN
PROGRESS, JOHN MAJOR
BLOCKTOP!

ASSAILANTS ON
HOVERHAWGS!
AERIAL UNIT
REQUIRED!



I SAY, YOU BOUNDERS!
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH
OF THAT UNRULY
BEHAVIOUR!



I CANNOT CONDEMN
IT STRONGLY ENOUGH!
IT MUST CEASE
FORTHWITH! DO YOU
HEAR, FORTHWITH!

IZZAT SO?

I SAY!

THAT'S WHEN BIG SHARKY
PULLED HIS PARTY PIECE -



I SAY!

SEE, SHARKY GOT HIS JAW BLOWN OFF
IN A SPATTERGUN BATTLE WITH THE
TOM JONES HOME BOYS. AND NO
STANDARD PROSTHETIC WAS GONNA
DO SHARKY -



SEE, WE'D BEEN HAVING SO MUCH FUN WE'D STAYED TOO LONG.



THAT'S THE FIRST RULE ON A CHICKEN RUN - HIT AND RUN.



IN AND OUT - BLAT THOSE NORMS, THEN BURN.

AN H-WAGON PICKED US UP AS WE HEADED FOR CITY BOTTOM, BUT ONCE WE HIT THE CONCRETE MAZE THERE WAS NO WAY IT COULD FOLLOW.

CONTROL TO DREDD!
H-WAGON LOST YOUR PERPS. GET ANY I.D. FROM THE WITNESSES.

NEGATIVE. ATTACKERS HAD ALL GANG INSIGNIA BLANKED OUT.

ONE OF THE ATTACKERS IS DESCRIBED AS HAVING AN OUTSIZE LOWER MANDIBLE, METALLIC CONSTRUCTION.

WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE BLOCK OL' SHARKY STILL HAD THAT HEAD IN HIS MOUTH. HE SAID IT WAS JUST TOO BIG TO SWALLOW.

BUT THAT COULD DESCRIBE TEN THOUSAND JUVES IN THIS CITY.

YEAH, IT WAS ALL THE RAGE LAST YEAR.

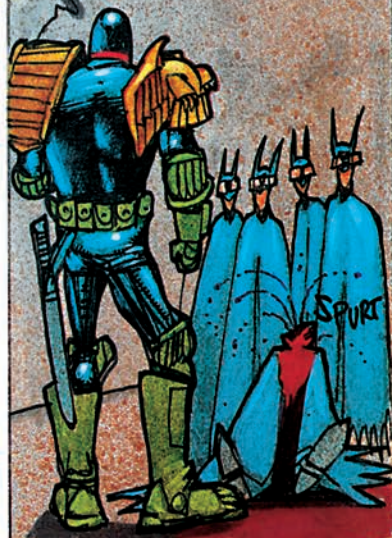
STILL, I'VE GOT ONE LEAD —

STILL, WE STUCK IT ON THE WALL OF THE GANG'S SQUAT AND EVERYONE AGREED IT LOOKED A TREAT.

THEY SHOT DOWN LARRY AND DORK — THE JUDGES CAN TRACE US THROUGH THEM!

NO CHANCE, MAN! THEY WAS CLEAN VAPED! NOTHIN' LEFT TO TRACE!

TAKE IT FROM ME, WE'RE HOME AND DRY!



WE WAS JUST SETTIN' DOWN
TO PARTY WHEN OUR WORLD—
NOT TO MENTION THE SQUAT
DOOR—CAME CRASHING IN.

KRASH!

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST
FOR THE CRIMES OF MURDER,
MAYHEM AND OTHERS TO
BE SPECIFIED!

YOU'LL NEVER
TAKE SHARKY
ALIVE, DREDD!

OKAY.

SPLAT

HELL, JUDGE, HOW
DIDJA KNOW IT
WAS US?

TWITCH TWITCH

OZZY OSBOURNE
BAD BOYS

WHEN SOMEBODY BITES THE
HEAD OFF A BATGLIDER, I
FIGURE THE FIRST PLACE
TO START LOOKING IS
OZZY OSBOURNE BLOCK.

JUDGE DREDD

THE MAN WHO KILLED JUDGE DREDD

WELL, ALMOST

SORT OF

WELL, AT LEAST HE TRIED.

HE KNEW THERE WAS ONE SURE,
QUICK WAY FOR A FIGHTING MAN
TO GET A REP IN THIS CITY.

HE KNEW HE COULD GET THIRTY IN
AN ISO-CUBE FOR IT, BUT HE
DIDN'T CARE.

'COS HE KNEW WHEN OTHER
FIGHTING MEN PASSED HIS
CUBE THEY'D LOOK IN WITH
RESPECT IN THEIR EYES,
AND THEY'D SAY: "WELL
HARD, WELL HARD!"

AND BY GRUD THEY'D MEAN IT.

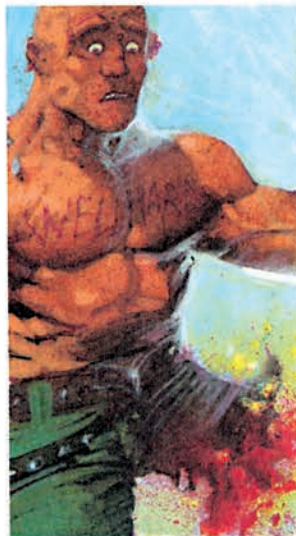
'COS THEY'D KNOW HE WAS THE
MAN WHO **KILLED JUDGE DREDD**—
WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

YOU!
GET OFF THE
STREET!

GRRRRRR!

MAKE ME.

JUDGE DREDD

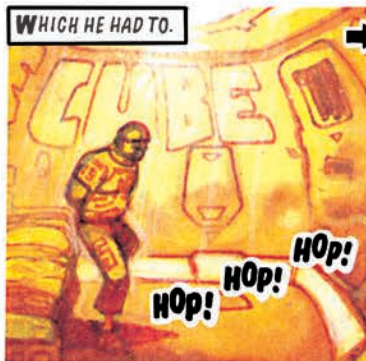


WELL. ALMOST

FIFTEEN MONTHS.
KID'S STUFF! HE COULD
DO IT STANDING ON ONE
LEG.



WHICH HE HAD TO.



BESIDES, IT GAVE HIM
TIME TO THINK - TO
FIGURE OUT WHERE
HE'D GONE **WRONG**.

HE'D MADE A BAD
MISTAKE LAST TIME.
HE WOULDN'T MAKE
IT AGAIN.





WELL, WELL, WELL!

JUST BORN TO
BE A TRAFFIC
HAZARD,
AREN'T YOU?

HE BROKE OVER TWO
DOZEN BONES, LOST AN
ARM AND HIS OTHER
LEG - AND GOT AN
EXTRA YEAR FOR THE
TRAFFIC OFFENCE.

BUT HE DIDN'T CARE.
HE WAS WELL HARD.

BESIDES, IT GAVE HIM TIME TO
THINK - TO FIGURE OUT WHERE HE'D
GONE WRONG.

HE'D MADE A BAD
MISTAKE LAST TIME. HE WOULDN'T
MAKE IT AGAIN.



GRRAARRR!

HEY, DREDDY!



ROARRRR!

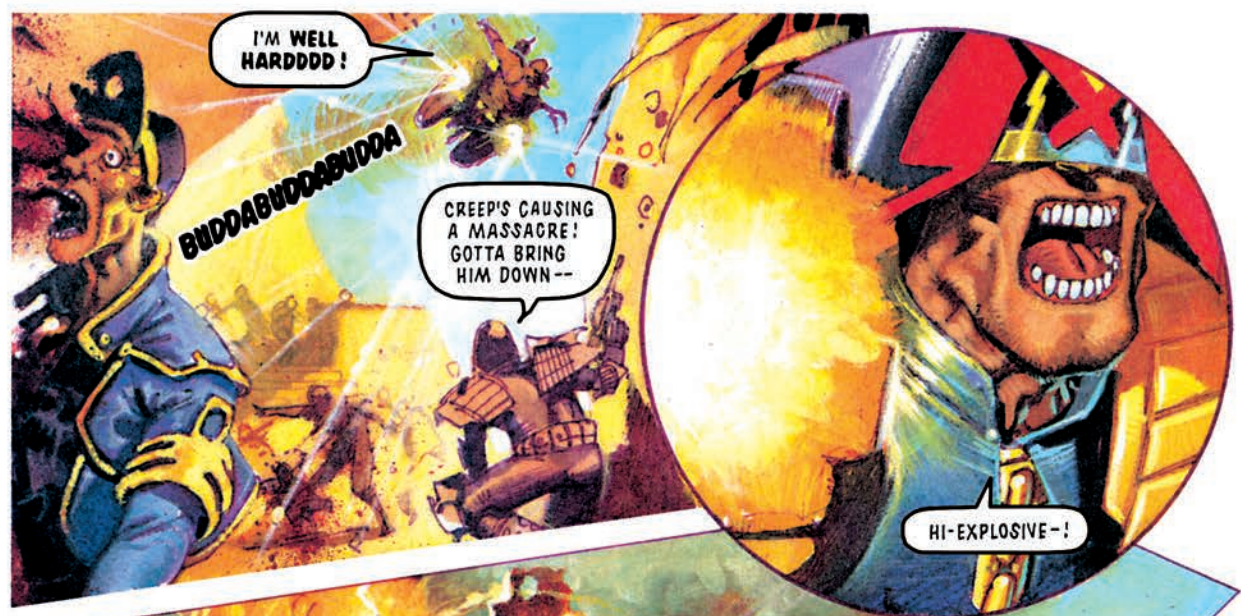
BUDDABUDDA

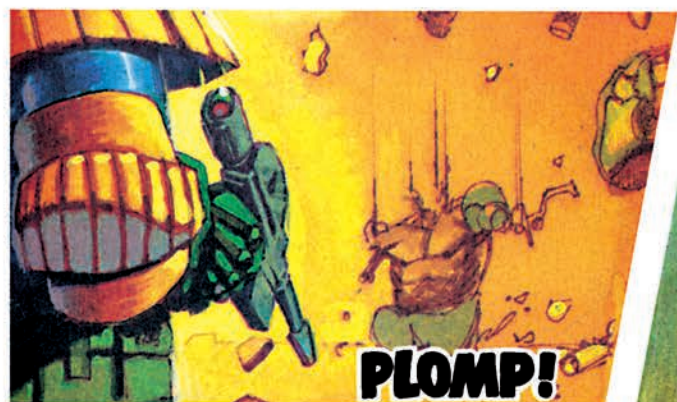
YOU BEEN TOP DOG
TOO LONG!

MAKE WAY FOR
WELL HARD!

FWSSH!

SORT OF





'COS HE WAS WELL DEAD.

MA'NEIL '91

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE TRIKER SHOULDN'T HAVE LAUGHED AT JOHNNY'S BIKE.



HE'D BUILT THAT MACHINE HIMSELF. BUILT IT FROM THE GROUND UP, BIT BY BIT, BOLT BY BOLT.

HE'D OILED IT AND CHROMED IT AND TUNED IT UNTIL HE HAD IT PURRING SWEETER THAN A JUNGLE CAT.



YOU SAY SOMETHIN', LOWLIFE?



WHAT A HEAP! BETCHA CAN'T EVEN HIT TWO HUNDRED!

I SAW JOHNNY POINT — AND MY HEART TURNED TO ICE —



DEAD JUVES' CURVE.

YOU 'N' ME.

NOW.

NO, JOHNNY! NO!

NOBODY EVER COMES BACK FROM DEAD JUVES' CURVE! PLEASE, JOHNNY — DON'T DO IT!



NOBODY BADMOUTHS MIKE THE BIKE.



ONE SIDE!



GREEP'S
TOO FAST-!

WHAT JOHNNY **DIDN'T** FIGURE WAS THE
JUDGE WOULD JUST **SHOOT** HIM --



DANGER TO TRAFFIC!

STANDARD EXECUTION-
RAPID FIRE!



KACHOW!
KACHOW!
SPRANG!



I SAW HIM VEER OFF - HEADING STRAIGHT FOR A
STRIP-SHOP. HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO STOP.

I SCREAMED.



SO DID
JOHNNY.

WHAT COLOUR
YOU WANT YOUR
RESPRAY, PAL?

**NOBODY HAD
EVER TAKEN
THE CURVE
AT 300--**

NEITHER DID JOHNNY.





JOHNNY'S IN BIKER HEAVEN NOW... BUT IN A WAY, WE'LL NEVER BE APART.

I HAD HIM STUFFED, YOU SEE.

I GOT THE TAXIDERMIST TO CONVERT HIM TO GAS - SO I COULD ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM JUST THE WAY HE WAS.

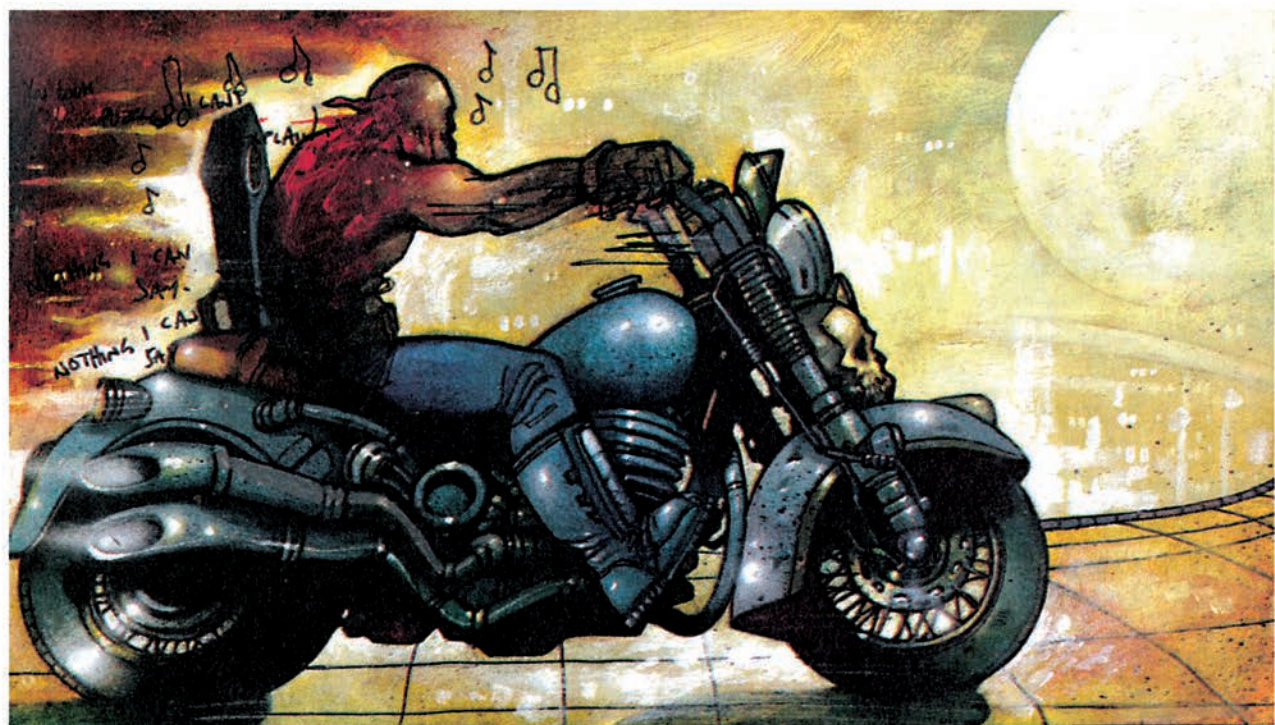
MMMM! HE MAKES A LOVELY CENTREPIECE!

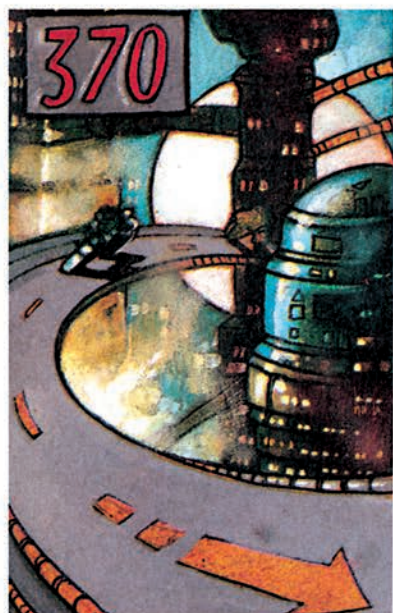
AND SO ROMANTIC!

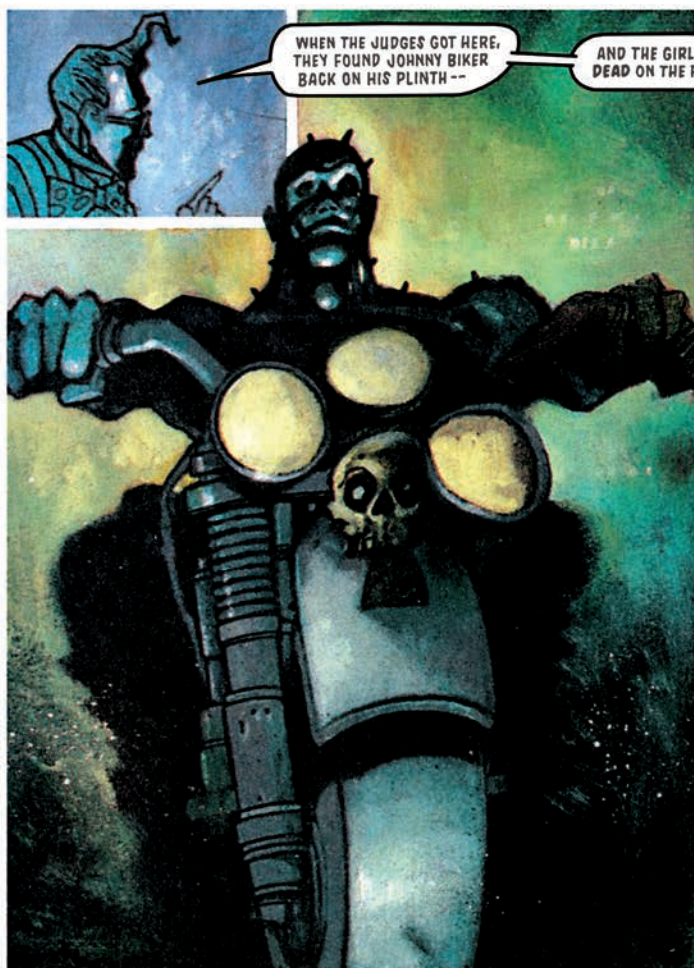
OF COURSE, WE WERE YOUNG THEN. THESE THINGS SEEMED TO MATTER SO MUCH MORE...

MARSHMALLOWS, ANYONE?









WHEN THE JUDGES GOT HERE,
THEY FOUND JOHNNY BIKER
BACK ON HIS PLINTH --

AND THE GIRLFRIEND
DEAD ON THE FLOOR...

WITH A DIRTY BIG TYRE
MARK RUNNING ALL THE
WAY UP HER BACK!



SHE'D TURNED
JOHNNY INTO A
DOMESTIC
APPLIANCE, SEE.
AND JOHNNY
DIDN'T LIKE
THAT.

OH YEAH? HE MURDERED
HER, THEN HOW COME
HE'S STILL HERE?



WHAT COULD THEY
PROVE? THE GUY'S DEAD,
RIGHT? GONNA LOOK
PRETTY STUPID, THE
JUDGES STICKING HIM
AWAY FOR 30 YEARS!



NOW MAYBE IT IS JUST A
STORY -- BUT THEY SAY
SOMETIMES WHEN THE
MOON IS HIGH, IF YOU'RE
LUCKY YOU MIGHT LOOK
UP AND SEE JOHNNY
BIKER ROARING ACROSS
THE SKY... AND THIS
TIME HE'S NOT ALONE!



IT'S SO
ROMANTIC,
COSMO!

GIVE ME A BREAK,
PLEURISY!

JOHNNY BIKER,
MY ASS!



JUDGE DREDD

THE FAN



HE'S HERE!

OH, ROCK—!



'SCUSE ME, MR POWER!

STAY BACK, KID!



CAN YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK, MR POWER? PLEASE?

IT'S ALL RIGHT—I'LL HANDLE THIS GEEK.

GEE! THIS IS REALLY TRIFF OF YOU, MR POWER! I'VE NEVER EVEN SPOKEN TO A ROCK STAR BEFORE! I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE FAN! I'VE GOT ALL YOUR VIDS—AN' I GOT ROCK POWER POSTERS ALL OVER MY WALLS—AN' ALL THE T-SHIRTS—AN' THE HAT—AN'—AN' I'M WEARIN' MY ROCK POWER U-FRONTS!

AN' I GOT THE TOOTH-BRUSH—AN' THE PILLOWCASE—AN' THE JIGSAW PUZZLE—AN' THE GAME—AN' THE CANDLES—I GOT EVERYTHING!

NOT QUITE EVERYTHING—



TRY A LITTLE OF MY OWN BRAND OF ZIT CREAM—ONLY 89 CRED\$!

WOW! THANKS, MR POWER! I-I NEVER BOUGHT ANYTHIN' DIRECTLY FROM A ROCK STAR BEFORE!





FUDDA FUDDA

SKKREEEEEEEE

AAHHHH!

THIS IS A SNATCH!
GET IN THE CAR!
MOVE!

GO! GO! GO!

YOU OWE ME
ELEVEN
CREDS.

HUH-?

WH-WHAT
IS THIS--
A KIDNAP?

WOW! I'VE NEVER
BEEN IN A KIDNAP
WITH A ROCK
STAR BEFORE!

MR POWER--
MY CHANGE!

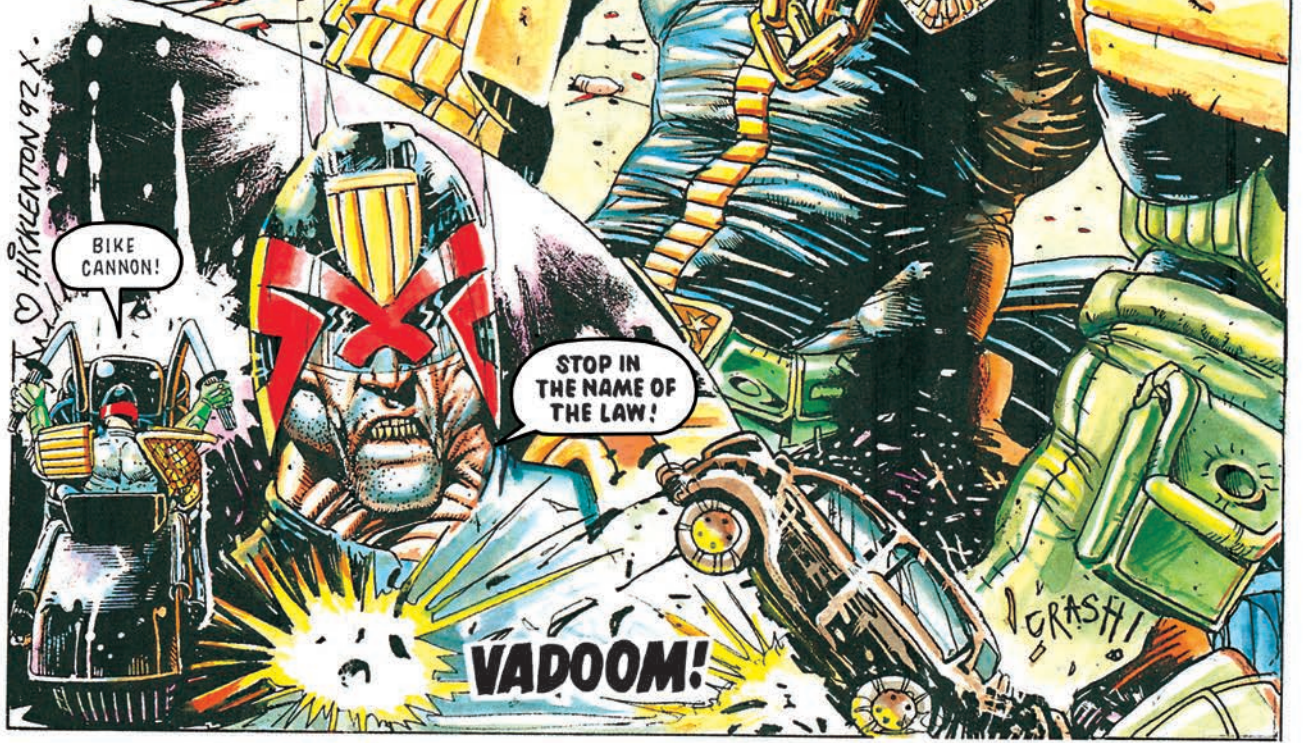


OH WOW! WHAT A DAY
THIS IS TURNING
OUT TO BE!

WHO THE HELL
IS THIS?



JUDGE DREDD!
KIDNAP! THEY
KIDNAPPED
ROCK POWER!



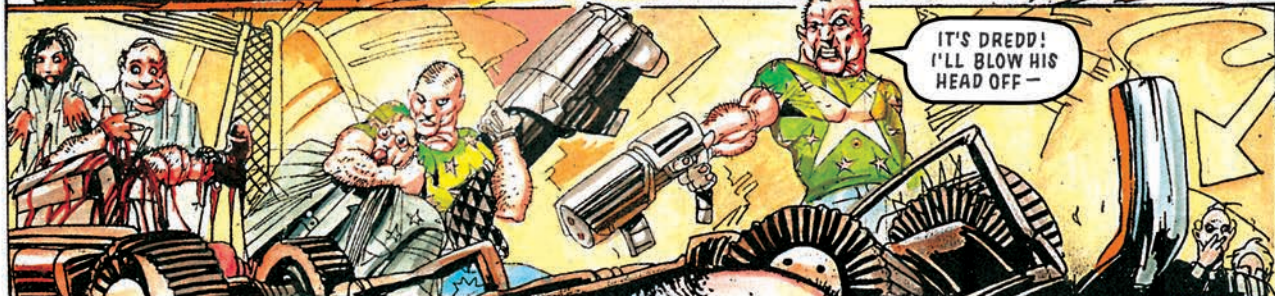
BIKE
CANNON!

STOP IN
THE NAME OF
THE LAW!

VADOOM!

CRASH!

HICKENTON 92 X





WHAT THE HELL'S HE DOIN'—?

RICOCHET!

SPANGG!

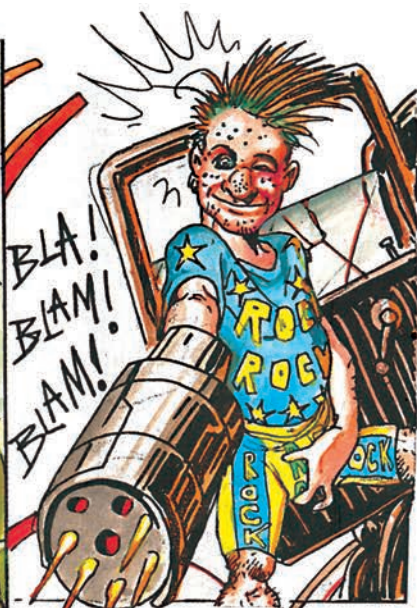
spangg!

Spangg!

Spangg!

SPEUCH-H-H!

FLOUPI!



JUDGE DREDD

TOO MUCH
MONKEE
BUSINESS

ROCK
LEGEND



HI!
THIS IS KASEY KUSSEM
WELCOMING YOU TO THE
FIRST OF A PULSATING
NEW SERIES OF
ROCK LEGENDS!

IN THE YEAR 2112 FOUR LIKELY YOUNG
LADS FROM SECTOR 69 FORMED A
POP GROUP, DETERMINED TO MAKE
IT TO THE VERY TOP.

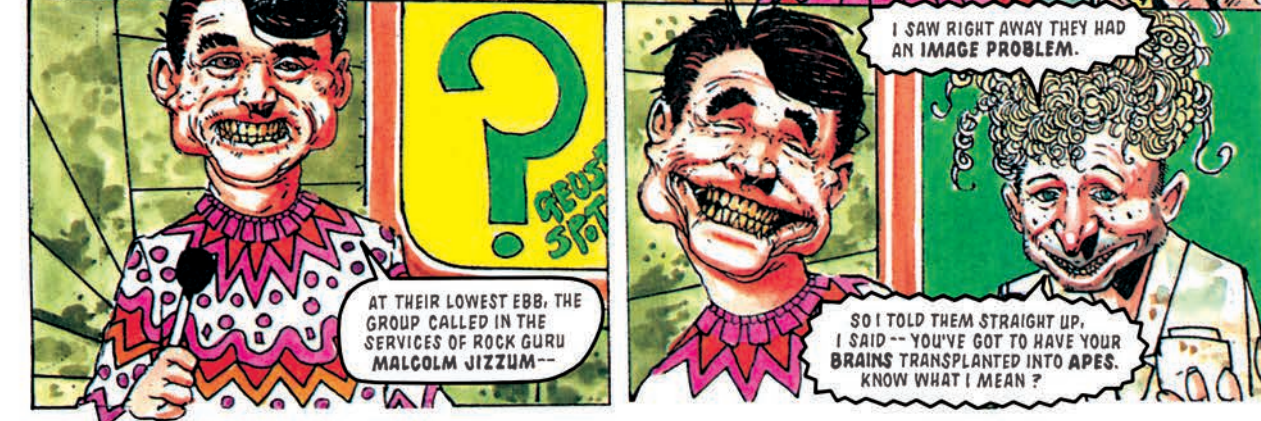
THEIR NAMES WERE
DICK, DICK, DICK
AND WILLY.



NOT SURPRISINGLY,
THEY CALLED
THEMSELVES
THE GONADS.

BETWEEN 2112 AND 2113, THE
BOYS RELEASED MORE THAN
400 SINGLES -- LITTLE
REALISING THAT VINYL HAD
BEEN DONE AWAY WITH OVER
A CENTURY BEFORE!

Wig?

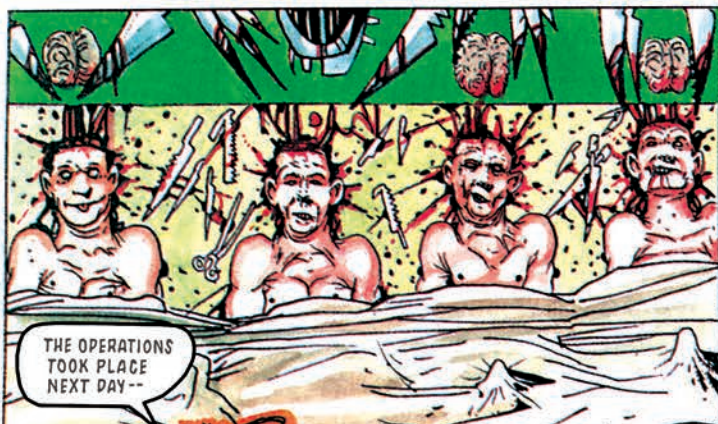


?

AT THEIR LOWEST EBB, THE
GROUP CALLED IN THE
SERVICES OF ROCK GURU
MALCOLM JIZZUM--

I SAW RIGHT AWAY THEY HAD
AN IMAGE PROBLEM.

SO I TOLD THEM STRAIGHT UP,
I SAID -- YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE YOUR
BRAINS TRANSPLANTED INTO APES.
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



"ONCE AGAIN JIZZUM HAD COME GOOD! THE NEW MONKEES, AS HE RENAMED THEM, WERE AN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS."

"UNFORTUNATELY, BY NEXT DAY THE BRIGHT ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY OF FAME HAD DROKKED RIGHT OFF."

LIVE BY SAT
CHANNEL 604

"THEN I SAW YOUR FACE, AND I BURST OUT LAUGHING..."

"HEY HEY WE'RE STILL THE MONKEES!"

I SAW RIGHT AWAY THEY HAD AN IMAGE PROBLEM.

SO I TOLD 'EM STRAIGHT UP, I SAID-- YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT GOODY-GOODY REPUTATION. BAAAAD BOYS, THAT'S WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS--BAAAAD BOYS!

WRECK YOUR HOTEL ROOM-- TAKE DRUGS--THAT KINDA THING, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

"COMPLETELY UNDER THE SPELL OF THE ROCK SVENGALI, THEY CHANGED THEIR NAME TO APES-HIT AND TRASHED THE FIRST HOTEL ROOM THEY COULD CHECK INTO--"

KRAAANG!

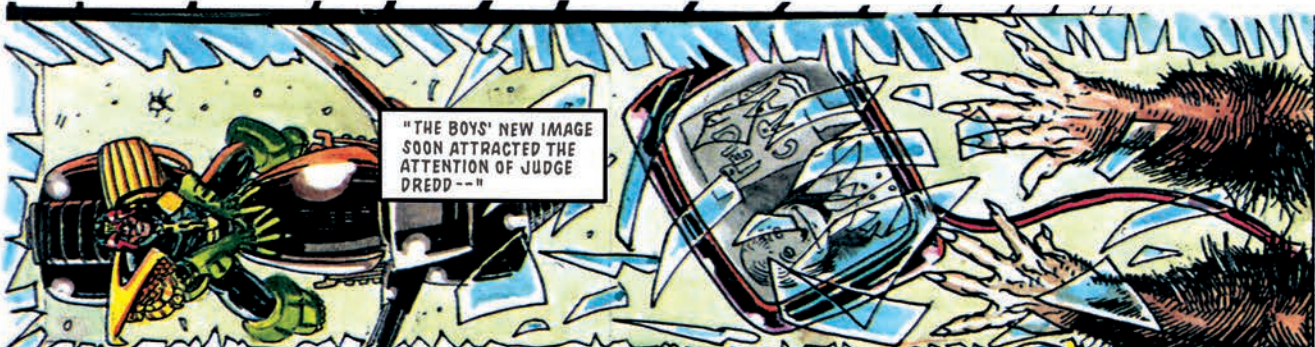
STONK!

SMAASH!

SNORRT!

KRAAASH!

I HATE ME!



"THE BOYS' NEW IMAGE SOON ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF JUDGE DREDD--"



DROKK!



KRAK!

SMASHH!



APE ON THE RAMPAGE!



RAPID FIRE!



"DICK'S DEATH ONLY SERVED TO DRIVE DICK AND DICK INTO AN UNCONTROLLABLE THRASH-FRENZY."

DO NOT DISTURB

"JUDGE DREDD HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO, ER, SUBDUE THEM."

WAAK!
WAAK!
WAAK!



BAAAD SCENE, MAN!
REMINDS ME OF OUR
LATEST HIT--



--'LAST TRAIN TO
DICK'S-VILLE!'

WUUUNK!



I'LL DO THE
HITTING ROUND
HERE, CREEP!

DICK, DICK AND WILLY GOT THREE
YEARS EACH--AND YOU, MALC,
GOT FIVE FOR INSTIGATING
THEIR CRIMES!

THAT'S RIGHT.
SO WHEN THE BOYS GOT OUT,
THEY CAME TO SEE ME IN MY
ISO-CUBE.

"WHAT CAN WE DO,
MALC?" THEY SAID. "WE'VE BEEN
LOCKED UP FOR THREE YEARS,
AIN'T WE? NO-ONE'S HEARD OF
US, HAVE THEY?"

SO I TOLD
THEM STRAIGHT UP, I SAYS--
YOU'VE GOT TO GET YERSELVES
A NEW GIMMICK.



THAT WAS WHEN YOU
CAME UP WITH WHAT
MUST PERHAPS BE
YOUR ULTIMATE
STROKE OF GENIUS--

THAT'S RIGHT, KASE. I
TOLD THEM STRAIGHT
UP, I SAYS-- YOU'VE
GOT TO HAVE YOUR
BRAINS TRANSPLANTED
INTO GIANT
SOUTH AMERICAN
COCKROACHES!





AND SO IT WAS THAT A NEW MONSTER OF ROCK WAS BORN. SINCE THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE, THE NEW BEATLES HAVE PLAYED TO PACKED HOUSES FOR OVER THREE NIGHTS RUNNING.

FITTINGLY, THEIR FIRST NUMBER ONE HIT SINGLE IS A TRIBUTE TO THE BOY THEY LOST ALONG THE DROKKIN' WAY --



COOL
LIVE
SAT



♪ LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DI-ICK... ♪

WELL, THAT'S IT FOR ANOTHER SHOW. UNTIL IT'S TIME TO BRING YOU THE STORY BEHIND ANOTHER ROCK LEGEND, THIS IS KASEY KUSSEM SAYING --

DROKK OFF AND GOOD NIGHT!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE MOST DANGEROUS GUITAR IN THE WORLD

CONTROL TO ANY
UNIT, VICINITY
MUSEUM OF METAL!
ROBBERY IN
PROGRESS!

DREDD.
I'LL TAKE
IT!

IT WAS A MECCA FOR
METAL MANIACS —

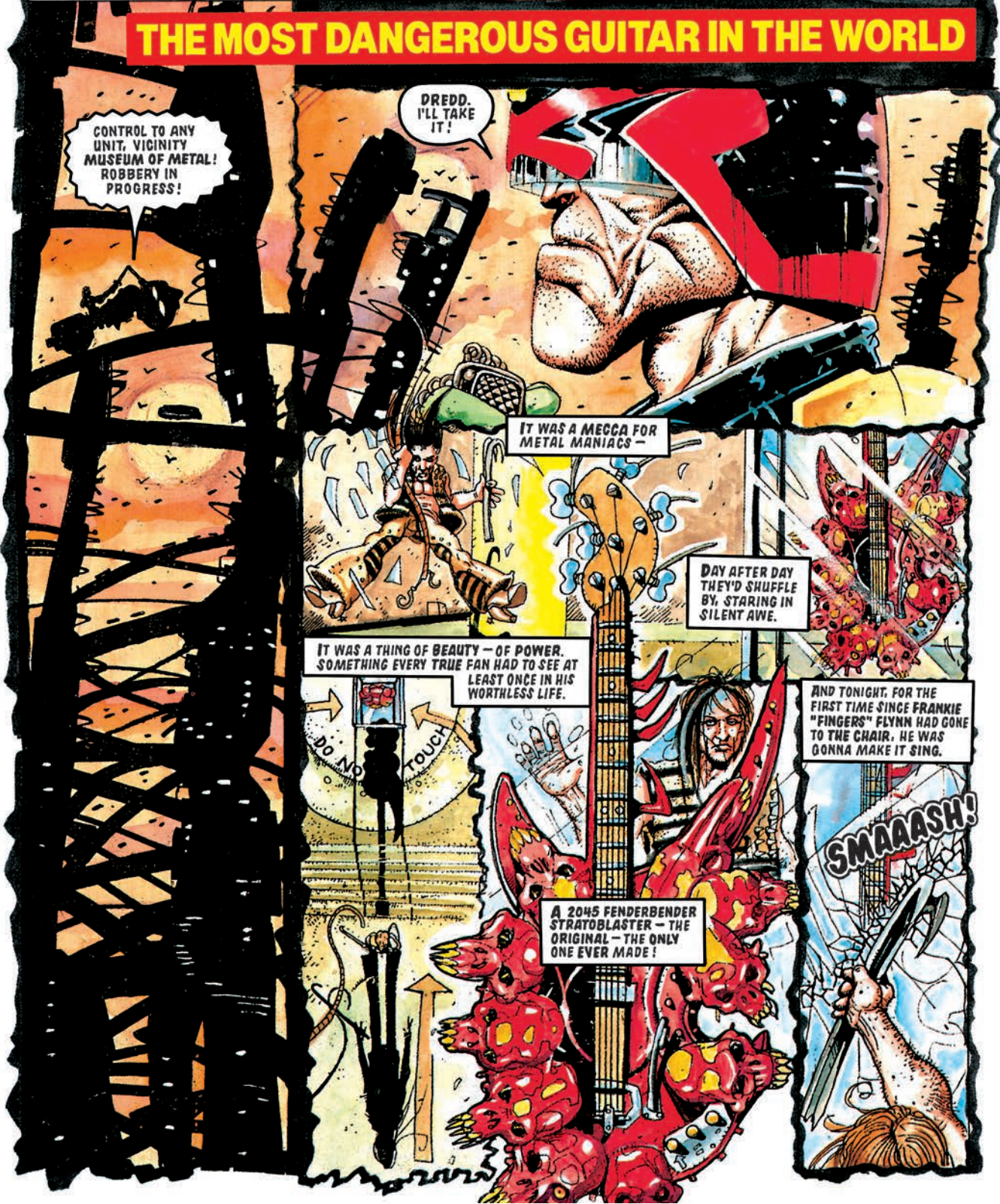
DAY AFTER DAY
THEY'D SHUFFLE
BY, STARING IN
SILENT AWE.

IT WAS A THING OF BEAUTY — OF POWER.
SOMETHING EVERY TRUE FAN HAD TO SEE AT
LEAST ONCE IN HIS
WORTHLESS LIFE.

AND TONIGHT, FOR THE
FIRST TIME SINCE FRANKIE
"FINGERS" FLYNN HAD GONE
TO THE CHAIR, HE WAS
GONNA MAKE IT SING.

A 2045 FENDERBENDER
STRATOBLASTER — THE
ORIGINAL — THE ONLY
ONE EVER MADE!

SMAAASH!





YOU!

HOLD IT!

DREDD

MUSEUM META

AAGHH!

SMACK!

HE'S STOLEN THE
2045 FENDERBENDER
STRATOBLESTER!

GLAST.92

DROKK!

THE MOST DANGEROUS HAND-GUITAR IN THE WORLD!

I GOTTA GET AFTER HIM!

HE FELL OFF THE LORRY AT THE CORNER OF PETE STREET. LUCKILY IT HAD BEEN GOING HIS WAY.

HE WAS LOSIN' BLOOD FAST. HE FIGURED HE ONLY HAD TEN MINUTES - BUT THAT OUGHTA BE ENOUGH!

HE COULD HEAR THAT HATED DRAWL - THAT SICKENING ALIEN WHINE - ECHOING ALONG THE STREET...

IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNIN' AN' ONCE MORE THE DAWNIN'...

TONITE
LIVING &
DEATH!

ONCE IT HAD BEEN THE STONK CLUB, THE CITY'S NUMBER #1 THRASH-HOUSE --

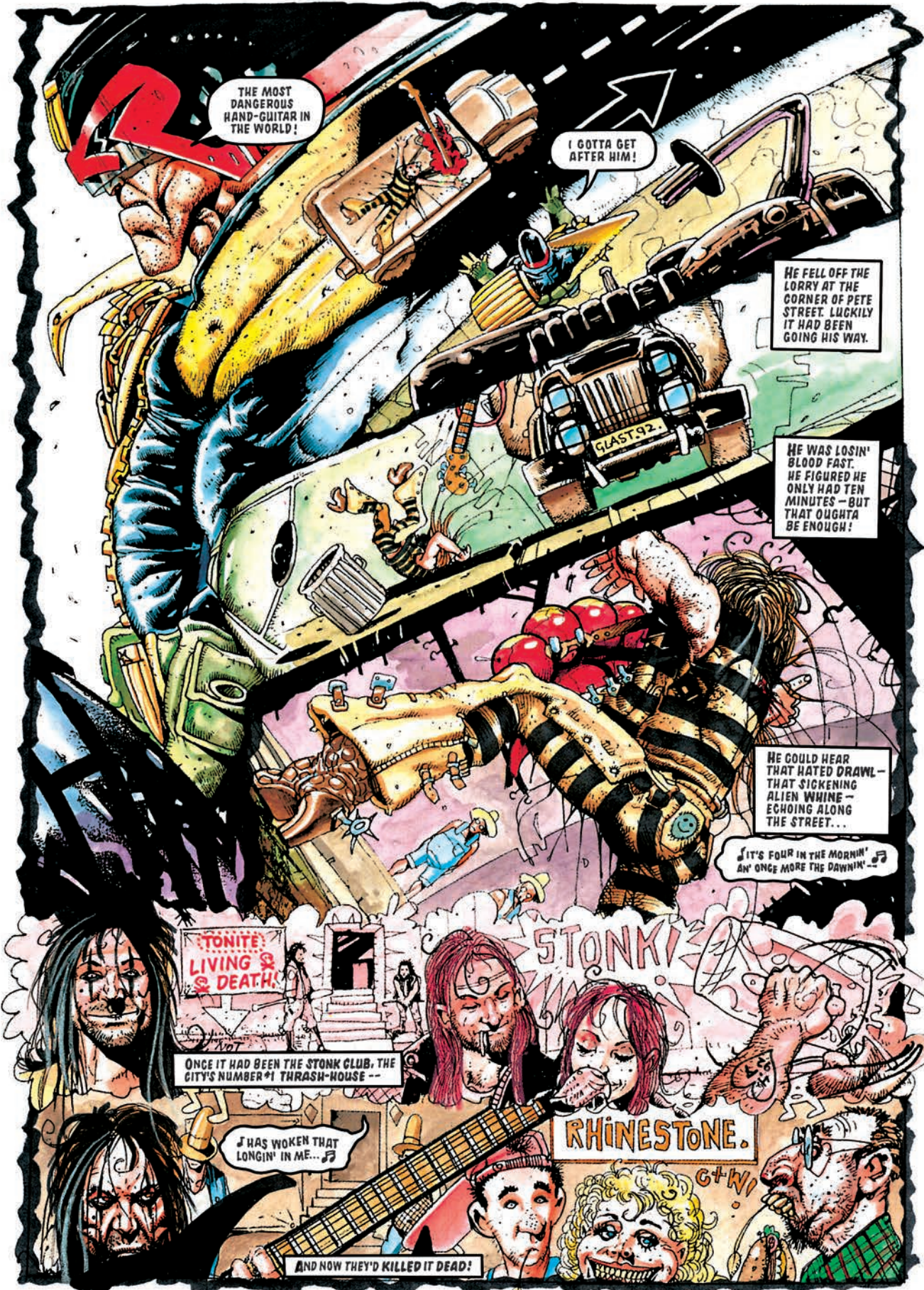
I HAS WOKEN THAT LONGIN' IN ME...

AND NOW THEY'D KILLED IT DEAD!

STONK!

RHINESTONE.

G+W!



HEY, SONNY! Y'ALL GAIN'T GO IN THAR
DRESSED LIKE THAT AN' BLEEDIN'
AN' ALL! THIS HERE'S A REE-
SPECTABLE COUNTRY AN'
WESTERN CLUB!

THE ONLY PLACE THE KID HAD EVER
FELT HAPPY -- AT HOME --

RACKED
WALL-TO-WALL
WITH
RHINESTONE
ASSHOLES!

TRAIL
OF BLOOD...

NOW I'D LIKE T' SING Y'ALL ANOTHER
SOMEBODY-DONE-SOMEBODY-
WRONG SONG.

TENNESSEE
ANNA FORD!

I'LL SHOW YOU
REAL MUSIC!

CHANGACHANGGGGA!

FASTER AND FASTER THE KID'S HANDS MOVED,
COAXING SOUNDS OUT OF THAT GUITAR THAT
HADN'T BEEN HEARD SINCE FINGERS FLYNN DIED--

MY GRUD! IT'S A
2045 FENDERBENDER
STRATOBLASTER!

EVERYBODY RUN! THAT'S
THE MOST DANGEROUS HAND-
GUITAR IN THE WORLD!

BUT
NOBODY
HEARD THE
WARNING--

THEN HE POINTED THAT MIGHTY AXE STRAIGHT
AT TENNESSEE ANNA--

30,000 WATTS OF RAW POWER--

MUH HAID...!
IT'S VIBRATIN'!

CHANG--

WHAAT?

ACHUNGGACHANG--

WHEE-DOGGIE!

THEN HE LET THEM HAVE IT, SPRAYING
POWER CHORDS LIKE BULLETS
WATCHING HEADS EXPLODE LIKE
RIPE MELONS--

BOOME!

BOOME!

WOOMPP!

FADDOOMEE!

FADUMM!

FOOMFF!

LITTLE REALISING THAT BEFORE LONG
HIS LETHAL ACTIONS WOULD BE
IMMORTALISED IN THE ALL-TIME
C&W CLASSIC "THE NIGHT MUH
BABY'S HAID BLEW UP".

HY KLENTON

JUDGE DREDD

MORT RIFKIND RISES AGAIN

APARTMENT 357J,
PETER GREENAWAY BLOCK,
VICTIM IS ONE **BIZMO**
NEEDLER, SPECIAL F/X
TECHNICIAN.

IT WAS ONE OF THE
NEIGHBOURS WHO GAVE
US THE TIP-OFF. A
MS DEWITT.

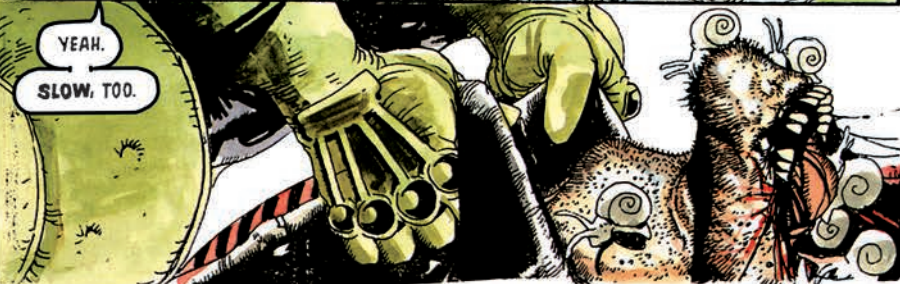
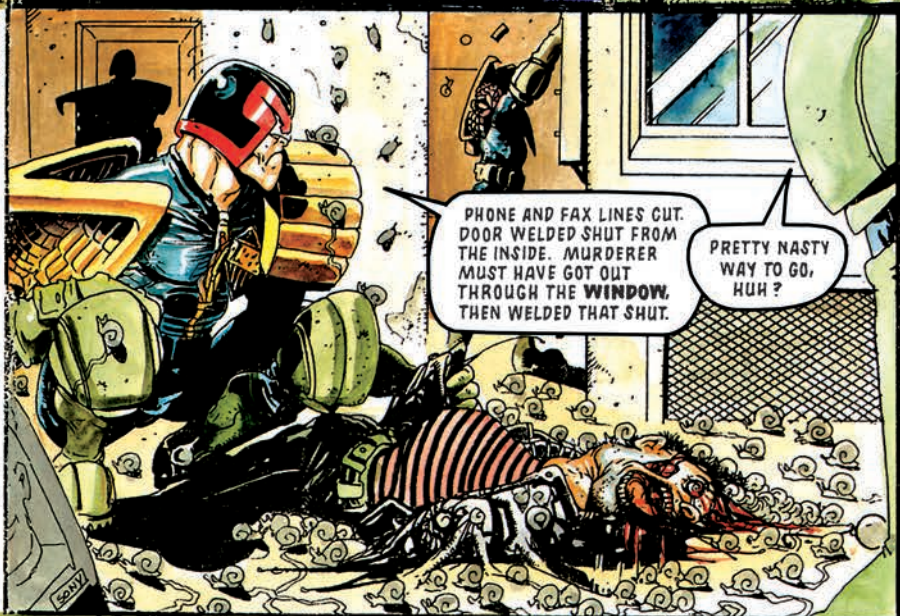
NOTICED A STRANGE
SMELL A FEW DAYS
AGO, BUT DIDN'T THINK
ANYTHING OF IT AT
THE TIME...

PITY SHE DIDN'T CALL
EARLIER. MIGHT'VE
SAVED HIS LIFE.

PHONE AND FAX LINES CUT.
DOOR WELDED SHUT FROM
THE INSIDE. MURDERER
MUST HAVE GOT OUT
THROUGH THE WINDOW.
THEN WELDED THAT SHUT.

PRETTY NASTY
WAY TO GO,
HUH?

YEAH.
SLOW, TOO.



OVER THE NEXT WEEK, THREE MORE MURDERS ARE COMMITTED, EACH AS GRISLY AS THE LAST.

DENTAL RECORDS SHOW HIM TO BE ONE **BUDSY PIPKINS**, RETIRED SPECIAL F/X TECHNICIAN.



CARMEL EHRLICH, PENTHOUSE SUITE IN ROBERT FUEST BLOCK.



VICTIM WAS A HAEMOPHILIAC--ONE **MOJO FEINSTEIN**, SPECIAL F/X TECHNICIAN FOR **AMICUS INTERNATIONAL**...



AT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, A **PATTERN** SLOWLY EMERGES --

I THINK WE'RE LOOKING AT A STRING OF REVENGE KILLINGS.

SEEMS THE VICTIMS ALL WORKED ON THE SAME MOVIE -- "**DRAGSTRIP ZOMBIES FROM DAYTONA HIGH**."

THERE WAS A **ACCIDENT** DURING FILMING. SOME SPECIAL EFFECT MISFIRED... THE WHOLE SET WENT UP IN FLAMES.

DRAGSTRIP ZOMBIES PRO DAYTONA HIGH



ONE GUY DISAPPEARED IN THE BLAST--PRESUMED DEAD. NAME OF **MORT RIFKIND**.

HE'S WAITED FOR THINGS TO COOL OFF--NOW HE'S BACK TO SETTLE UP OLD SCORES, YOU THINK?



OKAY. MOTIVE'S
REVENGE -- I'LL BUY
THAT. BUT WHAT
MAKES YOU SO SURE
IT'S THIS RIFKIND
CREEP?

THE GUY'S JOB.

HE WAS A BUG WRANGLER.
TRAINED ALL THE BUGS
AND SNAKES AND CREEPY-
CRAWLIES YOU SEE IN
THE HORROR VIDS...

SOUNDS LIKE WE
SHOULDA SWITCHED
WITH PEST CONTROL.

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY,
MORT RIFKIND IS MAKING PLANS...

HORRIBLY DISFIGURED, QUITE MAD, HIS
THIRST FOR REVENGE IS THE ONE THING
THAT'S KEPT HIM ALIVE.

RIKIAN BEE
(LARGE)

WE'LL SHOW THEM,
WON'T WE, MY PRETTIES?
MAKE THEM SUFFER AS
THEY MADE ME SUFFER...



THEY SAW HIM OUT THERE, SCREAMING IN THE FLAMES... CRISPING AND COOKING LIKE A SUNDAY ROAST.



THEY SAW HIM AND DIDN'T DO A THING.

EIGHT WEEKS I SPENT IN THAT HELLISH JUNGLE... CRAWLING ON MY HANDS AND KNEES... SKIN CHARRED AND ROTTEN...

WELL NOW IT'S MY TURN.



FOUR DOWN, ONE TO GO...



DREDD -- LEAVITT.

WE GOT LUCKY. RECORDS ARE STILL IN A MESS AFTER NECROPOLIS BUT A MANUAL SEARCH TURNED UP ONE MORE NAME.

WEZ MONDO, CHIEF SPECIAL F/X COORDINATOR. LOOKS LIKE RIFKIND'S SAVING HIM TILL LAST.

TARGET'S CURRENT ADDRESS IS 1727 MILTON SUBOTSKY CONAPTS. WE TRIED CALLING BUT THE LINE'S ENGAGED.

TED UP 92 X.



GET A UNIT ROUND THERE NOW!



I'M ON MY WAY!

MINUTES LATER--

CONTROL-- WE'RE AT MONDO'S APARTMENT. NO SIGN OF HIM. ANY IDEA WHERE ELSE HE MIGHT BE?

GOT A WORK ADDRESS, IF THAT'S ANY USE...

TOFFEE OTTERS MUST DIE

MINUTES LATER--

CONTROL-- WE'RE AT MONDO'S APARTMENT. NO SIGN OF HIM. ANY IDEA WHERE ELSE HE MIGHT BE?

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TOFFEE OTTERS MUST DIE

WHITON-GOLDSTEIN STUDIOS, AND WEZ MONDO IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE --

GOLD FILM

Y'KNOW, FELLA... IT'S LUCKY YOU TURNED UP WHEN YOU DID. IT'S USUALLY HELL TRYNNNA GET A HOVER-CAB THIS TIME OF NIGHT...

CAB

TAXI

WHITON-GOLDSTEIN STUDIOS, AND WEZ MONDO IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE --

GOLD FILM

Y'KNOW, FELLA... IT'S LUCKY YOU TURNED UP WHEN YOU DID. IT'S USUALLY HELL TRYNNNA GET A HOVER-CAB THIS TIME OF NIGHT...

CAB

TAXI

SAY-- DON'T I KNOW
YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?
THE BEARD DOESN'T
RING A BELL BUT...

BZZ

HELLO, WEZ!

OH MY GRUD--
R-R-RIFKIND!

BUT... BUT
YOU'RE DEAD...

SAY-- DON'T I KNOW
YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?
THE BEARD DOESN'T
RING A BELL BUT...

BZZ

HELLO, WEZ!

OH MY GRUD--
R-R-RIFKIND!

BUT... BUT
YOU'RE DEAD...

SAY-- DON'T I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE? THE BEARD DOESN'T RING A BELL BUT...

BZZ

CAB

HELLO, WEZ!

ON MY GRUD-- R-R-RIFKIND!

BUT... BUT YOU'RE DEAD...

SAY-- DON'T I KNOW
YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?
THE BEARD DOESN'T
RING A BELL BUT...

BZZ

CAB

HELLO, WEZ!

ON MY GRUD--
R-R-RIFKIND!

BUT... BUT
YOU'RE DEAD...

NO. I'M STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE. IT'S YOU WHO ARE DEAD.

FARK 66-65

THAT HOVER-CAR

BZZZZZZZ!!!

ON HIM,
MY PETS...

BZZZZ

BZZZZ

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

AB!

NO. I'M STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE. IT'S YOU WHO ARE DEAD.

FARK 66-65

THAT HOVER-CAR

[illegible]

SOME KIND OF
DISTURBANCE--
LOOKS LIKE IT
COULD BE THEM...

AAAA GRUD!

OFF-- GET 'EM OFF!
PLEASE, MORT!

YOU!
PULL OVER
OR I
FIRE!

FIRE? YOU'LL FIRE?

THEN FIRE! VENGEANCE
IS DONE! I HAVE NOTHING
LEFT TO LIVE FOR!

HI-EXPLOSIVE!

KHDOOOM!

SCRATCH OUR PERP.
HE'S NOT GONNA WALK
AWAY THIS TIME.

I TOOK THE STING
OUT OF HIS TAIL!

JUDGE DREDD

**THE
BIG
HIT**

WE WANT STEINER!

OUTSIZE OUTRAGE!

YOU'RE DEAD MEAT,
SKINNY!

SCRAG END AND
TENDERLOIN!

"BRING ME THE HEAD OF
BLAKELOCK STEINER!"

YOU MAY
BE FAT

STOP THIS
SIZEIST BOOK!

WE'RE HERE +
WE'RE GROSE
GET USED TO IT

OBESSE +
OUTRAGED.

THAT WAS THE MESSAGE
YESTERDAY FROM
BILLY-RAY BUTLINS,
LEADER OF THE OUTLAWED
ACTIVIST GROUP THE
FAT FREEDOM
COALITION.

BUTLINS IS ONE OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S
MOST WANTED MEN, YET DESPITE MONTHS
OF UNDERCOVER WORK HE STILL REMAINS
AT LARGE.

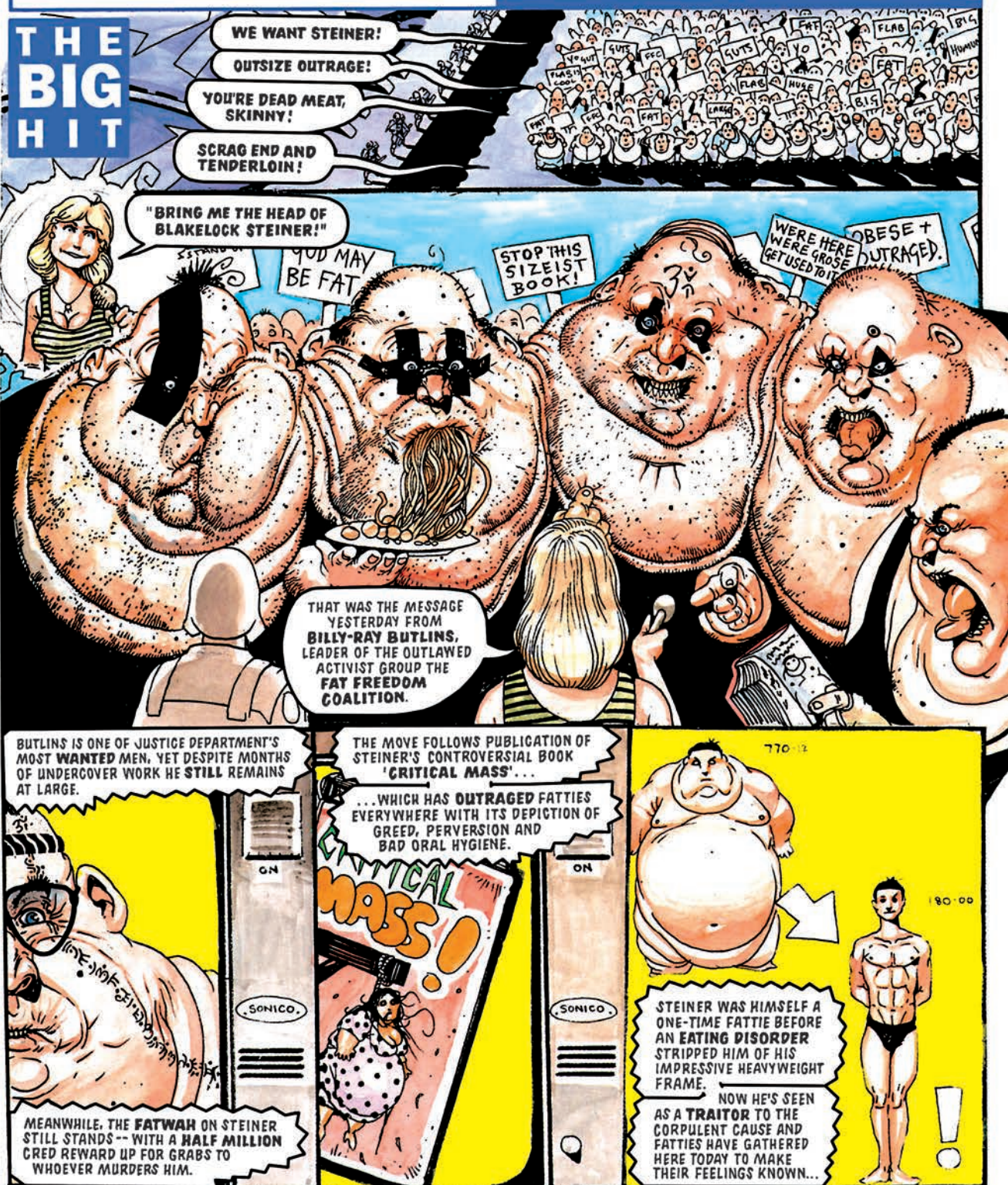
THE MOVE FOLLOWS PUBLICATION OF
STEINER'S CONTROVERSIAL BOOK
'CRITICAL MASS'...

...WHICH HAS OUTRAGED FATTIES
EVERYWHERE WITH ITS DEPICTION OF
GREED, PERVERSION AND
BAD ORAL HYGIENE.

MEANWHILE, THE FATWAH ON STEINER
STILL STANDS -- WITH A HALF MILLION
CRED REWARD UP FOR GRABS TO
WHOEVER MURDERS HIM.

STEINER WAS HIMSELF A
ONE-TIME FATTIE BEFORE
AN EATING DISORDER
STRIPPED HIM OF HIS
IMPRESSIVE HEAVYWEIGHT
FRAME.

NOW HE'S SEEN
AS A TRAITOR TO THE
CORPULENT CAUSE AND
FATTIES HAVE GATHERED
HERE TODAY TO MAKE
THEIR FEELINGS KNOWN...



AND THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET
THEIR CHANCE AS THE MOTORCADE
PULLS INTO VIEW NOW --

STEINER'S POD IN THE LEAD, FOLLOWED
BY THE SEVEN JUDGE ESCORT ASSIGNED
TO HIM UNDER THE PROTECTIVE
CUSTODY PROGRAMME...

DROKK!

HEY, MOM!
WHAT'RE THOSE
PEOPLE DOING
UP THERE?

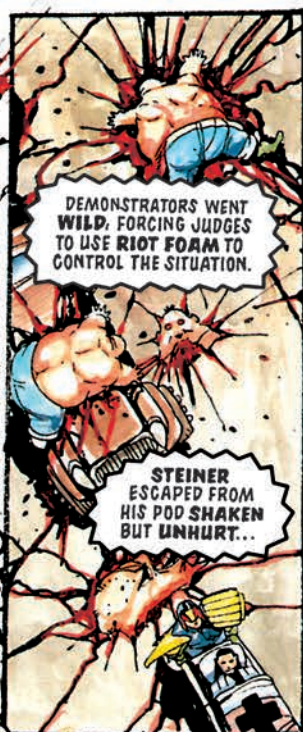
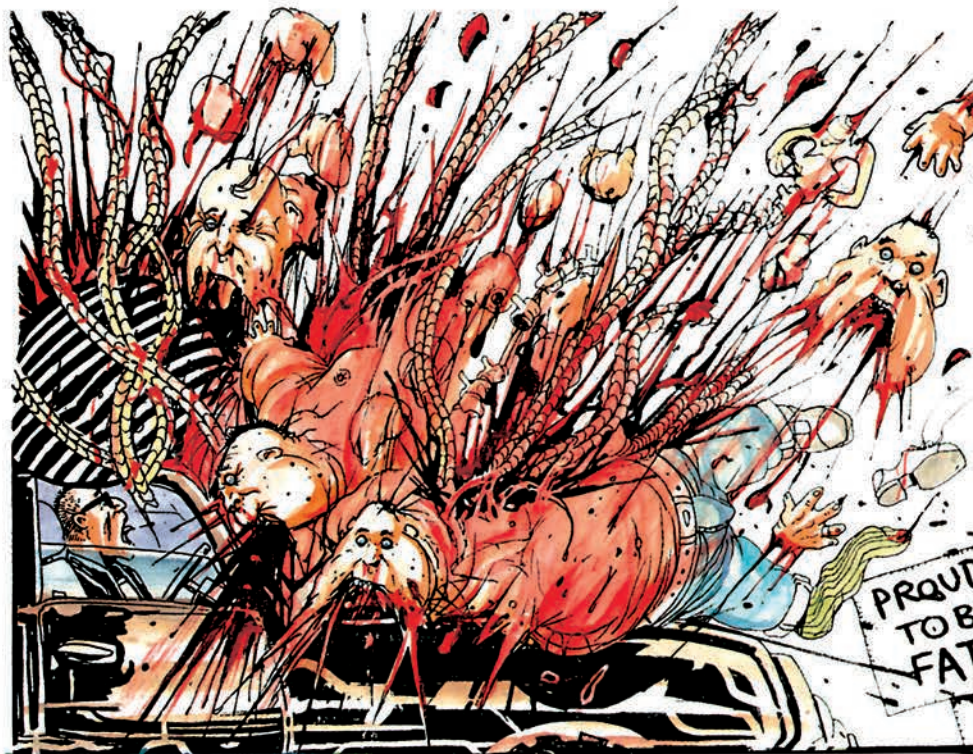
TYSON! BOWERS!

WE GOT A GROUP
OF LEAPERS ON
TIPPI HEDREN BLOCK!
GET THOSE CROWDS BACK
FROM THE BARRICADES!

WELL, MEN... LOOKS
LIKE THIS IS IT...

LINK HANDS AND HOLD
FORMATION. WE'RE GONNA
KNOCK THAT BACKSTABBING
BAG OF BONES INTO THE
MIDDLE OF NEXT YEAR!

DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!



DEMONSTRATORS WENT WILD, FORCING JUDGES TO USE RIOT FOAM TO CONTROL THE SITUATION.

STEINER ESCAPED FROM HIS POD SHAKEN BUT UNHURT...



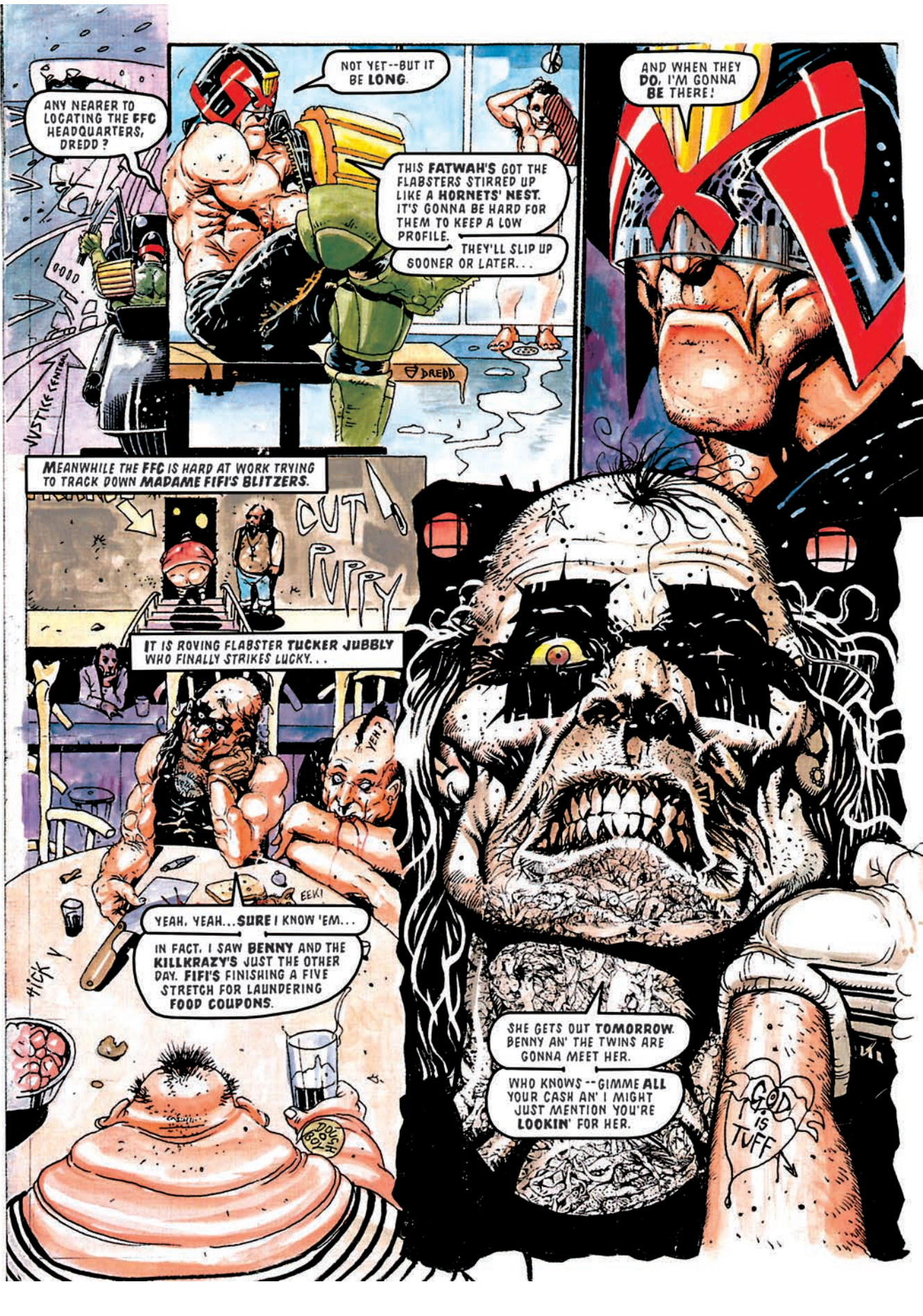
A TRAGEDY, FELLOW FLABSTERS-- AND ONE THAT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN IF WE DON'T ACT QUICKLY.

EACH DAY THAT THAT TREACHEROUS VERMIN STEINER STAYS ALIVE MOCKS OUR CAUSE--

WE NEED TO TAKE DECISIVE ACTION-- NOW!

AS LEADER OF THE FAT FREEDOM COALITION, I PROPOSE WE BRING IN PROFESSIONAL HELP.

COMRADES--IT'S TIME TO CALL IN MADAME FIFI'S BORN-AGAIN BLITZERS!



ANY NEARER TO LOCATING THE FFC HEADQUARTERS, DREDD?

NOT YET--BUT IT BE LONG.

THIS FATWA'S GOT THE FLABSTERS STIRRED UP LIKE A HORNETS' NEST. IT'S GONNA BE HARD FOR THEM TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE. THEY'LL SLIP UP SOONER OR LATER...

AND WHEN THEY DO, I'M GONNA BE THERE!

MEANWHILE THE FFC IS HARD AT WORK TRYING TO TRACK DOWN MADAME FIFI'S BLITZERS.

CUT TO PITY

IT IS ROVING FLABSTER TUCKER JUBBLY WHO FINALLY STRIKES LUCKY...

YEAH, YEAH... SURE I KNOW 'EM...

IN FACT, I SAW BENNY AND THE KILLKRAZY'S JUST THE OTHER DAY. FIFI'S FINISHING A FIVE STRETCH FOR LAUNDERING FOOD COUPONS.

SHE GETS OUT TOMORROW. BENNY AN' THE TWINS ARE GONNA MEET HER.

WHO KNOWS--GIMME ALL YOUR CASH AN' I MIGHT JUST MENTION YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR HER.

GOD IS TUFF

COMRADES-- TODAY IS OUR DAY OF RETRIBUTION! THE DAY WE ENLIST THE ANGELS OF JUSTICE AGAINST THE ARCH-TRAITOR STEINER.

PLEASE WELCOME TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FAT FREEDOM COALITION...

MADAME FIFI'S BORN-AGAIN BLITZERS!

JUST RELEASED FROM THE CUBES... FIFI LEFIST, WINNER OF THE WORLD ARM-WRESTLING TOURNAMENT FOUR YEARS RUNNING.

BLIND MAN BENNY FRENZ, KEM KWONG KICK-BOXING CHAMPION AND CORDON BLEU CHEF.

AND THE KILLCRAZY TWINS, MORT AND EIGER, BRIT-CIT'S HOTTEST SUPERSLAM TAG TEAM.

I'D LIKE TO SAY WHAT A PRIVILEGE IT IS TO—

STOW IT, FATBOY!

HEY, BABY-- CHILL OUT. YOU AIN'T IN THE CUBES NO MORE--

OH MY LORD! IT'S A BODY SUIT!

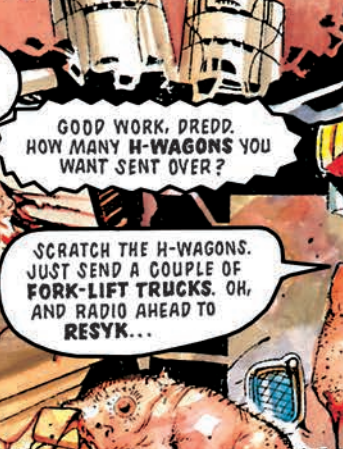
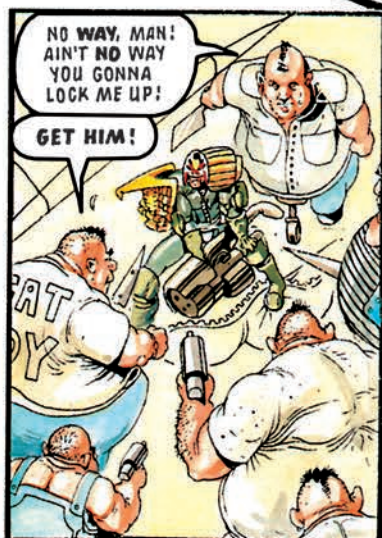
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

ALL RIGHT! GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR! ALL OF YOU!

GOT IT IN ONE.

YOU REALLY THINK WE WERE GONNA LET FIFI WALK FREE, AND MISS A CHANCE OF SETTING UP YOU CREEPS?

NOW GET THOSE HANDS IN THE AIR!



JUDGE DREDD

ITEM! TRIPLE HOMICIDE
AND ARMED ROBBERY
AT THE MEGA-CITY ONE
SAVINGS AND LOAN IN
SECTOR 17 -- UNITS
NEEDED FOR SEARCH!

DREDD RESPONDING!
ANY MORE
DETAILS?

WITNESSES SAY THREE
PERPS RAN INTO THE
HEARTBREAK HOTEL,
ADJACENT!
DESCRIPTIONS TO
FOLLOW!

HEART
BREAK

PERPS BELIEVED TO HAVE
SNATCHED LESS THAN
FIVE HUNDRED CRED\$ --
KILLED THREE SAVINGS
AND LOAN STAFF IN
THE PROCESS!

THESE BOYS AIN'T
TOO CLEVER.

THREE ARMED PERPS
RAN IN HERE --
WHERE'D THEY GO?

INTO THE
BALLROOM,
BUT YOU'LL
NEVER FIND
THEM!

YEAH?
WHY NOT?

THEY WERE
IN DISGUISE
AS --

DISGUISE OR NO
DISGUISE, I'M TAKING
THEM IN!

DESCRIPTION
COMING THROUGH
NOW, DREDD...

OOF!

... ALL THREE PERPS WERE DISGUISED AS A TWENTIETH CENTURY ROCK STAR...

ELVIS PRESLEY IMITATION ANNUAL CONVENTION

PROKK!

...ELVIS PRESLEY!

BEAVIS

... ALL THREE PERPS WERE DISGUISED AS A TWENTIETH CENTURY ROCK STAR...

ELVIS PRESLEY IMITATION ANNUAL CONVENTION

PROKK!

...ELVIS PRESLEY!

ELVIS

ELVIS

ELVIS

ELVIS

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...ELVIS PRESLEY!

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ELVIS PRESLEY IMITATION ANNUAL CONVENTION

PROKK!

...ELVIS PRESLEY!

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... ALL THREE PERPS WERE DISGUISED AS A TWENTIETH CENTURY ROCK STAR...

ELVIS PRESLEY IMITATION ANNUAL CONVENTION

PROKK!

...ELVIS PRESLEY!

ELVIS

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ELVIS

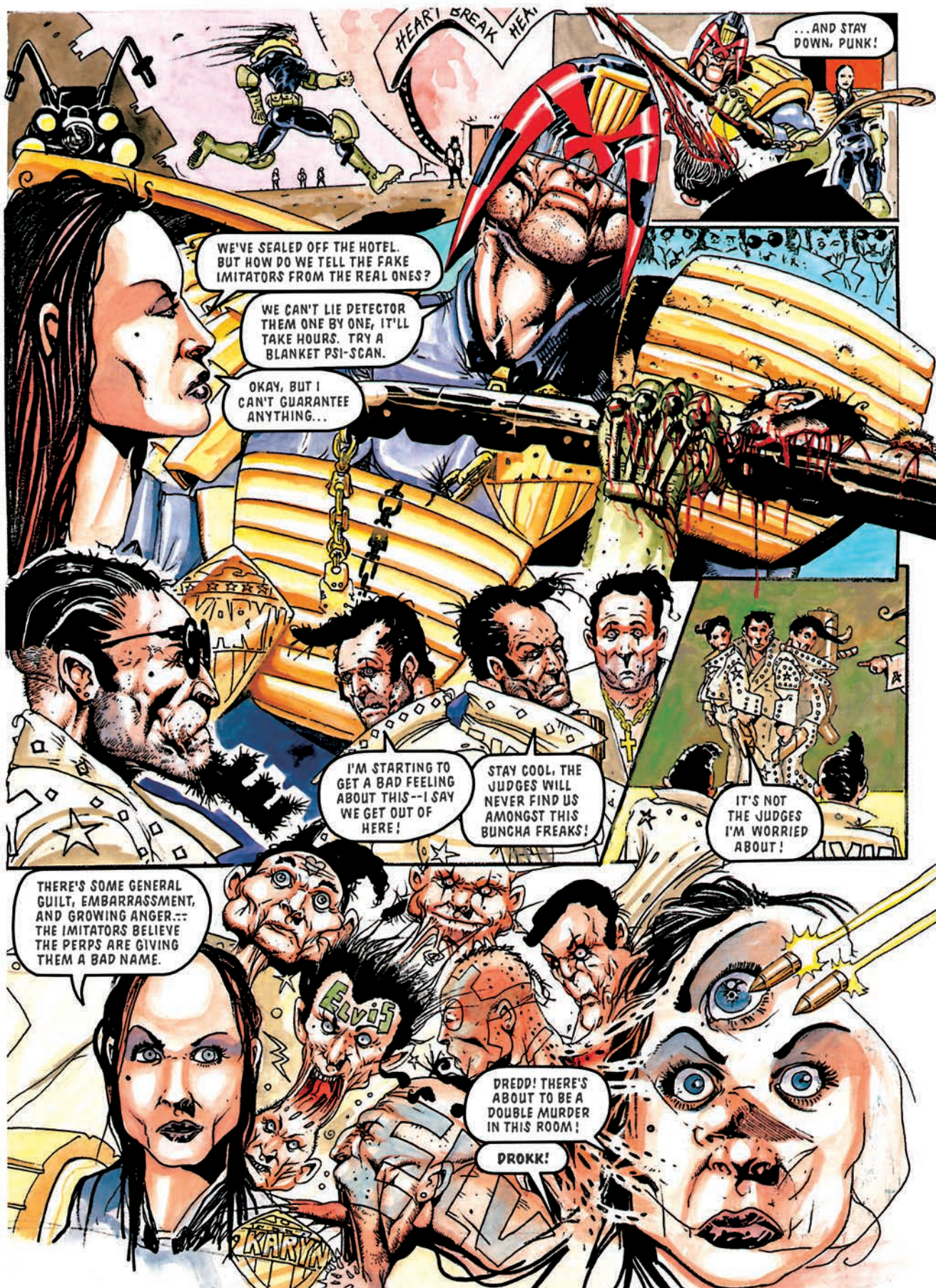
ELVIS



CONTROL, I THINK I MIGHT NEED SOME BACK-UP ON THIS ONE...

GET ME PSI-JUDGE KARYN!

LET'S GO
FORA
CLAMBAKE



...AND STAY DOWN, PUNK!

HEART BREAK HEAT

WE'VE SEALED OFF THE HOTEL. BUT HOW DO WE TELL THE FAKE IMITATORS FROM THE REAL ONES?

WE CAN'T LIE DETECTOR THEM ONE BY ONE, IT'LL TAKE HOURS. TRY A BLANKET PSI-SCAN.

OKAY, BUT I CAN'T GUARANTEE ANYTHING...

I'M STARTING TO GET A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS--I SAY WE GET OUT OF HERE!

STAY COOL, THE JUDGES WILL NEVER FIND US AMONGST THIS BUNCHA FREAKS!

IT'S NOT THE JUDGES I'M WORRIED ABOUT!

THERE'S SOME GENERAL GUILT, EMBARRASSMENT, AND GROWING ANGER... THE IMITATORS BELIEVE THE PERPS ARE GIVING THEM A BAD NAME.

DREDD! THERE'S ABOUT TO BE A DOUBLE MURDER IN THIS ROOM!

DROKK!



OUT OF THE WAY,
OR I'LL ARREST ALL
OF YOU FOR
OBSTRUCTION!

THEY'VE TURNED FROM
AN ANGRY MOB TO A
LYNCH MOB!

EXEUNT

I'M
GETTING
OUT OF
HERE!

OH STOMM!

CONTROL, GET SOME RIOT FOAM
TO THE HEARTBREAK HOTEL NOW!
WE'VE GOT AN ELVIS STAMPEDE
ON OUR HANDS!

NOW, GUYS, BE REASONABLE.
I MEAN, WE'RE ALL BIG
ELVIS FANS HERE...



DECEASED WAS ONE CURLY PARKER, THREE PREVIOUS FOR PETTY OFFENCES.

SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO MAKE IT IN THE BIG TIME.

WHAT ABOUT THE GRAND ORDER OF ELVIS IMITATORS? WHAT'S THE CHARGE?

CONSPIRACY TO MURDER, TWENTY YEARS EACH. THEY'RE ALL AS GUILTY AS EACH OTHER, EVEN IF ONLY A FEW ACTUALLY DID THE DEED.

WE'LL NEED TO BUILD A NEW ISO-BLOCK JUST TO HOUSE THEM ALL.

PERHAPS IT COULD BE CALLED GRACELAND?

DON'T GIVE UP THE DAY JOB, KARYN.

CONTROL TO DREDD--

--REPORTS OF A MURDER AT THE KYLIE MINOGUE CULTURAL FESTIVAL, SECTOR 28. PLEASE RESPOND!

IT SEEMED LIKE SUCH A QUIET DAY THIS MORNING.

I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD





HIS

WASH HIS
FILTHY
MOUTH OUT!

GLIT HIM,
BERYL!

AAAA
AAAA

AAAAAAA!

hukk

hukt

SLIT
HIM!

CUT OFF HIS
DIRTY BITS!

thut

SMILEEE-
SMILEEE!



CONTROL - WE GOT ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON. APARTMENT 83-12, DARIO ARGENTO BLOCK. VICTIM'S ONE HERSCHELL LEWIS...

CAUSE OF DEATH?

HARD TO TELL. THERE'S SO MUCH BLOOD.

LOOKS LIKE HE DID THREE ROUNDS WITH THE GARBAGE GRINDER.

HERSCHELL LEWIS...USED TO WRITE PULP FICTION FOR FLESH WOUND PRESS.

CENSORSHIP LOBBY'S BEEN TRYING TO GET HIM BANNED FOR YEARS.

ECKHART - YOUR PEOPLE TURN ANYTHING UP?

WE ALSO FOUND THIS - WEDGED UNDER THE RIBCAGE, RIGHT WHERE THE HEART SHOULD'VE BEEN.

THERE'S A NOTE INSIDE.

A FEW STRANDS OF HAIR...IN THE VICTIM'S MOUTH AND UNDER THE FINGERNAILS. ANIMAL HAIR, PROBABLY FROM A PRIMATE.

LOOKS LIKE OUR PERP'S TRYING TO MAKE A POINT, DOESN'T IT?

WELL, LADIES... WE DID IT.

OUR FIRST STRIKE AGAINST THE PEDDLERS OF RUDENESS AND SMUT... AGAINST THE MUCKRAKERS AND THE DIRTY DOGS...

AND - THANKS TO BERYL AND THE CLEAN MACHINE - IT WAS A RUNAWAY SUCCESS.

HOW DID YOU FIND IT, BERYL? WAS IT EASY TO CONTROL THE APE?

OOO. IT WERE SMASHING. LIKE RIDING A BIKE, IT WAS. MADE ME FEEL TINGLY ALL OVER...

WELL, TOMORROW WE ALL GET TO SIT IN THE DRIVING SEAT.

I'VE JUST FINISHED LOBOTOMISING THE LAST CHIMP. AS SOON AS IT'S WIRED UP, WE'LL HAVE ALL 8 READY TO GO.

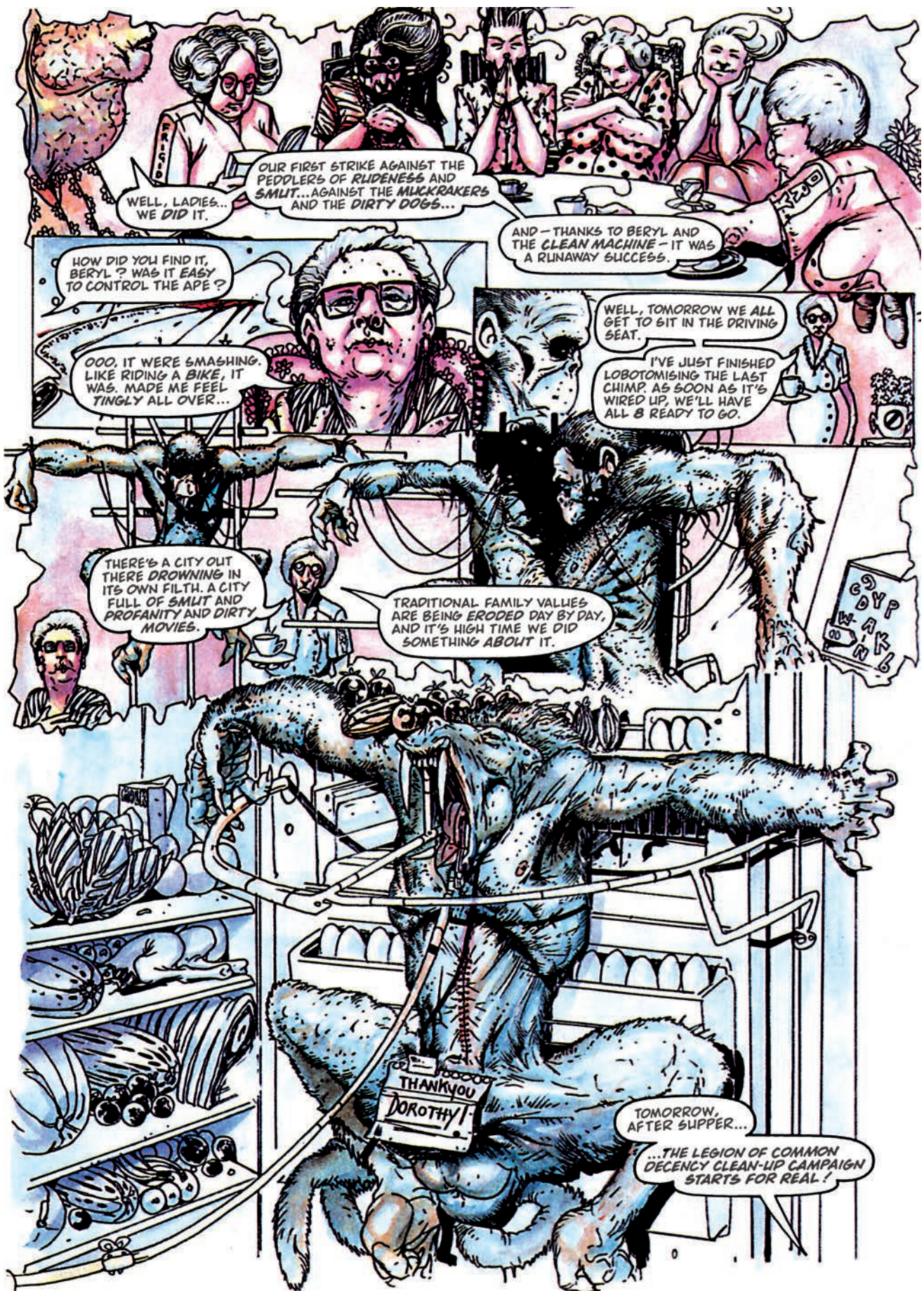
THERE'S A CITY OUT THERE DROWNING IN ITS OWN FILTH. A CITY FULL OF SMUT AND PROFANITY AND DIRTY MOVIES.

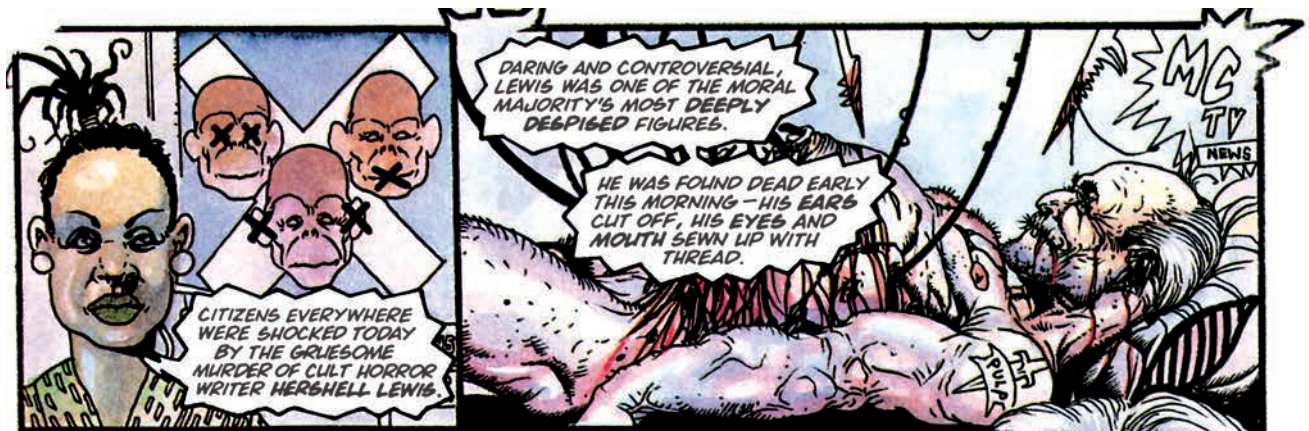
TRADITIONAL FAMILY VALUES ARE BEING ERODED DAY BY DAY, AND IT'S HIGH TIME WE DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

THANK YOU DOROTHY!

TOMORROW, AFTER SUPPER...

...THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN STARTS FOR REAL!

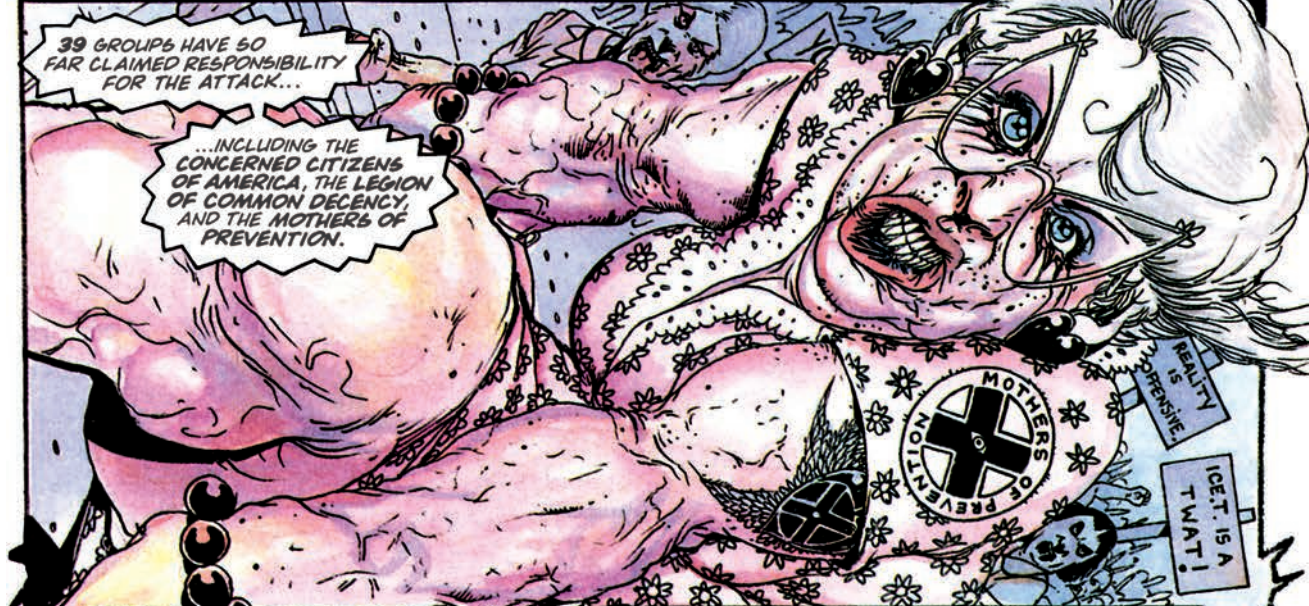




DARING AND CONTROVERSIAL, LEWIS WAS ONE OF THE MORAL MAJORITY'S MOST DEEPLY DESPISED FIGURES.

HE WAS FOUND DEAD EARLY THIS MORNING - HIS EARS CUT OFF, HIS EYES AND MOUTH SEWN UP WITH THREAD.

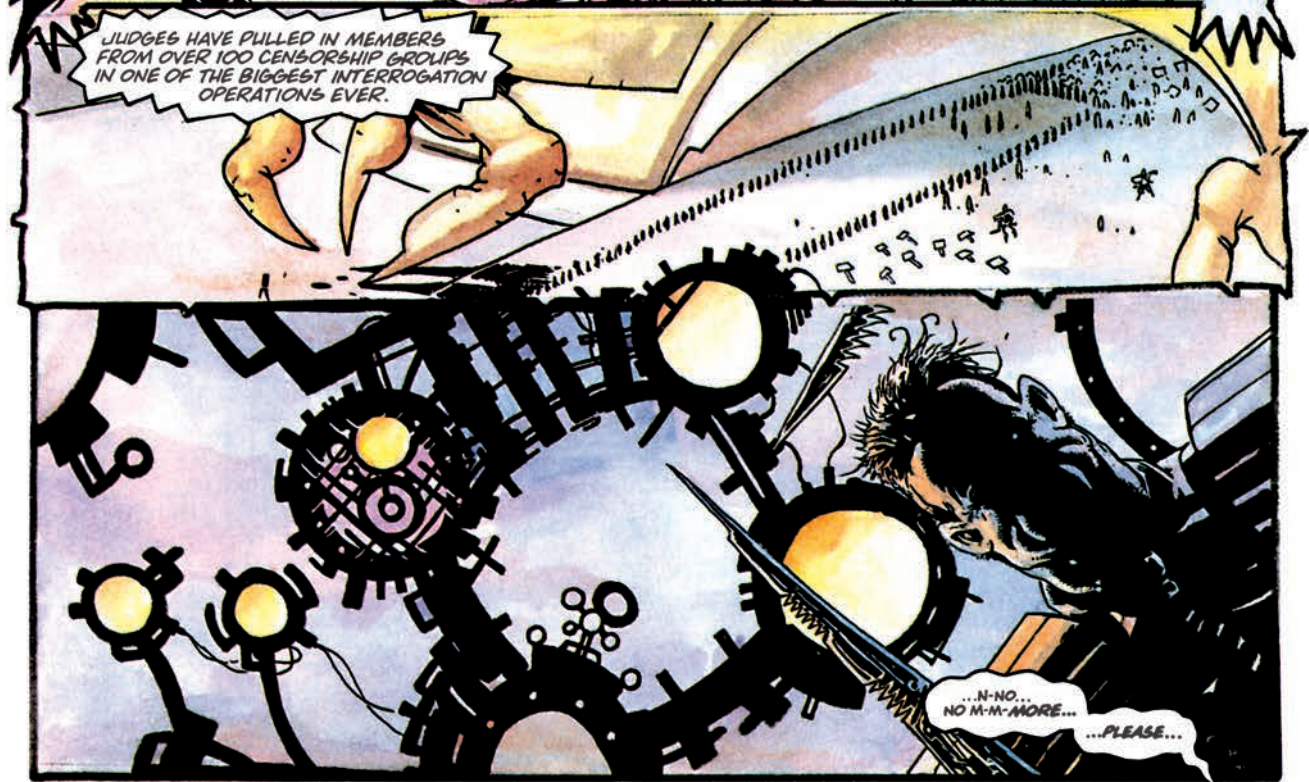
CITIZENS EVERYWHERE WERE SHOCKED TODAY BY THE GRUESOME MURDER OF CULT HORROR WRITER HERSCHELL LEWIS.



39 GROUPS HAVE SO FAR CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ATTACK...

...INCLUDING THE CONCERNED CITIZENS OF AMERICA, THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY, AND THE MOTHERS OF PREVENTION.

JUDGES HAVE PULLED IN MEMBERS FROM OVER 100 CENSORSHIP GROUPS IN ONE OF THE BIGGEST INTERROGATION OPERATIONS EVER.



...N-NO... NO N-N-MORE... PLEASE...

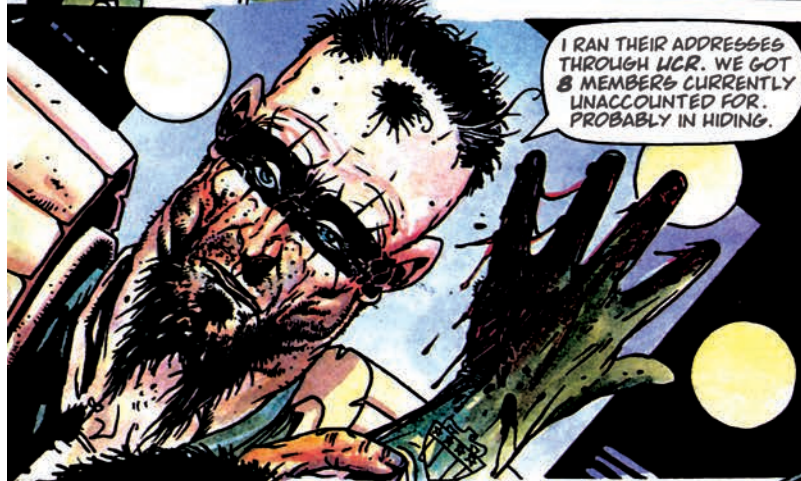


YOU GET ANYTHING OUT OF HER?



NOTHING WE DIDN'T KNOW ALREADY.

SEEMS LEWIS'S MURDER WAS A TRIAL RUN. PART OF SOME BIG CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN PLANNED BY THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY.

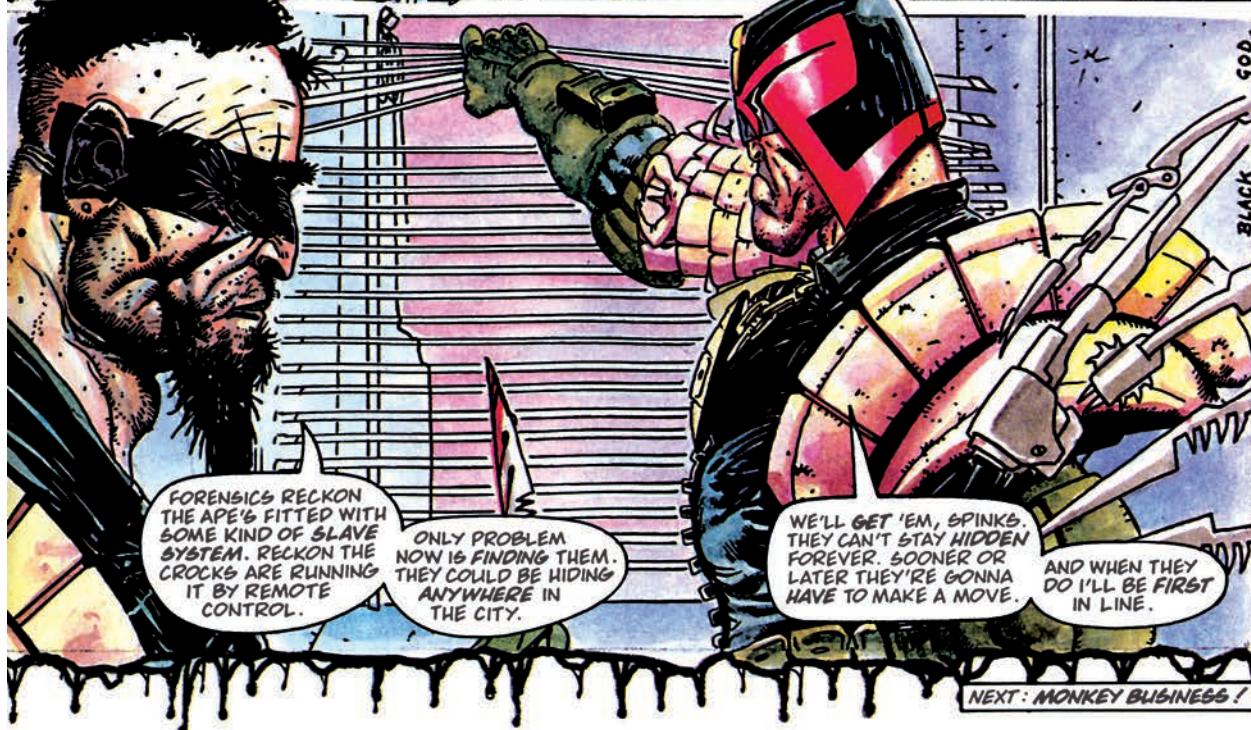


I RAN THEIR ADDRESSES THROUGH UCR. WE GOT 8 MEMBERS CURRENTLY UNACCOUNTED FOR. PROBABLY IN HIDING.



WE ALSO GOT A REPORT FROM FORENSICS. THE HAIRS THEY FOUND ON LEWIS BELONG TO PAN TROGLODYTES - A CHIMPANZEE.

THEY CONTAINED MINUTE TRACES OF HYBRINOL...A HORMONE USED IN IMPLANT SURGERY.



FORENSICS RECKON THE APE'S FITTED WITH SOME KIND OF SLAVE SYSTEM. RECKON THE CROCKS ARE RUNNING IT BY REMOTE CONTROL.

ONLY PROBLEM NOW IS FINDING THEM. THEY COULD BE HIDING ANYWHERE IN THE CITY.

WE'LL GET 'EM, SPINKS. THEY CAN'T STAY HIDDEN FOREVER. SOONER OR LATER THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO MAKE A MOVE.

AND WHEN THEY DO I'LL BE FIRST IN LINE.

NEXT: MONKEY BUSINESS!

JUDGE DREDD

THE HUNT IS ON.

SENSES BLURRING. TENSION WEIGHING DOWN THE AIR. A LANDSLIDE OF IMAGES AND SMELLS AND TASTES.

HOT SPIT AND FLOCKED WALLPAPER. PUMPING MUSCLE AND LAVENDER WATER. BLOODLUST IN THE LIVING ROOM.

OLD MINDS RIDING PIGGYBACK IN VIRILE YOUNG BODIES.

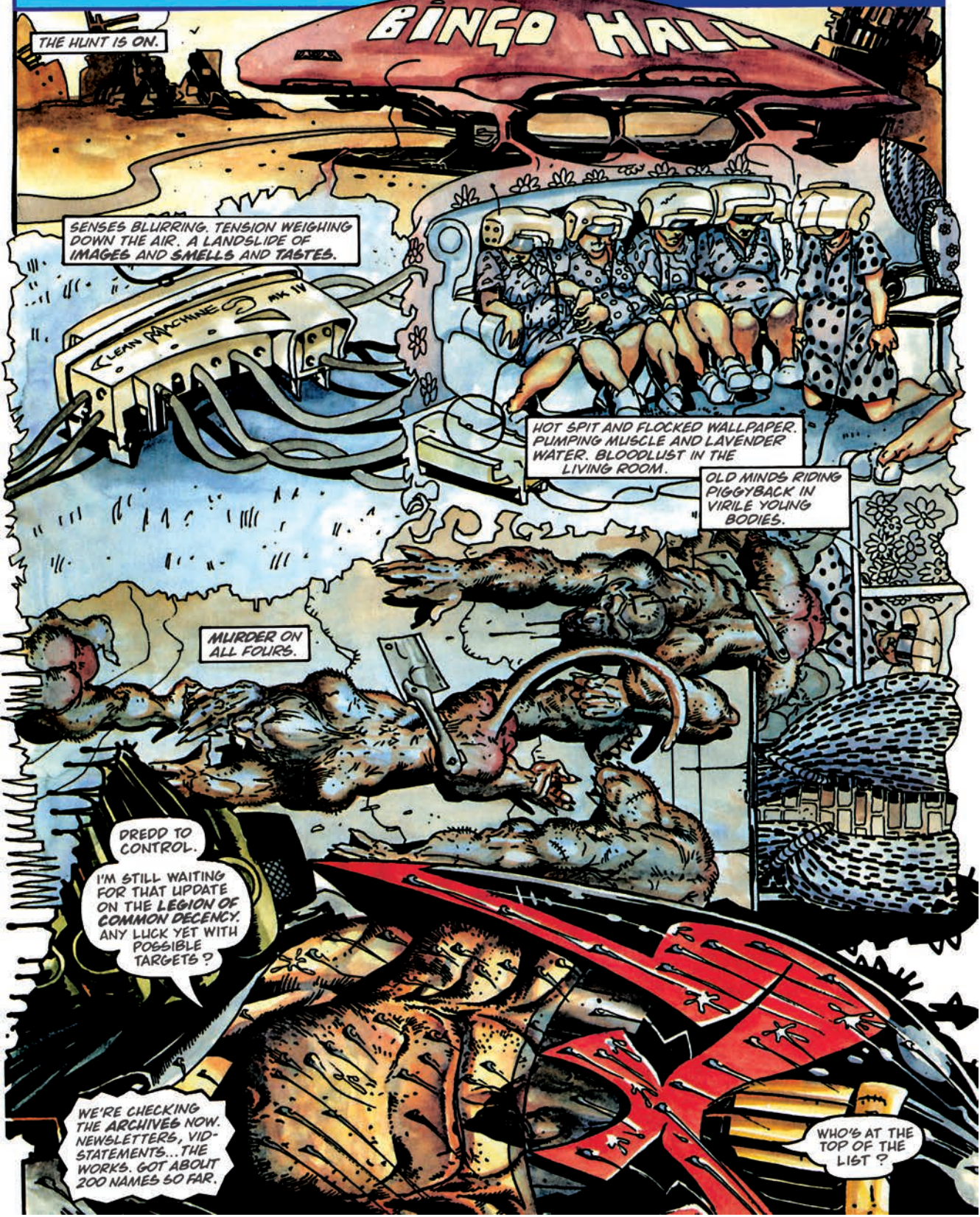
MURDER ON ALL FOURS.

DREDD TO CONTROL.

I'M STILL WAITING FOR THAT UPDATE ON THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY. ANY LUCK YET WITH POSSIBLE TARGETS?

WE'RE CHECKING THE ARCHIVES NOW. NEWSLETTERS, VID-STATEMENTS... THE WORKS. GOT ABOUT 200 NAMES SO FAR.

WHO'S AT THE TOP OF THE LIST?



LIKELIEST-
LOOKING CANDIDATE
IS ONE ENNIS POTTER,
PLAYWRIGHT. THE
LEGION CALLS HIM
THE "GODFATHER
OF SMUT"...

THEY'VE CONDEMNED
EVERYTHING HE'S EVER
WRITTEN. STILL GETS
SOME PRETTY HEAVY
HATE MAIL.

GUY LIVES IN THE
VICINITY, IF YOU
WANT HIS
ADDRESS...

WHAT'VE WE
GOT TO LOSE?

21:45.

HIT ONE: FRANCEEN
DEVEEN, DIRECTOR-
GENERAL OF
CHANNEL 69.

21:52.

HIT TWO: DEATH
METAL ROCK STAR
AXEL ROZZ GETS
IT IN THE NECK.

22:17.

HIT THREE: KEATON
ZEIGLER IX, UNDER-
GROUND PORN BARON.

CONTROL-
DREDD.

HAVE JUST ARRIVED
AT ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE
LUX-APTS. AM ABOUT TO-

DROKK!

OH MY
GRUD!

IT'S D-D-DREDD!

CONTROL-WE'RE
TOO LATE. THE LEGION
JUST MADE THE HIT. GET
A MEAT WAGON AND TEK-
SQUAD OVER HERE
FAST!

I'M GOING
AFTER THE
MONKEY!

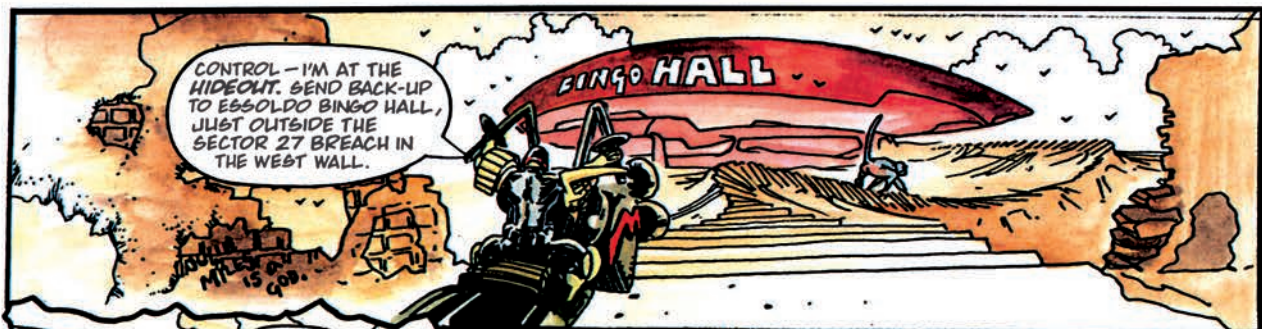
ROGER, BUT STAY BACK.
THOSE CRAZY OLD CROCKS
ARE WIRED UP TO THAT
THING.

NO TELLING
WHAT COULD
HAPPEN!

LIFE!

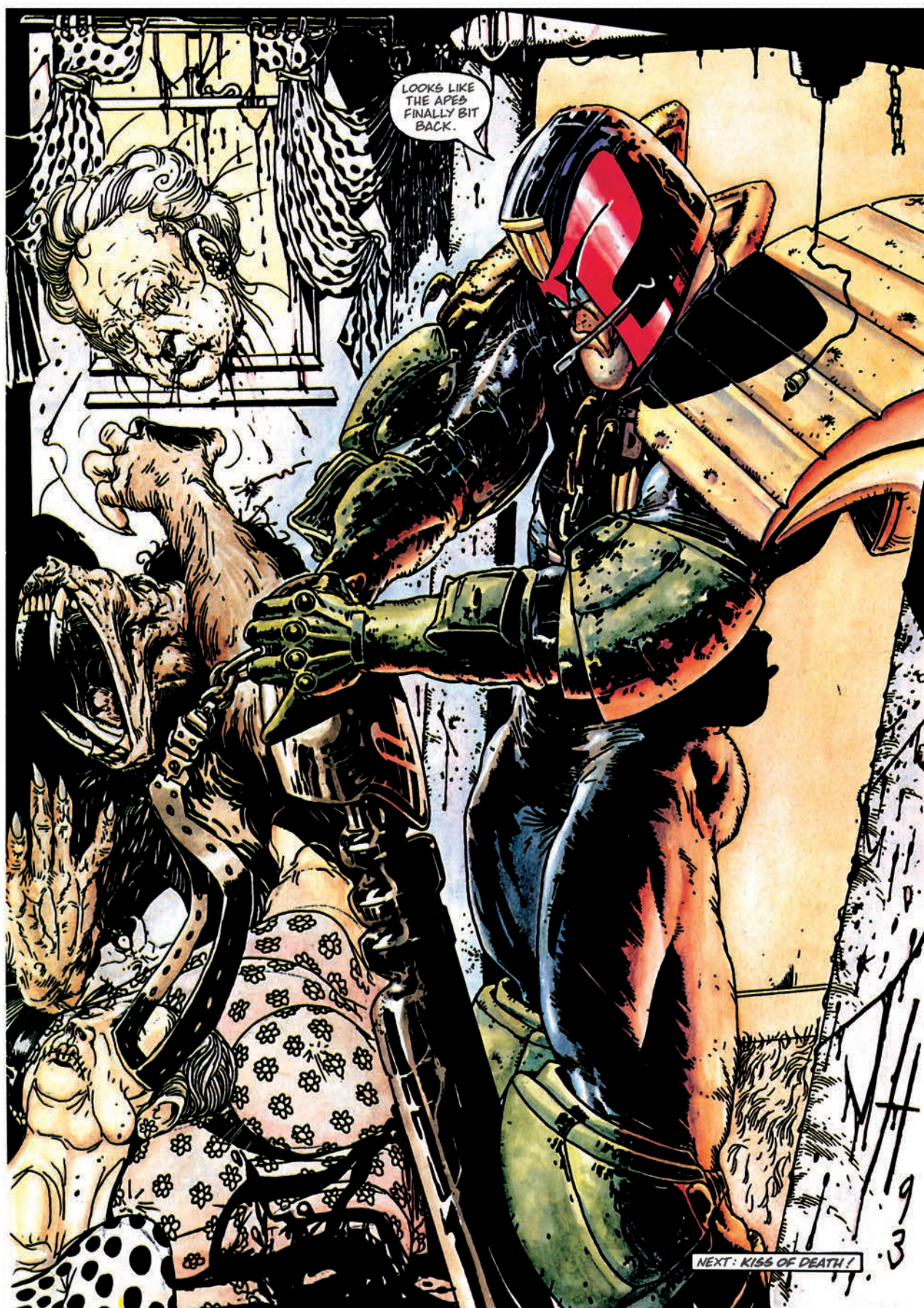






CONTROL - SCRATCH
THAT BACK-UP. GET
ANIMAL SQUAD DOWN
HERE INSTEAD. COUPLE
OF MEAT WAGONS, TOO.

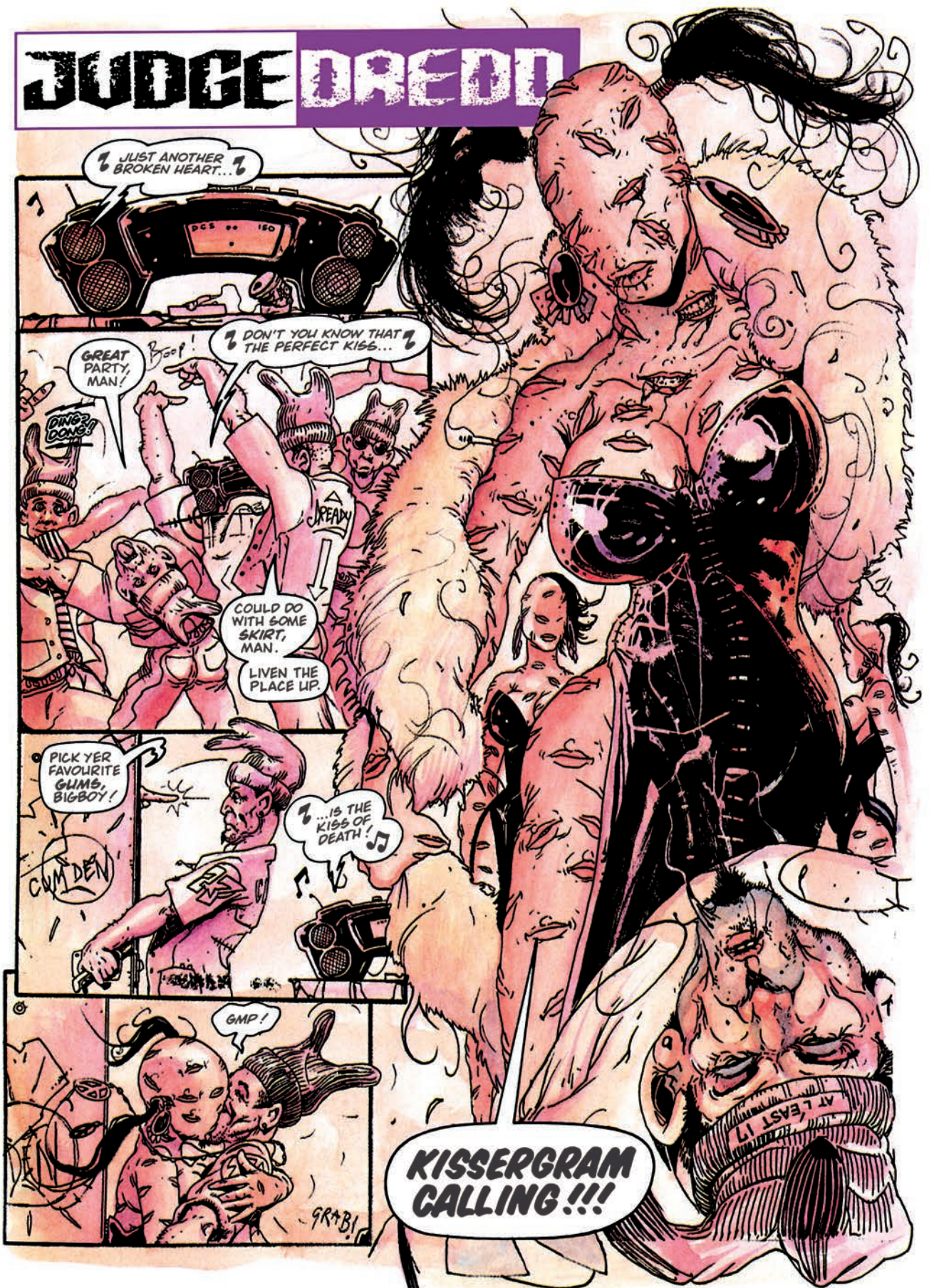




LOOKS LIKE
THE APES
FINALLY BIT
BACK.

NEXT: KISS OF DEATH!

JUDGE DREDD



JUST ANOTHER
BROKEN HEART...

GREAT
PARTY,
MAN!

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT
THE PERFECT KISS...

READY

COULD DO
WITH SOME
SKIRT,
MAN.

LIVEN
THE PLACE UP.

PICK YER
FAVOURITE
GUMS,
BIGBOY!

...IS THE
KISS OF
DEATH!

KISSERGRAM
CALLING!!!

GMP!

GRAB!

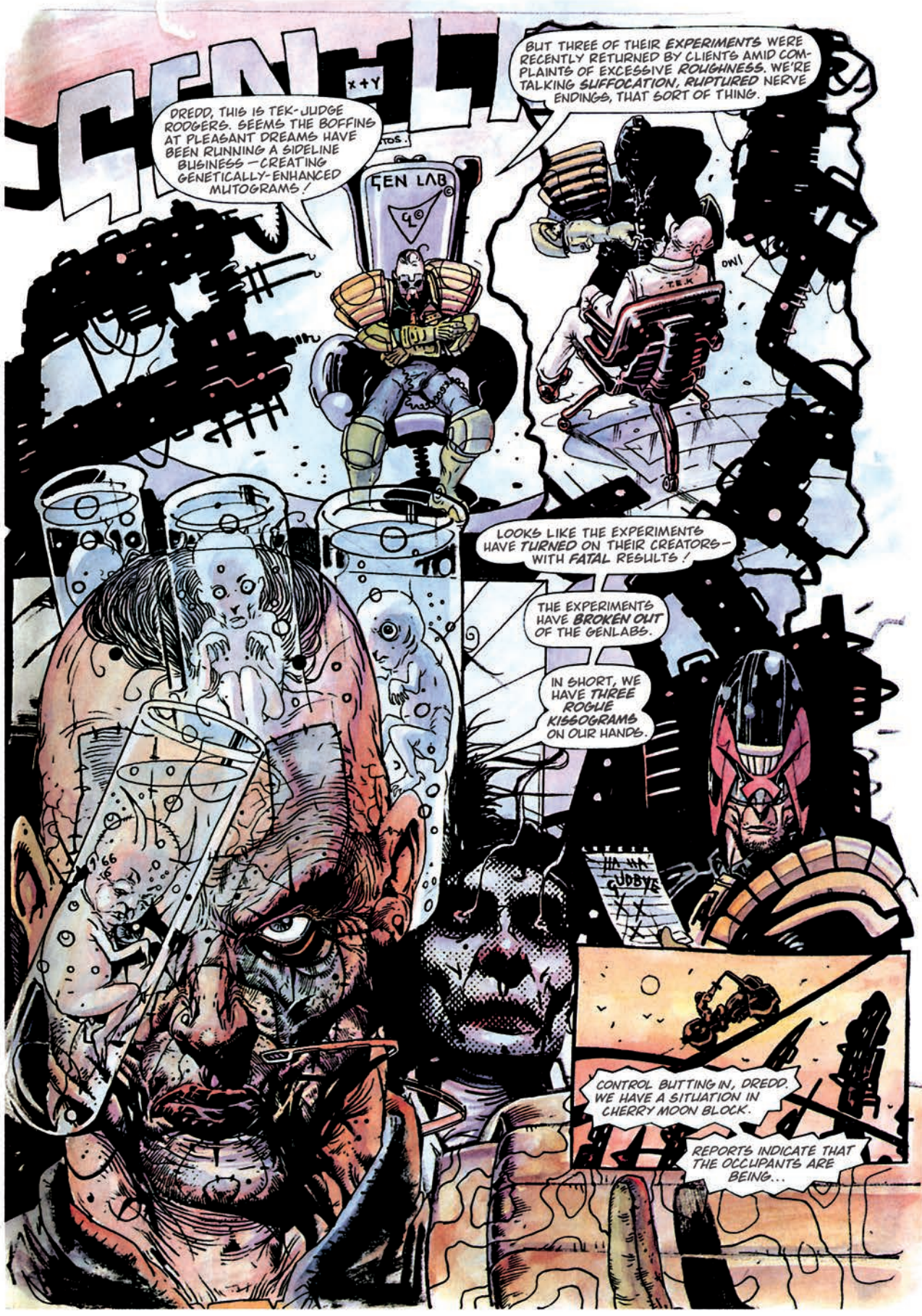
AT LEAST 17



CONTROL TO DREDD.
WE'RE PATCHING YOU THROUGH
TO THE TEK-JUDGES AT THE
PLEASANT DREAMS GENLABS.

THEY'VE DONE
THE ANALYSIS
YOU REQUESTED.

AND ?



DREDD, THIS IS TEK-JUDGE ROOGERS. SEEMS THE BOFFING AT PLEASANT DREAMS HAVE BEEN RUNNING A SIDELINE BUSINESS - CREATING GENETICALLY-ENHANCED MUTOGRAMS!

BUT THREE OF THEIR EXPERIMENTS WERE RECENTLY RETURNED BY CLIENTS AMID COMPLAINTS OF EXCESSIVE ROUGHNESS. WE'RE TALKING SUFFOCATION, RUPTURED NERVE ENDINGS, THAT SORT OF THING.

LOOKS LIKE THE EXPERIMENTS HAVE TURNED ON THEIR CREATORS - WITH FATAL RESULTS!

THE EXPERIMENTS HAVE BROKEN OUT OF THE GENLABS.

IN SHORT, WE HAVE THREE ROGUE KISSOGRAMS ON OUR HANDS.

CONTROL BUTTING IN, DREDD. WE HAVE A SITUATION IN CHERRY MOON BLOCK.

REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE OCCUPANTS ARE BEING...



"KISSED TO DEATH!"

LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME!

C'MERE, SEXY!

HMMMMPH!

PUCKER UP, GIRLIES! JUDGE ALERT!

OOH, I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY LIPS ON THAT CHIN!

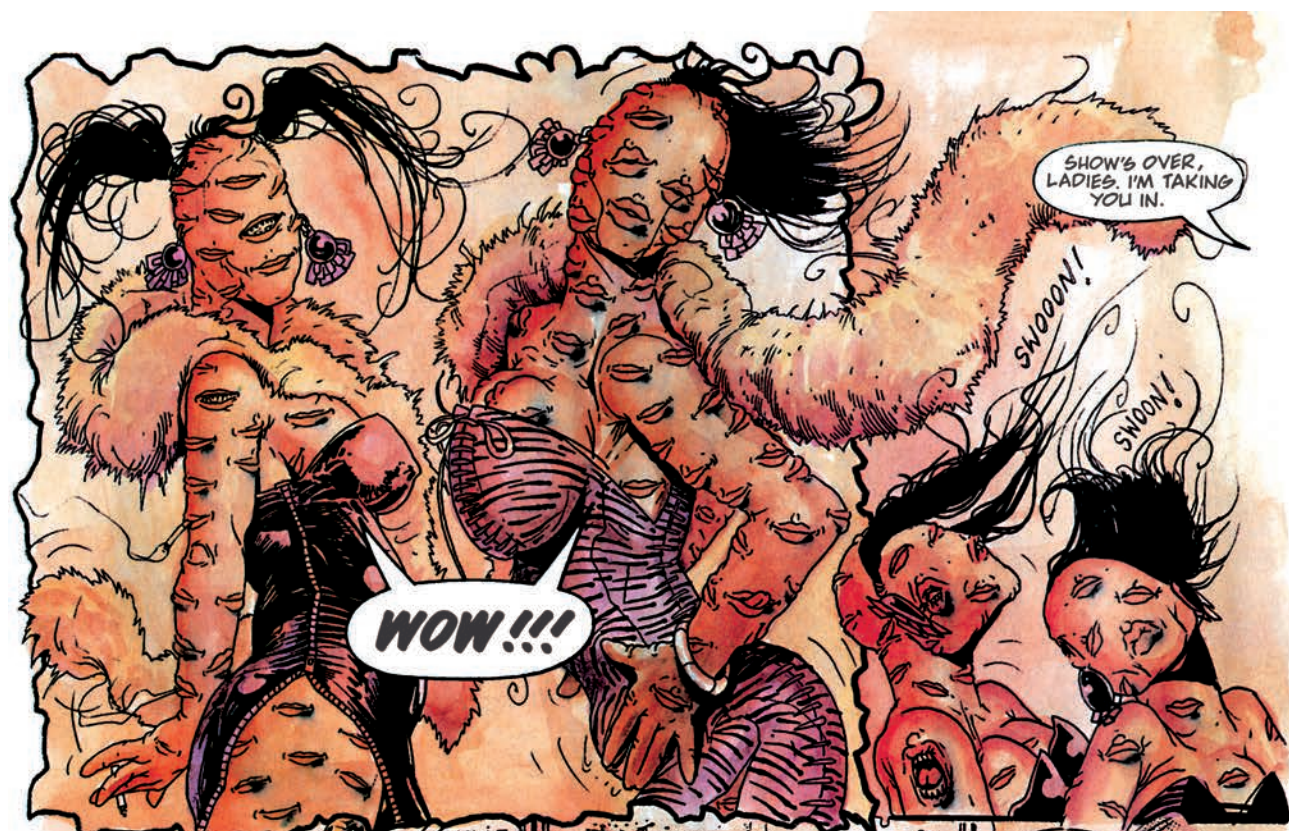
PUFFY, DEAR. HIT THAT FUSE BOX!

FEZAK!

AAARGH!

FUSE BOX





THE END!

JUDGE DREDD

IRONFIST: LIVE AT THE MEGA-DOME!



IT WAS **SHARP EDDIE'S** IDEA. THAT'S WHY HE WAS TAKING 50 PERCENT.

YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE, EDDIE?

WHAT DID THEY CARE? THEY WERE JUST FOUR BOZOS STRAIGHT OFF THE STREET. THEY DIDN'T KNOW A GUITAR FROM A GIZZARD. NOT THAT THAT MATTERED.

YOU SAW THE NAME ON THE STONE, DINCHA?

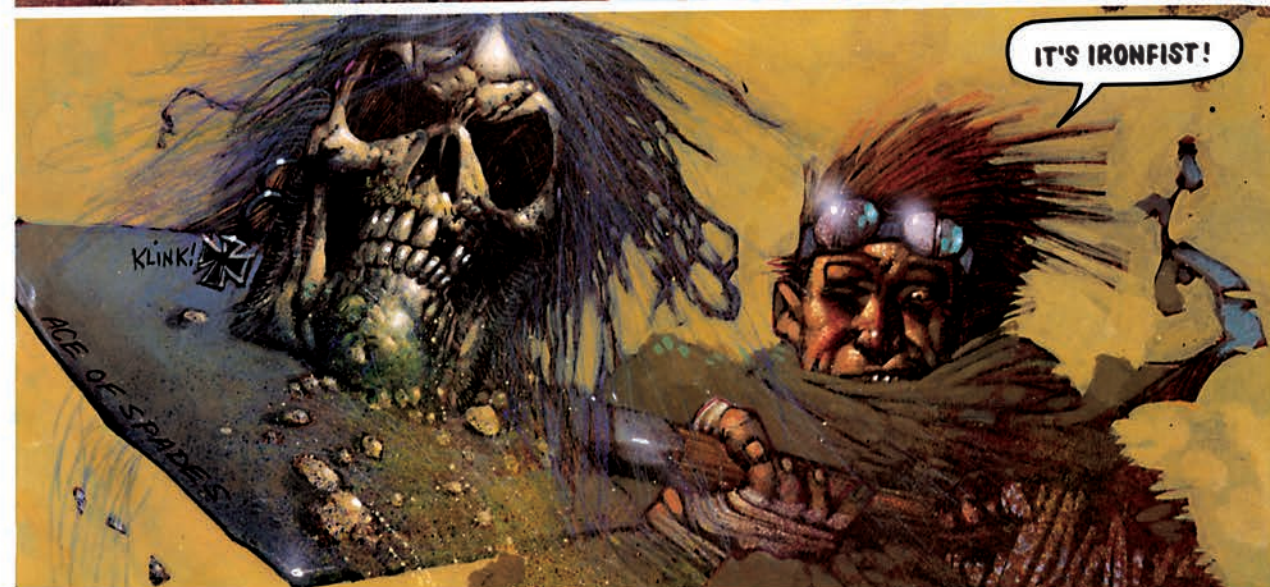
KEEP DIGGIN', **BOZO!**

ALL THEY KNEW WAS THIS HOTSHOT **ROCK MANAGER** HAD A **SCAM** WAS GONNA MAKE THEM ALL STINKIN' **RICH--**

THIS IS THE VERY SPOT HE PLAYED HIS **LAST GIG**. HE WAS HALFWAY THROUGH THE SECOND ENCORE WHEN THE **BOMBS** CAME DOWN!

HEY! I GOT SOMETHIN'!

IT'S... IT'S HIM--



IT'S IRONFIST!

EDDIE'S TEK MAN RIGGED IRONFIST
OUT WITH **LASER EYES** AND A
NIFTY LITTLE **MICRO-MOTOR**--



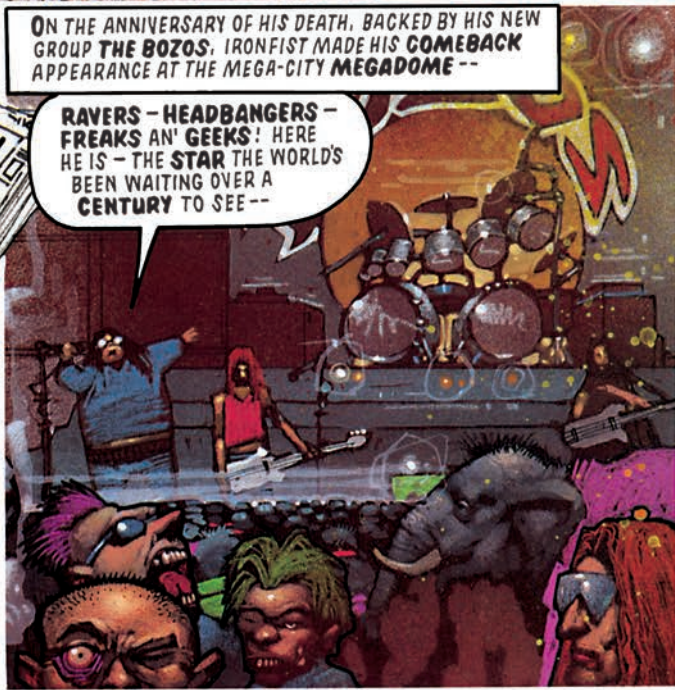
HIYA, GASTARDS!
GREAT TO GE
GACK!

I'LL WORK
ON THE
VOX BOX!



ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, BACKED BY HIS NEW
GROUP **THE BOZOS**, IRONFIST MADE HIS **COMEBACK**
APPEARANCE AT THE **MEGA-CITY MEGADOME**--

**RAVERS - HEADBANGERS -
FREAKS AN' GEEKS!** HERE
HE IS - THE **STAR** THE WORLD'S
BEEN WAITING OVER A
CENTURY TO SEE--



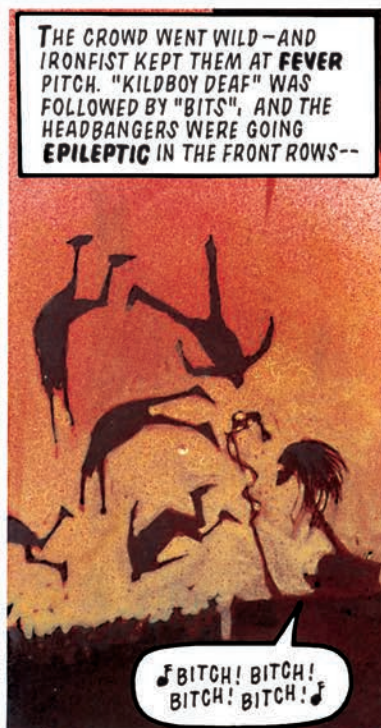
IRONFIST!





THERE WAS NO MESSING ABOUT WITH IRONFIST. HE WENT STRAIGHT INTO A HOT RE-WORK OF HIS CENTURY-OLD STANDARD "ASIA SPACE" --

♪ THE ASIA SPACE!
THE ASIA SPACE! ♪



THE CROWD WENT WILD -- AND IRONFIST KEPT THEM AT **FEVER** PITCH. "KILDBOY DEAF" WAS FOLLOWED BY "BITS", AND THE HEADBANGERS WERE GOING **EPILEPTIC** IN THE FRONT ROWS --

♪ BITCH! BITCH!
BITCH! BITCH! ♪

THEN THE BAND STOPPED. IRONFIST ADDRESSED HIS FANS. AND THAT'S WHEN THINGS STARTED TO GO **WRONG** --



SO THIS IS
THE FUTURE,
HUH?

KRAAK!



WELL LEMME TELL YA --
THE FUTURE SUCKS!

WANNA KNOW WHY?

TOO MUCH
FREAKIN' LAW!



HEY! WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE PREPARED
SPEECH?



JUST COZ YOU GOT
THE POWER DOESN'T
MEAN YOU GOT THE
RIGHT!
WE DON'T
NEED NO FREAKIN'
HARDHAT JUDGES!



YAY!

SCREW
THE JUDGES,
MAN!



YEAH, SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT
IRONFIST, THE MAN HAD SPIRIT.
AND IT SEEMED THAT SPIRIT HAD
LINGERED ON INSIDE HIS LONG-
DEAD SKULL --



GET AWAY FROM ME,
BOZO! I'M GONNA TELL
IT LIKE IT IS!



BORN TO LOSE,
LIVE TO WIN!
IT'S KILLING
TIME!

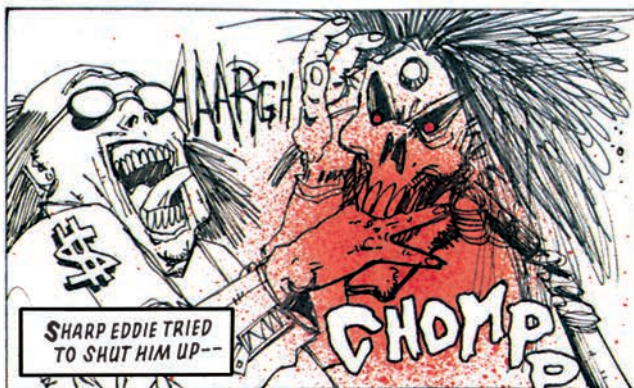


RI-OT!

RI-OT!

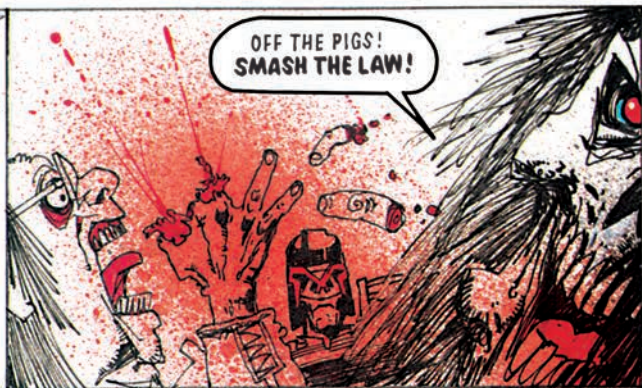
RI-OT!

ARREST
THAT SKULL!



SHARP EDDIE TRIED
TO SHUT HIM UP--

CHOMP



OFF THE PIGS!
SMASH THE LAW!



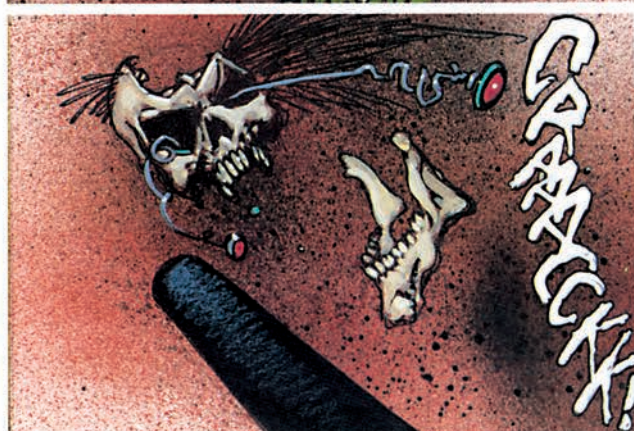
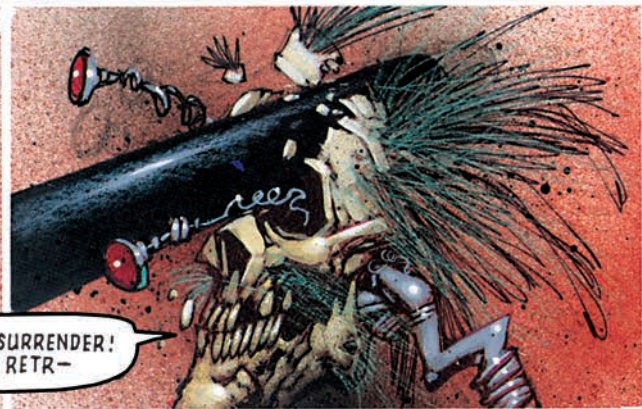
ONE MORE WORD AND YOU'RE
BONE-MEAL, CREEP!

SEZ WHO,
PIG?

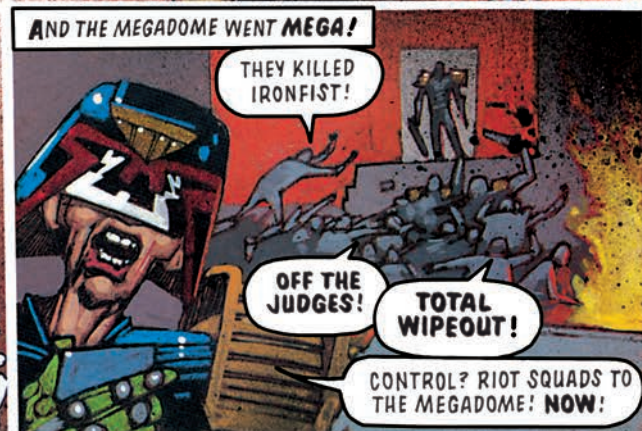
FOR A BRIEF SECOND, EVERYBODY IN THE DOME FROZE—
EVERY EYE FOLLOWING THE DAYSTICK AS IT CAME DOWN
IN A SAVAGE ARC--



NO SURRENDER!
NO RETR--



GARGLE!



AND THE MEGADOME WENT MEGA!

THEY KILLED
IRONFIST!

OFF THE
JUDGES!

TOTAL
WIPEOUT!

CONTROL? RIOT SQUADS TO
THE MEGADOME! NOW!

37 DEAD. 900 HOSPITALISED.
NEARLY 14,000 ARRESTS.



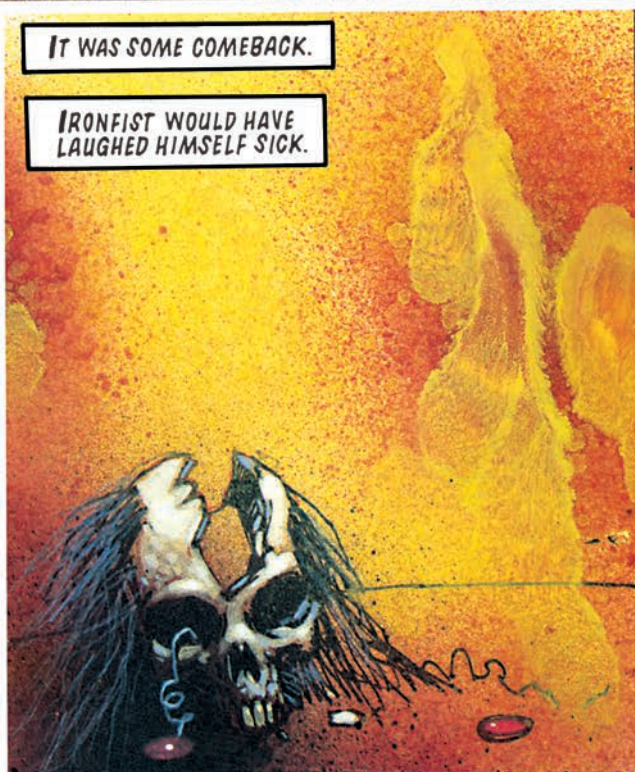
THE BOZOS PULLED DOWN
40 YEARS BETWEEN THEM.
SHARP EDDIE GOT HIS
50 PERCENT, AS USUAL.

HE'LL BE OUT IN
20 YEARS.



IT WAS SOME COMEBACK.

IRONFIST WOULD HAVE
LAUGHED HIMSELF SICK.



THE END

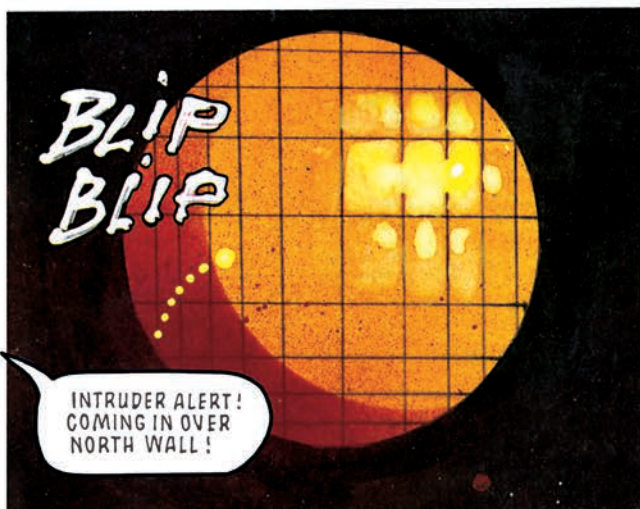
JUDGE DREDD



'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND...

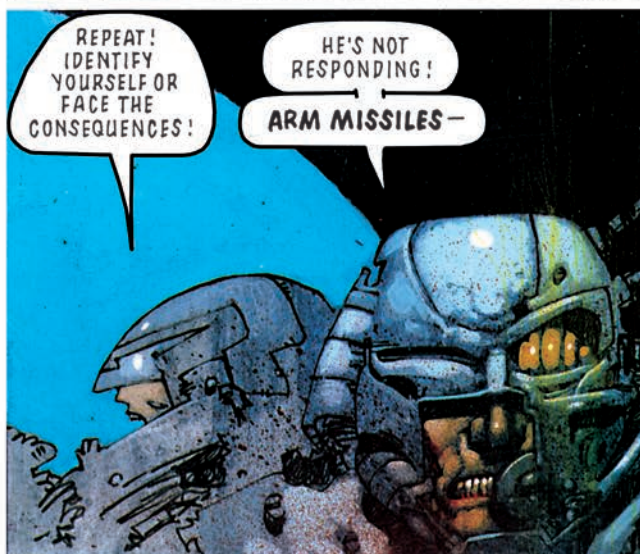
'T WAS THE NIGHT **AFTER** CHRISTMAS...

'T **WOULD'VE** BEEN THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
BUT SIMON WAS **LATE** FINISHING THE ARTWORK, OK?
JUST READ THE **DROKKIN'** STORY, CREEPS!



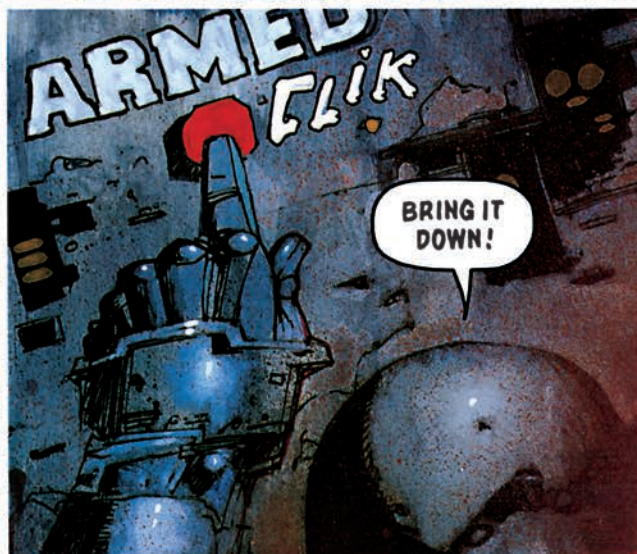
ATTENTION AIRCRAFT BEARING TANGO ALPHA THREE
FOUR FOUR, YOU ARE IN **VIOLATION** OF
MEGA-CITY ONE AIRSPACE!

IDENTIFY YOURSELF!



REPEAT!
IDENTIFY
YOURSELF OR
FACE THE
CONSEQUENCES!

HE'S NOT
RESPONDING!
ARM MISSILES—



ARMED
CLIK

BRING IT
DOWN!



ON DASHER, ON DANCER!
ON DONNER, ON BLITZEN!

HO HO HO

yyyy
yy
yy

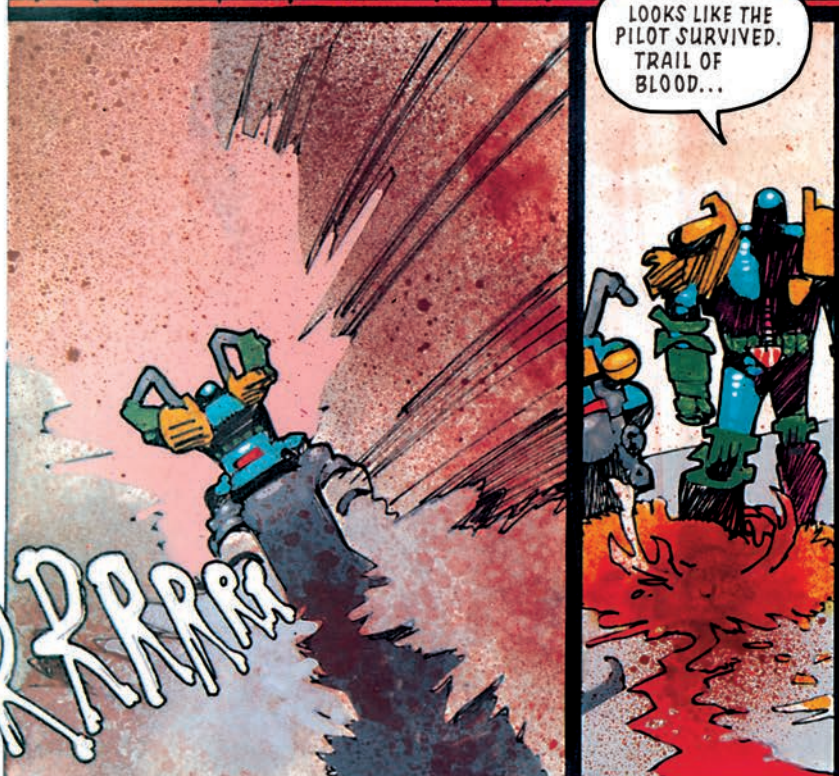
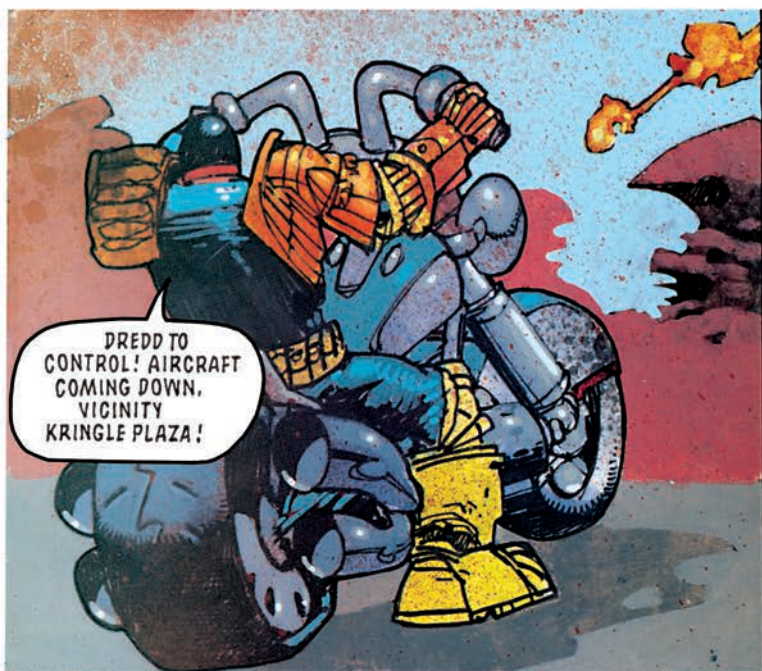
SHFFFFF



SHiiiiittt



VADOOOOM!
FUKOOOM









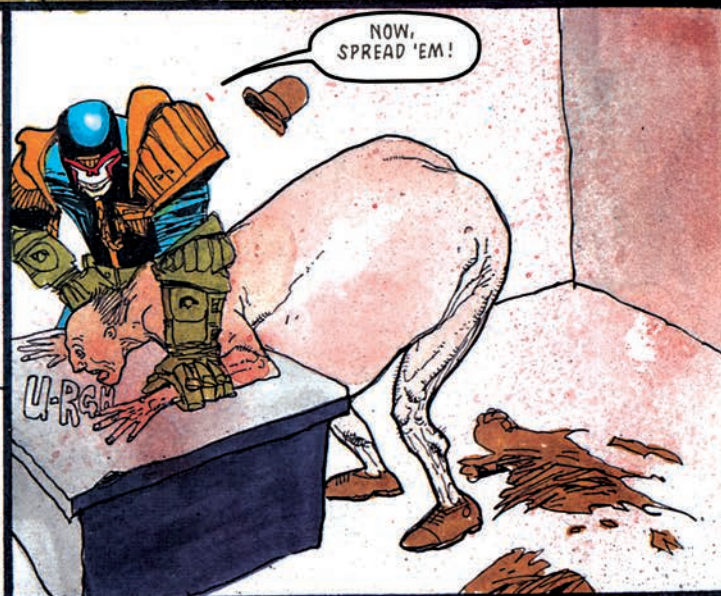
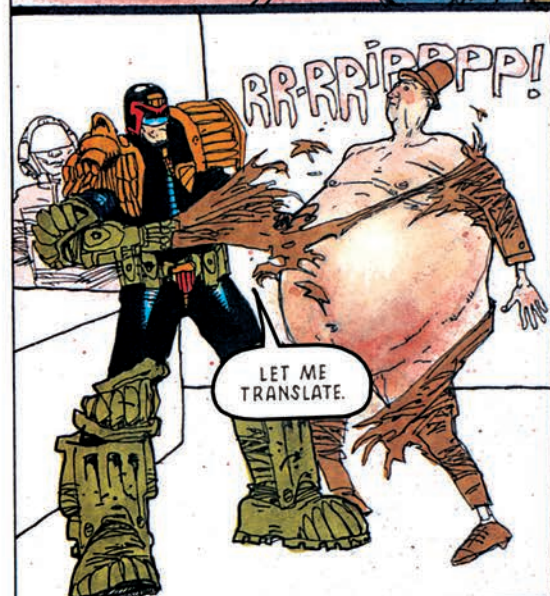
BELATED
AND A MERRY METAL
CHRISTMAS TO
ALL OUR READERS!

VAMMM

JUDGE DREDD

The Great Arsoli

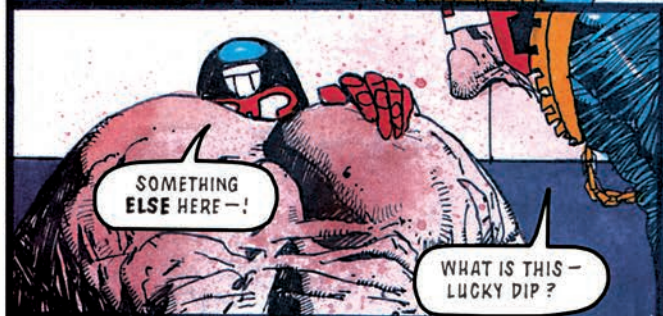






LOOKS LIKE WE'VE
GOT A MAJOR
SMUGGLING
OPERATION HERE.
DREDD.

BUNTING?

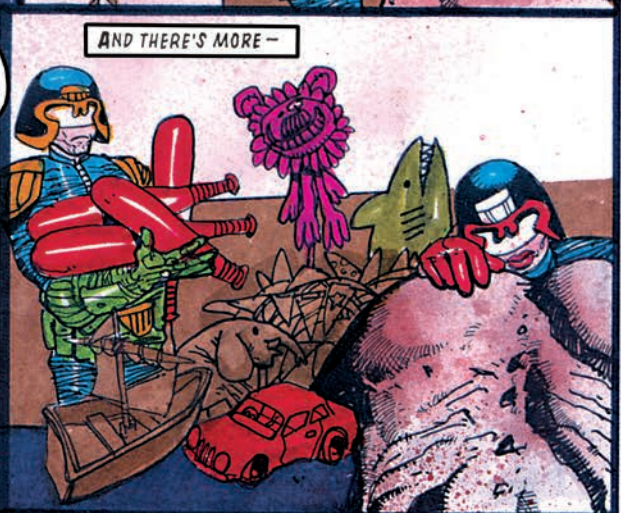


WHAT IS THIS—
LUCKY DIP?



BETTER
GET A
TRANSLATOR
IN HERE.

AND THERE'S MORE—



AND THERE'S MORE—



AND THERE'S MORE—



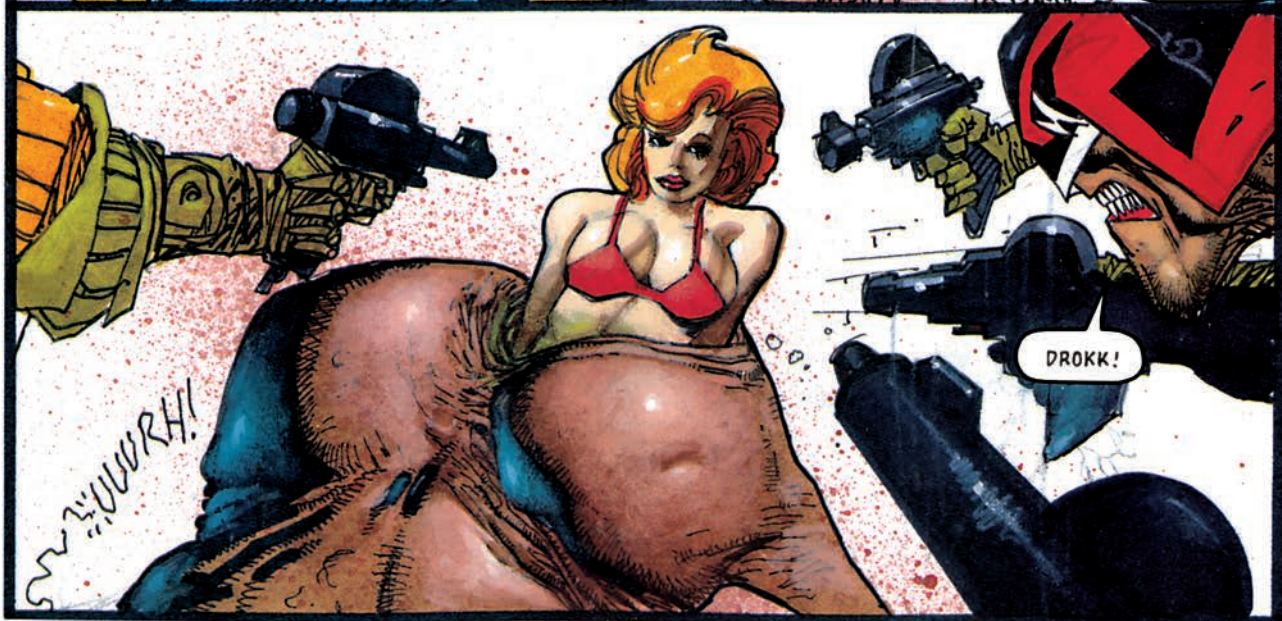
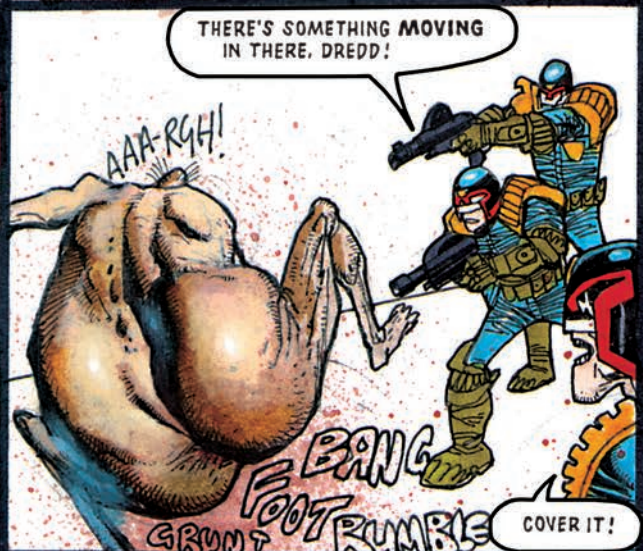
DROKK!

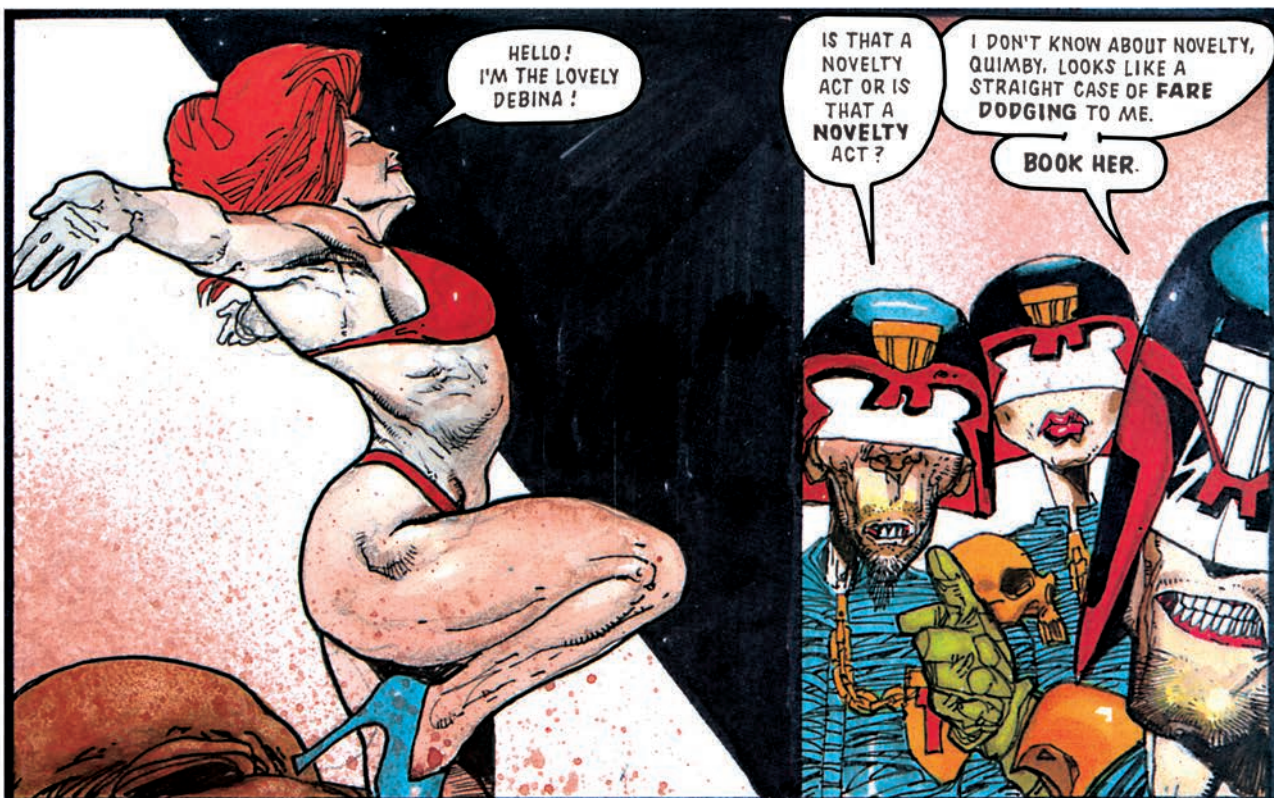
WHAT IS IT,
WILSON?



NYAAAAAAH—
WHAT'S UP,
JUDGE?







HELLO!
I'M THE LOVELY
DEBINA!

IS THAT A
NOVELTY
ACT OR IS
THAT A
NOVELTY
ACT?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT NOVELTY,
QUIMBY. LOOKS LIKE A
STRAIGHT CASE OF **FARE**
DODGING TO ME.

BOOK HER.



JUST ANOTHER
DAY AT
MEGA-CITY
IMMIGRATION -

HELLO! IS
THERE ANYBODY
ELSE IN
THERE?



COME OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS UP
OR WE COME IN
SHOOTING!

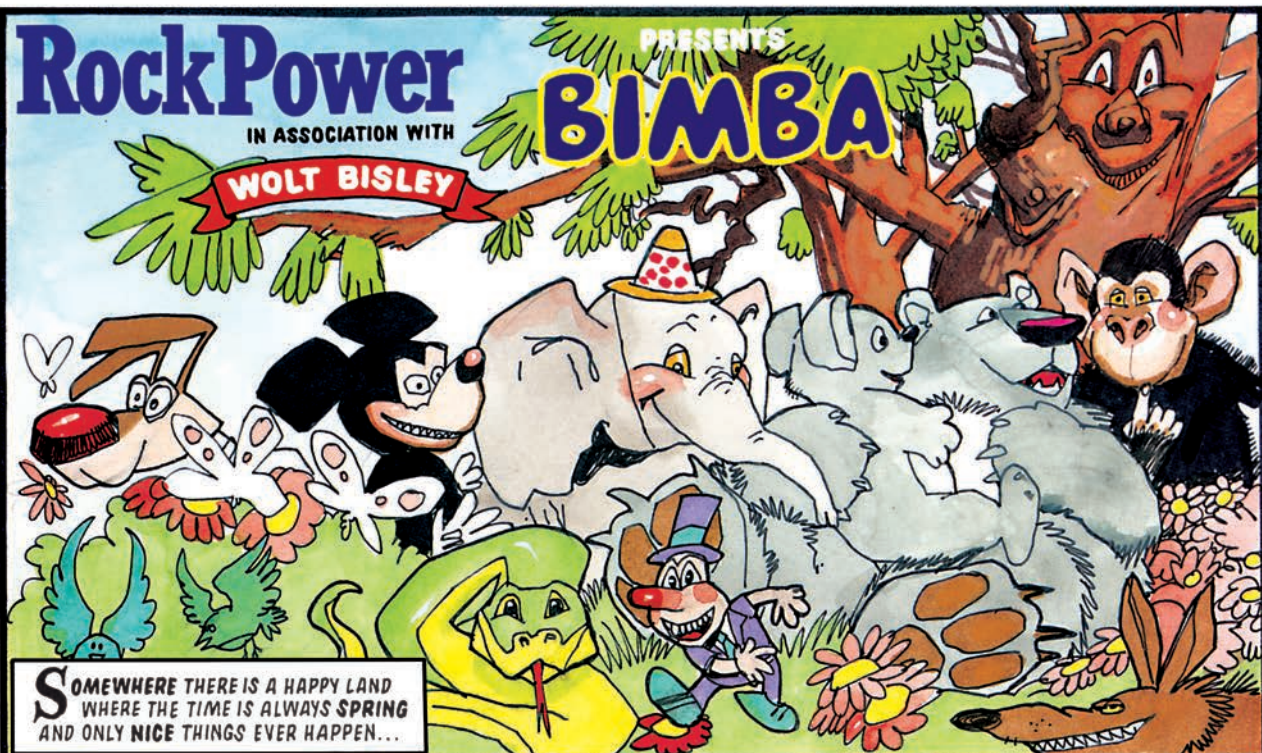
THE END!

RockPower

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

WOLT BISLEY

PRESENTS BIMBA



SOMEWHERE THERE IS A HAPPY LAND
WHERE THE TIME IS ALWAYS SPRING
AND ONLY NICE THINGS EVER HAPPEN...



HEY,
BIMBA!
WAKE UP!

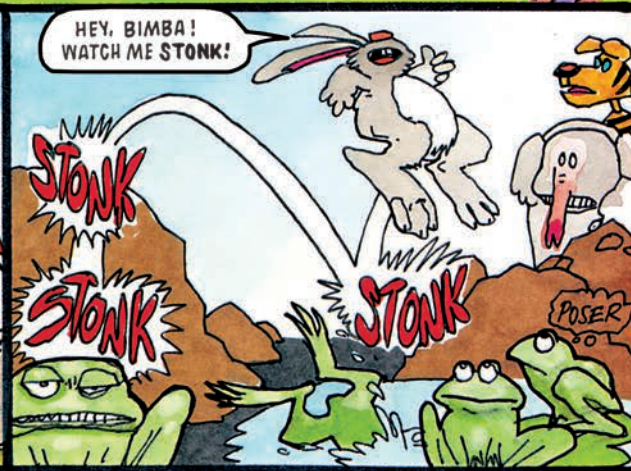


IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND THE BIRDS
ARE SINGING AND THE BEES ARE BUZZING
AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE IN THE
FOREST WAITING TO PLAY!



GO ON, BIMBA.
DON'T BE SHY!

THE FOREST IS QUITE SAFE.
THERE ARE NO ENEMIES
HERE.

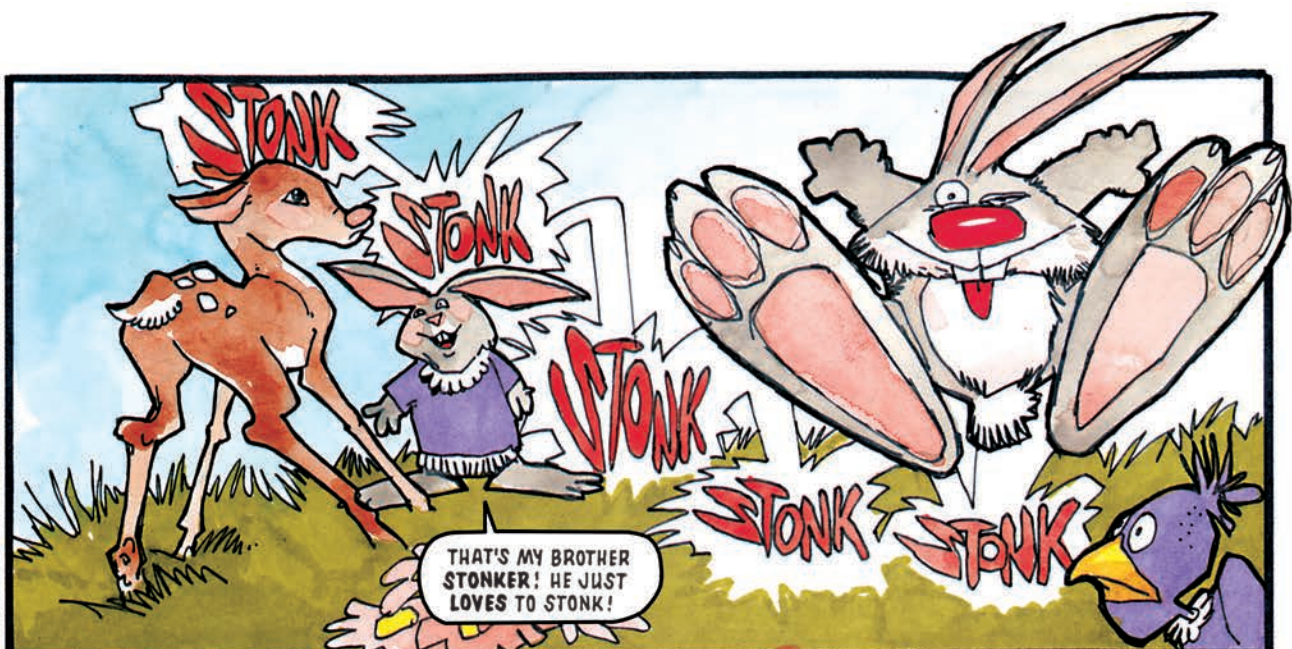


HEY, BIMBA!
WATCH ME STONK!

STONK
STONK

STONK

POSER





HELLO. HAVE
YOU COME TO
PLAY WITH US?

A TALKIN'
FREAKIN' BUNNY!
THAT'S ALL I
NEED!

BOOTHILL
M.C.

BAKKOW BAKKOW BAK

PLAY WITH
THAT, SUCKER!

OH DEAR!

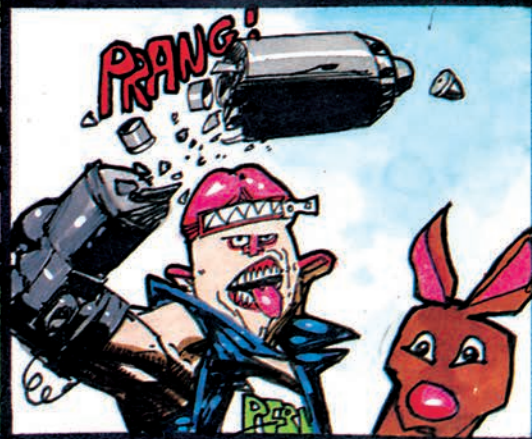
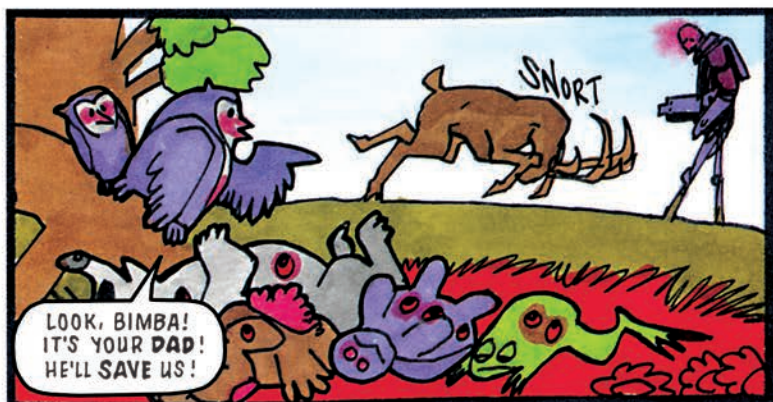
YONK

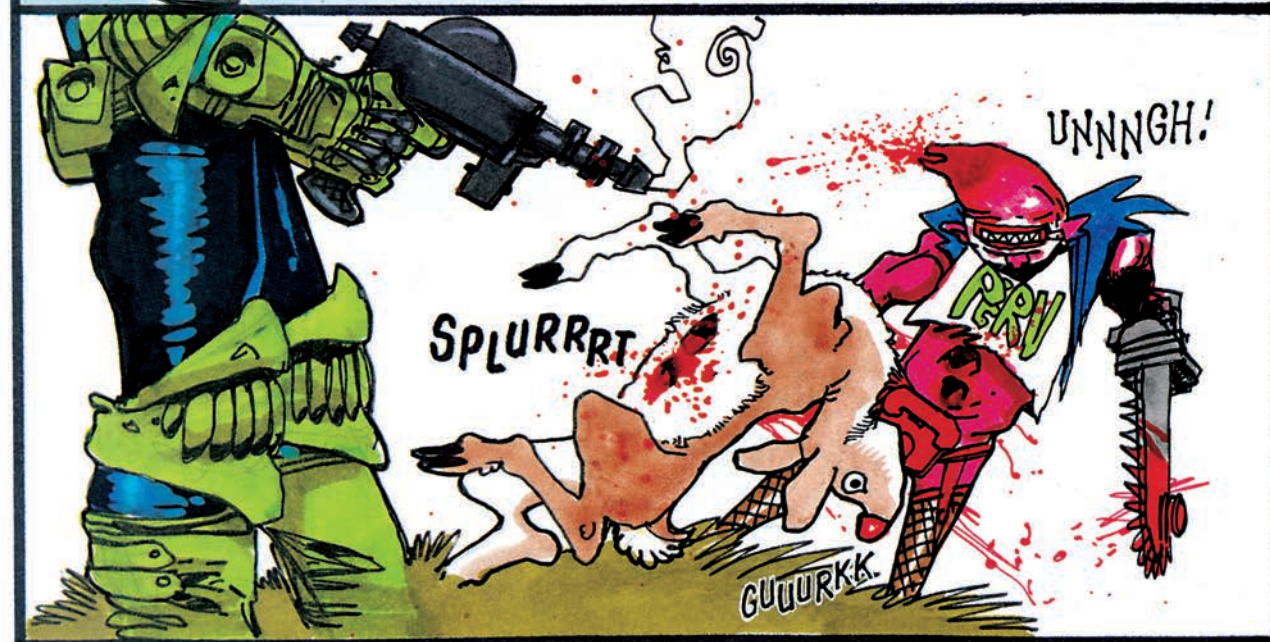
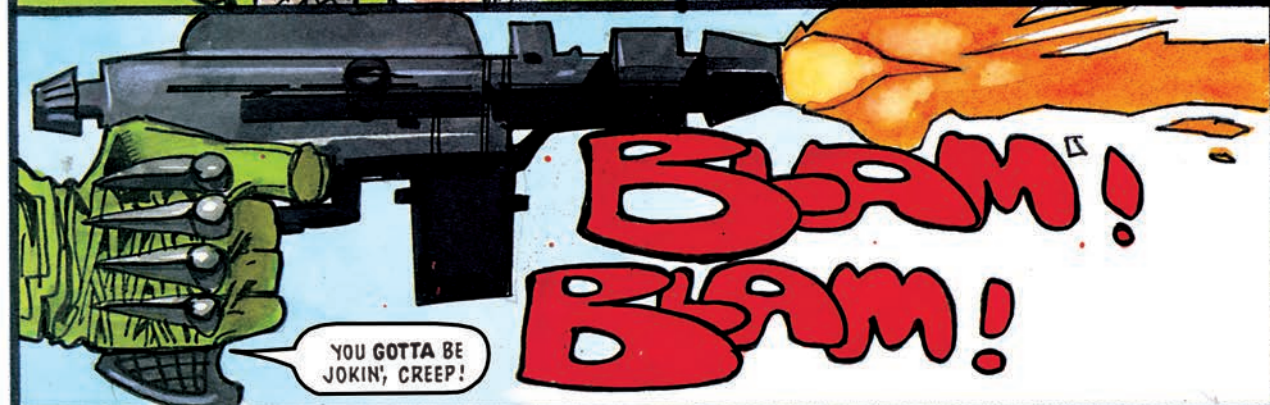
IF THERE'S ONE THING I
CAN'T STAND, IT'S CUTE
AN' CUDDLY
LITTLE FREAKIN'
ANIMALS!

BAKKOW BAKKOW BAKKOW
SPATT SPLUD KACHOW

RUN,
BIMBA--

AHH!!!

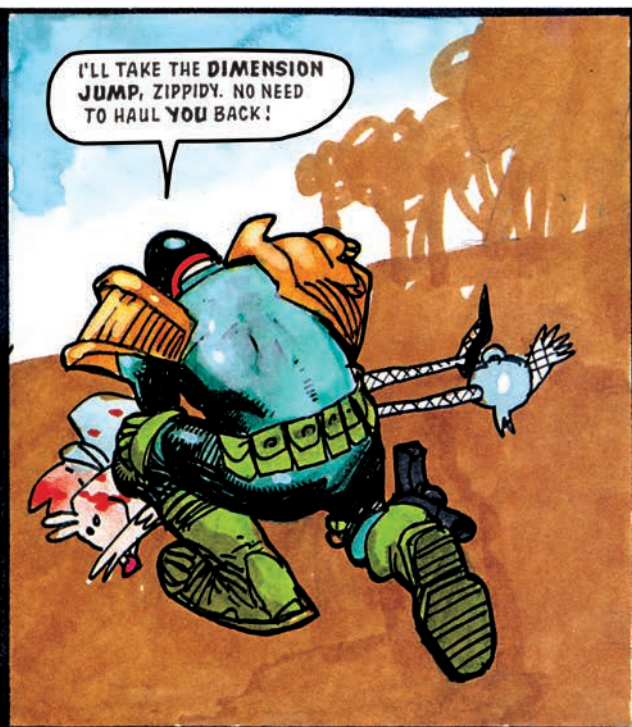




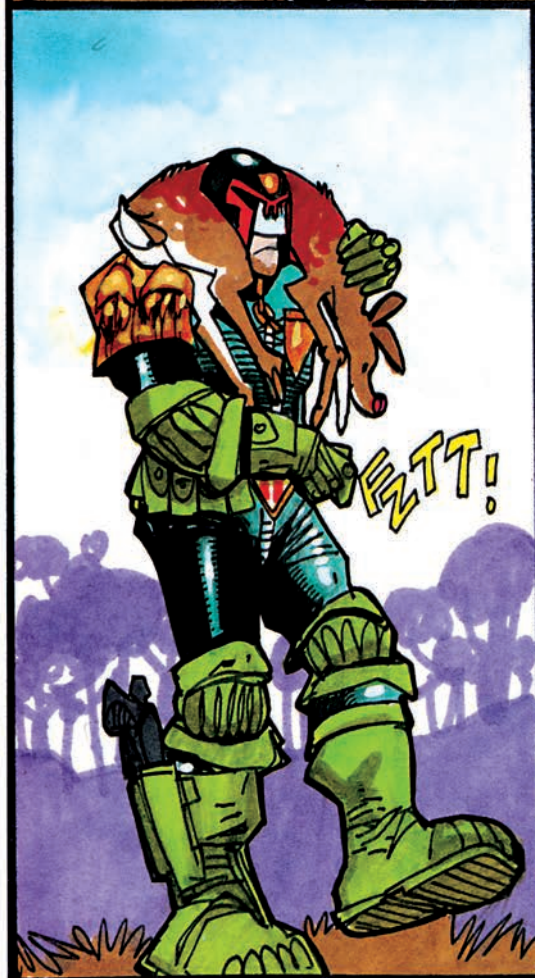


HOSTAGE...?

IN MEGA-CITY ONE
WE EAT THESE
THINGS!



I'LL TAKE THE **DIMENSION**
JUMP, ZIPPIDY. NO NEED
TO HAUL YOU BACK!



EZTT!



ZORK
FIZZLE



SOMEWHERE THERE IS A HAPPY
LAND WHERE THE TIME IS
ALWAYS **SPRING** AND ONLY NICE
THINGS EVER HAPPEN. . .

THIS ISN'T IT.

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

JUDGE DREDD

THE BALLAD OF TOAD McFARLANE
('cept it's not a ballad)



TOM FRAME

LETTERING

BRENDAN MCCARTHY

ART

JOHN WAGNER & ALAN GRANT

SCRIPT

NINE MONTHS LATER THEY REALISED
THE AWFUL TRUTH...

UH....
PUSH,
MAN.

RIBBIT!

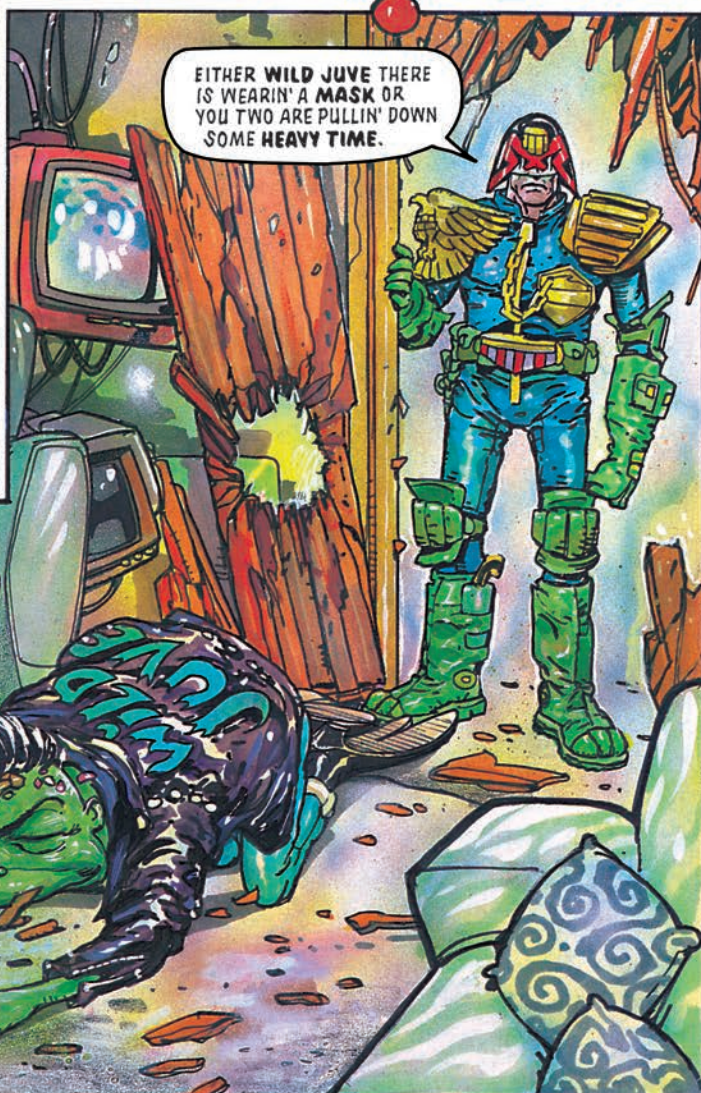
THAT'S WHY YOU CAN
NEVER GO OUT. **TOAD** -
BECAUSE YOU'RE A
MUTANT.

THIS IS MEGA-CITY ONE! WE'D BE
LOCKED AWAY FOR THE REST OF
OUR LIVES FOR NOT HANDING
YOU OVER!

YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, DAD!
I MEAN, C'MON - IT'S NOT AS IF
THERE'S A **JUDGE** JUST WAITIN'
OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO GRAB ME!

LIKE, GET REAL, MAN!

BORN
TO
CROAK



THE SPEED OF TOAD'S LEAP
SURPRISES EVEN THE
MEGA-CITY IRON MAN —



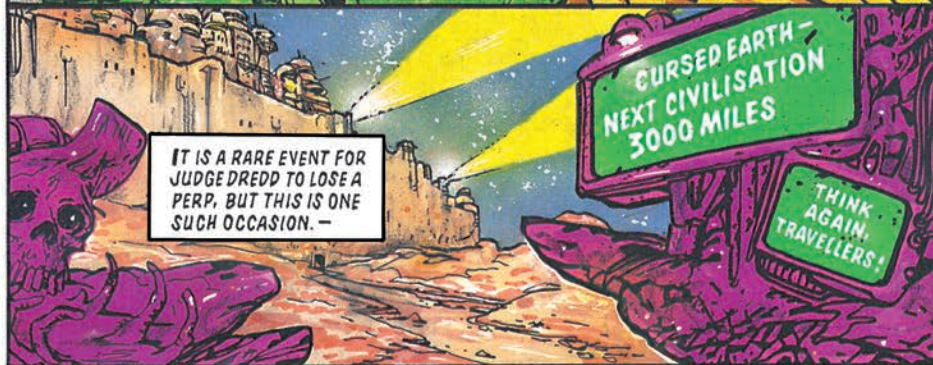


IT IS SOME SIX HOURS BEFORE THE IRON JUDGE FINALLY COMES DOWN OFF THE CEILING —

Clunk-k-k!



DROKK! HE DIDN'T JUST LOOK LIKE A CANE TOAD — CREEP'S A WALKING DRUG FACTORY!



IT IS A RARE EVENT FOR JUDGE DREDD TO LOSE A PERP, BUT THIS IS ONE SUCH OCCASION. —

FOR BY THE TIME DREDD'S APB GOES OUT, THE MCFARLANES HAVE WELL AND TRULY HOPPED IT...

SUCH A CLEVER BOY, OUR TOAD, ISN'T HE, DAD? I THINK HE DESERVES A BIG KISS!



THE END

A VIOLENT LIMB

If I was a pompous twat I'd say "ironically, I write to you from Greece, one of the nine countries *Heavy Metal Dredd* was printed in." But I particularly remember the Greek version because the speech balloons and panels in Greek looked a bit special on the page.

Heavy Metal Dredd was first printed in international glossy music mag *Rock Power*, which successfully spanned the globe. As a result, so did Dredd. He had unprecedented exposure, then a final outing in the UK within the pages of *Judge Dredd Magazine*. My first story debuted *Meg* issue 19 – we're going back a while.

Simon Bisley was just landing from a punishing work load on *Sláine*, *The Horned God*, followed by Batman vs. Dredd tale *Judgement on Gotham*. David Bishop was editing the *Meg* at the time but it was Steve McManus who gave me the call to arms: "Heavy Metal Dredd, no limits, a separate and aggressive Dredd world that gets the point across." Check the first Biz story in this collection to see what he meant!

I love Biz; the man and the artist. There's no difference between the two for me, so let's talk about his art. When Simon first started out I was working on *Nemesis* Book 7, 'The Two Torquemadas.' I was rocked when I first saw his black & white *ABC Warriors* artwork. Then KO'd by *Sláine*, *The Horned God*. I'll admit I was secretly gutted but became an immediate fan of Simon's, and still am.

It's no coincidence that I'm collaborating with Clint Langley on the cover for this book, because he felt exactly the same way. To add to my pain I visited Simon's house for a couple of days and saw the original artwork for *The Horned God*. On my way home I remember thinking

"so, how do you design kitchens again?" However, in typical Biz style, he helped me back up. He wanted a very twisted A2 study of Batman – in return he gave me a few pointers on colour work. As did Glenn Fabry, which I still use on one shots to this day.

But at the time I needed a colourist, so I found Keith Page, who did a fine job. With John Wagner, Alan Grant and John Smith in the mix, that was the squad. Jim Alexander and Alison Potter also contributed as script writers. Lettered by the late, great Tom Frame.

As I've said, this was not meant for the Dredd universe and these great writers went out on a limb. A violent limb at that, a bit like shaking their muscles loose after a good fight. You be the judge. It was unselfconscious work with funny, unpredictable and brutal scripts. When it was finally published in *JD Magazine*, David Bishop fielded a year's worth of complaints. Man, the UK readers were pissed off! Eventually, Dave called a halt to the proceedings, which became known on the letters page as 'the violence debate.' He dubbed it an over-flipped coin. He was right.

I don't know what today's fans will think. A few boos from the gallery? Good. Enjoy this book – Rebellion and Jon Oliver are doing a great job archiving the work in *2000 AD* and the *Meg*. They must be, otherwise I guess I wouldn't be writing this.

Senior Street Judge Dredd. Pick Up Your Teeth Dredd. Heavy Metal Dredd.

Peace?

John Hicklenton



2000 AD Pin-up by Brendan McCarthy

JIM ALEXANDER

Jim Alexander penned *Calhab Justice* for the *Megazine* as well as working on various *Judge Dredd* strips.

DAVID BISHOP

David Bishop edited *2000 AD* from Christmas 1995 until the summer of 2000, before leaving to become a full-time writer. He's had nearly 20 novels published, a radio play broadcast by the BBC and had scripted serials for *2000 AD*, *Judge Dredd Magazine* and the *Phantom*. He won a first prize at the 2007 Page International Screenwriting Awards in Los Angeles for his short film script *Danny's Toys*, and recently attained an MA in screenwriting with distinction at Screen Academy Scotland. You can read David's blog at www.viciousimagery.blogspot.com

ALAN GRANT

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. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning* and *the Carnival of Doom* and he is currently writing a feature length animation for a German company.

JOHN SMITH

John Smith is unquestionably a *2000 AD* hero, with a host of creative credits to his name, including *A Love Like Blood*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Firekind*, *Holocaust 12*, *Indigo Prime*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *Revere*, *Slaughterbowl* and *Tyranny Rex*. Smith has also written *Future Shocks*, *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Karyn*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Tales from Beyond Science*, *Tales of Mega-City One* and *Vector 13*. Smith's work beyond the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes the long-running *New Statesmen* series and *Straitgate* in Crisis, DC/Vertigo's *Hellblazer* and *Scarab*, and Harris Comics' *Vampirella* and *Pantha*. Upcoming series for *2000 AD* include contemporary science-fiction thriller *Dead Eyes* and the urban hoodie horror story *Cradlegrave*, while for *The Magazine* the 'Ship of Fools' sets sail – a madcap *Devlin Waugh* story illustrated by Peter Doherty which sees the culmination of Devlin's twenty-three year long search for his debauched brother Freddy.

JOHN WAGNER

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *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*.

SIMON BISLEY

Simon Bisley occupies an almost unique place in *2000 AD* history as one of the first UK artists to popularise the fully painted style pioneered by Argentinian artist Alberto Breccia. His highly dynamic artwork made his two major series in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic — *A.B.C. Warriors: The Black Hole* and *Sláine: The Horned God* — very popular, as they remain to date. He also illustrated *Heavy Metal Dredd* in the *Megazine*, an ultra-graphic, adults-only take on the lawman, before going on to paint the hugely successful first *Batman/Judge Dredd* crossover story *Judgement on Gotham*. Bisley has provided countless pin-ups and short pieces across an astonishing variety of comics, from legendary fantasy anthology *Heavy Metal* to anarchic DC superhero series *Lobo*, and has an even more extensive CV in Europe, where his painted style enjoys enormous success.

JOHN HICKLENTON

John Hicklenton has illustrated a wide range of strips across both *2000 AD* and the *Megazine*, including *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Pandora*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strange Cases* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. His work can also be seen in *Crisis!* and *Deadline*. Most recently he has provided the art for *Blood of Satanus III* in *Judge Dredd Magazine* and has worked with Pat Mills on *Zombie World*.

BRENDAN MCCARTHY

Brendan McCarthy was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *ABC Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

McCarthy's non-*2000 AD* work includes *Skin* in *Crisis*, *Strange Days*, *Paradox!*, *Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*.

COLIN MACNEIL

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper*— Song of the Surfer and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog*— The Final Solution. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award winning *Judge Dredd*— America for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front*— Stalingrad. Most recently working on *Judge Dredd*—Total War, Cadet, Mutants in Mega-City One and Emphatically Evil: The Life and Crimes of P J Maybe. He also provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

DEAN ORMSTON

Dean Ormston's otherworldly pencils first graced the *Megazine*, where he contributed to the epic *Judge Dredd* 'Judgement Day' saga, and pencilled the popular 'Raptaur'. He is the co-creator of antique oddities *Harke and Burr*, and has also pencilled *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Death*, *Missionary Man*, *Strange Cases*, and *Tales of Telguuth*. Ormston's other non-*2000 AD* work includes *The Crow*, *The Invisibles*, *The Monarchy* and *Sandman*. He also worked on character designs for the animated CGI series *Reboot*.

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