

JUDGE DREDD

A dynamic comic book illustration featuring Judge Dredd and his partner. Judge Dredd, in the center, wears his iconic black helmet with a red 'X' and a gold eagle emblem, a blue uniform, and large gold eagle wings. He has a green cybernetic arm on his left. To his left, another Judge in similar armor is partially visible. In the foreground, a man with red hair and a blue jacket is being held by Dredd's arm; he has a pained expression and blood on his face. A brown coat lies on the ground to the left, also with blood splatters. The background is a fiery, orange and red sky. The title 'JUDGE DREDD' is at the top in a stylized, metallic font.

BROTHERS OF THE BLOOD

WAGNER ★ FRASER ★ EZQUERRA ★ GIBSON ★ MACNEIL ★ ADLARD





JUDGE DREDD

BROTHERS OF THE BLOOD

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA



BROTHERS OF THE BLOOD

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BLOOD CADETS

Script: John Wagner

Art: Simon Fraser

Colours: Gary Caldwell

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1186-1188



I HAVE TO REPORT TO DREDD.

HE'S DEALING WITH THE SIEGE. WAIT HERE.

YOU HIS ROOKIE?

CITIAL HARMONY

SALE

HOT TIES ARE MURDER



VADOOM
KRANGG

BUDDA-BUDDA

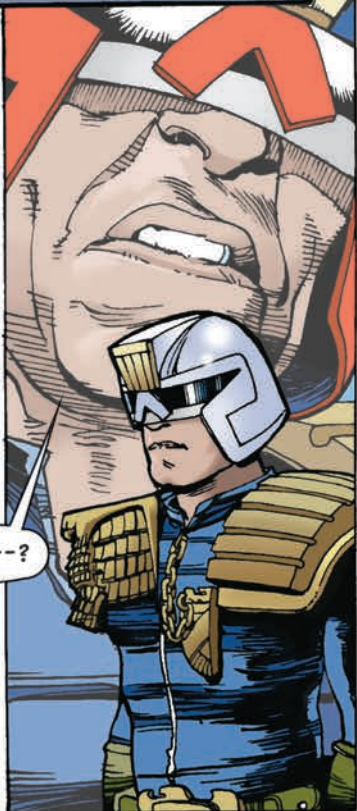
AIEEEEEEE!



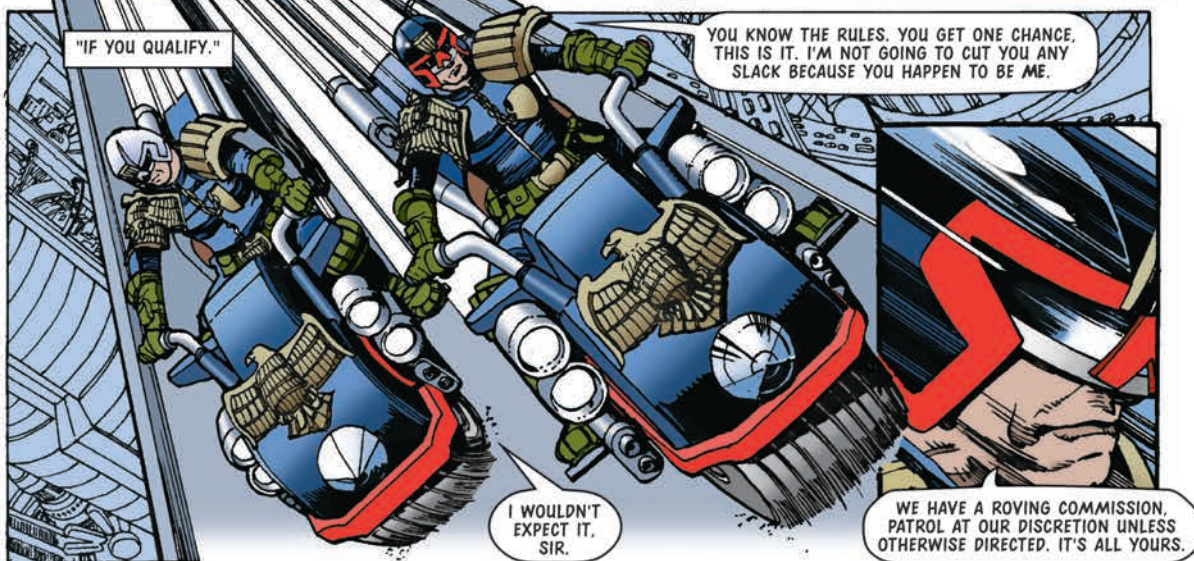
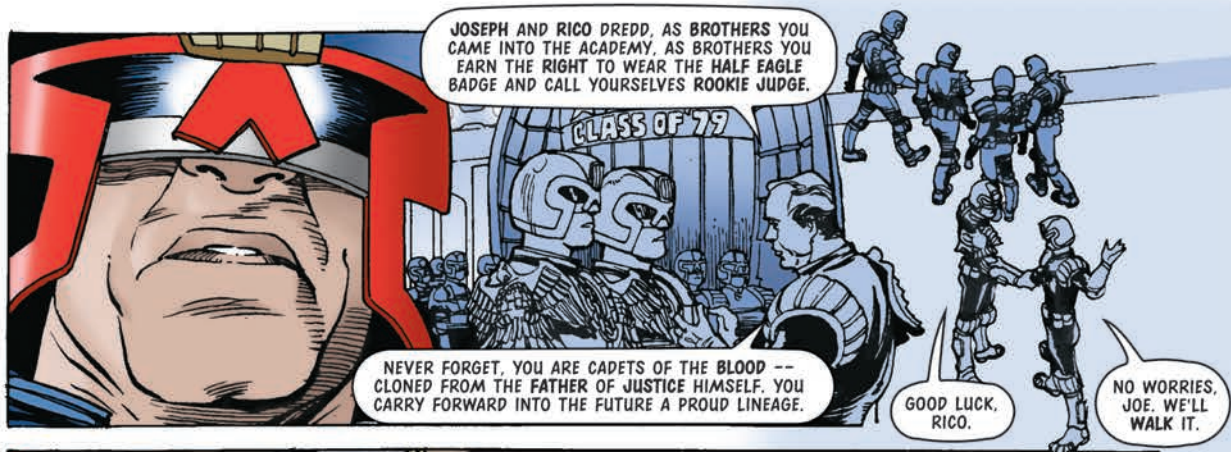
"GOOD LUCK, KID. YOU'LL NEED IT."

HE CATCHES SIGHT OF THE ROOKIE AND HIS JAW DROPS --

ROOKIE DREDD REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!



RICO--?



ROOKIE DREDD ON
DUTY. CONTROL!
LEAVING HOTTIE
HOUSE, LECTRIC WAY.
ANY INSTRUCTIONS?

GO TO MEZZANINE
LEVEL. PATERNOSTER
PLATZ. JUVES
MENACING SHOP-

IT IS AN EERIE FEELING,
WATCHING HIS OWN
DOUBLE. HIMSELF.

YOUNGER, OF COURSE.
UNDAMAGED BY A LIFE
ON THE STREETS OF
THE MOST VIOLENT
CITY ON EARTH --
BUT OTHERWISE EXACT
IN EVERY DETAIL.

IT'S NOT THE FIRST
TIME. THERE HAD
BEEN RICO... AND
KRAKEN, THE
JUDDA...

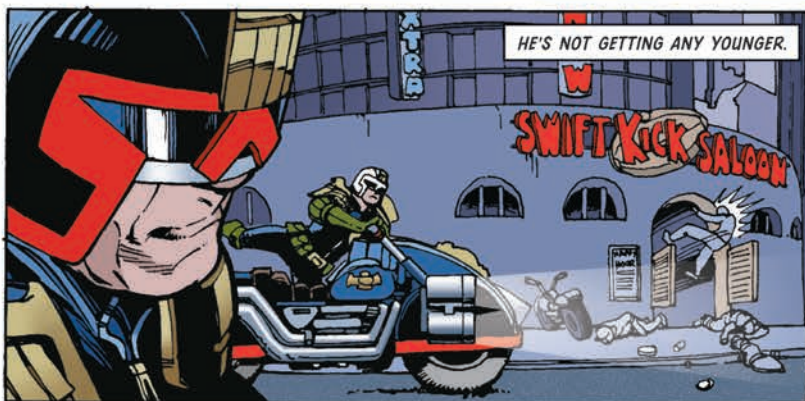
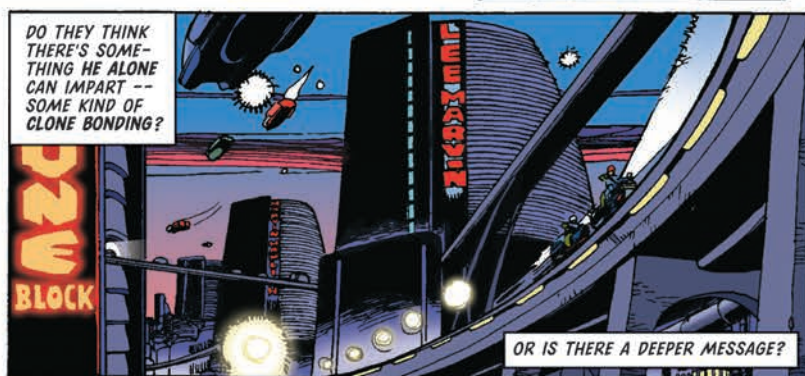
THIS VERSION IS
NO DIFFERENT.

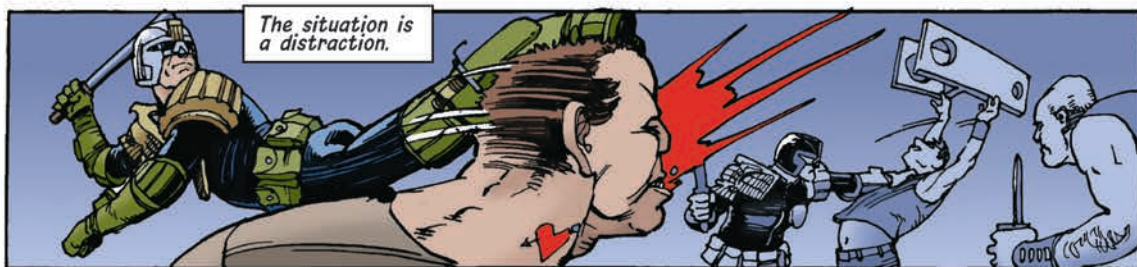
STRONG. SWIFT. CONFIDENT.
TOTALLY AT HOME ON THE
STREETS.

SURE OF HIS
JUDGEMENT.

WHEN NEED
BE, LETHAL.

IF THERE'S A FAULT --
AND HE HESITATES TO
CALL IT THAT -- IT'S A
CERTAIN RIGIDITY, AN
UNBENDING QUALITY TO
HIS JUDGEMENTS.





The situation is a distraction.

He's spent his whole life building up to this moment -- he NEEDS to concentrate. Instead, he finds himself stealing glances at the older Dredd, fascinated despite himself.



A strange thought, that he and the great man are the same. Clone brothers.

More than brothers -- EXACT copies.

THAT'S what he will become, how HE will look -- should he last that long (and in this city, the odds are not good).



ANY MORE FOR ANY MORE?



ENOUGH!

JEEZ! KID'S AS BAD AS OLD DREDDY!

The same... but different.

DNA can be duplicated -- experience never can. And this man comes with a WEIGHT of HISTORY...



LET'S TAKE A BREAK.

There's another thought, one that keeps repeating in his mind --

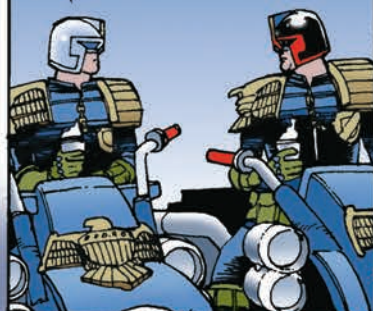
This is the SAME man who'd shot dead his own clone brother RICO -- who had FAILED the rookie KRAKEN, and later KILLED him too.





YOU WERE HARSH ON THAT ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

I LET THE DAMAGE TO THE GARBAGE GRINDER GO -- THAT COULD'VE BEEN ANOTHER EIGHTEEN MONTHS RIGHT THERE. IF ANYTHING, I WAS TOO LENIENT.



FAIR ENOUGH. IN THAT CASE, YOU SHOULD HAVE LET HIM KNOW IT.

RIGHT -- I SEE. POINT TAKEN.



But the implications of THAT are terrible to contemplate...

ANY QUESTIONS YOU WANT TO ASK ME?

WELL, UH...



THAT'S WHAT I'D WANT TO KNOW. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY KRAKEN FOULED UP -- HE'D BEEN TWISTED BY THE JUDDA. IT'S RICO THAT BOTHERS YOU.



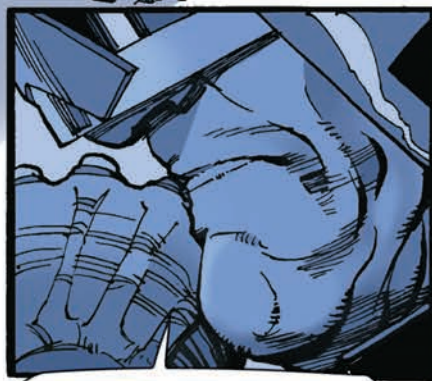
NO DOUBT THEY FED YOU SOME KIND OF SANITISED VERSION AT THE ACADEMY. NOW YOU WANT THE TRUTH --

--BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING IN ALL OF US -- IN THE BLOOD -- THAT MAKES US... INHERENTLY BAD.



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I CAN. IT'S NOT A PRETTY STORY, BUT I GUESS YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW.

WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT IS UP TO YOU...



RICO WAS MORE
THAN MY BROTHER. HE
WAS ME IN A DIFFERENT
BODY. MY DUPLICATE.

WELCOME TO THE
ACADEMY OF LAW.

EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU HAS
BEEN GRANTED A RARE AND SPECIAL
PRIVILEGE -- THE OPPORTUNITY TO
BECOME A JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH
YOU WILL DEDICATE YOUR
LIVES TO THE ACHIEVEMENT
OF THAT AIM.

BIG RICO AND LITTLE JOE -- THAT'S
WHAT HE USED TO CALL US. HIS JOKE.

HE'D BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THE CLONE TANK
12 MINUTES BEFORE ME, SO HE WAS 'BIG
BROTHER'. BUT WE WERE ALWAYS EQUALS.

JOE AND RICO, RICO AND JOE. THE DREDD
BROTHERS. YOU COULDN'T PUT THE BLADE
OF A BOOT KNIFE BETWEEN US.

IN THE YEARS TO COME MANY OF
YOU WILL FALL BY THE WAYSIDE. THAT
IS UNFORTUNATE, BUT NECESSARY, FOR
ONLY THE VERY BEST CAN BE
ALLOWED TO SUCCEED.

IN YOUR HANDS WILL LIE THE
POWER OF LIFE OR DEATH --
THE RIGHT OF JUDGEMENT UPON
YOUR FELLOW CITIZEN.

WE WERE RIVALS, SURE. WE BOTH REALISED THAT WAS NECESSARY. THAT IT WOULD MAKE US BETTER JUDGES. BUT WHEN I NEEDED A HELPING HAND, RICO WAS ALWAYS THERE.

WHEN RICO WAS IN TROUBLE, HE KNEW HE COULD RELY ON ME.

GEDDOWN, RICO!

BEING BLOOD CADETS, WE WERE ALWAYS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE. IT MADE US TRY EVEN HARDER. IT IRRITATED SOME OF THE OTHERS --

YOU BLOODS, YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING REAL SPECIAL.

YOU NEED BRINGING DOWN A PEG. WE'RE INVOKING CADETS' RIGHTS.

WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU.

BUT WE WILL IF WE HAVE TO.

UHHH!

OWW!

WE HAD NO FAMILY, NO TIES OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY. MAYBE IT WAS BETTER THAT WAY.

YOU DON'T MESS WITH THE DREDDs.

COME ON, RICO, WE BETTER GO REPORT OURSELVES FOR FIGHTING.

THE POINT IS, WE WERE THE SAME. NEITHER OF US THOUGHT HE WAS BETTER THAN THE OTHER. THEN THINGS CHANGED. . .

THE FIRST TIME I NOTICED ANYTHING DIFFERENT WAS AFTER THE HOTDOG RUN. RENEGADES HAD BEEN TERRORISING TRAVELLERS IN THE RADLANDS. WE'D BEEN DETAILED TO DISPERSE THEM --

LITTLE JOE--!



WE WEREN'T
EQUALS ANYMORE.
HE'D STARTED
BELIEVING THE BIG
RICO, LITTLE JOE
STUFF.

HE WAS ALWAYS BETTER - HIS
MARKS WERE ALWAYS HIGHER,
HE FOUGHT HARDER AND SHOT
STRAIGHTER. AT LEAST, THAT'S
HOW HE SAW IT.

I HUMOURED HIM, IT MADE HIM HAPPY, MAYBE I
SHOULDN'T HAVE. I FELT RESPONSIBLE. THE ACCIDENT
HAPPENED BECAUSE HE WAS TRYING TO HELP ME.

YOU THINK SOME-
THING HAPPENED IN
THE ACCIDENT --
TO HIS MIND?

I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THE
RADIATION -- WE FOUND
ABOUT A MILLION RADS IN
THAT PIT. HE WAS LYING THERE
FOR A GOOD TEN MINUTES.

AFTER WE BOTH
MADE FULL JUDGE
THINGS REALLY
STARTED TO GO
WRONG.

THE REVIEW BOARD
CALLED ME IN. RICO
WAS RETURNING
TOO HIGH A BODY-
COUNT. THERE
WERE COMPLAINTS
OF ASSAULT.
ARRESTEES BEATEN
UP IN CUSTODY --

THEY DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE ANY
ACTION BECAUSE HE WAS FARGO'S
CLONE. THEY WANTED ME TO SPEAK
TO HIM. HE'D TAKEN A LUXHAB UNIT
IN OLDTOWN --

SOUNDS STRANGE TODAY, I KNOW, BUT BACK
THEN STANDARDS HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO SLIP.
THEY TIGHTENED UP A LOT UNDER GOODMAN.

SO THE BIGWIGS
SENT LITTLE JOE
TO GIVE BIG RICO
A LECTURE, HUH?

YOU'RE
DRUNK, RICO.

EVERYTHIN'
ALL RIGHT,
HONEY?

JUST MY
OTHER HALF
COME TO GIVE
ME EARCHIE.

BETTER LEAVE US BE,
HONEY, LITTLE JOE CAN
BE REAL MEAN WHEN HE
TAKES A MIND.

WHERE ARE YOU GETTING THE MONEY
FOR ALL THIS?

WOULDN'T YOU
LIKE TO KNOW?

IT'S GOT TO STOP, RICO!
YOU CAN'T KEEP BREAKING
THE RULES!

I DO WHAT I WANT. I'M A JUDGE --
I MAKE THE RULES. I SAY THE WORD,
BOOM -- YOU'RE GONE. SO DON'T
TELL BIG BROTHER WHAT TO DO, JOEY.

GET THIS THROUGH YOUR HEAD,
YOU'RE NOT MY BIG BROTHER!
YOU NEVER WERE! YOU'RE ME AND
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH
YOU! DO SOMETHING -- OR I WILL!



GOT TO INTERRUPT, SIR.

TAKE A LOOK AT THE STALL, FLATHEAD WITH THE FACE DEBRIS.



THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A PERP WITH THAT DESCRIPTION IN THE BOSBY KIDNAP. CAR DESCRIBED WAS A FOORD SLABSTER TOO.

COULD FIT A LOT OF PEOPLE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS GUY. HE'S JUMPY. LEFT HIS DOOR OPEN AND HIS ENGINE RUNNING -- DOESN'T WANT TO BE HERE ANY LONGER THAN HE HAS TO.

OKAY, I'LL BUY THAT. IT'S YOUR HUNCH. RUN WITH IT.

HIGH ABOVE, HE CAN PICK OUT CAMERAS COVERING THE CHOWSTOP--

CONTROL, REQUEST URGENT ID ON SUSPECT, NOW CROSSING TO DARK FOORD SLABSTER BY STALL IN THE WALL.



AT THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT--

SUSPECT IDENTIFIED AS MEEKS, KENITH JAY -- aka MEEK THE GEEK.

SERVED TOTAL OF 11 YEARS, VARIOUS ISOBLOCKS -- SPECIALIST IN BATTERY AND EXTORTION. RELEASED IB101 THURSDAY LAST. CURRENT ADDRESS, FRISBEE STACKERS, SECTOR 20.



MEEKS MATCHES SUSPECT DESCRIBED LOITERING NEAR NO-GRAV BATHS WHERE BUZZY BOSBY WAS KIDNAPPED. GENERAL DEMEANOUR GIVES GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION. AM IN PURSUIT.

REQUEST CHECK ON MEEKS' CUBICLE AT FRISBEE STACKERS FOR ANY LINK TO THE KIDNAPPING.



THE TRAIL LEADS
TO A BAR ON
LURCH STREET --

ROOKIE DREDD TO CONTROL!
SUSPECT NOW ENTERING
SONG DOG BAR. I WANT
HELMETS COVERING THE
REAR EXIT -- LET ME KNOW
WHEN THEY'RE IN PLACE.

THAT'S A ROJ.

WHILE WE'RE WAITING WE
CAN GET A LOOK INSIDE THE
BAR FROM THE FRONT OF
THESE ELD-SHELTS.

HE'S SEEN ENOUGH ALREADY TO PASS
THE ROOKIE. NO ONE KNOWS BETTER
THAN HE WHAT THE BOY IS CAPABLE OF.

STILL, AT LEAST SEE THIS INVESTIGATION OUT, GIVE HIS
YOUNG DUPLICATE PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY TO SCREW UP.

LET NO ONE SAY HE EVER TOOK THINGS EASY ON A CLONE.

THERE HE IS.

TAKING DRINKS INTO THE BACK. THAT'S
WHAT THE FOOD WAS FOR, FEEDING THE
OTHER KIDNAPPERS AND THE VICTIM --
ASSUMING THE VICTIM'S STILL ALIVE.

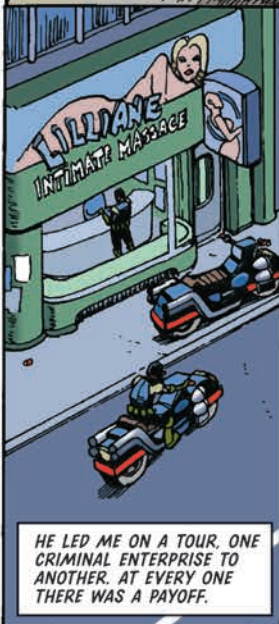
YOU DON'T THINK
YOU'RE MAKING TOO
MANY ASSUMPTIONS?

I DON'T THINK SO.

YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT RICO.

I WAS WAITING FOR RICO WHEN HE LEFT THE APARTMENT.

I ASSUMED HE KNEW I WAS WATCHING. THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH BEING CLONES -- HARD TO KEEP ANYTHING FROM EACH OTHER.



HE LED ME ON A TOUR, ONE CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE TO ANOTHER. AT EVERY ONE THERE WAS A PAYOFF.



I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP, LITTLE JOE.



OH, NO, T-TWO OF YOU!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THIS REST, ARE YOU, LITTLE BROTHER? OKAY, TWO WAYS IT CAN GO. EITHER WE WORK TOGETHER -- OR ONE OF US DOESN'T LEAVE HERE ALIVE.

WHICH IS IT TO BE, JOE? STICK WITH ME, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO BE A VERY RICH MAN.



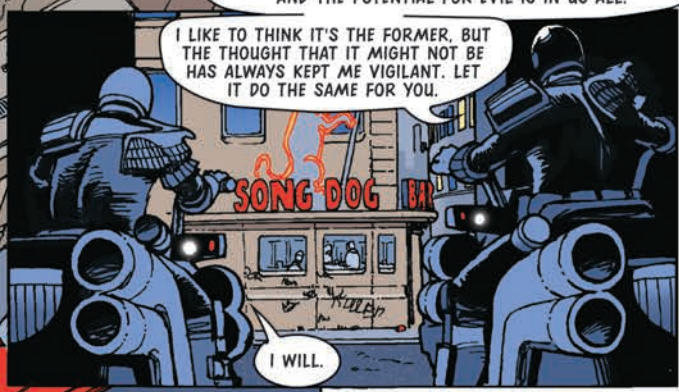
I'VE SEEN ALL I WANT TO SEE, RICO.





CONTROL TO ROOKIE DREDD! UNITS NOW IN POSITION, REAR OF SONG DOG BAR!

SO TAKE IT HOW YOU WILL. EITHER SOMETHING HAPPENED TO RICO TO MAKE HIM GO WRONG...OR NOTHING HAPPENED, AND THE POTENTIAL FOR EVIL IS IN US ALL.



I LIKE TO THINK IT'S THE FORMER, BUT THE THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT NOT BE HAS ALWAYS KEPT ME VIGILANT. LET IT DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

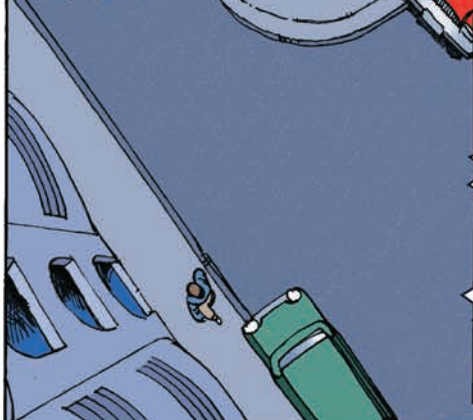
I WILL.

KIDNAP VICTIM BUZZY BOSBY HAS BEEN FOUND.

WHAT -- ?

PERPETRATORS ARE IN CUSTODY. YOUR SUSPECT MEETS IS NOT INVOLVED -- REPEAT, NOT INVOLVED.

BACK-UP UNITS REQUIRED ELSEWHERE. DO YOU WISH TO CANCEL YOUR OPERATION?



NEGATIVE, CONTROL! MAINTAIN BACK UP! WE'RE GOING IN!



YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS?

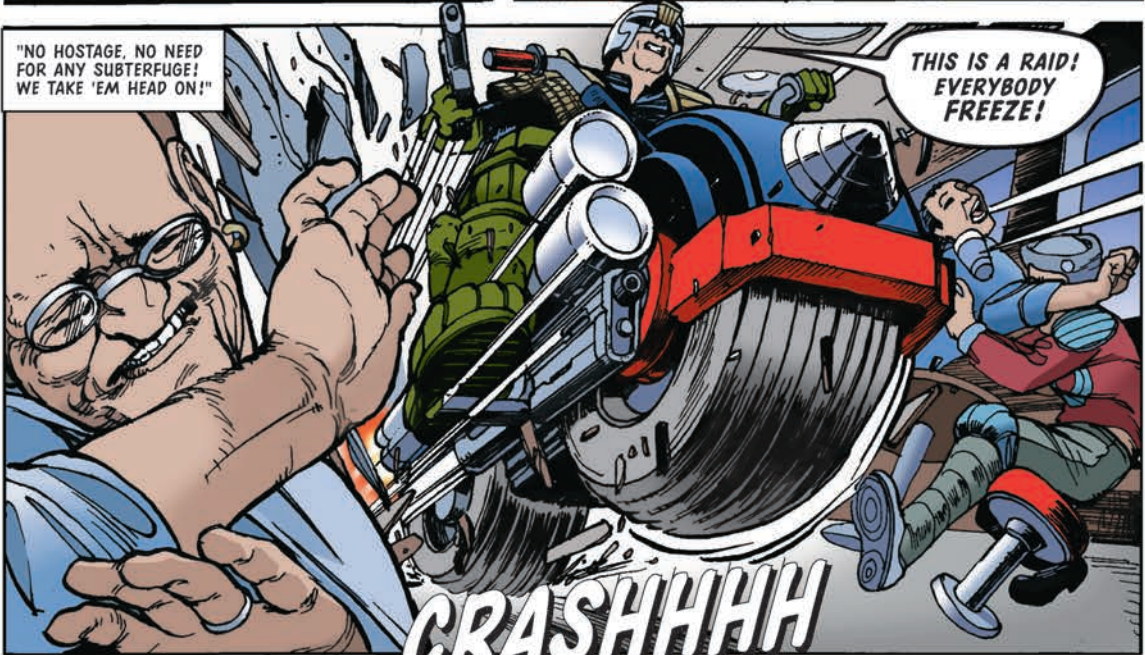
I STILL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WORTH INVESTIGATING. THE SUSPECT'S WHOLE DEMEANOUR SAID GUILTY.

OKAY, YOUR CALL.



"NO HOSTAGE, NO NEED FOR ANY SUBTERFUGE! WE TAKE 'EM HEAD ON!"

THIS IS A RAID! EVERYBODY FREEZE!



CRASHHHH



D-DON'T SHOOT! I AIN'T GOT NOthin' TO DO WITH IT!

TO DO WITH WHAT?

WH-WHAT'S GOIN' ON.DOWN THERE!



A wave of relief. He hasn't fouled up.

Clear the bar, cuff the barman, inform control. They're going to need medics, trauma team -- a few bodybags, no doubt.

A cellar leads off the backroom. Probability is the rats down there don't know what's about to drop on them. It must be soundproof --



AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH

-- knowing what's HAPPENING on the other side of that door!

NO - NOOOOO --

THEY'RE COMING!

HELLPPP ME!

OH GRUD. RUN--!

Go in blazing.

KERRASHHHH

Show no mercy. These creeps are the lowest form of low.

BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM

AHHHHHH!

Switch off the
images flooding the
victims' brains --

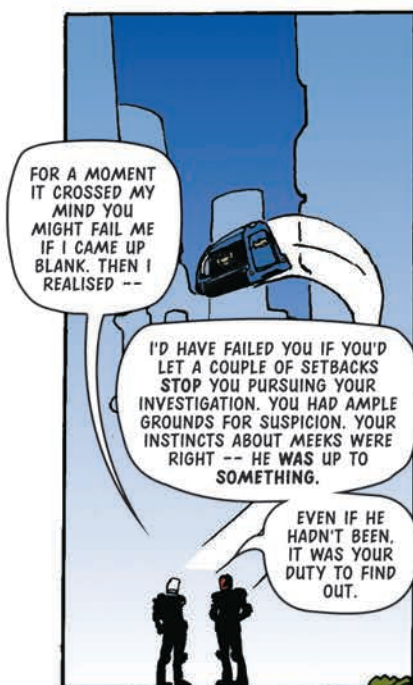
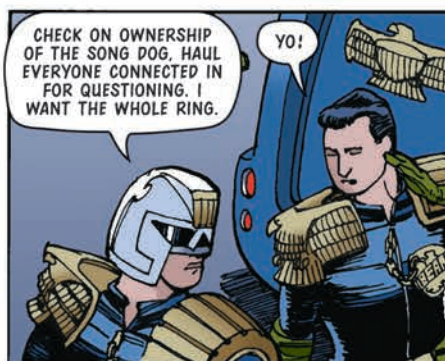
Images of terror --
of danger -- of
violence -- designed
to excite the body's
'fight or flight'
response. . .

N00000

... To produce pure HUMAN ADRENALINE, key ingredient
in the executive mind explosion they call ZAPP.

plip

CONFIRM WE HAVE AN ADRENALINE
FACTORY. CONTROL. WE GOT SEVERAL
DISCARDS, THREE FOR THE CUBES.
CHARGE WILL BE MURDER PLUS.





SECTOR HOUSE
108

SECTOR HOUSE

Script: John Wagner
Art: Carlos Ezquerra
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1215-1222



FINALLY,
WE WELCOME
JUDGES RICO
AND STURDEVANT
TO THE SECTOR.

SECTOR HOUSE
108



RICO'S A RECENT ACADEMY GRADUATE, COMES HERE AFTER A SHORT SPELL
ON TRAFFIC. STURDEVANT SOME OF YOU WILL KNOW -- TRANSFER FROM
102, WHERE HE EARNED HIMSELF TWO CITATIONS AND A SET OF CF' LUNGS.

I'M SURE YOU'LL ALL DO YOUR BEST TO HELP THEM SETTLE IN.

'CARBON FIBRE



RICO -- EGAN, I'LL
BE PARTNERING YOU
TILL YOU FIND YOUR
WAY AROUND.



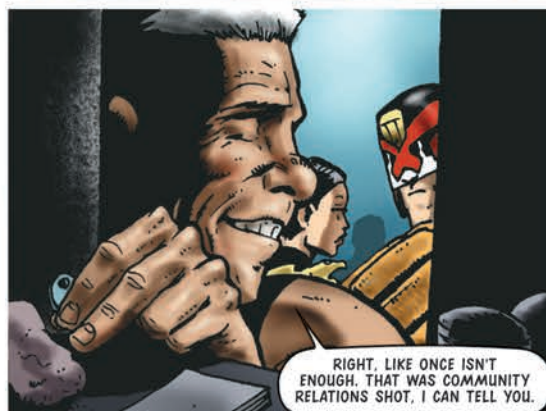
WE'RE 'B' WATCH, TAC GROUP 9
UNDER SENIOR JUDGE CONE. WE
COVER EAST SECTOR FROM
ATLANTIC TO FORBUSH, INCLUDING
TICE PRECINCT -- FOR TICE READ
VICE. WORKLOAD'S PRETTY HEAVY
RIGHT NOW.

SUITS ME.

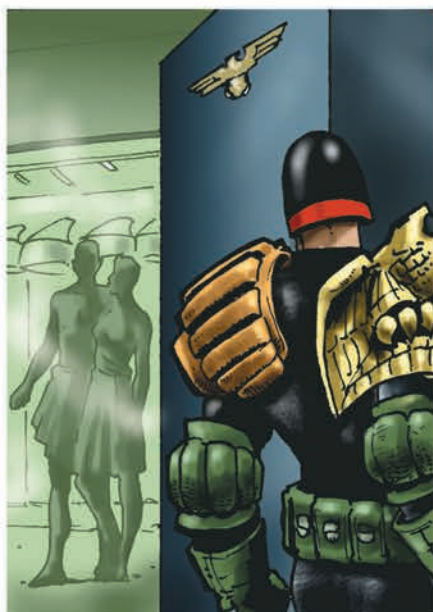


THIS IS THE BATHING AREA.
WE'VE GOT STANDARD
ELECTRON AND THE NEW WATER
SHOWERS TOO. I REALLY LIKE
THEM. SOMETHIN' ABOUT HOT
WATER ON YOUR BODY --

BATHING'S COMMUNAL, BUT THERE'S
SEPARATE FACILITIES IF YOU PREFER.
MED BAY'S ON FOUR. THE MEDS COME
ROUND AFTER ROLL CALL, SO GET
WHATEVER YOU NEED THEN.







THE DAY PASSES WELL.

THE LIFE OF A STREET JUDGE -- GETTING UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH THE CITIZENRY...

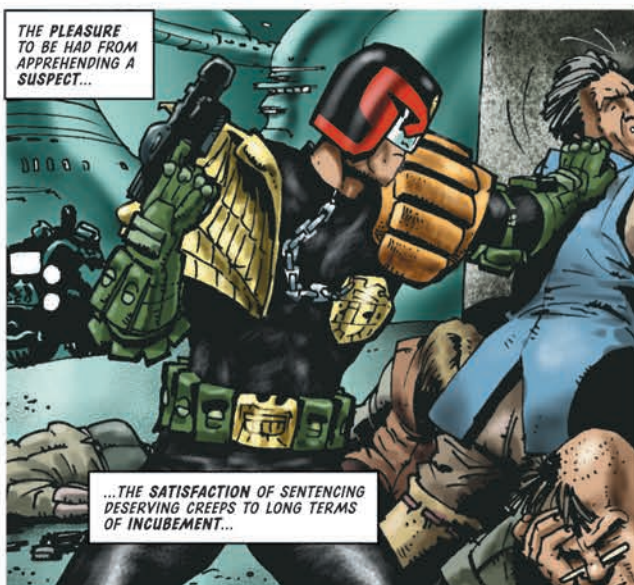


THE PLEASURE TO BE HAD FROM APPREHENDING A SUSPECT...

HE WAS BRED FOR THIS.

IT ALL GETS TO BE ROUTINE.

I DON'T THINK IT WILL, NOT FOR ME.



...THE SATISFACTION OF SENTENCING DESERVING CREEPS TO LONG TERMS OF INCUBEMENT...

THE BUST ON THE ZZIZ SHIPMENT COMES UP NEGATIVE.



ONE BARGE TURNED BACK, ROUGHLY 3000 KAYS OUT -- ENGINE TROUBLE. OR THAT'S THE STORY.

SO WHO TIPPED THEM OFF?

DON'T THINK WE WANNA BE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS. COULD BE PREDICTORS -- AT THIS LEVEL, THEY'RE BOUND TO USE PSIS.





I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, SIR, ABOUT A COUPLE OF THINGS -- IN PRIVATE.



PROTOCOL DEMANDS HE SPEAK FIRST TO HIS TAC GROUP LEADER...

MALE WITH A DISTINCTIVE SCAR -- THAT'D BE GALLOWAY. GOOD JUDGE, GALLOWAY... FEMALE COULD BE ANY ONE OF... HMM.

AND YOU'RE SURE YOU DIDN'T, UH, MISINTERPRET WHAT YOU SAW?

I CAN RECOGNISE INTIMATE CONTACT, SIR.

I SEE...



ALL RIGHT, RICO. NOT REALLY MY PROVINCE. I'LL PASS IT ON UPSTAIRS. BUT, WELL, THE EYES CAN PLAY TRICKS, YOU KNOW...

WHAT WAS THE OTHER THING?

UH... NOTHING, SIR.



GOOD, GOOD. YOU DON'T MISS MUCH, RICO. GOT A FEELING YOU'LL GO FAR.

THANK YOU, SIR.

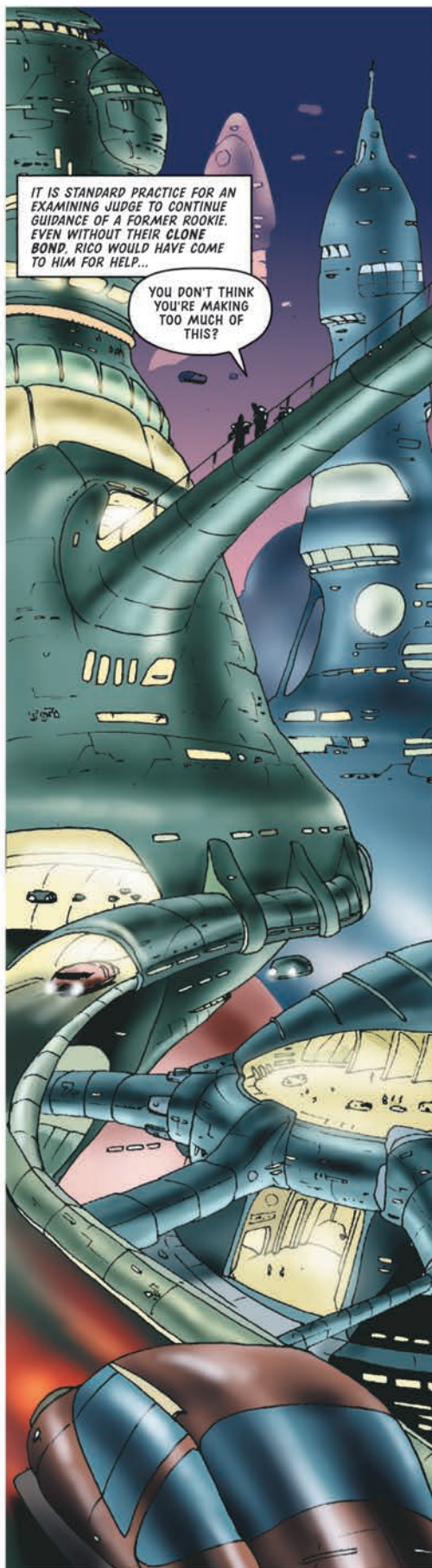


SOMETHING ABOUT CONE'S ATTITUDE MAKES HIM HOLD BACK HIS CONCERN ABOUT THE KEY. HE NEEDS TO BE MORE CERTAIN OF HIS GROUND BEFORE PROCEEDING.

OH, NO. IT'S DREDD - !



IT'S TIME TO CALL IN THE HAND OF EXPERIENCE.



IT IS STANDARD PRACTICE FOR AN EXAMINING JUDGE TO CONTINUE GUIDANCE OF A FORMER ROOKIE, EVEN WITHOUT THEIR CLONE BOND. RICO WOULD HAVE COME TO HIM FOR HELP...

YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OF THIS?



YOU TELL ME. WHAT DOES A JUDGE WANT WITH A KEY?

HE KEEPS IT IN HIS LOCKER, STUCK IN PUTTY UP OUT OF SIGHT -- YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT, THAT'S SUSPICIOUS.

WHAT KIND OF KEY?

MICRO X. NO WAY OF TELLING WHAT IT'S FOR -- APARTMENT - VEHICLE - STRONGBOX... THEY USE THEM FOR EVERYTHING.



ARMED ROBBERY IN PROGRESS DOWN THERE. LET'S TALK ON THE MOVE.

THERE ARE NORMAL CHANNELS, RICO. WHO'S YOUR TACTICAL GROUP LEADER?



CONE.

I WAS GOING TO MENTION IT TO HIM, BUT I GOT THE IMPRESSION IF THERE'S ANY WRONGDOING IN THE SECTOR HOUSE -- ESPECIALLY IN HIS OWN TAC GROUP -- CONE DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW.

THEN TAKE IT TO SECTOR HOUSE SJS*. YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU THIS.

*SJS - SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD, THE JUDGES' INTERNAL INVESTIGATION ARM.



LOOK, I'D LIKE TO DO THIS QUIETLY. YOU KNOW HOW HEAVY-HANDED SJS CAN BE. McAW SEEMS LIKE A GOOD JUDGE. IF IT'S NOTHING I DON'T WANT TO MAKE ANY TROUBLE FOR HIM.

A LITTLE DISCREET SURVEILLANCE. HMM...

PSU WOULDN'T DO IT FOR ME, BUT I KNOW YOU CARRY ENOUGH WEIGHT WITH THEM...





HE'D BEEN KEEPING A QUIET EYE ON HIS CLONE DOUBLE -- ONLY NATURAL HE SHOULD TAKE AN INTEREST.

WE CAN PASS YOU FIT FOR ANOTHER YEAR.



BESIDES, THE EXISTENCE OF 'RICO' HAD RAISED A LOT OF OTHER QUESTIONS...

TOUCH OF ARTHRITIS HERE AND THERE, BUT ALL IN ALL NOT BAD, CONSIDERING WHAT YOU'VE PUT THAT BODY THROUGH. THOSE BIOS EVER GIVE YOU ANY PAIN?

NOW AND THEN, NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.

PAIN GOOD FOR THE SOUL, EH? YOU STOICS!



HAD A ROOKIE THE OTHER WEEK. TURNED OUT HE WAS A CLONE.

AH, YES, OUR NEW JUDGE RICO.



SET ME WONDERING -- HOW MANY OTHER VERSIONS OF ME ARE THERE IN PRODUCTION?



WELL?

YOU'RE ASKING ME - ?

YOU MUST KNOW, YOU'RE DEPUTY CMO.

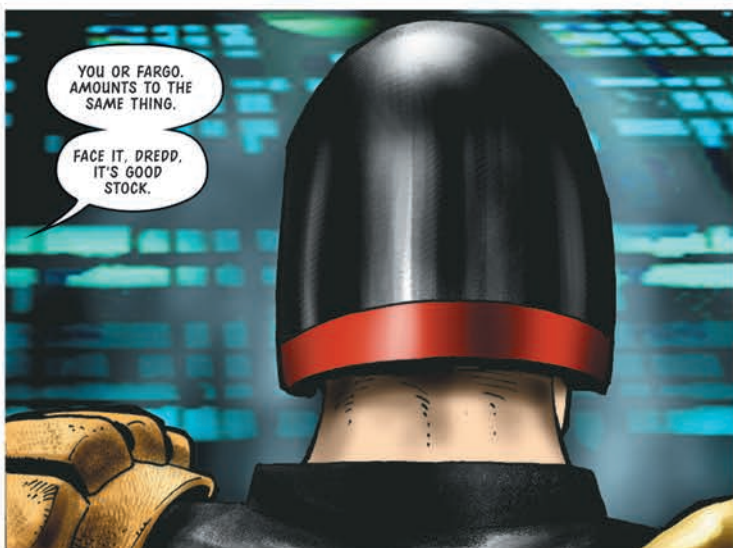
I'M SORRY, DREDD. I DON'T HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO REVEAL THAT.

SO I SEE THE CHIEF JUDGE AND SHE TELLS ME -- AND YOU KNOW SHE WILL. C'MON, SAVE ME SOME TIME, ATKINS.



SEVEN.

SEVEN?



YOU OR FARGO, AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING.

FACE IT, DREDD, IT'S GOOD STOCK.



SO I'M EXPENDABLE.

EMINENTLY.

THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT, LOCATED WITHIN THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT, IS MEGA-CITY ONE'S PRIME ORGAN OF CONTROL.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN DREDD WOULD NOT HAVE ASKED ANY FAVOURS OF PSU, BUT EDGAR IS GONE. NILES IS FRIENDLIER COUNTRY.

SEND ROFFMAN UP.

ROFFMAN?

I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR HER, DREDD. EDGAR COULD RECOGNISE A TALENT WHEN SHE SAW ONE.

WE'LL FIT A PRESSURE TRIGGER IN THE PUTTY -- I CAN GO IN AND DO THAT MYSELF. THEN WHEN THE KEY IS REMOVED, WE'LL KNOW. WE CAN FOLLOW HIM ON NORMAL SURVEILLANCE CAMS.

JUST AS A PRECAUTION, I'LL COAT THE KEY WITH A CHEMICAL TRACER -- OLFACTORY SENSORS'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL, ANYWHERE HE GOES, LIKE IT WAS LIT UP IN NEON.

DON'T YOU WORRY, CHIEF. McAW PUTS A FOOT WRONG, WE'LL NAIL IT TO THE FLOOR!



HE SETTLES EASILY INTO THE ROLE OF A SECTOR HOUSE JUDGE. HE IS, TO MOST EYES, A NATURAL.

JUST WIND HIM UP AND LET HIM GO...

KID'S A FREAKIN' SHOWOFF.



RICO'S JUST DOING THE JOB, LEVINE. AND DAMNED WELL. MAYBE YOU COULD PICK UP A FEW POINTERS.



THE CASELOAD COVERS EVERYTHING, FROM MASS MURDER TO MINOR DOMESTICS.

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. I BURNED HER! DAMN SLUT!

LACK OF REMORSE EARNS YOU AN EXTRA YEAR, WISEGUY!

SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE OVER THERE!



WRITE IT!



GOT IT RIGHT EVERY TIME. SEE HOW THE 'L' ON HER HEAD'S A MIRROR IMAGE -- SUGGESTS THE BURN IS SELF-INFLICTED.

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT...

DON'T KNOW WHY THE HUSBAND'S TAKING THE BLAME -- SOME GUILT COMPLEX, MAYBE. IN ANY CASE, BOTH OF THEM NEED PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT, NOT THE CUBES.

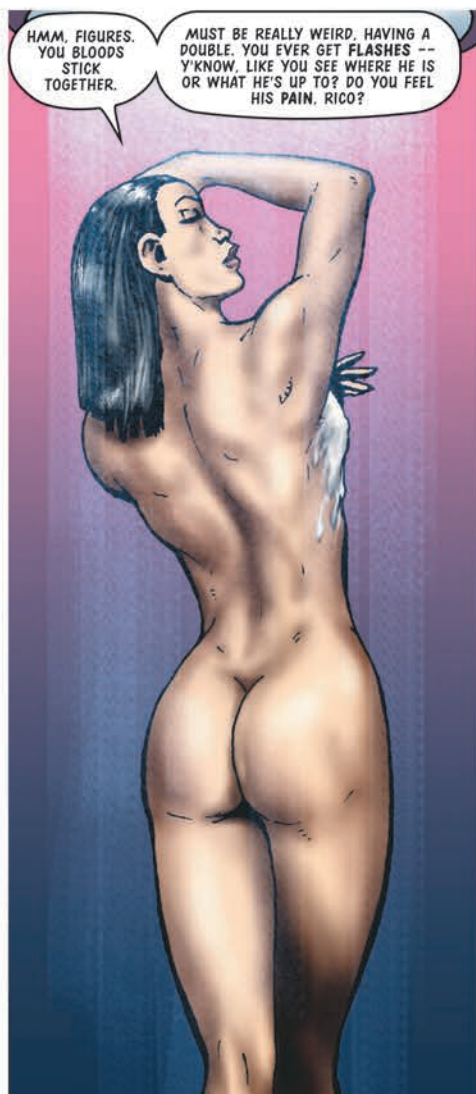


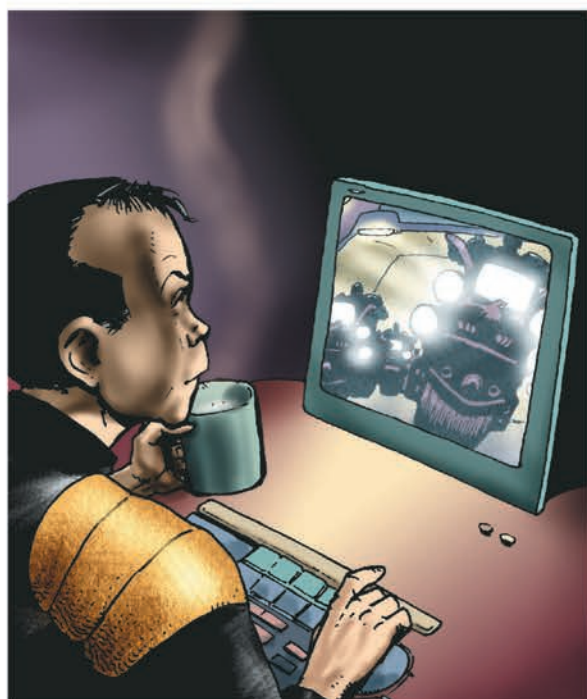
HE'D CHECKED LEVINE'S RECORD. HE'D BEEN AT 301 WHEN DREDD WAS IN CHARGE -- SEVERELY REPRIMANDED AND DOWNGRADED FOR 'ATTITUDE' VIOLATIONS.

NOW, IT SEEMS, HE'S PROJECTING HIS RESENTMENT ONTO THE CLONE...

SO BE IT, AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH TAC GROUP PERFORMANCE, IT'S LEVINE'S PROBLEM TO DEAL WITH.











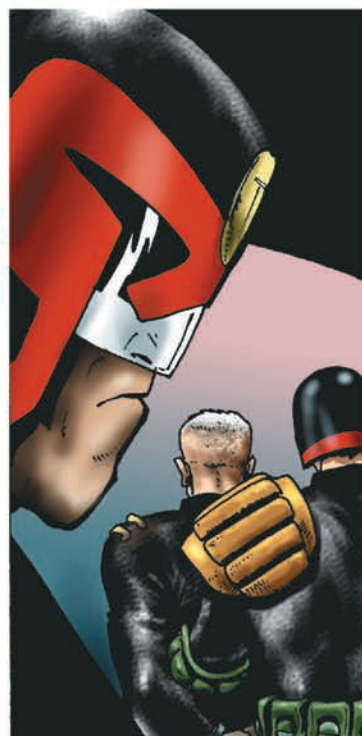
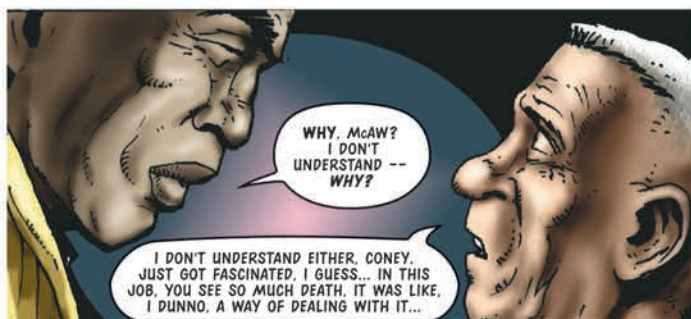


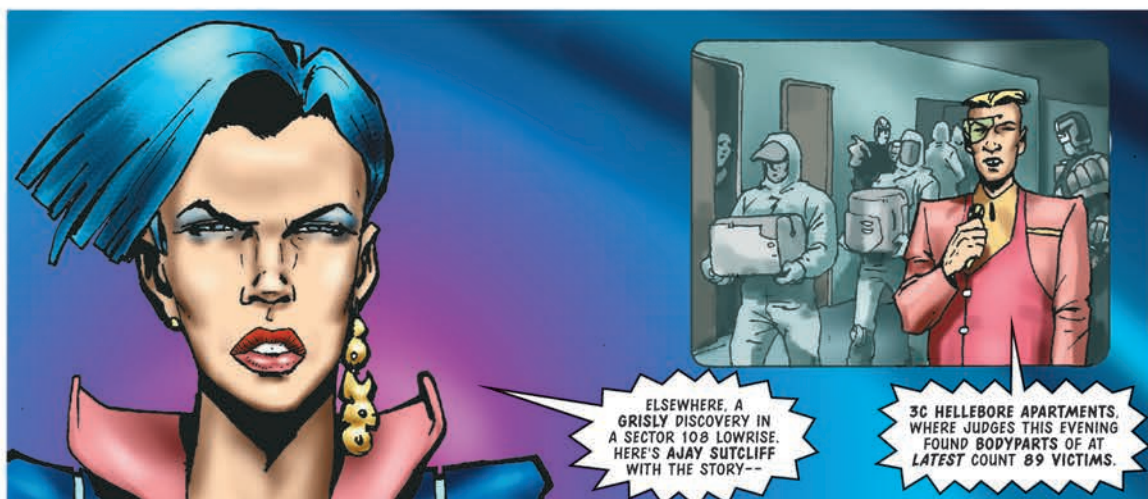
I DIDN'T
EXPECT
THIS...

ANYTHING
BUT THIS.

I MEAN,
McAW --

YOU NEVER KNOW ABOUT
PEOPLE, RICO. THEY'VE ALL GOT
THE CAPACITY TO SURPRISE YOU.





ELSEWHERE, A GRISLY DISCOVERY IN A SECTOR 108 LOWRISE. HERE'S AJAY SUTCLIFF WITH THE STORY--

3C HELLEBORE APARTMENTS, WHERE JUDGES THIS EVENING FOUND BODYPARTS OF AT LATEST COUNT 89 VICTIMS.



THE GRIM TROPHY ROOM, INCLUDING WHOLE HEADS, SKINS AND PRESERVED ORGANS, WAS THE PROPERTY OF MILLARD GNOCCI. HIMSELF FOUND DEAD IN THE APARTMENT AND BELIEVED TO HAVE PERISHED OF NATURAL CAUSES.

JUDGES ESTIMATE THAT WHEN THE FINAL COUNT IS IN GNOCCI'S SCORE MAY HAVE TOPPED 100 -- MAKING HIM THIS SECTOR'S THIRD BIGGEST SERIAL KILLER.



ERIC BISSEL, YOU LIVE ACROSS THE CORRIDOR. DID YOU NEVER NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT MILLARD GNOCCI -- ANY UNPLEASANT SMELLS COMING FROM THE APARTMENT?

WELL, NO. I DON'T SMELL VERY WELL ANY MORE.

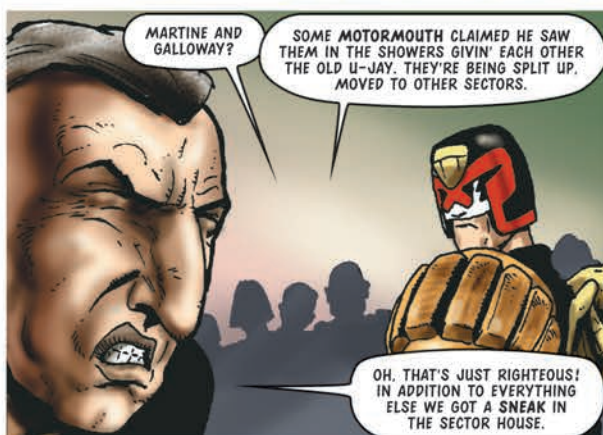
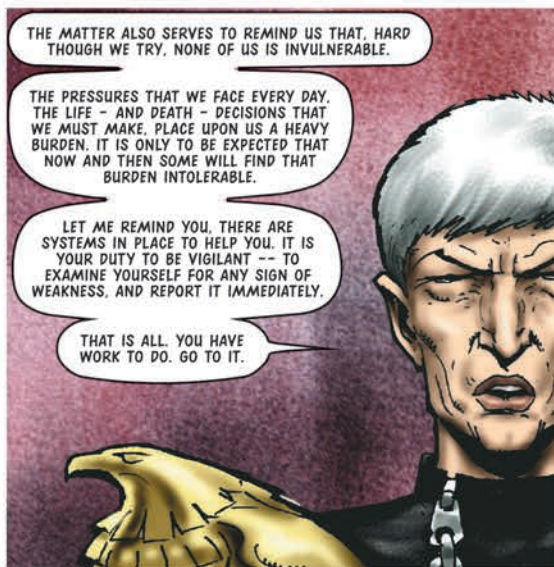
I KNOW I HAVEN'T SEEN MR GNOCCI, OH, FOR A FEW YEARS NOW. BUT I DID SEE A JUDGE COMING AND GOING SO I THOUGHT EVERYTHING MUST BE FINE.

A JUDGE?



THAT'S ENOUGH QUESTIONING. THE CITIZEN IS OBVIOUSLY CONFUSED. HE NEEDS TO LIE DOWN.

HAVE SOMEONE SPEAK TO HIM. WE DON'T WANT McAW'S PART IN THIS GETTING OUT.







LEVINE IS THE BIGGER MAN, HARDENED BY YEARS ON THE STREETS. BUT RICO KNOWS HIS OWN CAPABILITIES.

krukk

THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE OUTCOME.

klak

wunk

wunk

kra-aak

NOW LEVINE KNOWS IT TOO.

LEVINE IS THE BIGGER MAN, HARDENED BY YEARS ON THE STREETS. BUT RICO KNOWS HIS OWN CAPABILITIES.

krukk

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klak

wunk

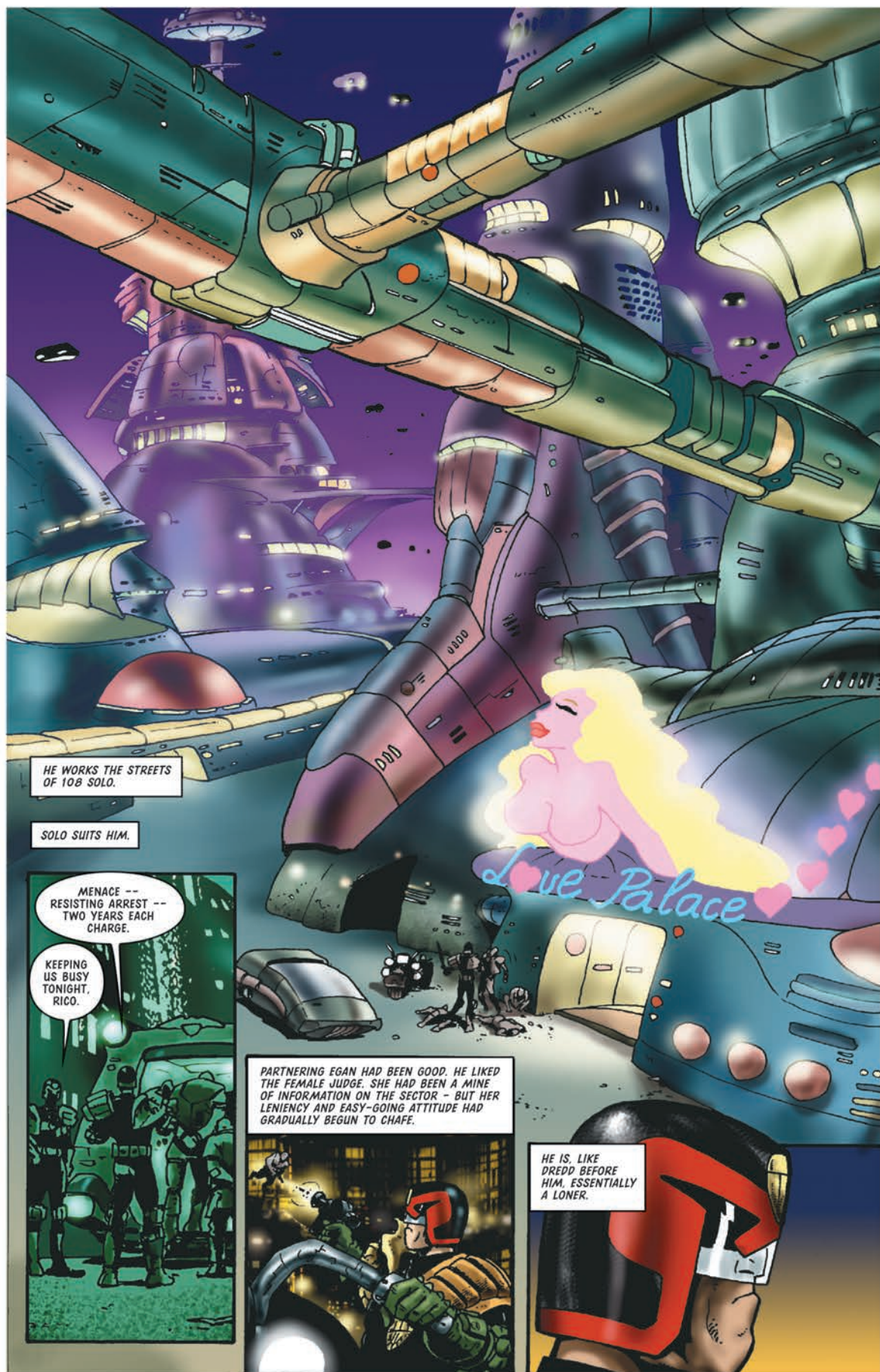
wunk

kra-aak

NOW LEVINE KNOWS IT TOO.

HALFWAY THROUGH
SOMETHING SNAPS
AND HE IS OVERCOME
BY A DESIRE TO
PUNISH LEVINE --





HE WORKS THE STREETS
OF 108 SOLO.

SOLO SUITS HIM.

MENACE --
RESISTING ARREST --
TWO YEARS EACH
CHARGE.

KEEPING
US BUSY
TONIGHT,
RICO.

PARTNERING EGAN HAD BEEN GOOD. HE LIKED
THE FEMALE JUDGE. SHE HAD BEEN A MINE
OF INFORMATION ON THE SECTOR - BUT HER
LENIENCY AND EASY-GOING ATTITUDE HAD
GRADUALLY BEGUN TO CHAFE.

HE IS, LIKE
DREDD BEFORE
HIM, ESSENTIALLY
A LONER.





THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, GALLOWAY SHOT HIMSELF THIS MORNING. BULLET THROUGH THE HEAD. MUNITIONS STORE, WEST WALL - THAT'S WHERE HE GOT TRANSFERRED.

DAMN GOOD JUDGE, GALLOWAY - TIPPED TO TAKE OVER TAC 3 WHEN WESTRAY GOES. COULDN'T TAKE THE CLIMB DOWN, SEE.



HOPE THAT MAKES YOU FEEL REAL PROUD, HERO.



'SCUSE.



RICO.

SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?

THIS DAMNED INFORMER, THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG - AND JUST MY TAC GROUP INVOLVED THIS TIME. THAT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD, I CAN TELL YOU.

AND WHEN YOU ADD THE BUSINESS WITH McAW... NOW GALLOWAY...



I'M SURE I'D KNOW IF ANY OF MY TEAM WAS DIRTY. HELL, EVERYBODY'S BEEN LIE DETECTED --



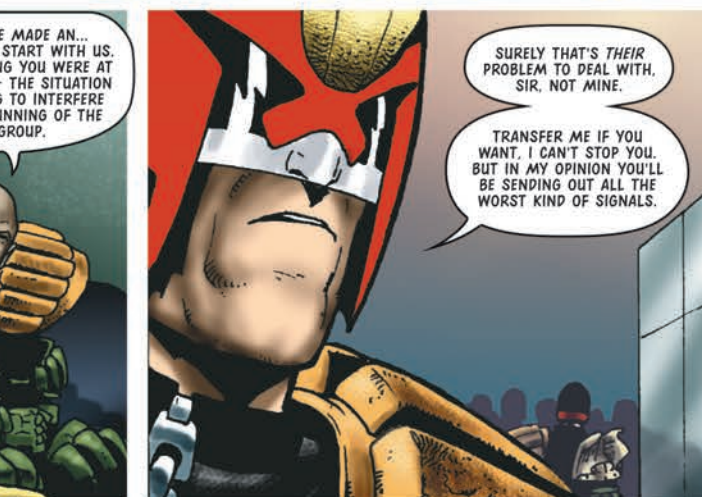
THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU. I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU TRANSFERRED OUT.

CONE STRIKES HIM AS WEAK, A MAN WEIGHED DOWN BY THE JOB --



YOU'RE A FINE PROSPECT, RICO, DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME, YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO GO ALL THE WAY. WELL, WE KNOW THAT, DON'T WE?

BUT YOU'VE MADE AN... UNFORTUNATE START WITH US. I'M NOT SAYING YOU WERE AT FAULT, BUT -- THE SITUATION IS BEGINNING TO INTERFERE WITH THE RUNNING OF THE TAC GROUP.

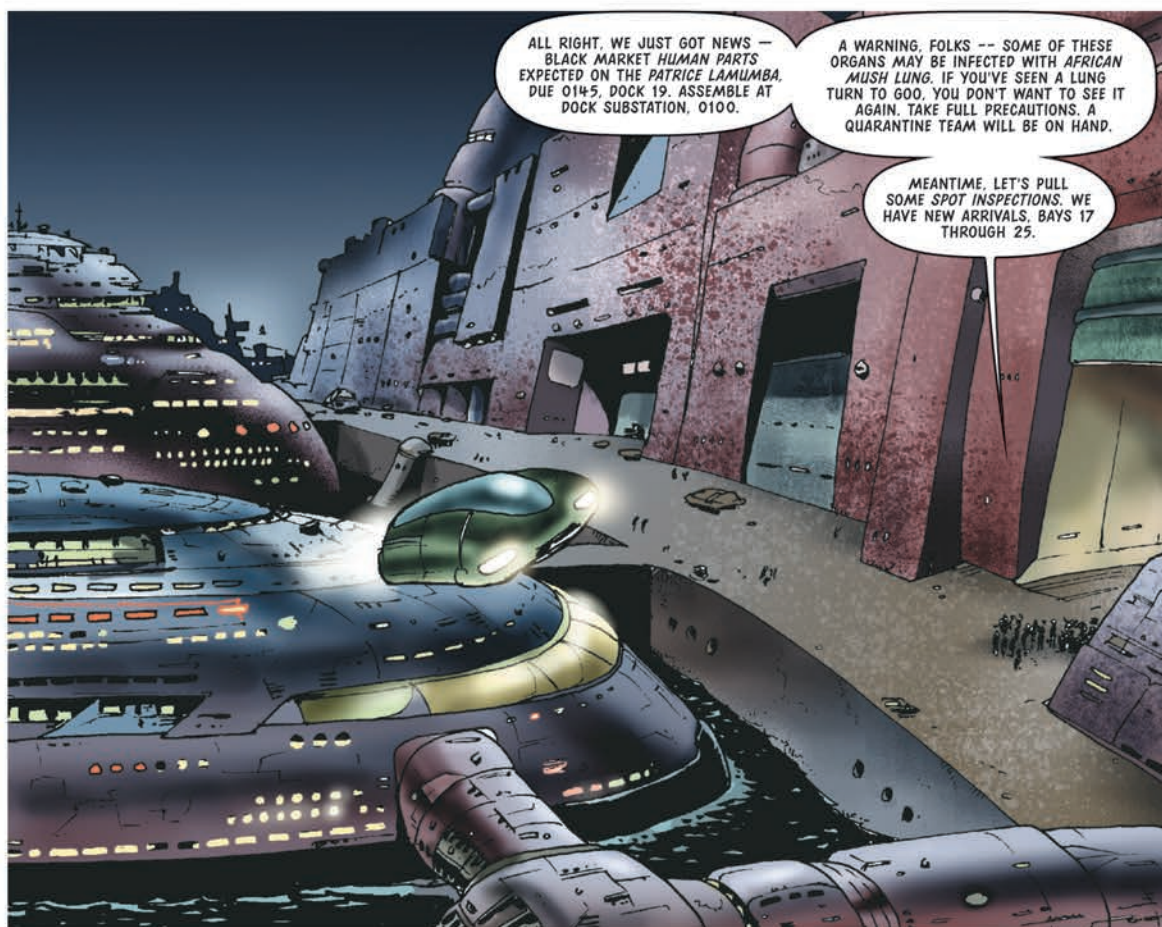


SURELY THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM TO DEAL WITH, SIR, NOT MINE.

TRANSFER ME IF YOU WANT, I CAN'T STOP YOU. BUT IN MY OPINION YOU'LL BE SENDING OUT ALL THE WORST KIND OF SIGNALS.







ALL RIGHT, WE JUST GOT NEWS —
BLACK MARKET HUMAN PARTS
EXPECTED ON THE PATRICE LAMUMBA.
DUE 0145, DOCK 19. ASSEMBLE AT
DOCK SUBSTATION, 0100.

A WARNING, FOLKS -- SOME OF THESE
ORGANS MAY BE INFECTED WITH AFRICAN
MUSH LUNG. IF YOU'VE SEEN A LUNG
TURN TO GOO, YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE IT
AGAIN. TAKE FULL PRECAUTIONS. A
QUARANTINE TEAM WILL BE ON HAND.

MEANTIME, LET'S PULL
SOME SPOT INSPECTIONS. WE
HAVE NEW ARRIVALS, BAYS 17
THROUGH 25.



REMEMBER, THESE SHIPS ARE
DANGEROUS -- NO TELLING WHAT
YOU'LL FIND. BUDDY UP, STAY WITH
YOUR PARTNER AT ALL TIMES. YOU
COME ACROSS ANYTHING YOU MAY
NOT BE ABLE TO HANDLE ALONE,
CALL IN SUPPORT.



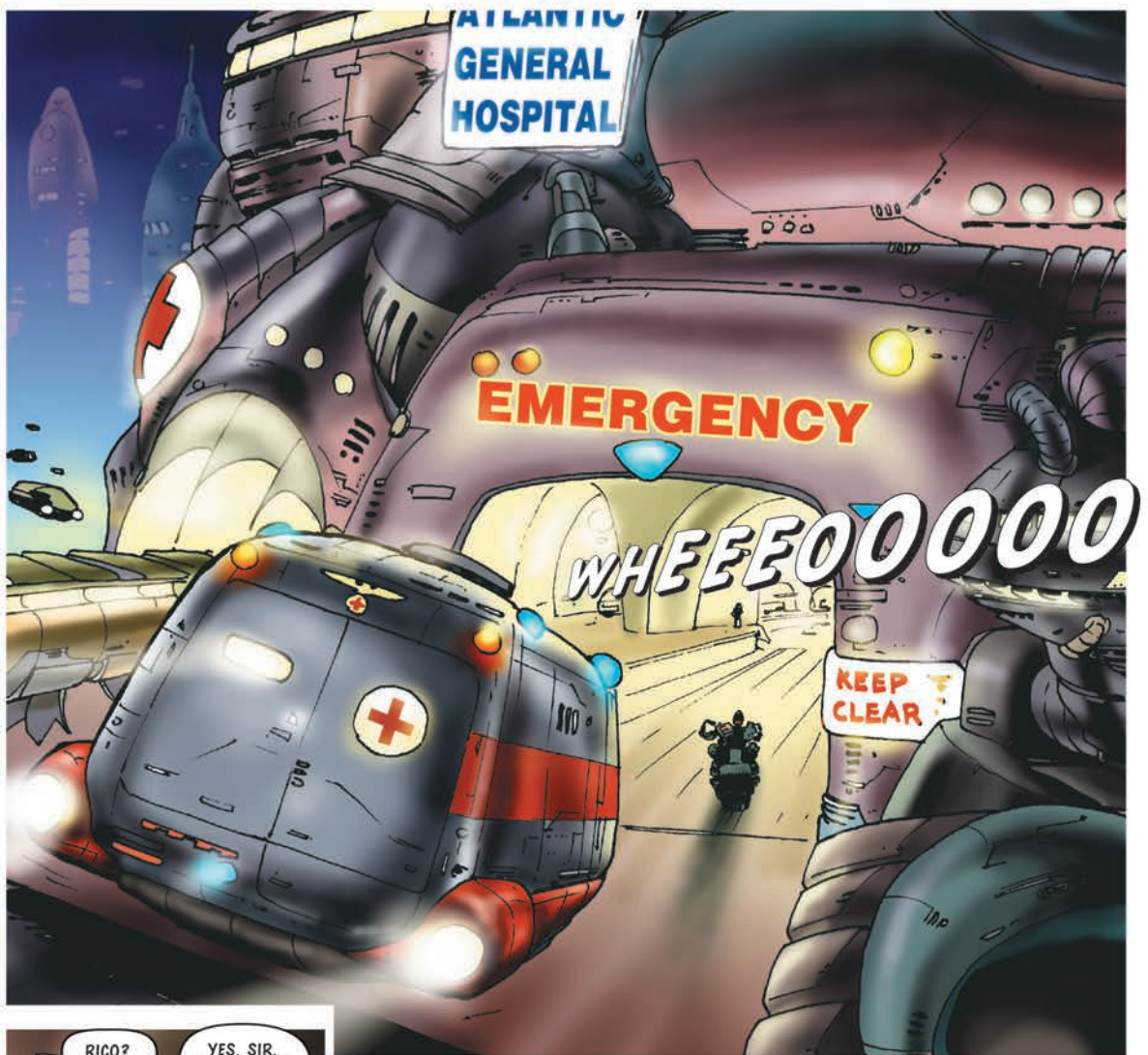
McAW WAS YOUR
PARTNER, LEVINE —
THAT LEAVES YOU
FREE. YOU BUDDY
WITH RICO.

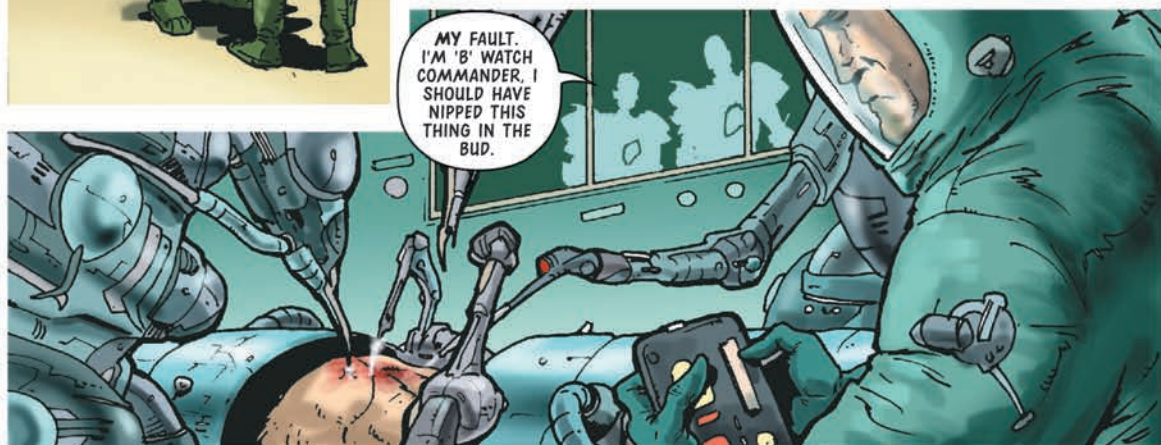
YOU ARE
KIDDIN' ME,
CONEY!

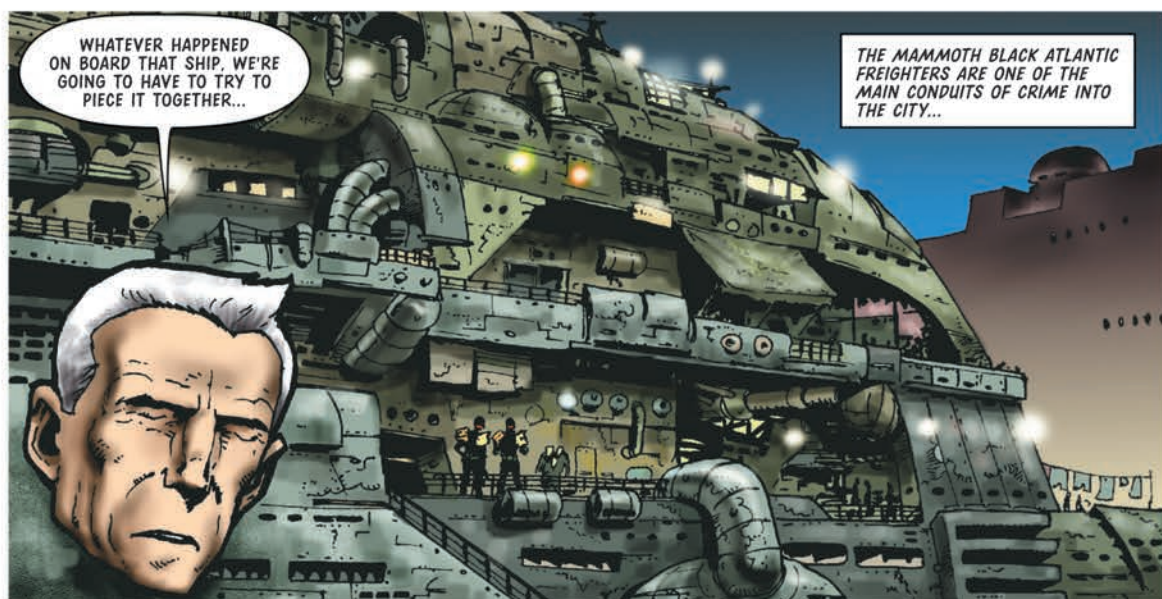


NO, I'M NOT KIDDING YOU! AND
STOP CALLING ME CONEY! I'M YOUR
TAC GROUP LEADER, NOT A RABBIT!

I'M GETTING DAMNNED SICK OF
YOUR ATTITUDE, LEVINE! YOU'LL DO
WHAT YOU'RE TOLD! MAYBE IT'LL
ENCOURAGE YOU TO START ACTING
LIKE A JUDGE FOR A CHANGE!







WHATEVER HAPPENED
ON BOARD THAT SHIP, WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE TO TRY TO
PIECE IT TOGETHER...

THE MAMMOTH BLACK ATLANTIC
FREIGHTERS ARE ONE OF THE
MAIN CONDUITS OF CRIME INTO
THE CITY...



A LOTTA THESE HULKS
ARE FAMILY RUN —
GYPSY LUGS, WE CALL
THEM. THE WHOLE CLAN
GROWS UP ON THEM,
ROAMING THE WORLD
WHEREVER TRADE —
FAIR OR FOUL — TAKES
'EM.

SEEN THIS BUNCH BEFORE.
MUTIES. WE LET 'EM DOCK
IN THE HARBOUR, BUT NO
FURTHER. ISN'T THAT
RIGHT, SCUM?

THAT'S
RIGHT, SIR!

EVER SO
RIGHT!



YOU'VE GOT
A REAL NICE
MANNER
ABOUT YOU,
LEVINE.

PAY ATTENTION
AND MAYBE
YOU'D LEARN
SOMETHING,
HOTSHOT.

BUT THEN I'M
FORGETTING —
YOU'RE ONLY
INTERESTED IN
BUSTING OTHER
JUDGES, AREN'T
YOU?

I'LL IGNORE
THAT.

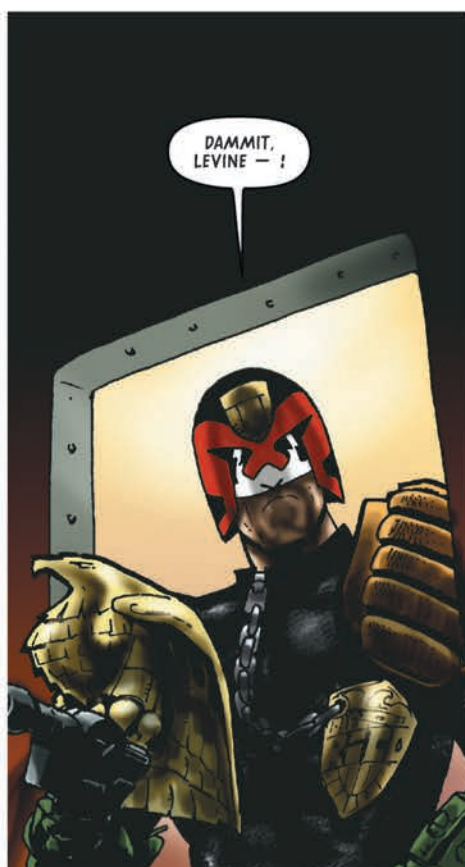
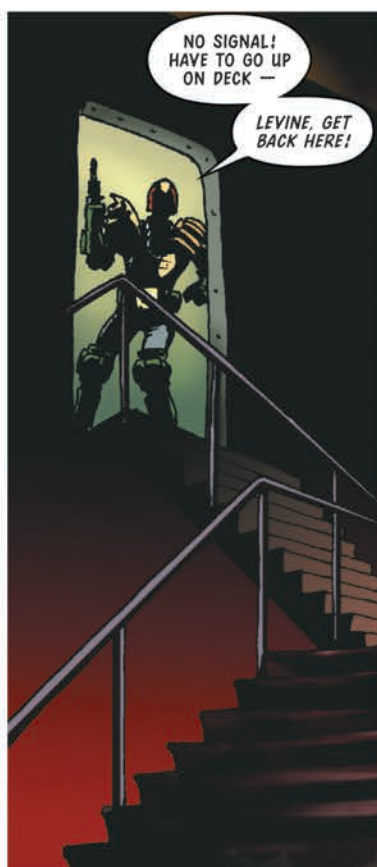


THE MANIFEST
SAYS RESIN.
THIS RESIDUE
ANALYSES AS
ROACH OIL.

LAST CARGO, ROACH —
GOOD TABLE ROACH.
NEVER CLEAN UP AFTER.
VERY DIRTY, WE ARE.
NEVER CLEAN, YES, SIR.

BELIEVE IT.









IF RICO RECOVERS, CHANCES ARE
HE'LL NEVER FULLY REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT SHIP...



LEVINE — !



HE COUNTS MAYBE
TWENTY GUNS
DOWN BELOW —



LIT UP THROUGH HIS INFRA-RED
VISOR LIKE NEON.



HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE OR WHY THEY'RE HERE. THAT'S
FOR LATER. NOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE INTENTION IN HIS MIND --

TERMINATE —
WITH EXTREME
PREJUDICE!



I'M COMING,
LEVINE!



FREAKIN' JAYS,
MAN!



YOU DOWN THERE! THERE'S NO WAY OUT FOR YOU! PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS NOW OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!



I RECOGNISE THAT VOICE! IT'S DREDD, MAN!

WE'RE FINISHED!

DON'T SHOOT! WE-WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! WE GIVE UP!

NOBODY'S QUITTIN', DAMN YOU!



HE KNOWS LEVINE'S IN A
BAD CONDITION — HOW
BAD, HE'S IN NO POSITION
TO INVESTIGATE.



RICO TO... TAC 9
LEADER... COME...
COME IN, TAC 9...



A FORLORN HOPE, TRYING
TO GET A SIGNAL DOWN
THERE IN THE BOWELS OF
THAT BEHEMOTH —

TAKE THIS,
DREDDY!



URRRGGHH





BLOOD'S CLOUDING HIS EYES. HOVERING ON THE BRINK OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HE COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT EVEN IF HE COULD SEE.



PURE INSTINCT
MAKES HIM SWITCH
TO HEAT-SEEKER —



ONE LEG IS BROKEN, A LUNG SHREDDED, A SHARD OF SHRAPNEL EMBEDDED IN HIS SKULL. HOW HE MANAGES TO REACH THE DECK AND GURGLE OUT A DISTRESS CALL, NO ONE WILL EVER UNDERSTAND.



SOME
SERIOUS JUDGING
BEEN GOING ON
HERE — !

DON'T SHOOT,
WE GIVE UP!



PERPS ON THE RUN,
HIDING IN THE HULL-SPACE,
WAITING TO BE TAKEN OUT
OF THE CITY.

INTERROGATE THE CREW. SENTENCE
WITH MAXIMUM SEVERITY. THIS IS
JUDGE MURDER, EGAN!



THAT'S THE
BULLET FROM
LEVINE'S BACK?

YES. I
WANTED YOU
TO SEE THIS.



IT'S BADLY DEFORMED, BUT...

I'M AFRAID THE RIFLING
SIGNATURE IS UNMISTAKEABLE.



WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO SAY,
GARRISON?

THERE'S NO
QUESTION. THAT
BULLET CAME FROM
RICO'S GUN.



HE'S OUT OF DANGER NOW.



DAMAGE TO THE BRAIN IS MINIMAL. SOME MEMORY LOSS, CERTAINLY, BUT WITH LUCK NOTHING MORE SERIOUS.

WE USED THE CARBON FIBRE LUNG. BETTER THAN THE BIO. IN MY OPINION.

SO I HEAR.



CRIME'S WAITING. BETTER GET BACK ON THE BEAT.

LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU GET THE FINAL FORENSICS REPORT ON THAT BULLET.

WILL DO. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, DREDD.



DREDD —

HOW'RE THE BOOTS? STILL WEARING 'EM TIGHT?



THE OLDER I GET, THE TIGHTER I LIKE 'EM.



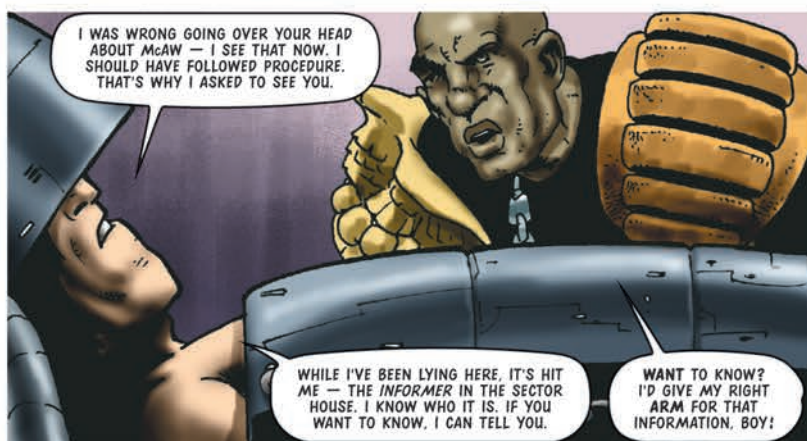


ATLANTIC
GENERAL
HOSPITAL

I UNDERSTAND.
I ACCEPT THAT,
SIR.

NOW, YOU
HAVE SOMETHING
TO SAY?

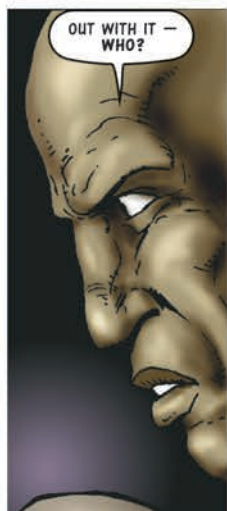
YES, SIR.



I WAS WRONG GOING OVER YOUR HEAD
ABOUT McAW — I SEE THAT NOW. I
SHOULD HAVE FOLLOWED PROCEDURE.
THAT'S WHY I ASKED TO SEE YOU.

WHILE I'VE BEEN LYING HERE, IT'S HIT
ME — THE INFORMER IN THE SECTOR
HOUSE. I KNOW WHO IT IS. IF YOU
WANT TO KNOW, I CAN TELL YOU.

WANT TO KNOW?
I'D GIVE MY RIGHT
ARM FOR THAT
INFORMATION, BOY!



OUT WITH IT —
WHO?



YOU, SIR.

ME?



YOU REMEMBER I
SAW YOU USING
THAT PUBLIC CALL
BOOTH? YOU
DENIED IT, BUT I
SAW YOU CLEAR
AS DAY.

I REMEMBER
YOU MENTIONING
IT, YES. I ASSURE
YOU, RICO, I
DIDN'T MAKE
ANY CALL FROM
A PUBLIC BOOTH.
LIE DETECT ME
IF YOU WANT.

THAT'S JUST THE
THING — EVEN
THOUGH I'D SEEN YOU
USING IT, IT WAS LIKE
YOU HAD ABSOLUTELY
NO MEMORY OF IT.

THE MORE I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT,
THE ODDER IT'S SEEMED. I THINK
YOU'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO
PASS ON INFORMATION WITHOUT
EVEN KNOWING IT, SIR.



PREPOSTEROUS.

YOU HAD
ME EXCITED
THERE FOR A
MOMENT...

SOUNDS LIKE YOUR
BRAIN GOT SHAKEN UP
A BIT MORE THAN THEY
RECKONED, RICO. NEVER
MIND, YOU'LL GET
OVER IT.

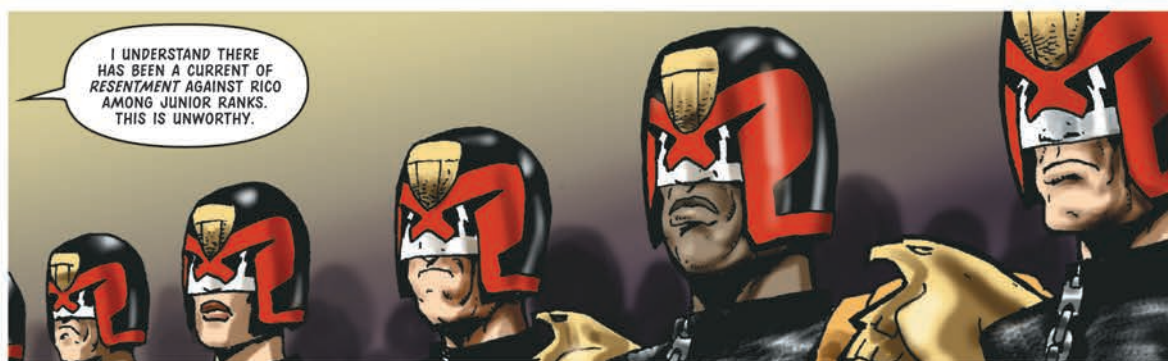


TAKE YOUR TIME.
GET YOURSELF BETTER.
WE'LL MANAGE WITHOUT
YOU FOR A WHILE
LONGER.



ME!





IT IS SOME TIME BEFORE RICO IS FIT FOR DUTY --

STARTED
MALTREATING
YOUR BODY EARLY,
I SEE.

HOW'S THE
LUNG?

NOT BAD.
I CAN HOLD MY
BREATH FOR SEVEN
MINUTES NOW.

THAT'S A
TALENT.

IT SHOULDN'T BE LIKE
THIS, JUDGING. IT'S NOT
THE WAY IT SHOULD
WORK -- YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN?

LEVINE -
McAW - GALLOWAY -
THE REST OF THEM -
JUDGES SHOULD BE
BETTER THAN THAT.

YOU'RE
BEGINNING TO
REALISE --

WE'RE NOT THE PERFECT JUSTICE MACHINES
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOLD. THAT'S JUST A FICTION
THEY PROMULGATE AT THE ACADEMY, BUT IN A WAY,
IT'S ONE WE HAVE TO CONTINUE TO BELIEVE IN.

WE'RE HUMAN BEINGS, RICO.
WE'RE NEVER GOING TO BE
PERFECT. AS LONG AS WE
KEEP TRYING, WE CAN'T
EXPECT ANY MORE OF
OURSELVES.

THAT MAKE
ANY SENSE?

I GUESS.
SORT OF.

WHAT'RE
YOU GOING TO
DO NOW?

MEANING?

I UNDERSTAND
THINGS AREN'T TOO
COMFORTABLE FOR YOU
AT 108. MAYBE IT'S
TIME TO TRANSFER
OUT, START AGAIN.

THAT'S WHAT
CONE SAID. I DIDN'T
EXPECT THAT KIND OF
DEFEATIST TALK
FROM YOU.

I GET IT --
JUST TESTING,
HUH?

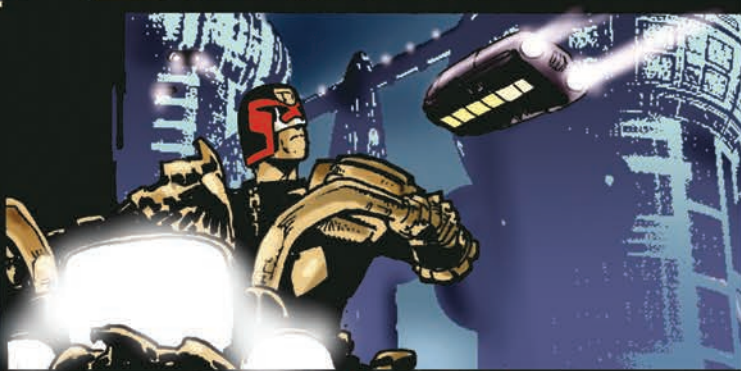
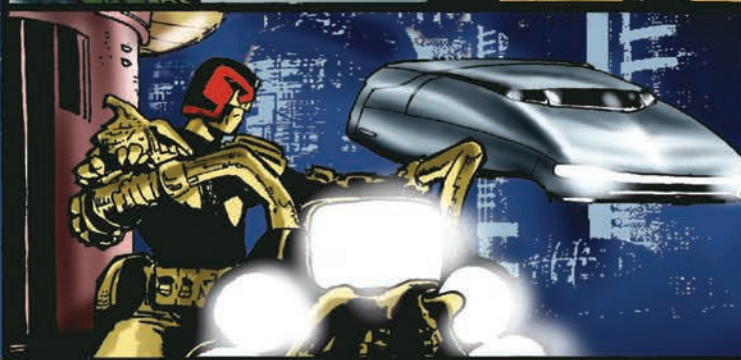
SEE YOU
AROUND.

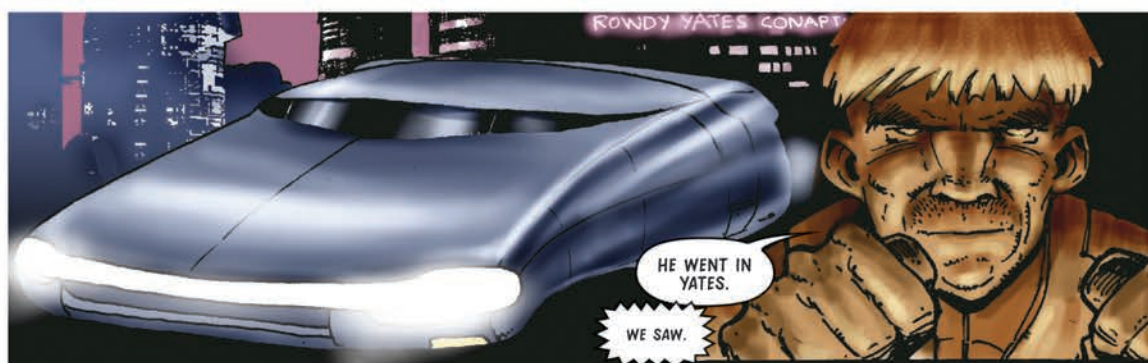


LEAVING ROWDY

Script: John Wagner
Art: Carlos Ezquerro
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 1280





ROWDY YATES CONAP

HE WENT IN
YATES.

WE SAW.



THERE WAS A
LAYER OF DUST
OVER EVERYTHING.



HE HADN'T BEEN
HERE SINCE...



...WALTER.



THEY'D REPAIRED THE DAMAGE
AND TIDIED UP, BUT HE HADN'T
FELT THE URGE TO RETURN.

TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS...

A LOT OF JUDGING
UNDER THE BRIDGE.

A LOT OF FRIENDS
GONE, NEVER TO
RETURN -- GIANT...

MORPH, BLEEDING HIS
LIFE AWAY ON THAT COLD,
UNFRIENDLY SLAB.

DEAR OLD McGRUDER, THEY'D HAD
THEIR DIFFERENCES, BUT SHE'D
MEANT WELL. A GOOD WOMAN.



FALLEN COMRADES... A LIST TOO
LONG AND PAINFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.

HE'D KEPT FEW
MEMENTOS. HE
WASN'T A MAN TO
CLUTTER HIS LIFE
WITH KEEPSAKES.

JUST A FEW.
THINGS THAT
MATTERED.

LOPEZ'S PROFILE SHOWS HE'S
THE MOST RECEPTIVE TO ORACLE
SPICE. I'VE NO CHOICE -- IT HAS
TO BE HIM WHO TAKES IT.



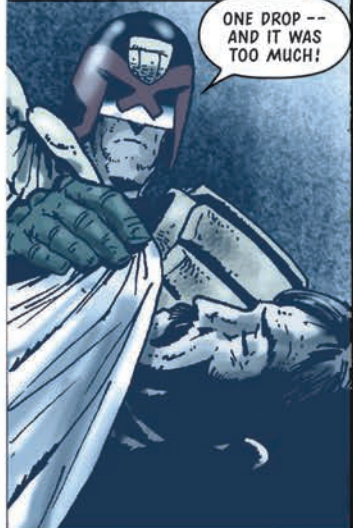
BUT THERE HAD BEEN A
CHOICE. HE COULD HAVE
TAKEN IT HIMSELF.

ONE DROP --
AND IT WAS
TOO MUCH!

HE'D KEPT IT AS A
REMINDER... A HAIRSHIRT
HE TOOK OUT AND WORE
SOMETIMES. A PENANCE.

AND THOUGH HE'D NEVER
BETRAYED HIS DOUBT, IN HIS
HEART HE COULD NOT HELP
BUT WONDER -- COULD HE
HAVE SUCCEEDED IF HE'D
TAKEN THAT POISON...?

HE'D KILLED LOPEZ, AS
SURELY AS HE'D KILLED HIS
OWN CLONE BROTHER.



IN RICO'S CASE THERE HAD BEEN
NO CHOICE. BUT LOPEZ...

HIS FIRST BULLET. IT HAD ENTERED HIS CHEST AND LODGED A FINGER WIDTH FROM HIS HEART.

THE FIRST OF MANY.

HE'D BEEN YOUNG THEN. HE'D RECOVERED QUICKLY. THESE DAYS IT WASN'T SO EASY.

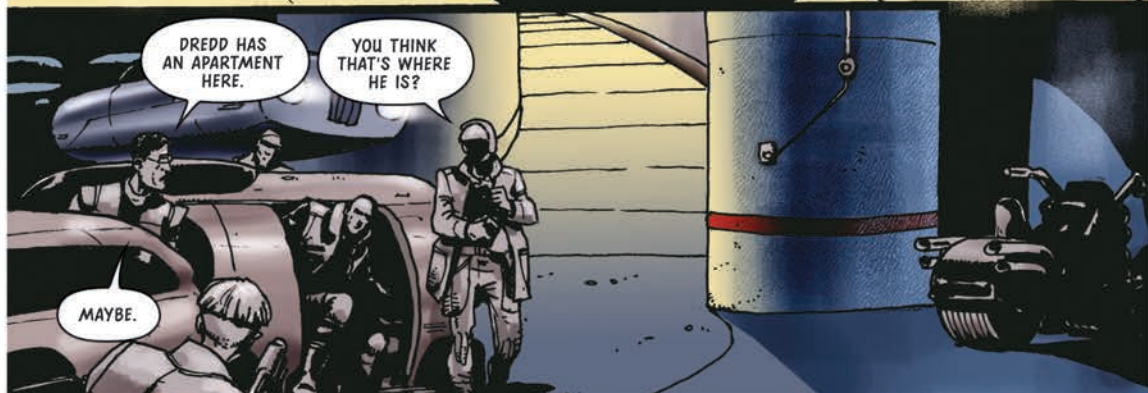
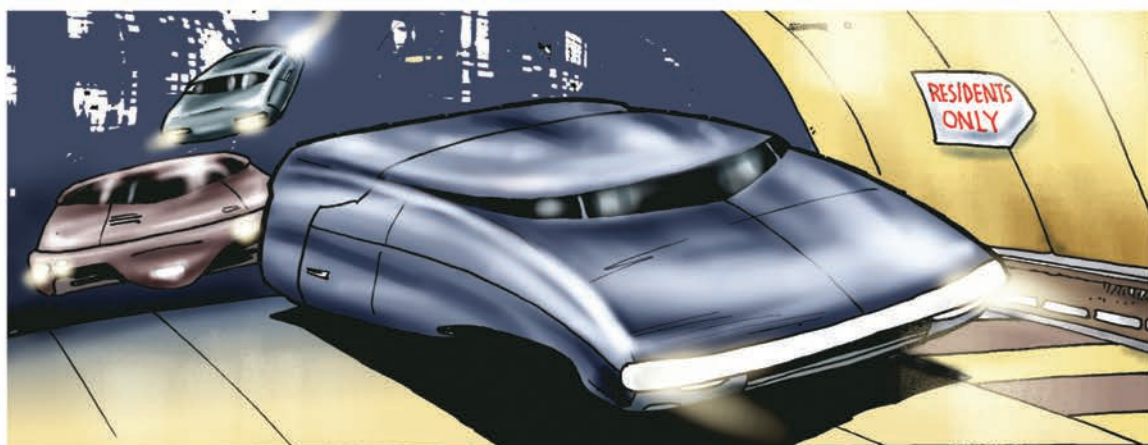
MEMENTO MORI... REMEMBER YOU TOO MUST DIE.

YOU FOUND IT.

GOT LOST. THEY'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR LEVEL INDICATORS.

JUVES -- KEEP REWIRING THEM.

THIS IS IT, THEN.



THE BLOCK WAS OLD, CREAKY NOW. IT HAD SURVIVED THE APOCALYPSE WAR, AND NECROPOLIS. IN A FEW YEARS THEY'D PULL IT DOWN AND REPLACE IT WITH ONE OF THE NEW SUPER SIXTIES.

AND THE APARTMENT... THIS GLOOMY LITTLE CAVE...

HAVEN'T COME HERE MUCH THESE PAST YEARS...

NEVER AGREED WITH THE POLICY ANYWAY -- 'FOSTERING BETTER RELATIONS WITH THE COMMUNITY'. AS LONG AS THEY OBEY THE LAW AND KEEP OUT OF MY HAIR, THAT'S ALL THE RELATIONS I NEED.

I'M WITH YOU THERE.

IN MANY RESPECTS HE HAD VALUED IT -- A RETREAT, A PLACE TO THINK. TO BROOD.

CUBICLE IN THE GRAND HALL WILL DO ME JUST AS WELL -- LEAVE THIS FOR A YOUNGER MAN.

YOU SURE YOU WANT IT?

SURE.

KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY.

ANYWAY, SOMETIMES IT'S GOOD TO BE ALONE.

RAP
RAP
RAP

AH, JUDGE DREDD!
I HEAR YOU'RE LEAVING US.

YOU HEAR RIGHT.

I CAN'T SAY IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A... PLEASANT RELATIONSHIP. STILL, WE DO FEEL THAT YOUR PRESENCE IN THE BLOCK HAS HELPED TO DETER CRIME.

KEEP IT. I'M A JUDGE. YOU SHOULD KNOW I CAN'T ACCEPT GIFTS.

SOMETHING TO THREATEN THE KIDDIES WITH. HA HA.

WE'VE BROUGHT YOU THIS... BY WAY OF A PARTING GIFT.

WELL, IT'S JUST A BOX OF MOCK CHOC'S! THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF REACTION I EXPECTED!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU? HE DOESN'T CHANGE!



THIS IS JUDGE RICO. HE'LL BE TAKING OVER THE APARTMENT.

GOODNESS -- SEEING YOU TOGETHER... YOU COULD ALMOST BE THE SAME PERSON.



WE ARE CLONES.



WELL LET ME TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WELCOME YOU TO ROWDY YATES, JUDGE RICO. WE DO HOPE YOU'LL FIND TIME TO ATTEND A FEW BLOCK LIAISON MEETINGS.

I'M PRETTY BUSY.

OH, COME, SURELY A FEW MINUTES EVERY MONTH ISN'T TOO MUCH TO ASK?



WHAT WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE, CITIZEN -- CLEAN STREETS OR COSY LITTLE CHIT-CHATS? YOU'VE GOT A BLOCK JUDGE, LIAISE WITH HIM.

WELL! I CAN SEE WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME HERE! COME, COMMITTEE!



SUCH INTOLERABLE RUDENESS!

JUST OUR LUCK! WE LOSE ONE DREDD AND GET ANOTHER DREDD IN HIS PLACE!



WORKS WILL CALL FOR THESE BOXES.

WHAT ABOUT THIS?



OH, IT'S NOTHING -- JUST SOME JOTTINGS OF MINE.

GOT CAUGHT IN THE BLAST WHEN NARCOS'S BOOBY TRAP WENT OFF. IT CAN GO OUT.

JUST SOME JOTTINGS! THE OLD MAN'S OWN VOLUME -- WITH NOTES IN THE MARGINS IN HIS OWN HAND...

WITH RESPECT, AT THE ACADEMY THE COMPORTMENT IS REGARDED AS THE CLASSIC TEXT ON JUDGING.

IT'S ALL ABOUT ATTITUDE -- THE WAY YOU ACT, THE WAY YOU TALK, THE WAY YOU CARRY YOURSELF. ON THE STREETS THAT CAN BE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIVING AND DYING.

IT'S PROBABLY SAVED MORE LIVES THAN YOU REALISE.

IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, MIND IF I KEEP IT?

BE MY GUEST.

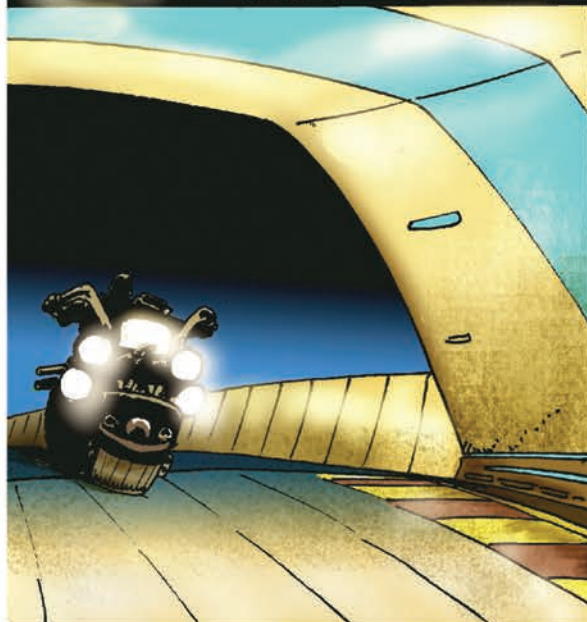
GUESS THAT'S ABOUT IT. THE END OF AN ERA...

COMBINATION'S ON THE BLINK. BLOCK SUPER'S BEEN INFORMED. KEYS IN THE DRAWER OVER THERE.

'IT'S ALL YOURS.'

SOMEONE'S COMING.



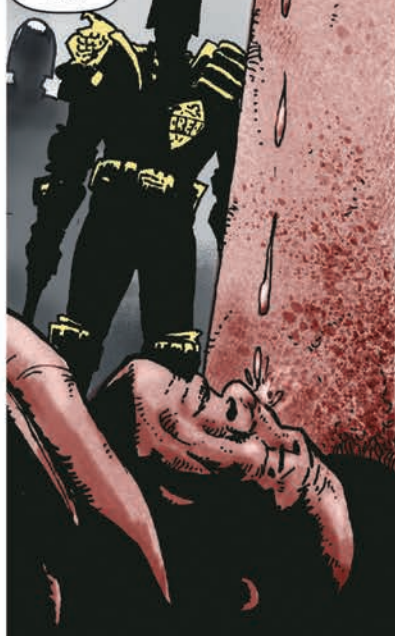






THAT WATER NOZZLE'S BEEN DRIPPING FOR YEARS -- DRIPPING WHEN I CAME IN. WHEN I CAME OUT, IT WASN'T.

WONDERED WHY.



HEX WILSON. BEEN RIDING HIM HARD ON HIS GLANDING BUSINESS.

YOU'VE GOT ENEMIES NOW?

BUILDING UP A FULL SET.



AND SO THE WORLD GOES ROUND.

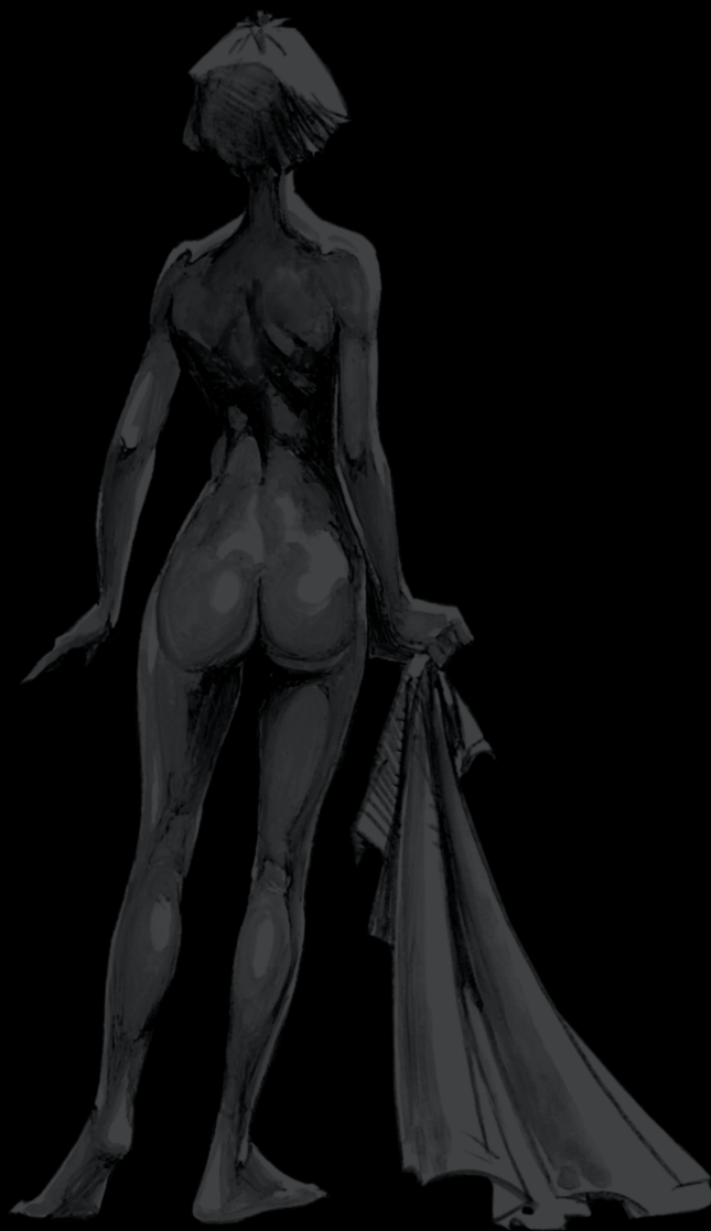


WELL, HAVE FUN.



I'LL LEAVE YOU TO EXPLAIN THIS ONE TO THE BLOCK COMMITTEE!





THE END OF THE AFFAIR

Script: John Wagner

Art: Ian Gibson

Letters: Tom Frame

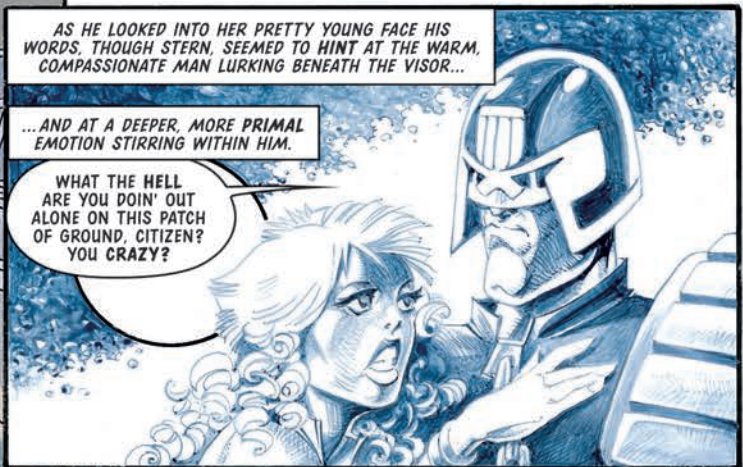
Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1281



IT HAD BEGUN SO LONG AGO...YET EVERY
DETAIL WAS FIXED IN BELLA BAGLEY'S
MIND AS IF IT WAS YESTERDAY.



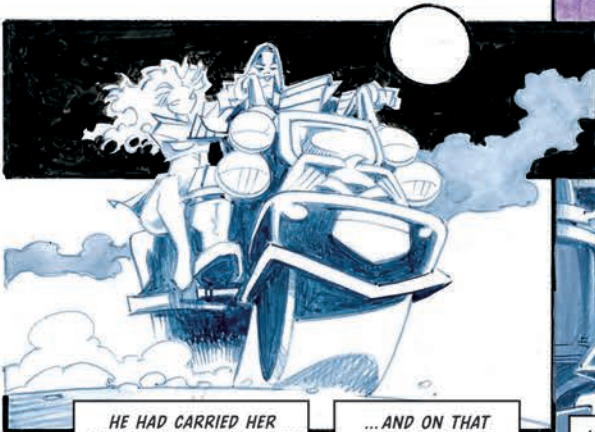
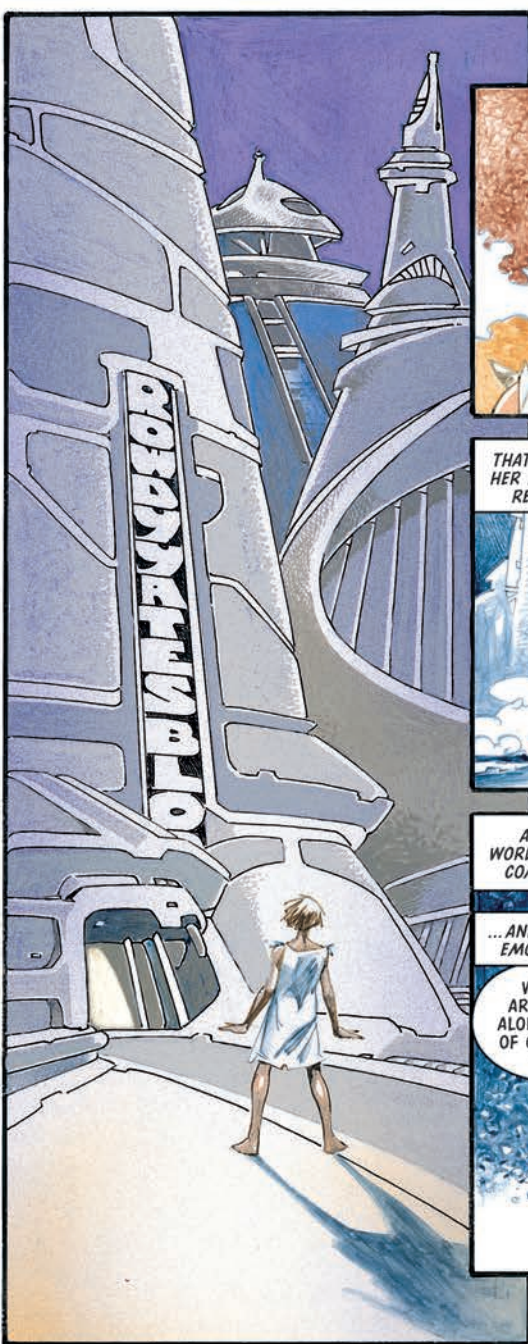
THAT DARK NIGHT WHEN HE HAD RIDDEN INTO
HER LIFE, A KNIGHT IN ARMOUR CAME TO HER
RESCUE, TALL AND HANDSOME AND BOLD.



AS HE LOOKED INTO HER PRETTY YOUNG FACE HIS
WORDS, THOUGH STERN, SEEMED TO HINT AT THE WARM,
COMPASSIONATE MAN LURKING BENEATH THE VISOR...

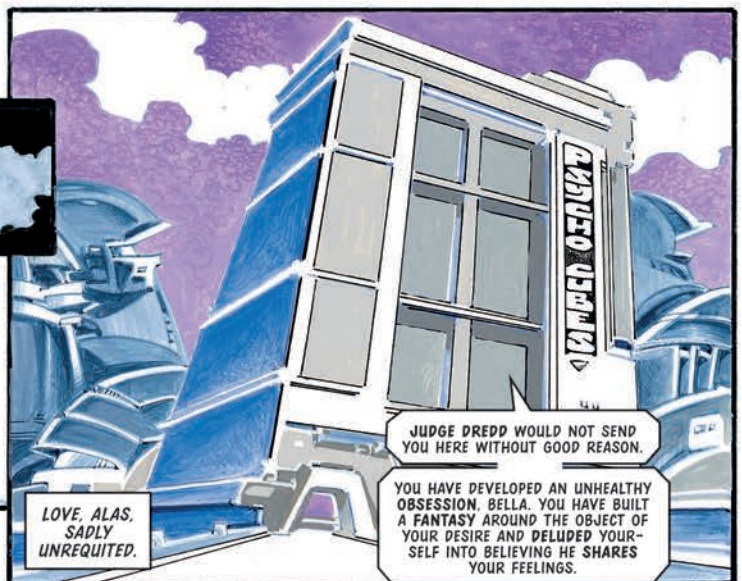
...AND AT A DEEPER, MORE PRIMAL
EMOTION STIRRING WITHIN HIM.

WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU DOIN' OUT
ALONE ON THIS PATCH
OF GROUND, CITIZEN?
YOU CRAZY?



HE HAD CARRIED HER
BACK TO HER APARTMENT,
HER ARMS ENTWINED
ROUND HIS TAUT,
MUSCULAR BODY...

...AND ON THAT
ALL-TOO-SHORT
JOURNEY BELLA
BAGLEY HAD FALLEN
IN LOVE.



JUDGE PREDD WOULD NOT SEND
YOU HERE WITHOUT GOOD REASON.

LOVE, ALAS,
SADLY
UNREQUITED.

YOU HAVE DEVELOPED AN UNHEALTHY
OBSESSION, BELLA. YOU HAVE BUILT
A FANTASY AROUND THE OBJECT OF
YOUR DESIRE AND DELUDED YOUR-
SELF INTO BELIEVING HE SHARES
YOUR FEELINGS.

WHAT YOU MUST REALISE IS THAT JUDGE DREDD CANNOT LOVE YOU. HE IS INCAPABLE OF LOVE IN THE NORMAL SENSE.

OH, NO, YOU'RE WRONG, YOU'RE SO WRONG! HE CARES SO MUCH!

DON'T YOU SEE, HE'S DOING THIS BECAUSE HE LOVES ME! HIS JOB IS SO DANGEROUS... ANY MOMENT HE COULD BE KILLED AND I'D BE ALONE! HE'S TRYING TO PROTECT ME IN THE ONLY WAY HE KNOWS...

OH, JOE, YOU SILLY THING, DID YOU THINK I WOULD FALL FOR IT? DID YOU THINK THIS WOULD MAKE ME STOP LOVING YOU? YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW ME AT ALL.

Tsk.

SHE HAD BEEN IN AND OUT OF THE PSYCHO CUBES, RELEASED INTO THE CUSTODY OF HER PARENTS IN THEIR CRAMPED ERIC SEGAL APARTMENT.

THAT'S WHERE HE HAD COME TO HER...

ELDESTERS OUT?

BAT LESSON EVERY WEDNESDAY.

YOU KNOW THAT, SILLY.

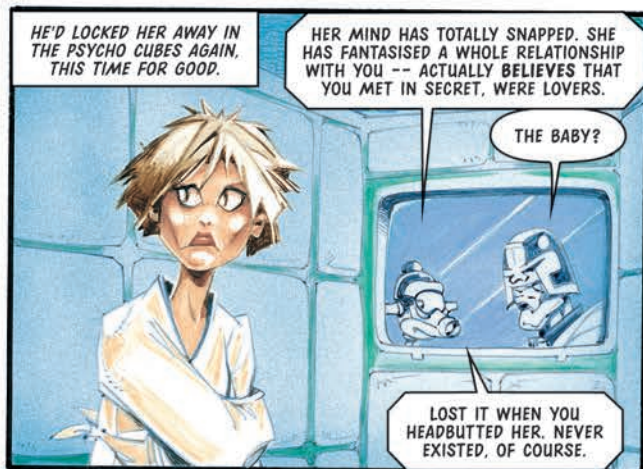
JUST CHECKING.

WHEN THE BABY CAME HE DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW.

PERHAPS SHE'D GONE A LITTLE FAR, HOLDING THE GERIATRIC WARD HOSTAGE, KILLING THEM ONE BY ONE.

BUT THEY'D HAD THEIR INNINGS. THIS WAS HER TIME --

THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE SHE CAME FROM! SO GET OVER HERE! YOUR PLACE IS BY ME!

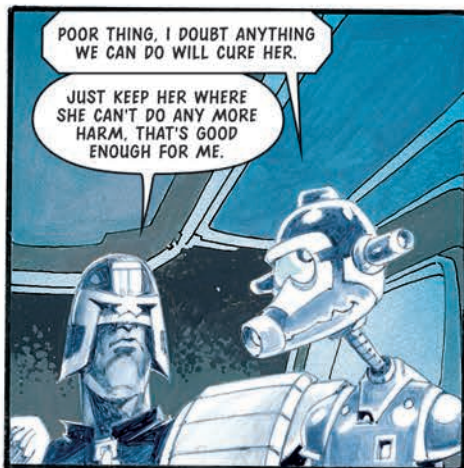


HE'D LOCKED HER AWAY IN THE PSYCHO CUBES AGAIN, THIS TIME FOR GOOD.

HER MIND HAS TOTALLY SNAPPED. SHE HAS FANTASISED A WHOLE RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU -- ACTUALLY BELIEVES THAT YOU MET IN SECRET, WERE LOVERS.

THE BABY?

LOST IT WHEN YOU HEADBUTTED HER. NEVER EXISTED, OF COURSE.



POOR THING, I DOUBT ANYTHING WE CAN DO WILL CURE HER.

JUST KEEP HER WHERE SHE CAN'T DO ANY MORE HARM. THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.



VAN WAS TRANSPORTING NUTS TO THE NEW PSYCHO CUBES ON 7TH. WE HAVE ONE ESCAPEE -- FEMALE, BAGLEY, BELLA BAGLEY.



AS THE YEARS PASSED BELLA HAD SLOWLY COME TO UNDERSTAND... HE WAS TESTING HER.

HIS LOVE WAS SPECIAL, NOT TO BE BESTOWED ON ANY FLY-BY-NIGHT. HE LOVED HER, YES -- OH, HOW HE LOVED HER. THOSE NIGHTS OF PASSION TOGETHER, THEY COULDN'T BE FAKED. HE HAD BEEN LIKE A WILD ANIMAL IN HIS DESIRE FOR HER...

THAT NAME RINGS A BELL.



ALL HE WANTED -- ALL HE DEMANDED -- WAS THAT SHE PROVE HER LOVE FOR HIM.

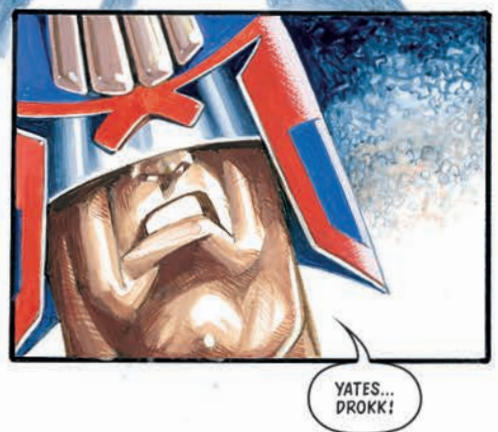
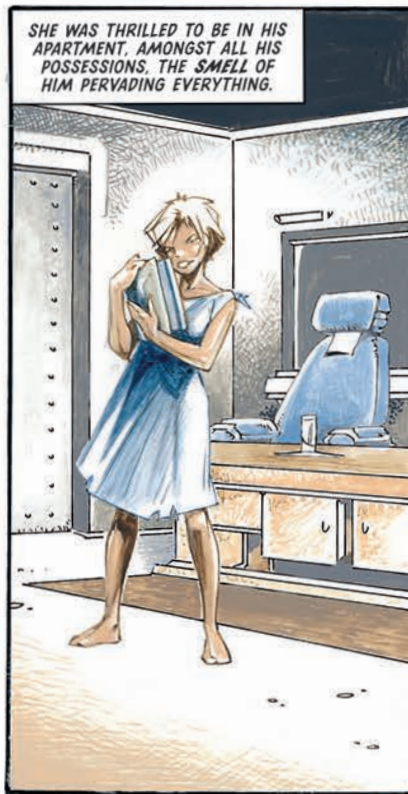
WHAT OBSTACLES WOULD SHE OVERCOME? WHAT MOUNTAINS WOULD SHE CLIMB TO WIN HIM-?

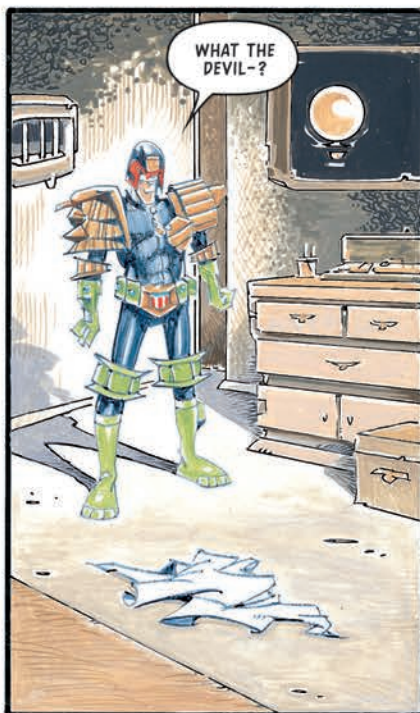
MY BOYFRIEND'S ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED ME OUT OF HIS APARTMENT. I NEED THE KEY.

YOUR BOYFRIEND?



JUDGE DREDD.





DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW ME, JOE--- WE'VE HAD ALL THAT BEFORE! YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE ME ANGRY, AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH FOR YOU!





RICO-!

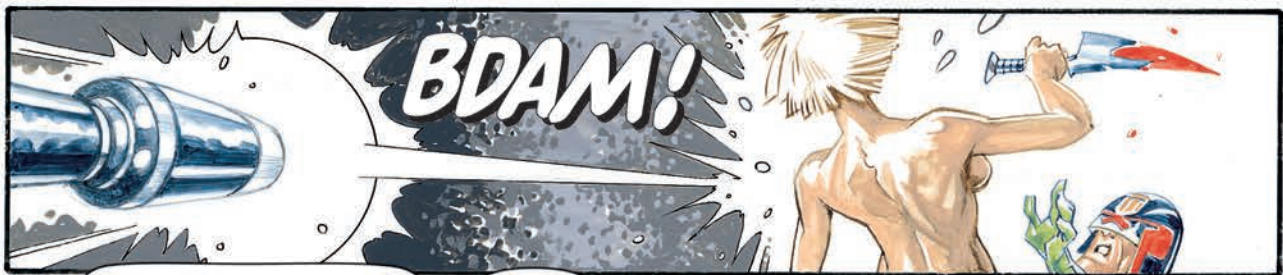


DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU TO HELL,
JOE DREDD! YOU WON'T TURN
YOUR BACK ON ME AGAIN!

DROKK!



NO, JOE,
THE WORD IS
DARLING!

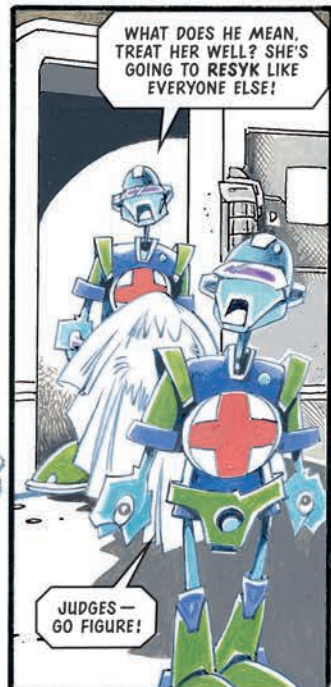
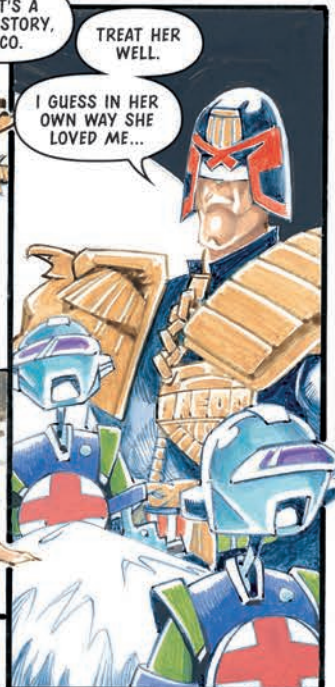
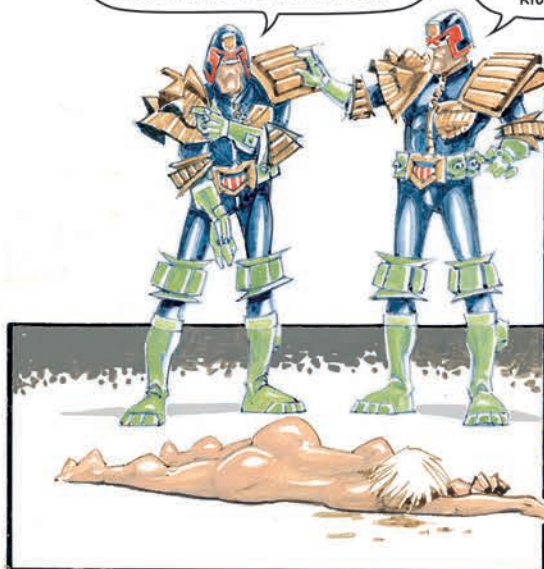


A QUIET RETREAT, YOU SAID...THAT'S
THE SECOND TIME I'VE BEEN ATTACKED
SINCE I MOVED IN. WHO WAS SHE?

THAT'S A
LONG STORY,
RICO.

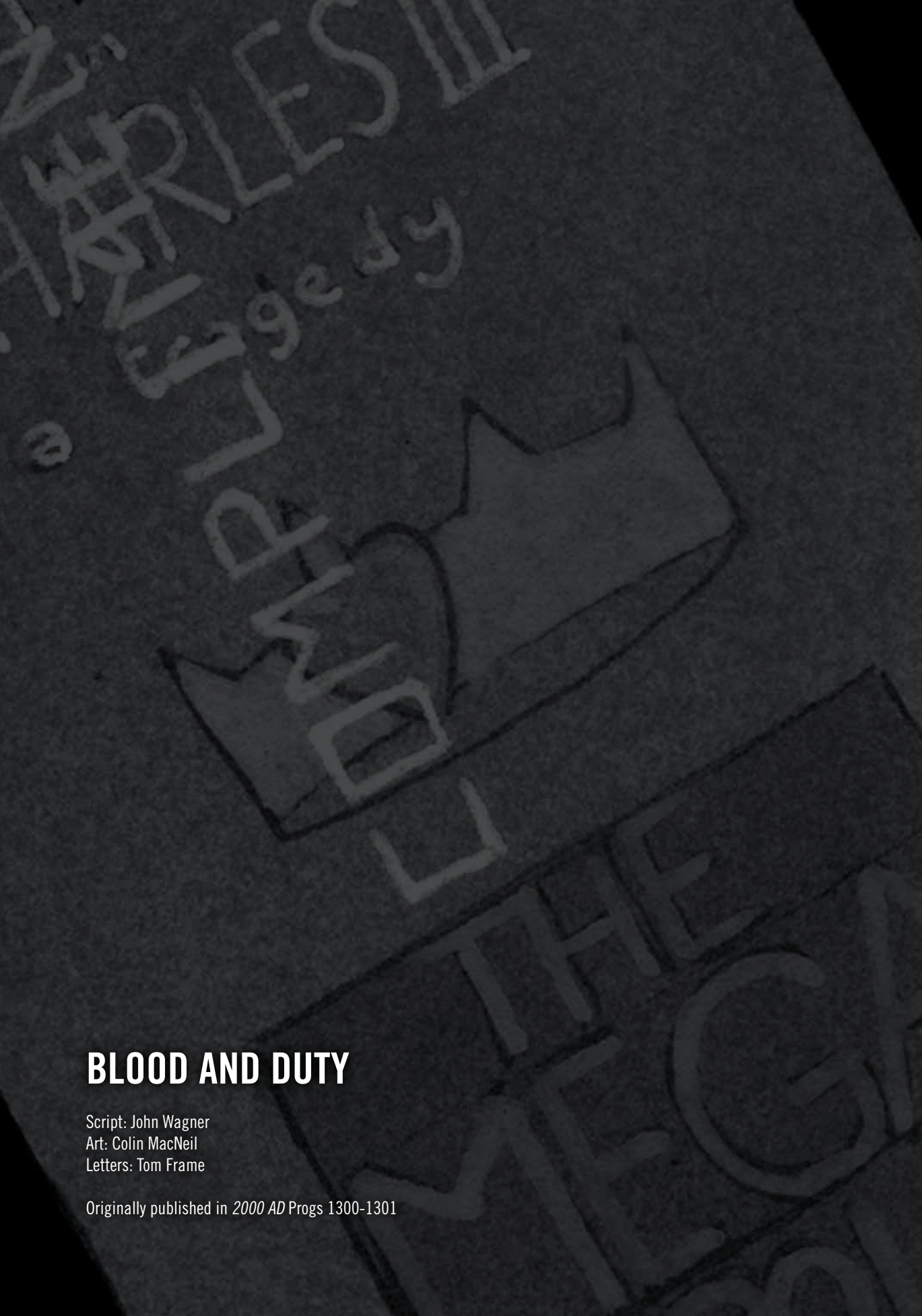
TREAT HER
WELL.

I GUESS IN HER
OWN WAY SHE
LOVED ME...



WHAT DOES HE MEAN,
TREAT HER WELL? SHE'S
GOING TO RESYK LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE!

JUDGES—
GO FIGURE!



BLOOD AND DUTY

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

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1300-1301



ANY UNIT, VICINITY
RAZNIK, MY PILE-UP.
THERE ARE CASUALTIES.
MED WAGON ATTENDING.

GANG ACTIVITY
REPORTED, BRONSON.
POTENTIAL CONFRONT.
BE ON LOOKOUT.



DREDD,
HOVERLODGE ON
THE STRIP. SIGN
ME OFF FOR TEN.
PERSONAL.

KEEP IT BRIEF.
DREDD, STREETS
ARE JUMPING
TONIGHT.



NEXT TIME,
FIND A PUBLIC
FACILITY.

WAIT HERE.



HELLO,
VIENNA.

COME IN,
UNCLE JOE.



I GOT YOUR MESSAGE.

YOU GOT MY MESSAGE...



I WONDERED WHAT YOU WOULD SAY. I THOUGHT MAYBE HOW ARE YOU, VIENNA? OR HOW HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING ALL THIS TIME?

WHAT IS IT, UNCLE JOE, TWENTY-THREE YEARS?



IF YOU KILLED DADDY... THEN YOU MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON. I STILL LOVE YOU, UNCLE JOE.



TWENTY-THREE YEARS...



YOU MUST HELP VIENNA TO STOP LOVING ME, MRS PASTERNAK.

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A COLD ONE! YOU'VE NO HEART AT ALL. JOE DREDD! YOU'RE JUST A SOULLESS MACHINE!



SO...HOW ARE YOU, VIENNA?



WELL ENOUGH. MY CAREER'S COMING ALONG. NO LEADS YET - I PLAY THE TRAGIC HEROINE'S SISTER. THAT SORT OF THING -- BUT I'M GETTING THERE.

I WORK HARD. FAMILY TRAIT.



I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A CALL WHILE I WAS HERE. THE COMPANY'S ONLY PLAYING ONE NIGHT.

I KNOW YOU'RE VERY BUSY, BUT I HOPED YOU COULD SPARE ME A FEW MINUTES. THERE ARE QUESTIONS I NEED TO ASK YOU.



I KNOW YOU KILLED MY FATHER. HE WENT BAD AND YOU SENT HIM TO TITAN, AND WHEN HE CAME BACK YOU SHOT HIM.

DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU, RICO!

DRAW, DARN YOU!

I WISH THERE HAD BEEN ANY OTHER WAY.

I'VE NEVER BLAMED YOU FOR THAT. YOU WERE BROTHERS, CLONE BROTHERS -- I KNOW YOU LOVED HIM...

I'VE ALWAYS KEPT THIS HOLO -- YOU AND HIM.

BUT WHAT ABOUT MY MOTHER, UNCLE JOE? YOU NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT MY MOTHER. DID YOU KILL HER TOO?

NO.

THAT'S NOT WHAT MRS PASTERNAK SAID.

MRS PASTERNAK HAS HER OWN AXE TO GRIND.

SO WHAT HAPPENED? TELL ME, I'D LIKE TO HEAR IT.

YOUR MOTHER'S NAME WAS BROWN, FABIENNE BROWN. A REPORTER.

IF YOU'VE DONE ANY DIGGING, YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT.

SHE'D BEEN GIVEN PERMISSION TO DO A SERIES ON THE JUDGES' PENAL COLONY ON TITAN. SHE DID A LOT MORE THAN THAT...

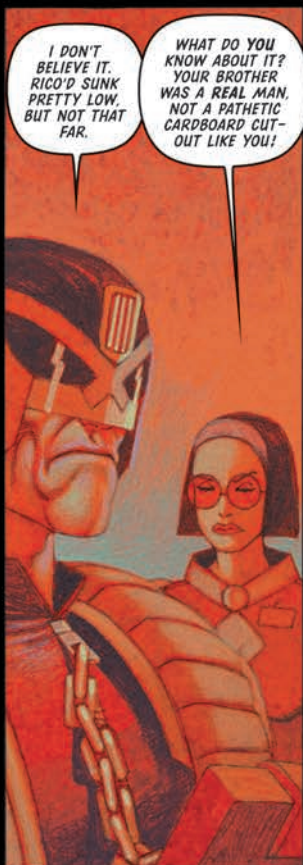


'...beneath the monster they'd turned Rico into, I sensed a fragile, lonely man crying out for solace in his torment.

'I steeled myself against the ghastly deformity that had once been his face, and there on the floor of the interview room we made love.'

YOU WRITE THIS GARBAGE, BROWN?

I STAND BY EVERY WORD I SAID.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT. RICO'D SUNK PRETTY LOW, BUT NOT THAT FAR.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? YOUR BROTHER WAS A REAL MAN, NOT A PATHETIC CARDBOARD CUT-OUT LIKE YOU!



'SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH. TESTS CONFIRMED YOU WERE RICO'S DAUGHTER.'

FRATERNISING WITH A PRISONER IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE. I'M SENTENCING YOU TO TWO YEARS' ENCUBEMENT.

YOU'RE SOME PIECE OF WORK, JOE DREDD! RICO'S CLONE -- THIS COULD BE YOUR OWN DAUGHTER -- AND YOU'RE LOCKING HER MOTHER UP?



THE LAW'S THE LAW. I CAN'T OVERLOOK A CRIME. TAKE HER AWAY.



YOUR MOTHER DIED IN THE CUBES, ON THE EXERCISE DECK. ATTACKED BY A PSYCHOTIC. BROKEN NECK, MULTIPLE LACERATIONS.

INEXCUSABLE. WARDERS WERE DISCIPLINED. I DEEPLY REGRET THAT IT HAPPENED, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD HAVE DONE TO PREVENT IT.

YOU JUST DID YOUR DUTY.

YES, MY DUTY.



CONTROL TO DREDD! WE HAVE A CODE 191. HARBOR SEVEN! SENIOR JUDGE REQUIRED!

GIVE ME ANOTHER FIVE, DAMMIT!



SEEMS EVERYTHING COMES DOWN TO YOUR DUTY, MY FATHER, MY MOTHER...

IS THAT WHY YOU CUT ME OUT OF YOUR LIFE? BECAUSE YOU FELT GUILTY?

I DID IT FOR YOUR SAKE, VIENNA.

I WAS A JUDGE -- ONE DAY I'D BE KILLED TOO. WHAT WOULD IT DO TO YOU WHEN THAT HAPPENED, IF I LET YOU GO ON LOVING ME? YOU'D SUFFERED ENOUGH.



SO YOU SENT ME AWAY. ME AND MRS PASTERNAK, ALL BY OURSELVES. TO BRIT-CIT--

...AND FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS YOU NEVER CAME TO SEE ME. NOT A LETTER, NOT A CALL, NOT A BIRTHDAY CARD...



DIDN'T IT OCCUR TO YOU, UNCLE JOE, THAT MAYBE IT'S BETTER TO LOVE SOMEONE AND LOSE THEM THAN NEVER TO BE LOVED AT ALL?



I...NO. NO IT DIDN'T...

I DID WHAT I THOUGHT WAS BEST.



GOODNESS, IT'S A
WAR ZONE OUT
THERE. IS IT ALWAYS
LIKE THIS?

TONIGHT'S BAD.
SOMETHING IN
THE AIR.

I CAN SEE I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU.
YOU HAVE YOUR DUTY - AND WE KNOW
HOW IMPORTANT THAT IS TO YOU.

THANK YOU FOR SPARING ME THIS TIME,
UNCLE JOE. IT'S COMFORTING TO KNOW
THAT AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T HATE ME.

OF COURSE NOT.
VIENNA, I--

CONTROL TO DREDD, WE
HAVE AN ARMED SIEGE,
RUBIX SQUARE! OFFICERS
DOWN! YOUR PRESENCE
REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY!

READY NOW.

I HAVE
TO GO.

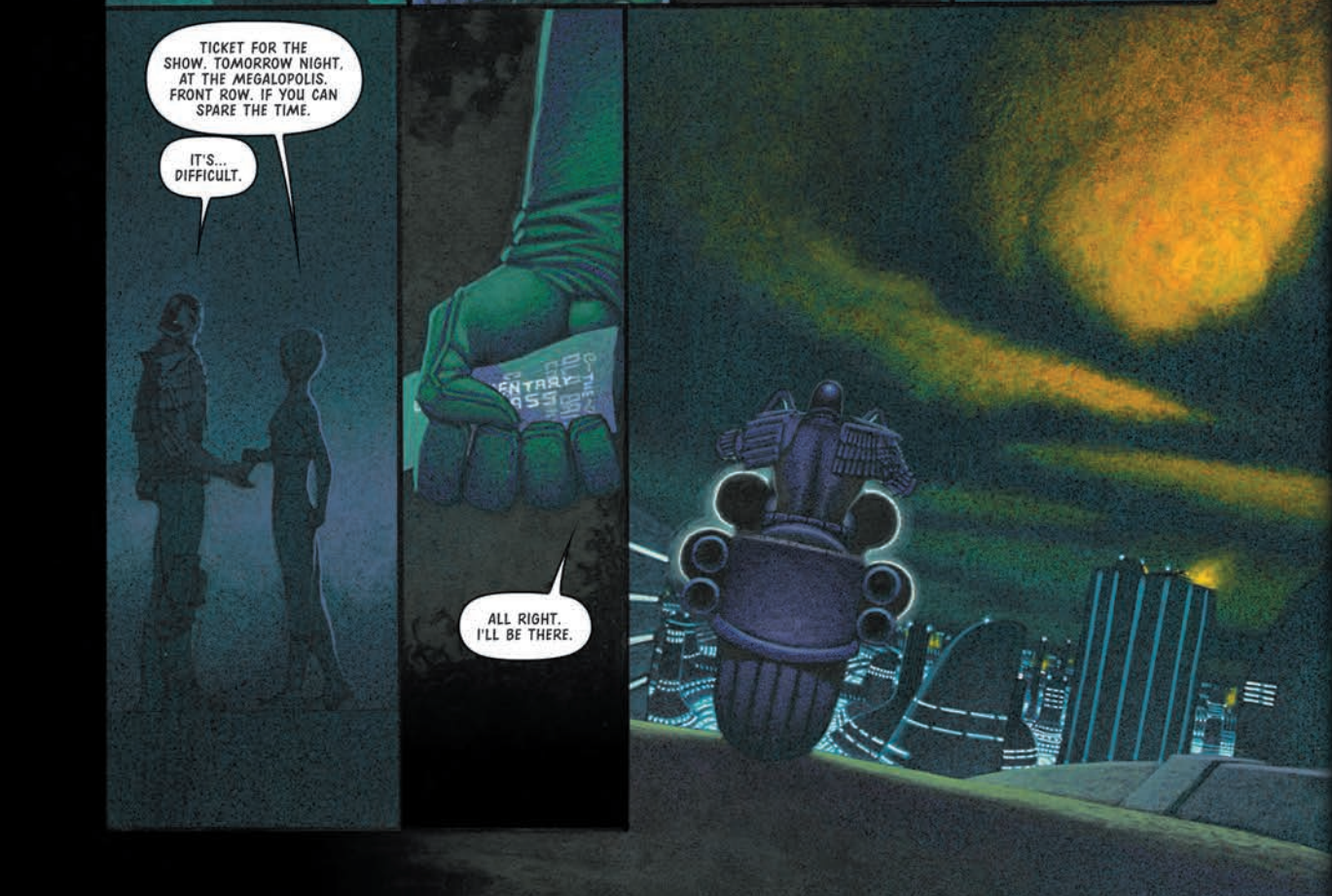
OF COURSE.

UNCLE
JOE--

TICKET FOR THE
SHOW, TOMORROW NIGHT,
AT THE MEGALOPOLIS.
FRONT ROW, IF YOU CAN
SPARE THE TIME.

IT'S...
DIFFICULT.

ALL RIGHT.
I'LL BE THERE.



GLADYS ECKS?

YES.

THIS PEDRO?

YES, WHY?
HAS HE DONE
SOMETHING?

SCHOOL ESSAY, MRS ECKS.
PEDRO TOLD US SOME
INTERESTING THINGS
ABOUT YOU.

SO YOUR HUSBAND DIED LAST YEAR
AND YOU'VE KEPT ON CLAIMING HIS WELFARE
ALLOWANCE. YOU **SHOPLIFT** REGULARLY FROM
THE CORNER MART. YOU COLLECTED
234 CREDITS FOR THE BLOCK CHARITY
AND **FAILED** TO HAND IT IN.

YES!

I'M S-S-SORRY,
MOMMY!

THESE ARE SERIOUS OFFENCES, MRS
ECKS. I'VE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO SEND
YOU AWAY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

I'M SENDING
VIENNA AWAY.
MRS PASTERNAK.

JUDGES' COMPASSIONATE
ALLOWANCE WILL COVER EXPENSES.
SHE'LL RECEIVE A FIRST-CLASS
EDUCATION IN BRIT-CIT.

SAFER THERE -- BETTER
FOR HER, AWAY FROM
ALL THE MEMORIES.

SHE'S IN THE WAY OF
YOUR PRECIOUS DUTY,
AND NOW YOU'RE GETTING
RID OF HER, THAT'S WHAT
YOU MEAN! YOU'VE GOT A
HEART AS COLD AS
STONE, JOE DREDD!

I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR
MY NIECE. FOR SAFETY REASONS
SHE SHOULD ADOPT YOUR NAME.
ANY LINK TO ME MAY MAKE
HER A TARGET.

IT'S BEST IF I DON'T SEE HER
AGAIN. I'VE BROUGHT HER NOTHING
BUT MISERY SO FAR. HELP HER TO
FORGET ME, MRS PASTERNAK.



AH, VIENNA! LITTLE BUG IN THE WORKS. I'M AFRAID -- NAMELY MARION'S WORKS. HA HA. SOMETHING SHE PICKED UP AT THE HOTEL. GOING TO NEED YOU TO STEP INTO THE SAINTED GUCCIS TONIGHT.

THE LEAD...
OF COURSE!

ALL DAY LONG HIS THOUGHTS HAVE KEPT RETURNING TO HIS NIECE...

SHE'D MADE HIM FEEL ALMOST GUILTY.

HADN'T HE ALWAYS KEPT AN EYE ON HER? HADN'T HE READ EVERY SCHOOL REPORT THEY'D SENT HIM, WATCHED HER GROW UP FROM A COMPUTER TERMINAL AN OCEAN AWAY?

CARED ENOUGH TO CUT HER FREE FROM HIMSELF -- THE GREATEST SERVICE HE COULD HAVE DONE HER.

HE'D CARED.

SWAKKKK

NOW SHE WANTS TO RAKE UP THE ASHES...

CONTROL. FOUR FOR THE CUBES. EATERIE ON ARBUCKLE. THAT'S ARV. EIGHT YEARS ALL ROUND.

NOW SIGNING OFF PATROL.

THAT'S A ROJ.

THE
LOPOLIS



BANG!

PUBERT,
NO-!



ALL UNITS,
WE HAVE A CODE
99, BROOKNER
WARREN! ROGUE
CITIDEF UNIT!
JUDGE DOWN,
UNDER FIRE!



REPEAT! CODE 99,
BROOKNER WARREN!
JUDGE LOSING BLOOD
FAST. MEDS CAN'T GET
THROUGH!



DREDD!
ETA THE WARREN,
SIX O!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
OWING TO THE INDISPOSITION OF
MARION CLAIRE, THE ROLE OF
THE PRINCESS WILL TONIGHT BE
PLAYED BY VIENNA PASTERNAK.



KEMBLE'S GOING
FAST. CONTROL! GET
THOSE MEDS IN
HERE NOW!



I'LL GIVE
THEM COVERING
FIRE!

EITHER THAT
WOMAN GOES
OR I DO!

SHALL I HAVE
THE FOOTMAN
PACK A BAG?

SURVIVORS
PINNED ON THE
CROSSBLOCK!

IS THIS TO BE MY
FATE -- TO SPEND MY
LIFE CRAVING AFFECTION
FROM A MAN WHO CAN
NEVER LOVE ME?

TWO OF THE CREEPS
HOLED UP IN THE
FLOATION ROOM. HAD
TO BRING IN SOME
HEAVY ARTILLERY TO
WINKLE THEM OUT.

TWENTY YEARS, MANDATORY
PSYCHIATRIC! INTERROGATE THE REST
OF THAT CITIDEF -- BACKROOM STAFF
MUST HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THIS.

HE DIDN'T
COME.

I'M SORRY.

REPORT FROM THE
MEDS, DREDD, LOOKS
LIKE KEMBLE'S GOING
TO MAKE IT.

THAT'S
GOOD TO
KNOW.

23.30. THIS MEAN
YOU'RE OFFICIALLY
BACK ON PATROL?

DAMN - !



PASTERNAK--
VIENNA
PASTERNAK?

TRY
BACKSTAGE.
SOME OF THE
CAST ARE STILL
THERE.



YOU LOOKING
FOR VIENNA?

SHE WENT ON THE
FIRST HOV. WE'RE FLYING
OUT TONIGHT. IF YOU
HURRY YOU CAN STILL
CATCH HER.



NO.

NO. JUST TELL
HER SORRY I
MISSED HER.

CALL OF DUTY.

NO
WAITING



PASSENGERS ON GLOBAL
FLIGHT 2901 TO TEXAS
CITY PLEASE PROCEED TO
THE RECEPTION LOUNGE.

ANY UNIT, VICINITY
PRU BOULEVARD! WE HAVE
A CODE 40 VIOLATION!
CITIZENS INJURED!

DREDD!
I'LL TAKE THAT
CODE 40!





THE SATANIST

Script: John Wagner
Art: Charlie Adlard
Colour: Chris Blythe
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1350-1356



THE BEST WOMAN
I EVER HAD WAS
IN A LITTLE BAR
IN FRISCO.



CHARLIE HUNG
HER FOR A FULL
TWO WEEKS IN THE
BACK ROOM.



SHE LITERALLY
FELL OFF THE
FORK.



THESE STACKPOLE'S?

IN HIS POSSESSION WHEN WE
ARRESTED HIM. I'VE COPIED OUT THE
CALL LOG. SOME BIG NAMES THERE.

BRING THEM IN. ANYONE
WHO EVER ATTENDED HIS
DINNER PARTIES. I DON'T
CARE WHO THEY ARE.



SPARE ME THE RECIPE, SICKO! I WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT THE SEVEN CITIZENS WE
FOUND IN YOUR CHILLER!

EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS,
THERE WERE STILL CASES THAT
MADE HIM SHUDDER.

SOME REAL SICK PEOPLE
IN THIS WORLD...



bzzzz
bzzzz

RESERVATION FOR
THE CANNIBAL CLUB?



THERE YOU ARE! WELL,
THIS IS A FINE TURN UP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
ABOUT IT. THAT'S WHAT
I WANT TO KNOW!

MRS PASTERNAK-?

THREE DAYS SHE'S BEEN GONE!
DISAPPEARED! NO ONE KNOWS WHERE!
AND DO YOU LIFT A FINGER?

WHO'S
DISAPPEARED?

WHO DO YOU THINK? YOUR NIECE -- VIENNA! ANYTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HER! BUT WHAT DO YOU CARE? WHEN DID YOU EVER CARE, JOE DREDD? THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN YOUR PROBLEM!

WHAT'S YOUR GAME? WHO IS THIS?

MRS PASTERNAK--!

YOUR NIECE -- RICO'S DAUGHTER?

HOW'D IT COME THROUGH ON STACKPOLE'S COM?

I DON'T KNOW...

AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING EVEN STRANGER, LOGAN... MRS PASTERNAK DIED LAST MONTH.

CALL CAME THROUGH VIA SATELLITE, UNREGISTERED COM LOCATED BRIT-CIT CENTRAL. NO TRACE POSSIBLE.

GET ONTO BRIT-CIT. I WANT A CHECK ON PASTERNAK, VIENNA, 145 BRIDE MANSIONS, LUDGATE ENCLAVE.

SOMETIMES YOU GET A FEELING... BAD THINGS ARE IN THE WIND.

MAYBE IT WAS THE GLOOM THE CANNIBAL HAD CAST OVER HIS SPIRITS. A DEEP MOOD OF DESPAIR FOR HUMANITY. THE 22ND CENTURY AND THESE THINGS STILL WENT ON.

OR MAYBE IT WAS JUST THAT SIXTH SENSE THAT HAD WARNED HIM SO OFTEN IN THE PAST...

...SOMETHING EVIL WAS AFOOT.

VIENNA PASTERNAK WAS REPORTED ABSENT BY EMPLOYERS SIX DAYS AGO, DREDD. FILED AS A MISSING PERSON. YOU HAVE AN INTEREST IN HER?

THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE.

TELL BRIT-CIT I'M ON MY WAY.



MS PASTERNAK DIDN'T TURN UP FOR REHEARSALS AND FAILED TO ANSWER HER COM. ONE OF HER FELLOW ACTORS -- A SYLVIA MESSENGER -- CAME ROUND TO CHECK ON HER.

THIS MESSENGER HAD A KEY?

MS PASTERNAK'S SPARE. THEY'RE GOOD FRIENDS.

MESSANGER FOUND THE APARTMENT AS YOU SEE IT. NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE, NOTHING UNTOWARD.

SHE LEFT A NOTE FOR PASTERNAK. WHEN SHE FAILED TO APPEAR BY THE NEXT DAY, WE WERE INFORMED.

THIS WAS TAKEN BY THE BUILDING SECURITY CAM SUNDAY AT 19.38.

EVENING WEAR, I GUESS WHAT THEY CALL SMART CASUAL. A DATE PERHAPS. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO'S PLANNING TO DISAPPEAR.

DID... MY NIECE HAVE MANY MEN FRIENDS?

TWO OR THREE. NOTHING SERIOUS. SHE... APPARENTLY WASN'T AN EASY PERSON TO GET CLOSE TO.

AS FAR AS MESSENGER KNOWS, SHE HASN'T SEEN ANY OF THEM FOR SEVERAL WEEKS. SINCE REHEARSALS BEGAN. NAMES ARE IN THE DOSSIER IF YOU WANT TO DOUBLE CHECK.

WE'VE SEARCHED THE APARTMENT AND HER DRESSING ROOM. SPOKEN TO FRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS -- CHECKED HER CALLS. BEEN THROUGH EVERY NAME ON HER CONTACT LIST.

IT'S BEEN ON THE NEWS. VIENNA'S BEEN GETTING SOME BIG ROLES WITH HER THEATRE COMPANY. HER FACE IS NOT EXACTLY UNKNOWN.

DOSSIER. MULTI-KEY. WEAPONS PERMIT. TEMPORARY BADGE OF ASSIGNMENT TO BRIT-CIT JUDICIARY. CONTROL FREQUENCY'S ON 66. YOU NEED ANYTHING, CALL IN.

APPRECIATE IT.

HOPE YOU FIND HER. COULD BE NOTHING. YOU KNOW WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE ARE LIKE.

NO...

AND NO ONE'S REPORTED SEEING HER AFTER SHE LEFT THIS BUILDING?

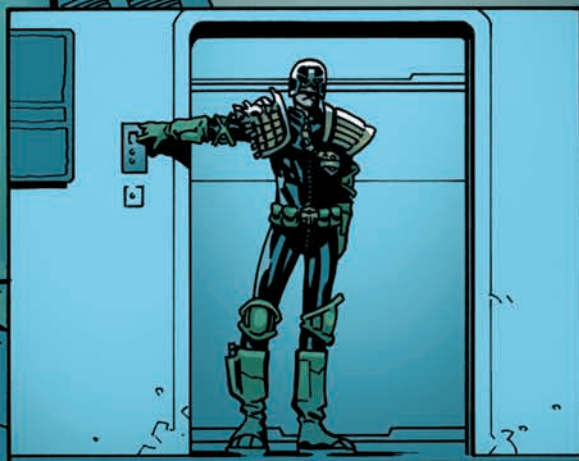
I'M SORRY.

THE TROUBLE WAS, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE WERE LIKE.

HIS NIECE -- RICO'S KID. HIS OWN BLOOD... COULD BE HIS OWN DAUGHTER... AND HE DIDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT HER.



MRS PASTERNAK... HAD SHE COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO ADMONISH HIM?



START WITH SYLVIA MESSENGER--

SHE WASN'T DEPRESSED OR ANYTHING. I MEAN, IT WASN'T ALWAYS EASY TO TELL WITH VIENNA, BUT SHE SEEMED HAPPY.

WHO'S AFRAID
OF HAROLD PINTER

AS HAPPY AS SHE'S EVER BEEN, REALLY. SHE'S PLAYING THE LEAD IN *MAGGIE* NEXT SEASON -- IT'S A DREAM PART. IT'S WHAT SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED.

WAS SHE FINDING IT DIFFICULT? STRESSFUL?

I SHOULD THINK SO. WE LIVE ON OUR NERVES, JUDGE. NOTHING VIENNA COULDN'T HANDLE. SHE IS VERY TALENTED, YOU KNOW.

SHE DIDN'T MENTION A DATE THAT NIGHT? A MEETING WITH ANYONE?

EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR. NO SECRET ATTACHMENTS. NO BIG OUTSIDE INTERESTS. A PERFECT, SELF-CONTAINED LITTLE LIFE.

JUST ONE LOUSY UNCLE WHO DIDN'T CARE ENOUGH...

CUT IT OUT.

TOMORROW HE'D START ON THE BOYFRIENDS. YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE WHAT GOES ON BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE...

WHAT THE DEVIL--?

LIGHTS IN THE APARTMENT!

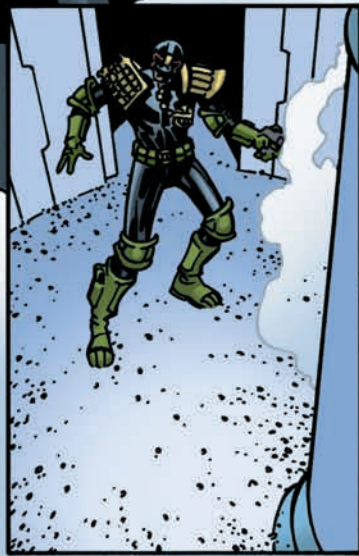




THIS IS JUDGE
DREDD! WHOEVER YOU
ARE, COME OUT OF
THERE!

SO YOU FINALLY GOT
HERE, JOE DREDD! TOO
LATE -- AS USUAL, TOO
DAMNED LATE!

TOO DAMNED
LATE!





THIS IS PREDD.
I WANT A DEBUGGING
UNIT DOWN HERE, 14b
BRIDE MANSIONS.

WE'VE SCANNED FOR
ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE
DEVICES, HOLOGRAPHIC AND
PSIONIC PROJECTORS.
THERE'S NOTHING HERE.

I'VE SEEN
STRANGER
THINGS, BUT I
DON'T BUY IT.

SOMEONE'S HELLBENT
OF SENDING ME ON A
HEAVY GUILT TRIP.
WHY, I DON'T KNOW.

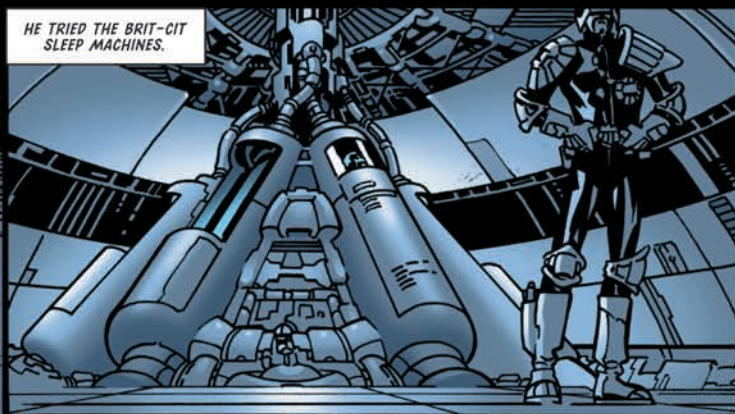
THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO SUGGEST
THEY'VE SPOKEN WITH VIENNA. IT'S
POSSIBLE THEY'RE HOLDING HER...

YOU THINK THE
APARTMENT MAY
BE... HAUNTED?

HOW LONG'S IT
BEEN SINCE YOU
HAD ANY SLEEP?

NOTHING YOU CAN DO
TONIGHT. WE'VE SET ASIDE A
CUBICLE FOR YOU IN THE
HALL OF RESIDENCE --
SUGGEST YOU USE IT.

HE TRIED THE BRIT-CIT
SLEEP MACHINES.



OLD SLUMBERFASTS. ALWAYS
GAVE HIM NIGHTMARES.



UNCLE JOE HELP
ME HELP ME UNCLE
JOE HELP ME



MISERABLE MACHINES. BRIT-CIT
MADE. WHY DID NOTHING EVER
WORK RIGHT IN THIS PLACE?

BETTER FOR
THAT?

YOU
JEST.



DON'T BLAME THE BRITS. THEY
COULDN'T BE MORE HELPFUL.
THE PROBLEM WAS HIM.



IF TRUTH WERE TOLD, HE DIDN'T
NEED GHOSTS. HE CARRIED HIS
OWN AROUND INSIDE HIM.



EVER SINCE THEIR MEETING...
LAST YEAR, A WORM OF
SELF-RECRIMINATION THAT
KEPT WRIGGLING AND GROWING
INSIDE HIM.



SO YOU SENT ME AWAY.
ME AND MRS PASTERNAK.
ALL BY OURSELVES --

-- AND FOR TWENTY-THREE
YEARS YOU NEVER CAME TO SEE
ME. NOT A LETTER. NOT A CALL.
NOT A BIRTHDAY CARD...

DIDN'T IT OCCUR TO YOU, UNCLE JOE, THAT MAYBE IT'S BETTER TO LOVE SOMEONE AND LOSE THEM THAN NEVER TO BE LOVED AT ALL?

I...NO. NO. IT DIDN'T...

HAD HE BEEN WRONG ALL THAT TIME? HAD HE FAILED HER, EVERY STEP OF THE WAY?

DAYSTICK SHOVED SO FAR UP HIS BACKSIDE HE COULDN'T BEND, NOT EVEN FOR HER.

bip bip

AND WHEN THE TIME CAME TO PUT THINGS RIGHT...TO BEGIN TO MAKE AMENDS...HAD HE LET HER DOWN AGAIN?

AND NOW...MAYBE MRS PASTERNAK'S GHOST WAS RIGHT. TOO LATE. TOO DAMNED LATE.

YOU WANTED ME TO CHECK IF ANY OF STACKPOLE'S DINNER GUESTS HAD BRIT-CIT ADDRESSES. GOT TWO POSITIVES.

SILFE, RUPERT, 2210 MOULTON CONAPTS. 44, WELL-KNOWN GOURMET AND BOB ABOUT TOWN. WRITES A FOOD COLUMN FOR THE QUARTERLY DOG.

MAKES HIS CROQUE-MONSIEUR WITH THE REAL MONSIEUR. KEEP GOING, LOGAN.

THIS ONE'S INTERESTING. HEATH, ESCOTT, 53. DEALER IN SATANIC ARTEFACTS. RUMOURED TO BE INVOLVED IN A SECRET SATANIST SOCIETY, THE SSS. THAT'S LIKE A HISS WITHOUT THE HI--

THEY HOLD THEIR MEETINGS OUTSIDE THE CITY, SO GRUP KNOWS WHAT THEY GET UP TO.

YOU WANT ME TO MENTION THEIR POSSIBLE INVOLVEMENT IN THE CANNIBAL CASE TO THE BRITS?

NEGATIVE. LET ME SPEAK TO THEM FIRST...



HE RODE OUT INTO THE VAST
SPRAWL OF THE CITY, DOWN
AMONG THE MEAN HOVELS OF
THE UNDERCLASSES...

...WHERE DANGER AND LARCENY
LURKED AMONG THE SHADOWS.

NOT HIS BUSINESS. COULDN'T
START CLEANING UP BRIT-CIT.

DREDD TO BRIT-CIT
CONTROL-- YOU HAVE
AN ARV IN PROGRESS,
GROPE LANE.

EVEN HERE THERE WERE
ATTRactions TO BRING THE
SMART SET FLOCKING FROM THE
SAFETY OF THEIR ENCLAVES...



RUPERT SILFE?
YOUR OFFICE TOLD ME
I'D FIND YOU HERE.



JUDGE DREDD --
THE REAL JUDGE
DREDD?

COME FOR THE FUN
OR JUST TO ROUGH UP
THE LOCALS?

HAW!
PRICELESS,
RUPERT!



ORGIES AREN'T MY STYLE.
LET'S YOU AND ME HAVE A WORD --
WITHOUT THE RA-RA GROUP.

I SAY!



OUT!



I BELIEVE YOU KNOW A MR ONASSIS
STACKPOLE, CITIZEN OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

NO... I DON'T THINK I
RECALL THE NAME.

I BELIEVE YOU MAY HAVE ATTENDED
A DINNER AT HIS PREMISES AT WHICH
HUMAN MEAT WAS CONSUMED.

DEAR ME, NO!
WHAT A PREPOSTEROUS
SUGGESTION!



I CHECKED YOUR COM RECORDS.
THEY SHOW THREE CALLS TO
STACKPOLE LAST YEAR.

I'M NOT HERE TO MONKEY AROUND
WITH YOU, SILFE. YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE
ALREADY. KEEP LYING TO ME AND YOU'RE
GOING TO BUY YOURSELF A WHOLE HEAP
OF GRIEF.



A CALL WAS MADE
TO ME PERSONALLY ON
STACKPOLE'S COM.
LINKED TO A POSSIBLE
KIDNAPPING HERE IN
BRIT-CIT. YOU KNEW
STACKPOLE'S NUMBER --
STARTING TO GET THE
PICTURE?

I-I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
THAT!

Y-YOU CAN'T
COME HERE DOING
THIS TO ME! I'M A
RESPECTED MEMBER
OF THE
COMMUNITY!

THAT'S
ABOUT TO
CHANGE.

SILFE HAD MET ONASSIS STACKPOLE AT A GOURMET LUNCH IN OZ. HIS LAST CALL HAD BEEN MADE OVER TWELVE MONTHS EARLIER. HE KNEW NOTHING OF VIENNA'S DISAPPEARANCE.

HE HAD NEVER KNOWINGLY EATEN HUMAN FLESH.

ON THE FINAL POINT AT LEAST, HE WAS STILL LYING.

MANAGEMENT DON'T WANT YOU BOTHERING THE REGULARS.

WE'LL SHOW YOU OUT. LIKE NOW—UNNFFF!

SPAK!

DON'T BOTHER. I'M FINISHED HERE.

DREDD TO BRIT-CIT CONTROL. SUBJECT SILFE, RUPERT. 2210 MOULTON CONAPTS -- CHECK WITH MEGA-CITY ONE RE POSSIBLE INVOLVEMENT IN CANNIBAL CASE.

WILL DO.

THE CALL ALERTING HIM TO HIS NIECE'S DISAPPEARANCE HAD ORIGINATED IN BRIT-CIT. TWO RESIDENTS OF BRIT-CIT HAD KNOWN DEALINGS WITH STACKPOLE.



IT WAS A LONG SHOT.



RIGHT NOW, HE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER.



HEATH! THIS IS THE LAW! OPEN THE DOOR!

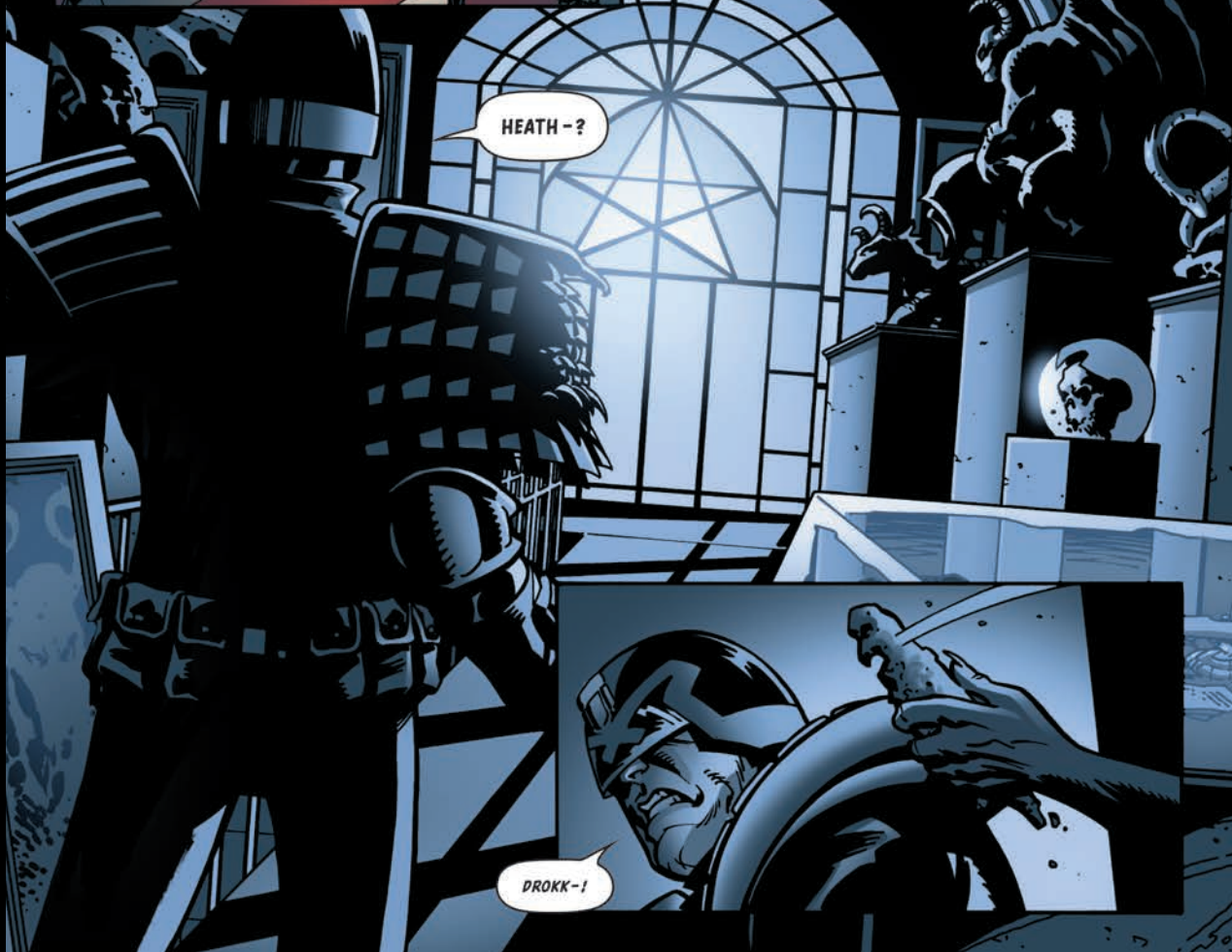
E. HEATH
DEALER IN SANTANIC
ARTIFACTS



splink.



HEATH-?



DROCK-!







I...I MET VIENNA
AT A CHARITY FUNCTION.
SHE...SHE LET SLIP
CERTAIN PERSONAL
DETAILS.

THAT SHE WAS
MY NIECE -- SHE
TOLD YOU THAT?

I MADE THE MISTAKE OF MENTIONING
THE FACT TO THE GRANDMASTER.
SOME MONTHS LATER HE--HE CAME TO
ME...TOLD ME THAT HE WANTED HER.

I WAS TO ARRANGE AN ACCIDENTAL
MEETING -- INVITE HER TO A PRIVATE
VIEWING OF BRITISH ARTEFACTS.
SHE HAS AN INTEREST...

YOU PICKED HER UP?
WHERE DID YOU TAKE
HER? WHERE IS SHE?

OH NO--!

WWOOOOSSHHH!

I'VE SAID TOO
MUCH ALREADY!
HE KNOWS!

HE'LL
KILL US!



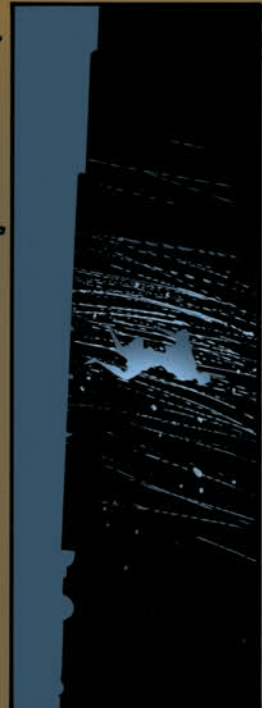


MERCATOR --
WHATEVER YOUR
NAME IS! LET'S
TALK!



GRANDMASTER,
PLEASE HEAR
ME-!

I TOLD HIM
NOTHING -- I SWEAR!
I WOULD NEVER
BETRAY YOU! MY
LIPS ARE SEALED!
I PROMISE!



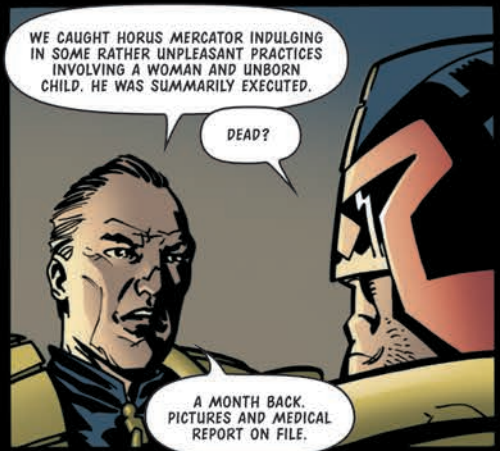




CAPABLE OF THIS?

I VERY MUCH DOUBT IT, UNLESS HE'S FOUND SOME SORT OF SUPERCHARGER.

BESIDES, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.



WE CAUGHT HORUS MERCATOR INDULGING IN SOME RATHER UNPLEASANT PRACTICES INVOLVING A WOMAN AND UNBORN CHILD. HE WAS SUMMARILY EXECUTED.

DEAD?

A MONTH BACK. PICTURES AND MEDICAL REPORT ON FILE.



HEATH DIDN'T TELL YOU WHY THEY WANTED YOUR NIECE? WHERE THEY'D TAKEN HER?

NO, AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT INTERVENED.



THAT'S A PITY. THESE SATANISTS CAN BE DAMNED DIFFICULT TO TRACK DOWN, THEY DON'T MAKE THEIR INTERESTS PUBLIC, YOU KNOW. OUR FILE IS WOEFULLY THIN.

WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT WE CAN.

IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIST IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH, BUT FROM THE LOOK OF THIS I WOULD BE VERY, VERY CAREFUL...



BEAST OF WIMPOLE STREET SHOT DEAD



GHASTLY SECRETS IN THE CELLAR

HORROR OF 32 WIMPOLE STREET



SATAN SECT CLAIM BODY

The body of satanic killer Horus Mercator was taken last night from central mortuary where it was awaiting cremation. The theft, believed to be the work of members of the SSS, a secret satanic cult, was discovered when

HORRIB

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER



PATHOLOGIST'S REPORT:

Mercator, Horus

White, male, 44.

Death was by a single gunshot wound to the head consistent with judicial execution. Bullet penetrated the frontal bone of the skull, exiting via the parietal, forming an exit wound of approx. 6cm diameter.



WE'VE CHECKED THOSE SSS LINKS. TWO CLEARED OF ANY CONNECTION WITH THE SATANISTS. THE OTHER SEVEN ARE UNOBTAINABLE -- OUT OF TOWN. NO CONTACT ADDRESS.

INTERESTING. SOMETHING'S GOING ON. WE'LL KEEP TRYING. CHIN UP.



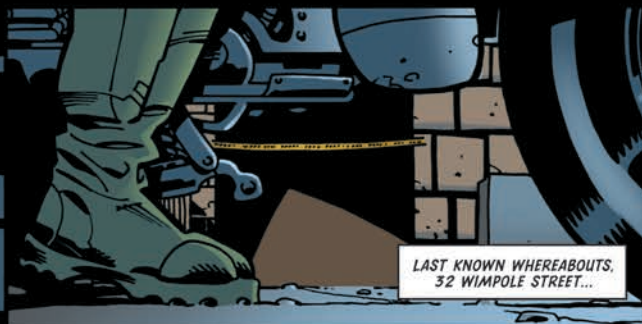
SURE. THANKS.

WHAT NEXT?

MERCATOR. HIS ONLY LEAD A DEAD MAN.

DEAD?

HEATH DIDN'T SEEM TO THINK SO.



LAST KNOWN WHEREABOUTS, 32 WIMPOLE STREET...



THE CELLAR...

WHAT GHASTLY
RITUALS WENT
ON HERE?

To the inhabitants of the earth
of the sea! For the Devil shall come
unto you!

SO, IT'S
UNCLE JOE TO
THE RESCUE.

I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT COME HERE. GET
A FEEL FOR YOUR QUARRY.
YOU'RE VERY THOROUGH.
I KNOW.

MERCATOR-!

HOW GOOD TO MEET
YOU. VIENNA'S TOLD ME
SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.

DEAR, DEAR VIENNA.
WHAT ARE WE TO DO
WITH HER?

DREDD'S INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS NIECE VIENNA HAVE LED HIM INTO THE LAIR OF THE SEEMINGLY UNDEAD HORUS MERCATOR...

WHO ARE YOU, MERCATOR? WHAT ARE YOU?

AM I REAL? OR JUST A GHOST? ALIVE -- OR DEAD?

WELL, I MUST BE DEAD. JUST LOOK AT THAT EXIT WOUND.

YET HERE I AM, TALKING TO YOU. IT'S A PUZZLE.

YOU MADE THE CALL TO STACKPOLE'S COM. HEATH MUST HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT HIS CANNIBAL SUPPERS --

BUT HOW COULD YOU KNOW I'D BE THERE, UNLESS... YOU WERE THE MYSTERY INFORMANT?

I CAN'T DISAGREE WITH THAT.

WHERE'S VIENNA? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HER -- WHERE ARE YOU KEEPING HER?

ONLY HER SOUL. AND I HAVE IT. VIENNA'S ONE OF US NOW. SHE BELONGS TO ME.

YOU DEVIL!

TRUER THAN YOU THINK.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HER, JOE -- ONE LAST TIME? YOU'VE COME ALL THIS WAY. IT SEEMS SUCH A SHAME TO SEND YOU AWAY WITHOUT A GLIMPSE OF YOUR NEAREST AND DEAREST.





TAXI, MATE?

WHAT DO I NEED
A TAXI FOR?



TAXI WAS ORDERED BY
A MR MERCATOR. I'M TO
TAKE YOU TO A SECRET
DESTINATION WOT I'M NOT
ALLOWED TO REVEAL.



'OP IN.
TRAIN'S
LEAVIN'.



YOU'RE NO CAB
DRIVER.

YOU'RE NO OPERA SINGER
EITHER, MATE. LET'S CALL
THE WHOLE THING ORF, EH?

IT WAS AGAINST EVERY RULE HE
LIVED BY, TO STUMBLE INTO A
BAD SITUATION UNPREPARED.

BUT THE GUILT WAS
WORKING ON HIM.

MAYBE VIENNA WAS RIGHT.
HE'D FAILED HER EVERY
STEP OF THE WAY...



FOR TWENTY-THREE
YEARS YOU NEVER CAME
TO SEE ME, UNCLE JOE.
NOT A LETTER, NOT A
CALL, NOT A BIRTHDAY
CARD.



FAIL HER THIS TIME AND
IT MIGHT BE THE LAST.

SO PLAY ALONG. MAYBE
HE COULD SHORT-CIRCUIT
THIS WHOLE THING.



CREEPS DIDN'T KNOW THE
TROUBLE THEY WERE BRINGING
DOWN ON THEMSELVES.



WE'RE LEAVING THE CITY! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THOUGHT WE 'AD AN AGREEMENT, MATE. I DON'T TELL YOU AND YOU DON'T ASK.



THINGS JUST CHANGED! I WANT SOME ANSWERS!

AND STOP CALLING ME MATE! I'M NO MATE OF YOURS!

BLIMEY! MR MERCATOR SAID YOU MIGHT CUT UP ROUGH!



whirrrrr

ALWAYS GET YER DIFFICULT PUNTERS.



GAS! RESPIRATOR--



BDAM
ptannng

zinngg

BULLETPROOF!

spaang



'ORRIBLE STUFF, THAT. GETS RIGHT THROUGH THE SKIN.



SLEEP TIGHT, ME OL' MUCKER!



IT WAS HIM THEY
WANTED. THAT MUCH
WAS OBVIOUS.

WHY SEND THE MESSAGE IN
THE FIRST PLACE, UNLESS TO
BRING HIM RUNNING? ANY
FOOL WOULD KNOW HE WAS
THE LAST PERSON THEY
WANTED ON THEIR CASE.

WHY CLOAK THE TRAIL
IN CONUNDRUMS -- IN
SINISTER APPARITIONS --
IN MURDER?

TO CONFUSE HIM?
TO FUEL HIS WORST
IMAGININGS, TO STOK
UP HIS ANXIETY --
ENOUGH TO LET HIS
GUARD SLIP?

AND THE WHOLE GUILT TRIP...

...THEY'D WORKED
THAT SO WELL.

Woe and unt
the inhabitants of t
the sea! For the devil.

YOU'VE NO HEART
AT ALL, JOE DREDD!
YOU'RE JUST A
SOULLESS MACHINE!

FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS
YOU NEVER CAME TO SEE ME!

PLAYED HIM LIKE A FISH,
AND HE'D FALLEN FOR IT.





VIENNA~!

I HAVE COME
TO TEND YOU.



NEVER MIND THAT!
WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY
FROM HERE! YOU'VE GOT
TO FIND SOME WAY OF
BREAKING ME LOOSE!



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

I MUST PREPARE YOU
FOR THE RITUAL.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU?
DON'T YOU RECOGNISE
ME? VIENNA--



BLOOD!



WHAT HAVE
THEY DONE
TO YOU?



LET THEM DEBASE THEMSELVES IN EVERY WAY. SUTCH! THEY MUST READY THEIR SOULS FOR WHAT IS TO COME!

THEY'RE 'AVIN' A RIGHT OL' DEBAUCHERY TONIGHT, YER SATANIC MAJESTY!

PICKED A NIGHT FOR IT AN' NO MISTAKE!



I SERVE HIM NOW, HE IS THE TRUE LORD OF ALL THE EARTH. TONIGHT HE WILL COME AGAIN AMONGST US.

THEY'VE DRUGGED YOU! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!



THEY TRIED BEFORE. THEY SACRIFICED FIVE BABIES, SO THAT HIS SPIRIT MIGHT COME THROUGH.

BUT IT WAS NOT SUFFICIENT. HE REMAINS TRAPPED.

WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



THE GREAT LORD...SATAN.



OOH, MY EARS ARE BURNING!



YOU -- THE DEVIL INCARNATE? RIGHT HERE IN LITTLE OLD BRIT-CIT? I DON'T BUY IT, MERCATOR.

THEN LET US DISCARD THE MYTHS.



YOU DOUBT THAT WHAT YOU WOULD CALL EVIL EXISTS -- THAT THE DEPTHS OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY CAN BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO CREATE A BRIDGE BETWEEN THE WORLDS OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS...?

SURELY NOT, A MAN OF YOUR EXPERIENCE?



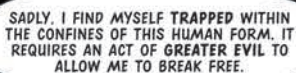
TO GRANT US ACCESS -- HERE, WHERE WE
MAY FEED UPON THE CORRUPTION OF THE FLESH
AND THE MORTIFICATION OF THE SOUL!

GET YOUR
HANDS OFF
HER!



SATAN -- MERELY A
USEFUL TOOL. A CLOAK
THAT SUITS ME TO WEAR.

SO YOU'RE A
DEMON INHABITING
MERCATOR'S CORPSE?
EVEN IF I BITE ON
THAT ONE, WHY
PICK ON US?



SADLY, I FIND MYSELF TRAPPED WITHIN
THE CONFINES OF THIS HUMAN FORM. IT
REQUIRES AN ACT OF GREATER EVIL TO
ALLOW ME TO BREAK FREE.

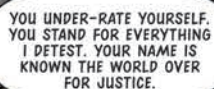
SOMEONE INFINITELY
GOOD, RIGHTEOUS, WHOSE
DEATH WOULD BE A CRIME
AGAINST ALL HUMANITY.

SACRIFICING
FIVE BABIES
WASN'T ENOUGH?

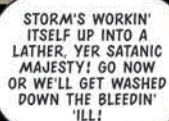


WAIT A MINUTE -- ME?

YOU'VE BEEN
MISINFORMED, PAL!
I'M NO GOOD GUY!



YOU UNDER-RATE YOURSELF.
YOU STAND FOR EVERYTHING
I DETEST. YOUR NAME IS
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
FOR JUSTICE.



STORM'S WORKIN'
ITSELF UP INTO A
LATHER, YER SATANIC
MAJESTY! GO NOW
OR WE'LL GET WASHED
DOWN THE BLEEDIN'
'ILL!

AND A LOT OF
OTHER THINGS!
THAT DOESN'T
MAKE ME A
SAINT!





WOE TO THE INHABITORS OF THE
EARTH, AND OF THE SEA! FOR THE
DEVIL SHALL COME UNTO YOU!

AND HIS NAME
IS SATAN!



THE HELL-!



YOU CRAZED FOOLS, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE CRIME YOU'RE COMMITTING?



NEMA REVEROF
YRLOG EHT DNA
REWOP EHT



VIENNA, LISTEN TO ME --WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS! THESE PEOPLE ARE SICK!

TAKE THIS LIFE, GREAT LORD, THAT YOU MAY BE FREE!



WITH THE BLOOD
OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN
I DEFILE THIS HOLY
PLACE!

LORD SATAN
IS IMPATIENT TO
BE FREE --

SEE HOW HE
STRAINS AGAINST HIS
HUMAN FORM!



GIVE ME
STRENGTH-!



BY THIS ACT OF
SUPREME EVIL I SHALL
CROSS OVER!



NNGH

CRA-AAAK



KCHINNNG

WHANNNGG

WITH THESE CHAINS
LET ME DEFILE YOUR
SKULL!



SEIZE HIM!

SHUNNK.



AHHH!
LORD SATAN -!



FEAR NOT!
PURE EVIL CANNOT
BE EXTINGUISHED
SO EASILY!



FZZAKKK





N-N-N-NOOOOOOOO



FRAKOOOOO

DARK LORD,
DON'T LEAVE
US!

GUESS
SOMEBODY UP
THERE LIKES
ME!



YER A PESTILENTIAL PEST
AN' NO MISTAKE! OFF WITH
YER BLEEDIN' 'EAD --
OOPS!

KRAK

YOU STICK TO CABBING,
CREEP -- I'LL HANDLE
THE VIOLENCE!



FLEE WHILE
WE MAY!

STICK AROUND,
SCARECROW --

-- I WANT TO
TALK TO YOU!

BLOOMIN' ADA-!



YOU
KILLED
HIM!

VIENNA--!



LET ME GO!

STOP IT!
IT'S OVER NOW!
YOU'RE FREE!



NEVER! I BELONG
TO HIM! I'LL ALWAYS
BE HIS!

VIENNA--



I'M FINDING THIS
ALL A LITTLE HARD
TO BELIEVE.

AND THIS
CREATURE -- THIS
DEVIL -- IT'S GONE
FOR GOOD?

I DON'T KNOW.
LOOKED THAT
WAY.



I GUESS
EVEN DEMONS
DIE.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOU'VE
CLEANED UP A REAL NEST OF VIPERS
FOR US. MAYBE WE OUGHT TO HAVE
YOU OVER MORE OFTEN.



WE'VE
SEDATED
HER.

I'LL FIND
OUT.

THESE CONDITIONS CAN BE
DIFFICULT. IT WOULD HELP IF WE
KNEW WHAT DRUG THEY USED TO
ALTER HER MENTAL STATE.



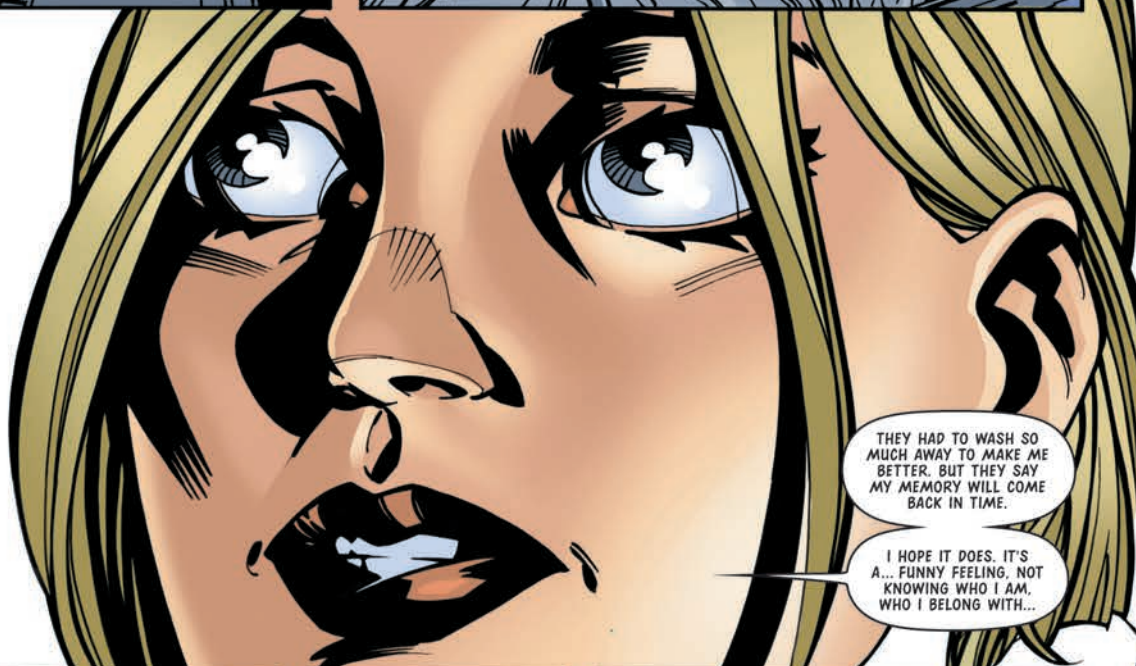
TWO WEEKS LATER...

HELLO,
UNCLE JOE.



YOU ARE MY UNCLE JOE.
AREN'T YOU? THAT'S
WHAT THEY TOLD ME.

YES.



THEY HAD TO WASH SO
MUCH AWAY TO MAKE ME
BETTER. BUT THEY SAY
MY MEMORY WILL COME
BACK IN TIME.

I HOPE IT DOES. IT'S
A... FUNNY FEELING, NOT
KNOWING WHO I AM,
WHO I BELONG WITH...



YOU
BELONG
WITH ME.

I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN A
GOOD UNCLE, VIENNA, BUT I'M
GOING TO CHANGE THAT. I'M
GOING TO LOOK AFTER YOU.
I'M TAKING YOU HOME.

HOME...?
WHERE IS HOME,
UNCLE JOE?



MEGA-CITY ONE.



WHEN HER MEMORY RETURNED, WHEN SHE
REMEMBERED EVERYTHING HE'D DONE, MAYBE THEN
SHE WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW HIM ANYMORE.

THAT WOULD BE HER CHOICE. UNTIL
THEN, HE WOULD DO HIS DUTY BY HER.

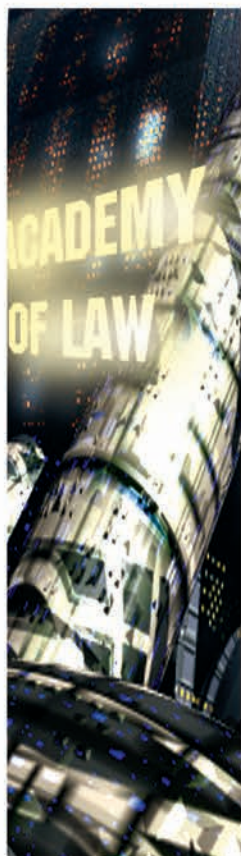
A MAN COULD DO NO MORE.



BROTHERS OF THE BLOOD

Script: John Wagner
Art: Carlos Ezquerra
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1378-1381



HE WAKES WITH A HEART
FULL OF TREPIDATION —

— LYING MOTIONLESS IN HIS BUNK, LISTENING TO THE
LOW MURMUR OF CONVERSATION, THE SOUNDS OF THE
OTHER CADETS READYING THEMSELVES FOR THE DAY.

— IMAGINING THEIR EYES ON
HIM, THE THOUGHTS RUNNING
THROUGH THEIR HEADS —



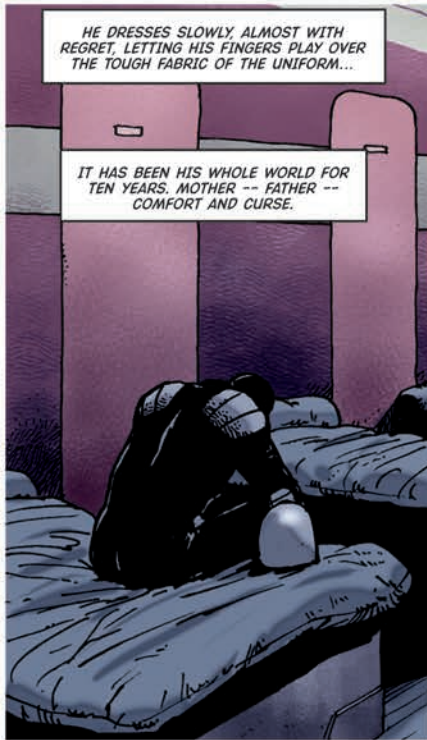
PITY—?

CONTEMPT—?



WHAT DID THEY KNOW?

HOW COULD THEY EVER KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR HIM?



HE DRESSES SLOWLY, ALMOST WITH REGRET, LETTING HIS FINGERS PLAY OVER THE TOUGH FABRIC OF THE UNIFORM...

IT HAS BEEN HIS WHOLE WORLD FOR TEN YEARS. MOTHER -- FATHER -- COMFORT AND CURSE.



HE KNOWS LITTLE ELSE BEYOND ITS CONFINES AND EVERYTHING IT STANDS FOR.



THIS MAY BE THE LAST MORNING HE PUTS IT ON.



TODAY, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, SOMETHING WILL BE DECIDED.



CADET DOLMAN, APPOINTMENT WITH THE PRINCIPAL.

SIT.

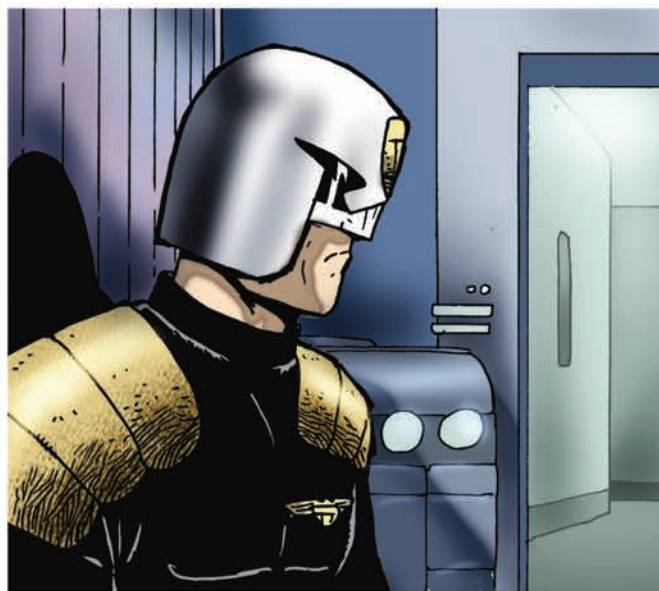


RICO --

CADET WILL REMAIN SEATED AND SILENT!



GO RIGHT IN,
JUDGE RICO.
HE'S EXPECTING
YOU.



GRADES THROUGH THE
FLOOR. A STEADY DECLINE
OVER THE PAST 18 MONTHS.
AND FIGHTING —

THAT'S
UNCHARACTERISTIC.

LAST WEEK THREE OLDER
BOYS, SOME IMAGINED SLIGHT--
CLAIMED 'CADET'S RIGHTS', TOOK
THEM OUT, ONE AFTER THE
OTHER. ONE OF THEM IS STILL
HOSPITALISED.



IF IT HAD BEEN ANY
OTHER CADET HE WOULD
HAVE BEEN EXPELLED
LONG AGO.

WHO CAN SAY WHERE
A PROBLEM STARTS,
PRINCIPAL. THE
ACADEMY WAS NEVER
EASY, NOT FOR US.

I DON'T MIND TELLING
YOU, RICO, I FEEL A PERSONAL
SENSE OF FAILURE IN ALL THIS.
THE BOY WAS MINE TO WORK
WITH.



WE WERE DIFFERENT,
SPECIAL -- WE KNEW
THAT... BUT DEEP DOWN
ALL WE WANTED TO BE
WAS JUST LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE.

INSTEAD, WE WERE ALWAYS THE
ONES PULLING EXTRA DUTY ON
FAMILY ASSOCIATION DAY.

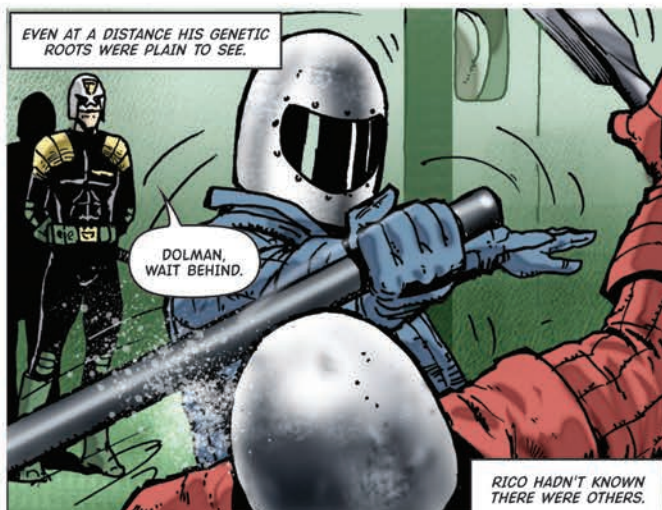
YOU GOT USED TO IT -- USED
IT TO MAKE YOU STRONGER.
BUT IT STILL HURT...

HE'D NOTICED DOLMAN
ONE MORNING WHILE
STANDING IN WITH A
CLASS OF LEVEL 5s...

THE DAYSTICK --
YOUR BEST FRIEND
ON THE STREET.



THE BOY WAS FAST, ASSURED, PRECISE IN HIS MOVEMENTS. NO ENERGY NEEDLESSLY EXPENDED, FORCE SUFFICIENT BUT NEVER EXCESSIVE.



EVEN AT A DISTANCE HIS GENETIC ROOTS WERE PLAIN TO SEE.

DOLMAN,
WAIT BEHIND.

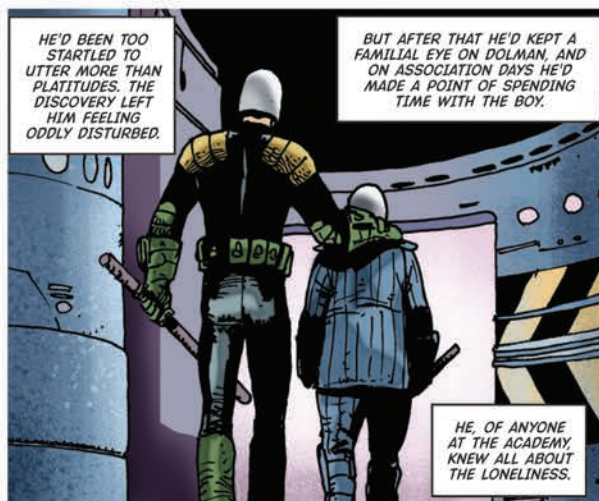
RICO HADN'T KNOWN
THERE WERE OTHERS.



HAD THE BOY KNOWN ABOUT HIM? HE
MUST HAVE. RICO HAD BEEN DREDD
THEN, THERE COULD BE NO DOUBTING
THE LINEAGE OF THAT NAME.

HOW'S IT
GOING?

PRETTY GOOD,
I GUESS.



HE'D BEEN TOO
STARTLED TO
UTTER MORE THAN
PLATITUDES. THE
DISCOVERY LEFT
HIM FEELING
ODDLY DISTURBED.

BUT AFTER THAT HE'D KEPT A
FAMILIAL EYE ON DOLMAN, AND
ON ASSOCIATION DAYS HE'D
MADE A POINT OF SPENDING
TIME WITH THE BOY.

HE, OF ANYONE
AT THE ACADEMY,
KNEW ALL ABOUT
THE LONELINESS.



I MADE IT,
KID.

COURSE
YOU MADE
IT.



RICO NOW --
AVOIDS
CONFUSION.

I'M GOING
TO MISS
YOU.

HAVEN'T SEEN THE
LAST OF ME, BELIEVE
ME. I'LL BE STOPPING
BY. YOU KEEP
WORKING, DOLMAN.



KNOCK
'EM DEAD,
RICO.

ONLY IF
THEY'VE GOT
IT COMING.



HE'D ONLY MADE THE VISIT TWICE, IN THE FIRST YEAR. PRESSURE OF DUTY. HE HADN'T BEEN AROUND TO NOTICE THE CHANGE IN DOLMAN...

YOU'VE REQUESTED TO LEAVE THE ACADEMY?

YES, SIR.



WHY, DOLMAN? I'M NOT HAPPY HERE, SIR.

WHAT'S HAPPY GOT TO DO WITH IT? YOU'RE TRAINING TO BE A JUDGE! THERE'S NO GREATER HONOUR THIS CITY CAN BESTOW!

MAYBE I DON'T WANT THE HONOUR, SIR. I NEVER ASKED FOR IT.

NO, BUT YOU GOT IT, BY GRUD! AND YOU SHOULD BE DAMNED PLEASED! DO YOU GIVE NO THOUGHT TO WHO YOU ARE? WHOSE BLOOD RUNS THROUGH YOUR VEINS?



FARGO -- DREDD -- RICO --

-- THIS RICO --



YOU ARE A CADET OF THE BLOOD -- YOU BEAR THE PROUDEST, FINEST GENETIC STRUCTURE THIS CITY HAS EVER PRODUCED -- AND I WILL NOT STAND BY AND SEE YOU THROW IT AWAY!

VERY GOOD, SIR. MAY I RETURN TO THE DORM NOW?



NO, YOU MAY NOT.

WE HAVE GONE TO CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE OVER YOU. YOUR TRAINING, YOUR KEEP... AND... OTHER THINGS.

YOU HAVE, AS YOU KNOW, ENORMOUS POTENTIAL. I CANNOT KEEP YOU HERE AGAINST YOUR WILL, BUT I MUST AT LEAST MAKE ONE LAST EFFORT TO RETRIEVE YOU.



I WILL GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO LEAVE THIS ACADEMY, WITH ONE PROVISIO.

FIRST YOU SPEND SOME TIME WITH JUDGE RICO, ON THE STREETS. SEE WHAT YOU WILL BE FORSAKING -- THE ROLE YOU WERE CREATED FOR. THINK ABOUT IT. THEN MAKE YOUR DECISION.



IS THAT ACCEPTABLE TO YOU, DOLMAN?

YES, SIR.



HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE HERE.

HE HAD MADE HIS
DECISION, AND ONCE
DOLMAN'S MIND WAS
SET IT WOULD NOT
EASILY BE CHANGED.

STUBBORNNESS -- IT
CAME WITH THE GENES.

AND YET, AS THE DAY
PROGRESSES, HE CANNOT HELP
BUT BE INFECTED BY THE
EXHILARATION OF THE OFFICE.

TO BE A JUDGE IN
MEGA-CITY ONE!

DEFEND
YOURSELF!

NOW THE REASON FOR ALL THE
TRAINING, FOR THE MONK-LIKE
EXISTENCE, BECOMES CLEAR --



HE SLIPS INTO
THE ROLE ALMOST
AUTOMATICALLY.

IT FEELS GOOD --
NATURAL -- RIGHT.

REMOTE!

BUT HE WAS REJECTING IT --
TURNING HIS BACK FOREVER
ON THE LIFE OF A JUDGE.

WHY?

ANY MORE
FOR ANY
MORE?

SOMETHING I WANT YOU
TO UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE
HERE AT THE PRINCIPAL'S
REQUEST, NOT MINE.

I'D HATE TO SEE YOU WASTE YOUR
TALENTS, BUT IT'S YOUR DECISION. I'M
NOT GOING TO TRY TO TWIST YOUR ARM.
I KNOW IT WOULDN'T WORK ANYWAY.

THANKS, RICO.
APPRECIATE IT.



THEY MAKE A BRIEF STOP AT VIENNA'S APARTMENT. THE BOY SHOULD KNOW HIS FAMILY.



HI, RICO.

THIS IS CADET DOLMAN.



BESIDES, THE DEVIL IN RICO WANTS TO SEE HER REACTION...

COME IN, I'LL --

DEAR GRUD, NOT ANOTHER ONE --?



I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING. DO... DO YOU HAVE A FIRST NAME, DOLMAN?

NO, MA'AM. I NEVER CHOSE ONE. IT SEEMED AN UNNECESSARY ENCUMBRANCE.

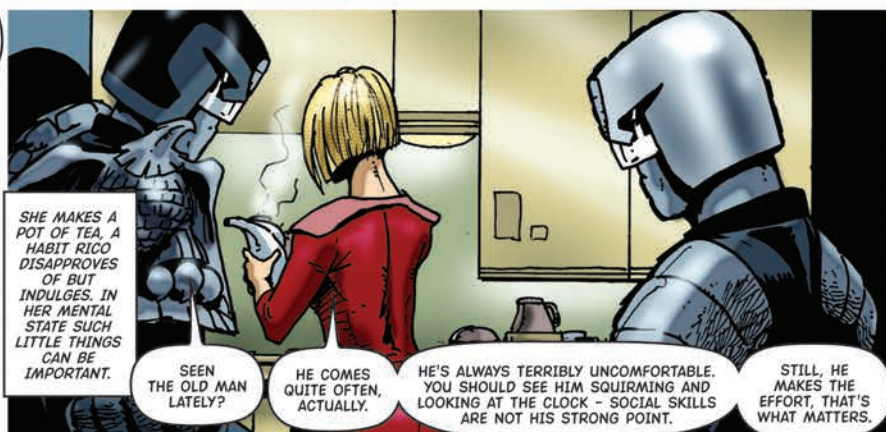
NOW WHY DOESN'T THAT SURPRISE ME?



VIENNA'S RICO'S DAUGHTER -- THE FIRST RICO. GENETICALLY YOU COULD BE HER FATHER.

CONFUSING TILL YOU GET USED TO IT.

I'D PREFER IT IF YOU THOUGHT OF ME AS MORE OF A BIG SISTER.



SHE MAKES A POT OF TEA, A HABIT RICO DISAPPROVES OF BUT INDULGES. IN HER MENTAL STATE SUCH LITTLE THINGS CAN BE IMPORTANT.

SEEN THE OLD MAN LATELY?

HE COMES QUITE OFTEN, ACTUALLY.

HE'S ALWAYS TERRIBLY UNCOMFORTABLE. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM SQUIRMING AND LOOKING AT THE CLOCK -- SOCIAL SKILLS ARE NOT HIS STRONG POINT.

STILL, HE MAKES THE EFFORT, THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.



YOU GOING TO DRINK THAT?

IT'S LEGAL WITHIN THE HOME.

IT'S A STIMULANT-- YOU'RE ON DUTY.

ONE TEA'S HARDLY GOING TO AFFECT ME. RELAX.



SIT DOWN. WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO TELL YOU DREDDOS TO SIT DOWN?



THE GREAT MAN HIMSELF --



I WILL NOT
TOLERATE OPEN
INSURRECTION --
AND I AM THE
LAW!

CLEAR
THESE STREETS!
NO MERCY TO
LAWBREAKERS!

RICO WITH
CADET DOLMAN! WHERE
DO YOU WANT US?

RIGHT
HERE!



CADET DOLMAN, A DREDD CLONE, HAS DECIDED TO QUIT THE ACADEMY, FORSAKING FOREVER THE LIFE OF A JUDGE...PERHAPS SOONER THAN PLANNED!

SCATTERBLAST!

DOLMAN!

I'M RIGHT-!

LEVEL THREE,
FOURTH WINDOW!

LET'S GO!





I'LL TAKE
COMMAND
IF YOU DON'T
MIND,
DOLMAN.

YES, SIR.
SORRY, SIR.

RESPIRATORS!

GAS!

ROGUE CITI-DEF'S
CONCENTRATED ON LEVEL
THREE! GOT TO TAKE THEM
OUT TO CLEAR THE WAY FOR
GROUND UNITS!

FIRST TIME
ON THE STREETS,
DOLMAN?

IT'S
EXCITING,
SIR.

IT'S THAT
ALL RIGHT.

IN AN ACTIVE
ROLE, SIR.

OPINIONS?

IT'S SURE TO BE A BLOODBATH. IT'S A
SITUATION HE WOULD NEVER NORMALLY
TAKE A RAW CADET INTO, BUT THEY'RE
SHORT OF GUNS-- AND THIS, HE KNOWS,
IS NO ORDINARY CADET...

NO PRISONERS.
SHOOT TO KILL AND
MAKE SURE OF
YOUR TARGET.

BOUND TO BE
INNOCENT CIVILIANS
IN THERE. BE CAREFUL,
DOLMAN.







THIS IS THE LIFE HE WAS BORN FOR...



...AND, HE KNOWS NOW,
THE LIFE HE WANTS.

ONLY WHEN THE FIGHT IS OVER
AND THE RIOT UNDER CONTROL
DOES THE REACTION SET IN.

SOMETIMES THAT'S ALL IT
TAKES, ONE LITTLE SPARK,
AND A KIND OF MASS
HYSTERIA TAKES OVER.

YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD
TO, DOLMAN. COMES WITH
THE TERRITORY. YOU'LL
GET USED TO IT.

NEVER PLEASANT,
BUT YOU'LL GET
USED TO IT.



HE'LL DO.

KEEP HIM OCCUPIED
FOR THE REST OF THE
DAY, RICO. DON'T GIVE
HIM TIME TO BROOD.

CHECK.





RICO...AND NOW DOLMAN...

...ODD, THAT A SLIVER OF DREDD'S
OWN FLESH COULD PRODUCE THEM.

HE HAD KNOWN ABOUT THE
OTHER CLONES. EVEN SO,
COMING FACE TO FACE WITH
HIMSELF AT FIFTEEN IS A
PECULIAR EXPERIENCE.

FURTHER EVIDENCE,
IF NEEDED, OF HIS
OWN IMPERMANENCE.

PERHAPS NOT EXPENDABLE,
NOT QUITE YET...BUT IT
ISN'T LIKE HE CAN'T BE
REPLACED. ALREADY RICO'S
STATS ARE READING BETTER
THAN HIS.

HE'D CHECKED, OUT
OF CURIOSITY.

STILL, A MAN COULD BE ALLOWED TO TAKE IT A LITTLE
BIT EASIER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY. IT ISN'T AS IF HE
DOESN'T STILL PULL HIS WEIGHT -- AND MORE.

BUT IT'S REASSURING TO KNOW, IF
ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN, THE
DEPARTMENT WILL BE IN GOOD HANDS.

LET'S HURRY IT UP,
PEOPLE! WE GOING TO
BE ALL DAY?

THE CITY'S
CRYING OUT
FOR JUSTICE!

HE HADN'T TOLD THE OLD MAN ABOUT DOLMAN'S INTENTIONS. IT MIGHT HAVE COLOURED HIS ATTITUDE.

BEST THAT THE MEETING BE A POSITIVE EXPERIENCE.

HE REMEMBERS HIS OWN NERVOUSNESS AT THEIR FIRST ENCOUNTER, THOUGH HE'D HIDDEN IT WELL.

HIS OWN FLESH - GENETICALLY IDENTICAL -- YET EVEN SO, A MAN WITH SUCH A WEIGHT OF EXPERIENCE AND REPUTATION THAT THE THOUGHT OF BEING IN HIS PRESENCE HAD BEEN DAUNTING.

NO MATTER HOW LONG AND WELL WE SERVE, WE'LL NEVER BE HIS EQUAL. WE CAN NEVER HAVE DREDD'S HISTORY.

NO...

HE'S... IMPRESSIVE. SOUNDS WEIRD, CONSIDERING WE'RE THE SAME.

SAME BUT DIFFERENT. IT MAKES SENSE.

DON'T WORRY, HE LIKED YOU A LOT.

IT TAKES TIME FOR THE REACTION TO THE SLAUGHTER IN FELDMAN TO SUBSIDE.

DUTY CAN BE A TERRIBLE MASTER -- THAT'S SOMETHING THEY MAKE NO SECRET OF AT THE ACADEMY.

IF HE IS TO REMAIN, TO TAKE HIS PLACE ON THE STREETS AS A JUDGE, IT IS A CHOICE HE MAY FACE TIME AND AGAIN -- TO TAKE LIFE IN ORDER TO SAVE OTHERS.

HE IS STRONG ENOUGH -- OF THAT HE HAS NO DOUBT.

IT IS, AFTER ALL, IN THE GENES.

YOU'RE DOIN' TIME, CREEP!



RICO KEEPS THE BOY ON LIGHT DUTIES FOR THE REST OF THE PATROL. IT IS AS WELL THAT HE SEES THE OTHER SIDE TO THE JOB...

THAT'S JUST A FIELD DRESSING. BETTER GET IT CHECKED BY YOUR BLOCK DOC.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

THANK YOU.

WE'RE PART OF A COMMUNITY HERE. A LOT OF THEM LOOK TO US FOR HELP AND SUPPORT.

AND IN A FEW YEARS SHE'LL HATE YOU. SHE'LL BE DISTRIBUTING SEDITIOUS LITERATURE OR PLANTING BOMBS.

SURE, WE LOSE SOME ALONG THE WAY, BUT IT SHOULDN'T STOP US TRYING.

WHEN WE GET A CHANCE.

DON'T OFTEN GET A CHANCE, TO BE HONEST. USUALLY SCREAMING AT THEM, OR BOOKING THEM...

NICE-LOOKING GIRL.

I DON'T NOTICE.

THE DECISION'S YOURS. JUST FOR THE RECORD, IF THIS WAS AN ASSESSMENT YOU PASSED WITH FLYING COLOURS.

MIGHT SOUND LIKE A SICK JOKE, BUT YOU WERE MADE FOR THIS JOB. WE'D BE SORRY TO LOSE YOU.

GUESS THIS IS IT, DOLMAN.

DIDN'T YOU EVER HAVE ANY DOUBTS, RICO?

I GOT OVER THEM.

OKAY, SO THEY MADE US IN A LAB, TURNED US OUT ON A PRODUCTION LINE -- SO WHAT? I DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF ONE THING -- THE END RESULT IS WE'RE DOING THE BEST DAMNED JOB IN THE WORLD.



REALLY, RICO?
HOW DO YOU
KNOW?

GOOD LUCK,
DOLMAN.



AH, DOLMAN.
COME IN, SON,
COME IN.

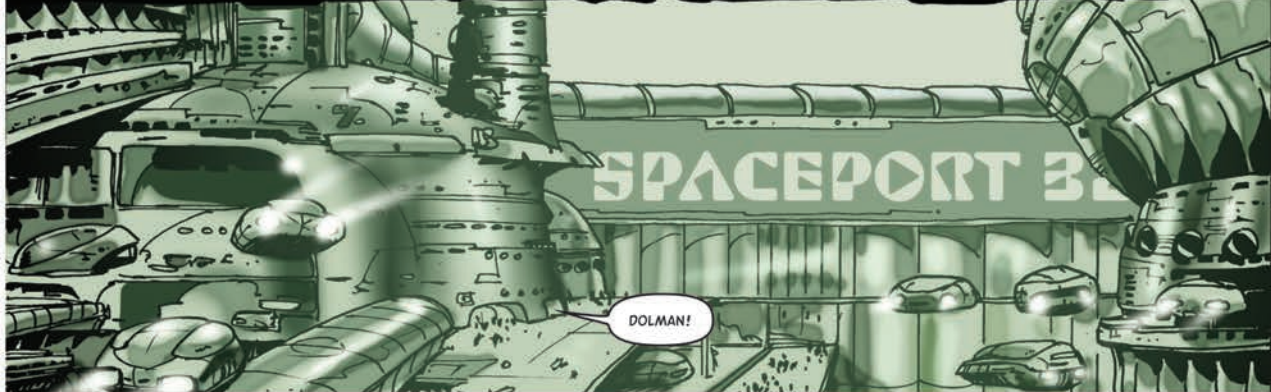
I HAVE A REPORT
HERE FROM JUDGE RICO.
HE EXPRESSES TOTAL
SATISFACTION WITH
YOUR PERFORMANCE--
AS WE WOULD EXPECT,
COMING FROM YOUR
STOCK.

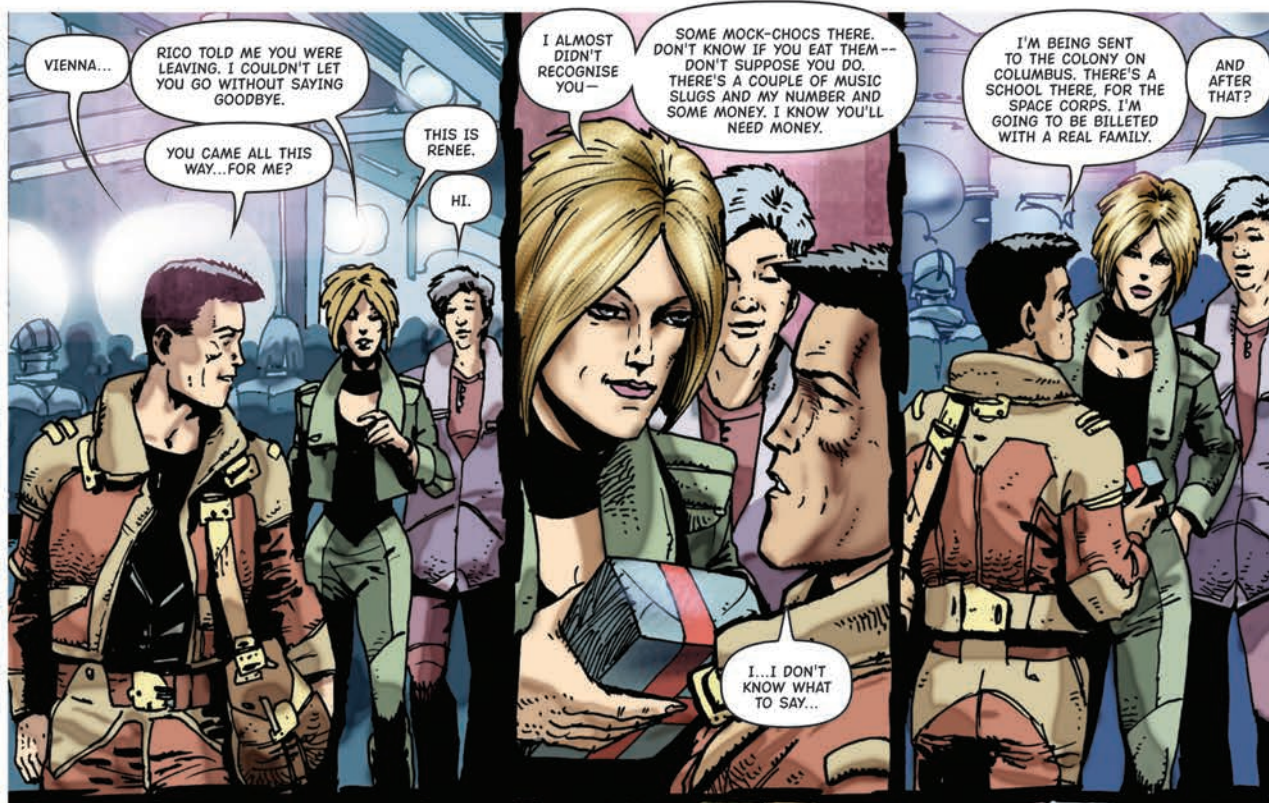
ALSO A NOTATION
FROM JUDGE DREDD
REQUESTING THAT
YOUR PROGRESS
THROUGH THE ACADEMY
BE ACCELERATED.
NOW THAT IS
COMMENDATION
INDEED.

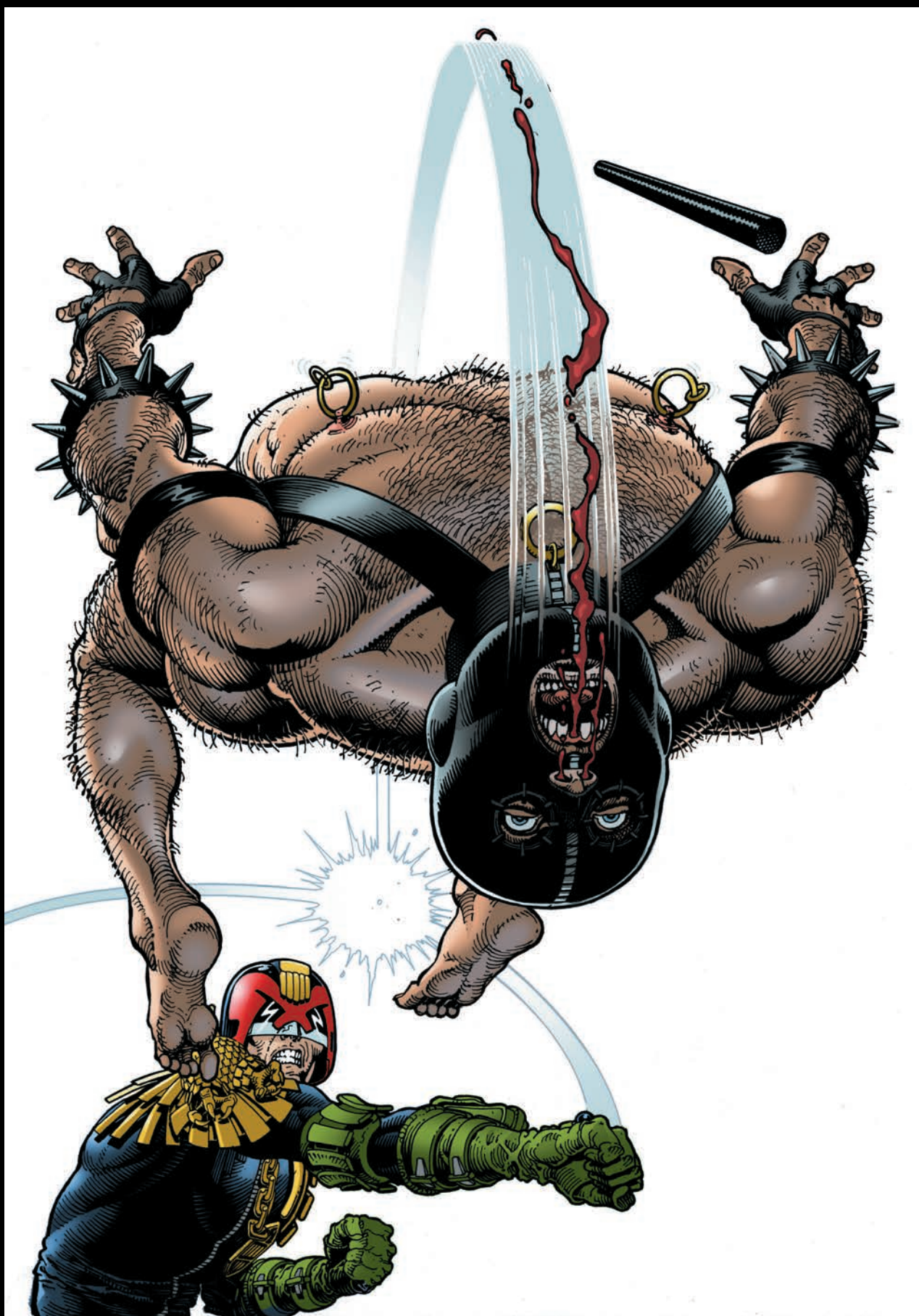
I'M
FLATTERED, SIR.
I THOUGHT I
HAD MY FAULTS.

OF COURSE YOU
DID. THAT'S THE WAY
YOU'RE MADE, DOLMAN.
SELF-CRITICAL. NEVER
SATISFIED. THAT'S WHAT
MAKES YOU DREDD'S SO
GOOD.

DID YOU
ENJOY IT,
THAT'S THE
THING?











2000 AD Prog 1380: Cover by **Carlos Ezquerra**

JOHN WAGNER

John Wagner is, to many fans, the very heart of *2000 AD*. Involved from the earliest days of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he co-created *Judge Dredd*, as well as *Strontium Dog*, *Robo-Hunter* and a host of other *2000 AD* mainstays, including the critically-acclaimed *Button Man*. Incredibly prolific throughout his career, and writing under a diversity of pen names — often in concert with Alan Grant, with whom he devised and developed *2000 AD*'s sister comic, the *Judge Dredd Magazine* — Wagner has worked extensively beyond the Thargian universe, originating and editing a number of British periodicals as well as writing many American standards, including *Batman*, *The Punisher*, *Lobo* and *Star Wars* bounty hunter *Boba Fett*. His Paradox Press graphic novel *A History of Violence* has recently been made into a film by David Cronenberg.

SIMON FRASER

2000 AD fans best know **Simon Fraser** as the co-creator of Russian rogue *Nikolai Dante*, whose adventures have been a staple of the comic since his debut in 1997. His best-known non-*2000 AD* work is *Lux & Alby: Sign On and Save the Universe*, a collaboration with Scottish post-punk author Martin Millar. He has also recently drawn an adaptation of Richard Matheson's *Hell House*. His website is www.simonfraser.net

CARLOS EZQUERRA

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd* Carlos Ezquerra designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *AI's Baby* and *Cursed Eath Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

IAN GIBSON

One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honoured artists, Ian Gibson is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Dredd's love interest: Bella Bagley. Of course, Gibson's involvement with *2000 AD* is far more extensive. He has worked on *Ace Trucking Co.*, *Judge Anderson*, *Future Shocks* and *Robo-Hunter* amongst others as well as *The Taxidermist* in *Judge Dredd: The Magazine*. Ian also worked with Jesus Redondo on *Mind Wars* for *Starlord*. Pre *2000 AD* he worked on *House of Hammer* and designed *Big Ben - A truly British Superhero*. Ian has also created album covers and promotional designs for various bands plus a series of covers for *Kerrang* magazine. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic also includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Foot Soldiers*, *Green Lantern Corps*, *Meta-4*, *Millennium* (with Joe Staton), *Mr. Miracle*, *Star Wars: Boba Fett* and *The Droids*, *Steed* and *Mrs. Peel* and *X-Men Unlimited*, plus the original designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

He created also created Annie Droid for *The Times* and worked for some years on the Dredd strip in the Daily Star.

COLIN MACNEIL

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

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

CHARLIE ADLARD

Charlie Adlard made his debut pencilling *Judge Dredd* in the eponymous *Megazine*; since then, he's also illustrated *Armitage* and *Judge Hershey* in the Meg, and *Judge Dredd*, *Nikolai Dante*, *Pulp Sci-Fi* and *Rogue Trooper* in *2000 AD*. His most recent work for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is the official sequel to *Invasion!*, the hard-hitting *Savage*.

Beyond *2000 AD*, Adlard has illustrated, *Astronauts in Trouble*, *Codeflesh*, DC/Wildstorm's *The Establishment*, *Shadowman*, *The X-Files*, *The Walking Dead* and the graphic novel *White Death*.



THINK YOU
CAN HANDLE IT,
CREEP?

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES
OF ROGUE TROOPER
JUDGE DREDD
AND MANY MORE...
IN THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC EVERY WEEK!



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A FAMILY AFFAIR!

WHEN JUDGE DREDD COMES FACE-TO-FACE WITH ONE OF HIS CLONES he knows that the rookie may well be his replacement one day. Old Stoney Face isn't getting any younger and as he shows the new recruit around the streets of Mega-City One he reminisces about his dead clone brother Rico. Out of respect for Dredd, the clone decides to take on Rico's name but will he also share Rico's fate?

Brothers of The Blood is another modern classic from writer John Wagner (*A History of Violence*) and features the art of Simon Fraser (*Richard Matheson's Hell House*), Carlos Ezquerra (*Strontium Dog*), Ian Gibson (*The Ballad of Halo Jones*), Colin MacNeil (*Devlin Waugh*) and Charlie Adlard (*The Walking Dead*).

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